

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 301[1,069 words]

Alex sat cross-legged in the dark silence, eyes shut tight, chasing calm.

The piercing shriek of his phone shattered the stillness.

He glanced over reluctantly, recognizing Sophia's number flashing insistently on the screen.

His stomach twisted; every conversation they'd had lately ended in bitter arguments. He decided to ignore it, letting the incessant ring echo through the

room.

But the phone wouldn't stop, vibrating angrily for five relentless minutes.

With an aggravated sigh, he picked it up.

"What the hell took you so long, asshole?" barked a voice clearly not Sophia's-a rough, hostile voice dripping venom.

Alex's brow furrowed. "Who the hell is this?"

"Your worst goddamn nightmare," growled the stranger.

"Listen carefully. You've got something valuable-an ingredient for the elixir. Hand

it over, or Sophia's going to have the worst night of her life."

"Charles?" Alex questioned, voice edged with suspicion, though the unfamiliar growl threw him off.

"I don't know any Charles," snapped the caller impatiently. "Give me what I want, or she's dead. Simple as that."

"Fine," Alex said coldly. "Where do you want the exchange?"

"I'll send you the coordinates. Screw this up, and she pays the price." The call disconnected abruptly.

Without another word, Alex grabbed his keys and stormed from the clinic to his car, heart pounding fiercely in his chest.

Whoever waited at the rendezvous point would pay dearly.

Meanwhile, sprawled limply on the hotel bed, Sophia fought to regain consciousness, her limbs like lead and head spinning painfully.

Charles loomed over her, eyes glinting with cruel delight as he admired her helpless beauty.

"I have to say, Sophia, you're something special," Charles sneered, his voice thick with twisted admiration.

"I've tasted plenty, but none as delicious as you. You wasted your time with Alex- that weakling could never appreciate you. But after tonight, you'll belong to me completely."

His hands reached for his shirt buttons eagerly but paused midway.

An idea flashed wickedly across his eyes as he drew his phone, aiming it at Sophia's vulnerable form. "Almost forgot-I have to save this special moment."

Greed sparked in his mind, fueling darker ambitions. Sophia had money—he'd lost plenty.

Blackmail could prove profitable, especially when leverage came packaged so beautifully.

His smile deepened to a leer as his fingers danced along the edges of Sophia's blouse, undoing buttons methodically, slowly, savoring each reveal.

Across town, Alex raced beneath shadowed streetlights toward the coordinates he'd been given.

Parking under a bleak bridge, he stepped into the gloom just as one cocky youth emerged, arrogance etched on his faces.

"Hand it over," one demanded sharply.

Alex smirked darkly, pulling out an orange. "This is your precious item."

"You kidding me?" the punk scoffed, confusion creasing his arrogant expression.

"No joke," Alex insisted firmly. "This is exactly what you asked for."

With a baffled grunt, the young thug shrugged. "Whatever, man. You give me that, I give you this phone."

Alex recognized Sophia's phone instantly.

With lightning speed, his hand shot out, gripping the punk's throat tight enough to choke off his breath.

"Tell me where Sophia is right now."

Panicked, the youth fumbled desperately for a knife, stabbing ineffectually at

Alex's steel-like grip, panic blossoming rapidly into terror.

Alex tightened his grasp further, menace dripping from his voice.

"Talk now, or I swear you'll never breathe again."

"Please-God—I don't know!" The kid gasped, dropping the knife.

"I swear, it's just a gig! Someone hired me online!"

Disgusted, Alex hurled him to the dirt. "Explain-fast."

"I just take the phone, exchange it for some stupid herbal thing, then mail it somewhere out of state," he wheezed, voice ragged with fear.

"I get paid-that's all I know!"

Alex stared coldly, recognizing the raw terror in the boy's wide eyes.

He'd been played, manipulated by someone else's sinister scheme.

Cursing under his breath, Alex threw that man away and swiftly dialed another number.

"Find Sophia Lancaster, right now."

Moments felt like eternity until the phone buzzed back, delivering the grim location.

Fury ignited in Alex's veins as he raced through the darkness toward the hotel, ready to unleash hell itself upon anyone who stood in his way.

Charles tore at Sophia's clothes like a madman, his breath hot and heavy, eyes glazed with hunger as her body lay bare beneath him.

Then-BOOM.

The door exploded inward with a thunderous crack, wood flying. A shadow burst through the wreckage, tall, fierce, and brimming with wrath.

The air thickened. A storm had arrived.

"Who the hell dares interrupt me now?" Charles snarled, spinning to confront the intruder.

"Charles Kingston," growled Alex, voice like frozen steel, "you must really want to die."

Recognition flashed in Charles's eyes, his sneer fading into something colder, mocking even.

"Ah, so it's you, Alex. Always showing up at the worst moments."

"You're an arrogant fool," Alex hissed, eyes narrowed. "After all you've done, you've got the nerve to lay your filthy hands on her."

With a sinister chuckle, Charles aimed his pistol straight at Sophia's temple.

"Careful there, hero. Move an inch, and your precious Sophia gets a bullet through her skull. You love her enough to beg, don't you? Get on your knees."

Alex's fists clenched tight, fury barely restrained. "Kneel to you? You aren't worth the dirt under my boots."

"Worth?" Charles laughed, madness flickering in his eyes. "No, begging isn't enough. Crawl over here and kiss my feet."

Another explosive crash ripped through the tension as the door flew open once again.

Florence, Jack, and the others stormed inside, halting abruptly at the sight of Sophia's unconscious, exposed form.

Swiftly hiding his gun, Charles twisted his expression into one of outrage. "Alex! You filthy animal, how dare you assault Sophia? If I hadn't arrived in time, you'd have done far worse!"

The crowd gasped, disbelief shifting rapidly into hostility directed squarely at Alex.

"You despicable bastard!" Florence screamed, lunging forward to strike Alex across the face.

Alex caught her wrist effortlessly, cold determination in his eyes.

"Go ahead hit me! You sickening lowlife!" Florence shrieked, kicking Alex viciously in the shin. Alex grimaced slightly but held back,

refusing to retaliate.

"Call the damn police now! Lock this degenerate away!" Jack shouted, phone already in hand.

"Right! A scum like him belongs behind bars!" voices echoed in furious agreement.

Alex scanned the room, eyes coldly indifferent. "Believe what you want. This is

Charles's doing, not mine."

Florence scoffed contemptuously.

"Charles? Don't insult our

intelligence. You're pathetic, always lusting after Sophia, always rejected.

far

Your jealousy finally pushed you too didn't it? Tonight you'll rot in jail!"

"That's nonsense!" Alex's voice thundered back, his frustration erupting.

"Why else would Sophia be here if Charles hadn't kidnapped her first?" "Lies!" Florence screamed back. "Everyone here knows Charles is honorable, unlike you. You disgust me."

"Caught red-handed and still blaming others! You're shameless, Alex!" another voice jeered.

Anger and disdain filled every glare directed at Alex, condemning him without trial.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 302[1,040 words]

Alex shook his head bitterly, eyes blazing with disbelief.

"So that's it, huh? Just because I'm poor, every crime lands on me? You people are unbelievable."

"Can't any of you see? Charles is the monster here! He was about to assault Sophia!"

Florence laughed mockingly, eyes narrowed in contempt.

"Charles? Assaulting Sophia? If Charles decided to take Sophia to bed, we'd throw a goddamn celebration! That would be marriage, not assault."

"But you, a useless leech without two pennies to rub together-you try to touch my daughter. That's not affection-it's assault. It is rape!"

Alex smiled coldly, the fury burning out to numbness. "I get it. Nothing I say matters as long as my wallet's empty, right? Fine. Have it your way-I don't give a damn anymore."

He spun sharply, heading for the door.

Jack exploded from his seat, eyes wild with rage.

"You think you're just gonna stroll outta here after what you did to my sister? You cowardly little bastard-get back here!"

But Alex didn't even glance back, the door swinging shut behind him.

Jack cursed under his breath, fists clenched tight.

"That punk's lucky he slipped away, or I'd have broken every bone in his miserable body."

Charles surged forward, voice authoritative and cold.

"Don't worry, I'll handle it. I'll drag that criminal straight to jail myself. We can't let scum like him roam free."

"Thank you, Charles," Florence hissed, lips twisted with satisfaction. "Make sure that bastard rots behind bars!"

Clara quickly nodded, spurred by a chorus of agreements. "He's crossed every line!"

With that Charles rushed out.

Just then, Sophia stirred, eyelids fluttering open weakly.

Florence rushed to her side instantly, relief flooding her face. "Sophia! Thank God, you're awake. How are you feeling?"

Sophia pressed a trembling hand to her throbbing forehead, confusion clouding her eyes.

"Mom? What's everyone doing here?"

Florence's voice trembled with feigned compassion.

"Charles warned us that you might be in danger. Good thing he did we arrived just in time. Alex nearly had his way with you!"

"Alex?" Sophia whispered, frowning deeply as fragmented memories stirred. "Where is he?"

"Don't you worry," Florence soothed, eyes narrowing maliciously. "Charles is going after him. Soon, he'll be exactly where he belongs-in a cold, dark cell."

Jack chimed in aggressively, "We've got the cops on his trail too. He won't get away."

Sophia looked up sharply, sudden panic flickering in her eyes. "Arrest Alex? Why would you do that?"

Florence scowled fiercely. "Sophia, you were drunk out of your mind! Alex dragged you here to take advantage of you!"

"What? No, that's not right..." Sophia's voice faltered, her head pounding with uncertainty.

"Charles... Charles was the one. He did something-I passed out. Alex tried to save me, I think."

A stunned silence descended, disbelief etched starkly across every face. Florence gasped, incredulous. "Are you serious, Sophia? Alex was caught red-handed! We saw him with our own eyes, about to assault you!"

Jack leaned forward, voice urgent and angry. "Sis, he was pulling off your clothes while you were unconscious!"

Clara backed him swiftly, nodding vigorously. "We were all witnesses, Sophia! Alex is guilty!"

Sophia shook her head desperately, eyes swimming with confusion and pain. "No! It can't be Alex! It wasn't him..."

Florence leaned closer, voice coldly decisive. "There were only three of you in this room, Sophia. Alex, Charles, and you. Who else could it possibly be?"

Sophia's voice trembled, her gaze frantic as she tried piecing together fragments of the horrifying evening.

"It was Charles Kingston-that filthy bastard!" The words clawed their way from her throat, raw and aching.

"Sophia, you're drunk," Florence snapped back sharply, eyes narrowed in disbelief.

"Charles is respectable. He'd never stoop that low."

Her brother chimed in quickly, his voice laced with suspicion. "Did Alex slip something into your drink? Is that why you're all twisted up inside?"

Another voice cut in, cold and condescending. "Those alcohol scramble your brain-you probably imagined it all. Honestly, you should feel lucky if Charles even wants to sleep with you. We'd all be rich."

Their relentless doubts seeped into Sophia's mind, twisting her certainty into a tangled web of confusion.

She looked down at the bruises marking her body, feeling the bitter sting of uncertainty gnawing at her soul. Could she truly be wrong?

She thought of Alex, warmth unexpectedly flooding her cheeks.

Alex... force himself on her?

No. They had already slept together before he wouldn't need to force her.

If he had just asked... maybe she would've said yes.

Suddenly, Sophia's cheeks flushed with shame.

"What am I even thinking?" she whispered harshly to herself.

Meanwhile, Charles moved swiftly in the opposite direction from Alex, fear simmering beneath his carefully maintained facade.

Just minutes earlier, the contact meant to switch the key ingredient with Alex had

gone dark-no reply, no trace. The silence screamed of sabotage.

Acting fast to cover himself, Charles called in Sophia's family-blindly loyal,

always ready to defend him without question.

But it was Alex's sudden appearance that unsettled him most.

That man was a storm-relentless, unpredictable, and dangerous.

Charles paused abruptly, his thoughts shifting dangerously.

Maybe Alex was even more dangerous than he had imagined.

He needed backup plans-and fast.

It was time to speed up the elimination of his father and take full control of Los Angeles.

Or perhaps... align himself with Jericho Kane or anyone else wanted to have Emerald Elixir's formula.

A wicked grin tugged at his lips. If more people joined forces against Alex and

Jasmine then power would tip in his favor.

"You think you've won, Alex?" Charles hissed, venom lacing every I come back with forces so strong, they'll crush you like the

word.

Sasite you are. You damn snake."

"Oh, really?" a voice echoed from behind.

Charles froze.

Spinning around, his heart rammed into his ribs. Alex stood there-silent, deadly, eyes burning with raw fury.

"What did you just call me, you twisted coward?" Alex's voice was a blade dipped in ice.

Charles straightened, clinging to bravado. "What are you doing here! Polices are looking for you."

Alex let out a bitter laugh—sharp, cutting, dangerous. "I have recording that you drag Sophia out of that bar, Charles. You're not fooling anyone. No lie can save your filthy skin now."

Panic surged through Charles, though he masked it behind a smirk. "You think you can touch me? You're already finished."

Alex stepped in, his presence suffocating. "Tonight's your last breath. Got any final words?"

Charles's throat tightened. Sweat trickled down his spine as he choked out, "You'll regret ever laying a hand on me."

Alex's eyes narrowed, voice low and lethal. "No. The only regret... will be if I don't finish you tonight."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 303[977 words]

Charles flashed Alex a smug, venomous grin, his eyes glittering with sinister amusement.

With an arrogant snap of his fingers, a small drone whirred to life, circling menacingly above their heads.

"Recognize this toy, Alex?" Charles mocked, his voice dripping with condescension.

Alex barely glanced at the drone, unimpressed.

"Doesn't matter," he growled, and with a single icy glare, the drone sputtered and crashed onto the cold concrete.

But before Alex could savor his small victory, three more drones surged from the shadows, buzzing around them like mechanical hornets.

Charles let out a wicked laugh, eyes blazing triumphantly.

"You see, Alex, when my dear father cut me off, I knew vultures like you would circle. So, I hired men to keep a constant watch, recording every second of my life."

He leaned forward, relishing the moment. "You grasp what that means, don't you? Or is your mind too small to comprehend?"

Charles paused dramatically, relishing Alex's silence, before continuing with sadistic glee, "It means that whoever dares spill my blood will be caught on camera, and the footage will reach my father and mother in seconds."

"I don't know if my family has disowned me or not. But I believe my father and mother still love me—and if I'm killed, they'll avenge me. Then the entire Kingston empire will hunt you down and tear you apart."

Alex clenched his jaw, begrudgingly acknowledging Charles's twisted brilliance.

Killing this man now was tempting-almost intoxicating-but the ramifications would poison relationships he still valued: Alfred Kingston, Kelly, Jasmine.

Their connections were far too precious to burn over a reckless feud born of wounded pride and a woman's heart.

A true man, Alex reminded himself bitterly, must discern between personal vendettas and the greater good.

He spun sharply on his heels, dismissing Charles with cold contempt.

But Charles couldn't resist one final taunt.

"Running away, coward? One day Sophia will be mine! I'll rise above you and crush you beneath my boot!"

Alex halted abruptly, a chilling stillness overcoming him. Without turning around, he spoke clearly and deliberately, his voice a blade in the darkness.

"You had the chance to wield your power for something noble, something greater than your petty desires. If you'd chosen the light, the world itself would rally behind you. But you've embraced darkness, Charles. Now the universe stands against you, marking you for inevitable ruin."

Charles barked a defiant laugh, his voice cracking with arrogance and rage.

"Keep your worthless sermons, Alex! I'm the master of my destiny. With ambition, power, and raw desire, I'll forge my empire from the ashes!"

Alex's final words sliced through the air like tempered steel. "You'll never find peace if the cosmos itself becomes your enemy."

He vanished into the shadows, leaving Charles alone, shouting furiously into the void, the echo of his own rage ringing hollow and unanswered.

Over the following days, tension simmered quietly until it finally boiled over with a single, urgent call.

Alex's phone buzzed angrily, jolting him awake.

He rubbed his eyes as Mr. Dune's strained voice crackled through. "Alex, we've

got trouble. You need to get down here right now."

"Trouble? What kind?" Alex snapped, instantly alert.

"Some folks barged in demanding a cut of Emerald Elixir. They're here, right now, pushing hard."

Alex frowned. "Isn't Jasmine handling this? She makes those calls."

"Miss Kingston's halfway to London. Can't reach her at thirty thousand feet," Dune said, anxiety creeping into his voice.

"She left explicit instructions-you're in charge."

"Fine. I'll be there soon." Alex hung

up, adrenaline sharpening his senses? He drove fast, weaving through traffic like a man possessed, reaching Kingston Pharmaceuticals in record time.

He burst into the conference room, feeling the hostility like a chill wind.

Jessica Kingston and her suited executives sat rigidly along one side of the gleaming table,

opposite them were Charles Kingston and a distinguished, steely-eyed stranger whose mere presence dripped power.

"Alex, at last," Mr. Dune rose hastily, ushering him toward an empty chair. Alex noted the frosty stares aimed his way.

"Alright, what's this mess about?" Alex said, eyes sharp and probing.

Jessica's cold gaze pierced him instantly. "Tell me, Alex-is it true Jasmine gifted you half the shares in Emerald Elixir?"

"She gave me shares," Alex replied evenly, leaning back cautiously, "though I never counted how many."

Jessica's lips curled slightly. "Then give them up. Now."

"Why the hell would I do that?" Alex's voice sharpened like a blade.

"You don't deserve a fraction of it," Jessica spat contemptuously.

"We've bled for this company-built it, marketed it, sold it. You've done nothing. You don't have a right to half the profits. Greed doesn't look good on you."

Alex leaned forward, smirking bitterly. "Then buy them back. Or maybe I'll take the formula elsewhere, let someone else do the heavy lifting, and pocket even

more."

Jessica waved him off dismissively.

"We've poured fortunes into advertising. You own nothing but a few scribbles of a formula. Enough! Be smart-give us the shares and walk away in one piece."

Alex saw clearly now-no negotiation, just blatant coercion. He glared, eyes narrowing dangerously. "Does Jasmine—or Alfred-know about your little ambush?"

Jessica scoffed, unfazed. "Doesn't matter what Jasmine thinks. Family interests outweigh individual whims. We'll compensate you-one million dollars is more than fair."

Alex exploded with laughter, sharp and mocking.

"One million? The shares you're drooling over are worth hundreds of millions, maybe half a billion, and you toss me crumbs?"

Jessica's face flushed violently, fury radiating.

"You never earned those shares! Jasmine's stupidity handed them over. A million dollars is a lifetime more than you'll ever see again!"

Charles slammed his hand down, voice thick with impatience.

"Enough of this bullshit, Alex. Hand over the shares-quit acting like you're entitled just because Jasmine fell for your pathetic bed games. You scammed her; it's pathetic.

Alex's expression hardened, icy and fierce. "And if I refuse?"

Charles's lips twisted cruelly. "Then you're not leaving this room—ever."

At his words, doors burst open as security guards stormed in, circling Alex like

hungry wolves, their eyes predatory and cold.

"They're elite-trained—you won't stand a chance against ten of them. Your best option is to surrender. Kneel right now, and I might spare your life."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 304[1,204 words]

Alex's lips twisted into a mocking grin as the security guards closed in, circling like vultures eyeing fresh meat. "So that's it, huh? You've decided to settle this with fists instead of brains?"

Charles sneered, stepping forward with a smug confidence.

"You might be ex-military, Alex, but these men aren't rookies—they're elite-trained killers. You're outmatched. Hand over those shares quietly, or we'll beat them out of you until you're puking your guts up alongside your precious stake."

Alex chuckled coldly, eyes flashing with defiance. Maybe, just maybe, he would've reconsidered had they approached him respectfully.

But threats? They were begging for trouble.

"Cute speech, Charles. You really think scaring me is that easy? Careful, boy—your arrogance is showing."

Charles's face flushed red, fists clenched at his sides. "You worthless bastard! Who do you think you're talking to?"

"Charles, that's enough!" Mr. Dune barked, his voice booming like a gunshot.

"Alex owns those shares legitimately. Miss Jasmine gave them to him personally. If you want them back, use some dignity—not brute force!"

"Stay out of this, old man!" Charles spat venomously. "You're just hired help. This isn't your business." Mr. Dune's eyes widened, his breath hitching sharply, ready to unleash fury on the younger man, when Jessica sharply intervened, grabbing his arm.

"Dune, know your place," she hissed icily. "This is family business. Keep your nose out."

Turning her cold, disdainful gaze onto Alex, Jessica continued smoothly, "And you, Alex. A wise man recognizes when he's outmatched."

"You can't hold onto these shares without consequence. Hand them over quietly. Countless fools have met ruin not for what they've done, but simply for holding onto things that never belonged to them."

"With your past and bleak future, all you're doing is inviting disaster. Don't you think your life is worth more than that?"

"That sounds an awful lot like a threat, Mrs. Kingston," Alex retorted, unwavering.

He had long felt Jessica's disdain, sharpened especially when Jasmine publicly declared her love for him.

It seemed Jessica's grand plans of marrying Jasmine off to some rich aristocrat had crumbled—and Alex was the scapegoat.

Jessica's eyes narrowed dangerously. "Call it friendly advice. Know your limits, Alex. Without Jasmine's protection, you'd be nothing but street trash. Know your place!"

Her resentment ran deeper still, fueled by the humiliation Charles faced when Alfred disowned him.

Jessica blamed Alex entirely—for Jasmine's rise, Charles's fall, and all the chaos unraveling in her carefully crafted world.

"Funny you should mention limits," Alex snapped back coldly, his voice like ice cracking under pressure.

"The Emerald Elixir was my invention, my sweat, my success. Jasmine gave me shares as payment—fair and square. I don't care about them one bit, but I won't let you stomp all over me."

Jessica slammed her hand violently onto the table, rattling glasses and nerves alike as she shot upright.

"Watch your mouth, Alex! I've been patient with you, but you're pushing it. One more word, and you'll wish you'd never crossed me."

Alex met her fury head-on, voice dripping contempt. "Oh, so I'm the villain now, huh? Fine, I'm done playing nice. Those shares stay with me—end of story."

Charles stepped forward, a savage glint in his eyes, ready to incite further violence.

"Forget diplomacy, mother. Let's just seize him. I have plenty of ways to break this stubborn dog until he begs to give us exactly what we want."

Alex smirked. "Go ahead and try, mama's boy."

"Mrs. Jessica, think twice before you cross a line you can't come back from," Mr. Dune warned sharply.

"If you harm Alex, Miss Jasmine and Mr. Alfred will never forgive you. This'll sever what's left of your relationship forever."

Jasmine stiffened visibly, the stark warning cutting deep.

Her bond with Alfred and Jasmine was already frayed beyond recognition. Another reckless decision could tear it apart completely.

Jessica's gaze shifted uneasily to Charles.

Ever since Alfred had cast Charles out, every penny was monitored by Alfred's hawk-eyed financial team, leaving Jessica helpless whenever Charles asked for money.

When Charles brought up needing assistance to snatch the Kingston Pharmaceutical shares from Alex, Jessica felt this might finally be her chance to help her son.

It was absurd, she thought bitterly, to let an outsider like Alex control shares that rightfully belonged to her own flesh and blood.

She would never accept Alex holding Kingston's fortune.

From the corner, a man who had been silently observing suddenly spoke.

"Mrs. Kingston, I underestimated how difficult retrieving these shares would be. Need me to handle this? I promise you, I'll have this punk begging to hand them over in minutes."

Alex's eyes narrowed dangerously.

"And just who the hell are you?" His voice dripped with venom. This stranger had set off alarm bells from the moment he'd walked into the conference room.

Clearly, another mess Charles had dragged in.

"Name's Hernandez—Zane Hernandez," the man replied coolly. "My father is one of the Chicago Lords. Maybe you've heard of us?"

"Interesting," Alex sneered. "And how do you know Dupont?"

The Chicago Lords were notorious, and after Dupont's failed attempt to steal their Emerald Elixir, it seemed another faction wanted a shot.

Zane chuckled dismissively. "Dupont's ajoke, the weakest link in the five families. Chicago Lords rute far beyond Dupont's petty games. This time, I speak for all of Chicago. Your options are simple-take the ten million, surrender your shares quietly, or prepare for war with the Lords."

Alex smirked darkly. "Here's a counteroffer: leave now or prepare yourself to be my enemy."

"Come again?" Zane's expression twisted with disdain. "You realize what you're saying, kid? Making an

enemy of the Chicago Lords is like signing your death warrant."

Alex remained unshaken. "First, don't pretend you speak for every Chicago family. Second, do you honestly think your gang rules beyond your city? This is Vancouver, not your playground."

Zane laughed harshly, eyes glinting dangerously.

"I admire your nerve, kid. It's been a long while since someone dared speak to me like that. But arrogance

comes at a high price."

He turned cold eyes to Jasmine and the others. "As for you, if this brat doesn't comply, you're gonna have to pay his debt. Either way, we're leaving here with half of those Emerald Elixir shares-as Charles promised."

Jessica's face blanched at the threat, panic flashing across her features.

The reality hit hard—if Alex stood firm, they'd all pay the price. Zane had cornered them ruthlessly.

They tried to unleash the tiger on Alex, but the beast wouldn't touch him. Instead, it turned on them—mauling

its own masters and tearing them apart.

"I've said what needs saying," Zane announced, rising arrogantly. Charles stood as well, smirking triumphantly.

"Remember, Vancouver might feel tough, but it's nothing compared to Chicago. Alex, if Kingston falls, it'll be

because of you."

They turned toward the door, but Alex's cold command cut through the tense silence. "Stop right there."

Zane spun back, sneering contemptuously. "Finally coming to your senses? Thought you'd hold out longer, but I guess everyone has their limits."

Jessica sighed audibly, relief washing over her. "Alex, at least you've regained some sense. We could've avoided this if you'd been sensible earlier."

Slowly, deliberately, Alex rose to his feet and approached Zane.

His eyes flashed dangerously, his every step oozing confidence.

Without hesitation, he slapped Zane fiercely across the face, the crack echoing through the room.

"You've wasted enough of my time," Alex growled, voice ice-cold and merciless. "Now apologize—or better

yet, crawl out on your knees."

Shocked silence gripped the room.

Jessica and the others stared open-mouthed, stunned by Alex's brazen defiance.

The air thickened with tension, leaving them paralyzed in disbelief.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 305[1,072 words]

Nobody saw it coming when Alex lunged forward and slapped Zane Hernandez's face.

Had he lost his damn mind?

Chicago dwarfed Vancouver in influence and made Kingston look like small potatoes—provoking them was suicide.

"Alex, have you gone insane?" Jessica shrieked, eyes blazing with disbelief and fury. "You dare touch Mr. Hernandez? You're begging to die!"

"You might be eager for your own funeral, but don't drag us down with you!"

Charles thundered, torn between delight at Alex's blunder and terror at the thought of Chicago's vengeance. "Hernandez isn't some punk you can push around!"

Even Mr. Dune paled visibly. "Mr. Alex, what the hell have you done?"

The Chicago Lords were ruthless; if they retaliated, the Kingston family would be obliterated.

But Alex stood cold and unshaken, sneering, "He's nothing more than a pile of garbage. Who cares if I rough him up?"

Without another word, Alex delivered another brutal slap to Zane's face, smirking mockingly.

"Isn't it polite? When one cheek gets hit, you're supposed to offer the other for balance."

Everyone froze, stunned into horrified silence.

Had Alex truly dared to slap Zane Hernandez-again?

Jessica nearly exploded. "You arrogant bastard! You've just signed your own death warrant!"

Zane, finally snapping out of his shock, trembled with rage and humiliation.

Never before had anyone dared to lay a finger on him. Usually, doors swung open at his approach; people bowed and scraped before him.

Now, his once-imposing face swelled grotesquely, marred by bruises.

"You worthless piece of trash," he snarled through clenched teeth, jabbing a finger at Alex. "You'll regret ever touching me!"

Alex chuckled coldly, unfazed. "Do you really think waving around your Chicago Lords badge means no one dares to knock some sense into you?"

"I'll kill you!" Zane lunged forward, fist cocked back for revenge.

But Alex moved faster, planting a savage kick into Zane's gut. Zane crumpled instantly, collapsing onto the floor in agony, curled up and groaning.

"Alex, stop it! Are you insane?" Jessica screamed, her composure finally shattering. Once was a disaster—twice, a death wish—but a third time? That's pure insanity.

Ignoring her completely, Alex strode toward Charles, menace radiating from every step.

"I warned you not to drag trouble to Kingston's doorstep, but you just wouldn't listen!"

His hand swung hard, connecting viciously with Charles's face.

The slap sent Charles sprawling helplessly over the conference table, smashing glasses and scattering documents everywhere.

"Charles!" Jessica screamed hysterically as she saw her only son knocked senseless. Pure rage contorted her face.

"Grab that lunatic right now!"

Security sprang into action, closing ranks around Alex. He eyed them fearlessly.

"Go ahead—try laying a finger on my man. I'll have you fired on the spot, and Kingston will make sure you never work in this city again."

Suddenly, Jasmine's sharp, unyielding face lit up the massive conference room screen.

All eyes whipped toward Mr. Dune, who had patched her in live from the airport.

Jessica paled instantly. "Jasmine..." Her voice quivered with sudden dread.

Jasmine's glare pierced through them all like steel.

"Did you really think I wouldn't notice the cowardly stunt you pulled, sneaking around my London trip to wreak havoc on my company?"

The room froze in tense, choking silence.

Jasmine Kingston was back—and she was furious.

"Jasmine, calm yourself," Jessica snapped coldly.

"Everything was fine until your thug

boyfriend decided to attack Mr.

Hernandez. He didn't just humiliate

Zane; he even laid hands on your own brother, Charles. This disgrace won't be forgotten!"

Jasmine slowly turned to Alex, an icy, defiant smile spreading across her lips.

"Alex, dear, could you do me a favor and slap them both again? How dare these vultures think they can swoop in and snatch what's ours."

"Gladly," Alex growled, advancing with measured steps toward Zane and Charles, who immediately recoiled in shock and dread.

Jessica's eyes widened in disbelief.

"Jasmine! Have you completely lost your sanity? You're asking him to attack members of the Chicago Lords— and your own flesh and blood?"

Jasmine responded with chilling calm, her voice dripping venom.

"Zane strutted in here waving the Chicago Lords' banner like a gun, thinking he could intimidate us into surrendering. Should I applaud his audacity?"

"If everyone with a fistful of cash could force us out, why not just hand over Kingston Pharmaceuticals wrapped in a bow?"

Silence fell, oppressive and thick.

The absurdity of buying half the company for mere pocket change left everyone speechless.

Charles had anticipated an easy surrender.

Jasmine, cautious as always, would never dare defy the mighty Chicago Lords, especially given how their father, Alfred, trembled at their mention.

It seemed foolproof: sacrifice Alex, gain favor, and pocket an extra share.

But Alex was an unexpected storm—unyielding, fierce, and unstoppable.

Not only had he refused to bow, but he'd struck Zane openly, with Jasmine passionately backing him.

Now the neat plan lay shattered, the fragments sharp and dangerous.

Yet Charles wasn't entirely displeased.

Victory would reward him handsomely—a promised ten percent from the Lords.

If denied, chaos and ruin seemed preferable.

"Jasmine Kingston!" Zane roared, staggering to his feet, bloodshot eyes blazing.

"I demand you break every limb of your arrogant pet here and now, or Chicago Lords will obliterate your entire

family!"

Jasmine laughed softly, almost tenderly. "As you wish. Kingston security, you heard the man. Break Mr. Hernandez's arms and legs."

Kingston's Guards advanced steadily toward Zane, whose face drained of color, his arrogance crumbling into

panic.

"Have you lost your damn mind, Jasmine? You'd declare war on Chicago Lords for this worthless boy?" "War? Gladly," Jasmine replied, unflinching and composed.

"The Chicago Lords wield power, yes, but the Kingston name isn't paper to burn easily. You thought we'd simply roll over and die?"

"Fine, you've chosen this path! Don't complain when we bury you," Zane hissed venomously, turning toward

the exit.

"Guards! Did I say you could let him leave unharmed?" Jasmine snapped sharply.

Instantly, ten elite Kingston guards surged forward, colliding violently with Zane's bodyguards.

The scuffle was brief, brutal-bones snapped, and Zane screamed, his howls echoing grotesquely, the cries

of a pig led to slaughter.

Jessica stood frozen, her face pale with horror.

The simple scheme to transfer shares had erupted into a potential catastrophe that could raze the entire

Kingston empire.

"Jasmine Kingston! You've doomed

us all for this worthless boy! Have you completely lost your grip on reality?" Jessica shrieked, desperation sharpening her voice.

"Mother," Jasmine sneered contemptuously, eyes narrowed dangerously, "don't lecture me on running Kingston Pharmaceuticass. I'm the one holding the reins now, and know precisely who dragged the Chicago Lords into our affairs."

Jessica recoiled, guilt flickering unmistakably in her shifting gaze, her accusations now turned back against

her.

If she hadn't agreed to Charles's plan to bring the Chicago Lords into Vancouver, none of this would've

happened.

What she thought was just a fire burning Alex had now spread-scorching the whole house and everything

she owned.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 306[1,061 words]

"Jasmine, are you insane?" Jessica screamed at the video screen, her voice raw with desperation.

"Chicago Lords practically rule the whole damn country. You're dragging all of Vancouver into a bloodbath!" Jessica's words echoed through the tense silence.

Everyone knew the stakes. Defeat would mean surrendering their business, their rights—everything Vancouver stood for.

Jasmine leaned forward, eyes blazing with defiance. "No their not and Mr. Hernandez might have power, but that doesn't guarantee he'll crush us. We might win."

"Win? With what? Forget skills and firepower-we barely have enough people to stand against them!" Jessica hissed, frustration and fear thick in her voice.

A cold, ruthless smile curved Jasmine's lips.

"Funny, mother, that question should've crossed your mind before you helped those snakes try to rob me." Without waiting for a response, Jasmine slammed the call shut, leaving the screen blank and mocking.

Jessica stood frozen beside Charles, both faces pale and stricken.

Behind them, Zane lay sprawled on the floor, panting through cracked ribs and broken limbs.

Meanwhile, Alex strolled out of the room without a glance back, leaving them to drown in the mess they'd helped create.

Jessica knew damn well-sending Zane back to Chicago under these terms was no different than planting a flag of war.

Swallowing her pride, Jessica knelt beside Zane.

"Mr. Hernandez, please forgive us. If you agree, we can help you return safely."

Within days, as everyone anticipated, the emergency conference summoned the thirteen state leaders to an urgent online meeting.

Tommy Jones, patriarch of Chicago Lords and the head of the Five Families, wasted no time.

"We sent Zane Hernandez to negotiate fairly with Vancouver over medical supplies. Instead, he was brutally assaulted and returned to us battered and broken," Tommy's voice thundered across the digital assembly.

"I demand answers from Vancouver. If we cannot reach an agreeable resolution, we're prepared for state war."

Jasmine's face appeared on the screen, composed yet fiercely defiant. She laughed sharply.

"Mr. Hernandez stormed into our city, waving five million dollars and demanding half of our new medicine stock-worth five billion."

"We shut him down, of course. What does he think we are? Fools? Pushovers?"

Tommy glared. "Negotiation is standard procedure. Violence isn't!"

"Negotiation?" Jasmine sneered.

"He threatened war if we refused. So, fine, we accept his challenge. You expect kindness towards someone who waves Chicago's power around like a sword?"

"You arrogant, ruthless child!" Tommy exploded. He turned to the council, eyes blazing.

"Chicago Lords formally declare war on Vancouver!"

Jasmine's smile was deadly cold. "Vancouver gladly accepts. Perhaps now everyone will realize we're not easy prey-even if we're smaller."

The State Minister sighed deeply, mediating the tension. "Very well. Let's hear from other states." Silence stretched heavily before Alfred Kingston spoke firmly. "Los Angeles stands with Vancouver." Kelly Kingston's voice followed, equally resolute. "Vermont backs Vancouver in this war."

The other states cast their votes and chose to stay neutral. They remained silent, claiming this private war was none of their business.

Tommy Jones's face fell in disbelief. Until now, Chicago Lords only needed to utter a demand, and Vancouver folded.

But this year, resistance rose defiantly.

If war erupted, Chicago's reign could shatter.

The State Minister declared decisively, "Then it's Chicago versus Vancouver, Los Angeles, and Vermont. No other states will intervene. Is this agreed?"

Jasmine, Alfred, and Kelly replied simultaneously, their voices united and firm. "Agreed."

Tommy Jones wiped his brow, sweat dripping steadily onto the polished table.

His nerves twisted, raw and exposed. This wasn't going to be a fair fight—it would be a slaughter.

Three states converging on Chicago would leave nothing but ashes.

His voice, thin and strained, broke the heavy silence. "Look, the new king barely warmed his throne. You

anto start a war now? It'll wreck

economy. War solves nothing."

The minister snorted, his lips twisting into a contemptuous sneer.

"The king himself sanctioned this. He figures a week, maybe less. Stability isn't at stake here—just your pride."

Tommy clenched his fists, words dying bitterly on his tongue.

The minister's casual disdain hit harder than any blow. He knew then—it was decided. Chicago was already marked for defeat.

"Wait!" Tommy slammed his hand down, desperation flickering in his eyes.

"Then let it be knights. Our best against Vancouver's finest. Winner takes everything. No armies, no slaughter just a fair fight."

Jasmine's voice sliced through the room, cold and cutting. "No deal. A full-scale war is what we agreed to."

Tension simmered dangerously. An hour passed, tense exchanges growing heated, yet nowhere near resolution.

The minister, weary from the stalemate, finally took control.

"Clearly, neither of you can compromise," he declared sharply.

"Forget the state war. Settle this like knights. A duel—mano a mano—to answer for the mess Zane Hernandez started."

His eyes locked onto Tommy, sharp as steel.

"If Chicago's knight wins, Vancouver hands over half its share of the new medicine. Deal?"

Tommy exhaled hard, clinging to the lifeline. Anything was better than all-out ruin.

"Deal," he said, voice tight with urgency.

Jasmine's sigh cut the air, but her tone hit like a blade.

"Fine. But when your knight falls, Chicago throws its gates open. Our medicine flows in-tax-free, regulation-free. No excuses."

The minister eyed Tommy expectantly. "Do you accept Vancouver's terms?"

Tommy nodded firmly. "Chicago accepts."

"Vancouver accepts," Jasmine replied, her voice smooth but edged with menace.

"Then it's decided," announced the minister. "In exactly one week, your knights meet on the field. Make your preparations."

Within minutes, the news blazed across both states like wildfire.

A thrilling excitement consumed the public, spreading into every street, every tavern.

The top ten knights from both sides were summoned urgently, the intensity building day by day.

When the week finally passed, Madison Hall trembled with energy.

Thousands lined up, eager faces pressed together, their voices a rolling thunder of anticipation. The Chicago Lords had made sure word spread far and wide.

Spectators, aspiring knights, and students from royal academies poured in, some arriving days in advance, desperate for a glimpse of glory.

Duelists practiced in side rings, blades flashing, drawing roars of appreciation from the growing crowd.

Companies showcased their finest warriors, each eager to prove superiority before the main event.

Amid the chaos, Alex and Kelly Kingston arrived early, slipping quietly into the elite seats mere steps from the arena. Alex settled

himself, calm and composed

despite the frenzied scene.

"Alex? What are you doing here?"

The voice was unmistakable, sharp and demanding. Alex turned slowly, meeting the startled gaze of Clara

and Charles.

"Funny," Alex drawled, his voice calm but cold, eyes narrowing.

"I was just about to ask-why can't you just pretend you didn't see me and keep walking? Did you really have to show up just to throw shade again? Aren't you tired? Because I already am..."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 307[954 words]

Charles stepped forward, his eyes dark with malice.

"You think we came here for a friendly chat? You remember sucker-punching me back at Kingston headquarters? Time for payback, punk."

The hulking figure beside Charles flexed his shoulders, cracking his knuckles. "This scrawny fool is the one you want me to rough up tenfold?"

"Byson, meet the worthless trash who set his sights on my little sister and got me booted from my own family," Charles spat, each word dripping venom.

Byson chuckled, eyeing Alex mockingly from head to toe.

"Skinny runt like you? Bet you only know how to wrestle sheets, you gutless gigolo. Let me teach you manners for hitting my friend."

Kelly shot a disgusted glance at Byson and Charles.

"Who let this loudmouth dog loose? Why don't you crawl back into whatever hole you came from?"

Alex smirked, joining in effortlessly. "Careful, Kelly. You can't reason with stray dogs-they don't speak our human language."

Byson's face darkened into a storm. "Keep laughing, pretty boy. You got a big mouth, but let's see you back it up like a real man."

Alex shook his head calmly. "Not interested."

"Not interested? More like scared," Byson taunted loudly. "Relax. I promise not to kill you. Maybe you'll learn something."

Alex said nothing, his indifference a quiet insult.

Clara sneered openly. "Weren't you supposed to be tough, Alex? Look at you now -afraid to step up to Byson."

"Terrified of losing face? Alright, let me make it easier. I'll fight you without my hands, even without my legs. Can't handle that either?" Byron laughed, baiting Alex ruthlessly.

The crowd burst into a raucous frenzy, voices merging into a mocking chorus.

"What a coward! Can't even take on a man with no hands!"

"Pathetic! Might as well wear a dress!"

"Must only feel brave against women under the sheets!"

Alex stood quietly, absorbing the jeers, his jaw tight.

"Enough already!" Kelly snapped sharply, standing up, her anger flaring.

Byson turned toward her, eyes blazing with lecherous intent.

"Oh, look here—a pretty little thing with some fire. Ditch that spineless loser and let a real man like me show you what strength feels like in bed."

The crowd erupted again, catcalls echoing.

"That's right, sweetheart! Get yourself a man with muscles who can protect you!"

Kelly looked Byron up and down with undisguised contempt.

"Muscles don't mean a thing when they're attached to a face as ugly as yours." "You little mouthy bitch! Watch your tone!" Byron roared.

"Damn right, lucky you're a girl or I'd have taught you respect myself!" others joined in angrily.

Clara laughed bitterly, eyes glinting cruelly as she turned on Alex.

"I thought you were playing it low-key, but turns out you're genuinely worthless. What a joke—always hiding behind a woman. No wonder Sophia ditched your pathetic ass."

Her voice rose, piercing with ridicule. "Alex doesn't even dare face Byron! What a spineless excuse for a man!"

Kelly let out an exasperated sigh. "Alex, let me handle these barking dogs. They won't learn until they're put down."

Alex shrugged casually. "Be my guest."

She rose from her seat with cold determination, locking eyes with Byson.

"If you survive even one strike from me, I'll grant you whatever you're after."

Byson chuckled arrogantly, his voice dripping false charm.

"Well, if that's your game, I promise I'll make it worth your while tonight."

He gave her a smug wink, still pretending civility before the beauty.

Kelly curled her lip into a sneer, cracking her knuckles menacingly. "Better raise your guard, pretty boy. Are you ready?"

"Always ready for you, darling," Byson retorted with a cocky grin.

Without another word, Kelly lunged forward with blinding speed.

In an instant, her small hand slammed into Byson midair, flipping him violently and sending his massive frame crashing onto the floor with bone-jarring force.

The impact echoed through the hall, leaving him sprawled and lifeless.

"Byson!" Charles and Clara cried out in shock, eyes bulging in disbelief.

They had never imagined a fighter like Byson, Vancouver's fifth-ranked knight, collapsing in humiliation from a single blow delivered by a petite woman.

The impossibility of it stunned them into silence.

"What a joke," Kelly muttered coldly, wiping her hands as if she'd touched something vile.

She retrieved disinfectant from her pocket and meticulously cleaned her palm with a damp cloth before back into her chair, her face of calm satisfaction.

"Byson! Hey, Byson!" Charles and Clara rushed to his aid, frantically shaking and slapping him awake.

After several desperate attempts, Byson groaned back to consciousness, blinking in confusion at the worried faces around him.

"What the hell just happened?" Byson muttered, his voice dazed as he rubbed the painful spot on his face.

Memories slowly surfaced-the lightning-fast strike, the sensation of being hurled helplessly through the air, the unforgiving hardness of the ground beneath him. "You got knocked out cold by that woman!" Clara snapped, incredulous and disappointed.

She'd expected Byson to shield her, not collapse like a helpless child at the very first blow.

"Knocked out?" Anger surged in Byson's voice as embarrassment flushed his cheeks.

"Impossible! I must've slipped. She could never take me down fair and square!" Around them, murmurs of agreement rose quickly from the spectators

"Yeah! Byson's unbeatable! It had to be an accident."

"Absolutely! Byson just wasn't paying attention. No way could she have landed that otherwise."

Confidence returning, Byson puffed up, glaring venomously toward Kelly.

Alex seized the moment to mock

him with an infuriating smirk. "You lost to a woman, Byson. Can't even handle a girl, and you still have the nerve to stand here?"

"Shut your damn mouth!" Byson snarled defensively. "I never hit women. She's damn lucky that's my rule."

Kelly stood again, eyes blazing defiantly. "Then pretend I'm not a woman. Come on-let's go another round. And try to stay awake this time."

Byson laughed loudly, stepping forward with swagger restored. "Bring it on."

Kelly's smile turned chilling. "Last

time, I only used about ten percent

of my strength. This time, I'm not holding back. If you end up dead, don't say I didn't warn you

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 308[919 words]

Before Kelly could swing another brutal blow, a sudden commotion erupted, freezing both fighters mid-action.

"Look! The Kingstons just arrived!" a voice shouted urgently from the crowd.

All eyes snapped toward the entryway as Jasmine strode confidently into view, flanked by Vancouver's top five knights.

Her presence radiated authority, silencing murmurs and heightening the tension instantly.

Charles assessed the situation swiftly and growled, "Enough. Let's save our energy—the main event's about to begin."

Byson sneered venomously at Kelly, leaning close to whisper with a chilling threat, "You're damn lucky, punk. If they hadn't shown up, you'd be spending tonight bleeding in my bed."

Kelly, unimpressed and bored, shrugged off the insult and slumped back into her chair without a word.

Alex leaned forward, his voice icy and precise. "Had you actually tried, he'd already be dead."

"Exactly," Kelly drawled with a smirk, "he got lucky today—not ending up in a coffin."

Across the arena, Charles, Byson, and Clara settled into their seats, eyeing the newcomers warily.

Byson's jaw tightened, his gaze fixed in disbelief. "Impossible. They brought Mr. Damme himself? They must be hell-bent on victory today!"

Clara hesitated, curiosity flickering in her eyes. "Who's Mr. Damme? Is he really that strong?"

Byson exhaled deeply, his tone dripping with awe and reverence. "Mr. Damme isn't just strong—he's legendary. One of Vancouver's Top five Best Knights. Finding someone in the whole damn state who can match him? Nearly impossible."

"No wonder he stands out," Clara whispered, staring at Vann Damme as he moved gracefully through the admiring crowd. "Look at how he carries himself. He's extraordinary."

Nearby, disciples gazed at Vann with a blend of admiration and envy.

Achieving a spot among the elite top ten was the pinnacle, a true mark of honor demanding absolute respect.

"Totally different from a certain someone over there," Clara said, glancing at Alex and Kelly. "Alex is just clinging to a woman's success like some leech."

"Leeching off women is pathetic," Byson muttered with a low growl. "Real strength comes from your fists-and nothing else."

Jasmine was already in motion before she even spotted Alex.

The moment her eyes found Alex, she glided to his side and slipped gracefully into the seat beside him.

"Alex, glad you're already here," she said, her voice warm and sincere.

Alex's voice was low and urgent. "Jasmine, the Chicago Lords came ready for war today. They are not a good people. Watch your back—something bad might happen."

Victoria, overhearing their exchange, rolled her eyes dismissively. "Relax. We've got Vancouver's top five knights. The Lords don't stand a chance."

Alex flashed a brief, enigmatic smile, choosing silence as his strongest response. Sometimes, words did nothing but clutter the truth.

A sudden hush fell over the arena as yet another group emerged from the opposite passage.

At their head marched Jaxon Creed, Chicago's unrivaled champion.

His sharp eyes surveyed the room with a predatory calm, and the crowd instinctively cleared a path, intimidated by his mere presence.

Zane and the rest of his ruthless crew followed, their grim expressions a clear message.

The atmosphere thickened, crackling with imminent hostility as both factions locked gazes.

Zane's voice pierced through the tension, challenging and mocking.

"Miss Kingston, I admire your nerve accepting this battle-but mark my words, today, glory belongs to Chicago alone."

"Enough chatter. If you're serious, show me with blood, not words," Jasmine sneered, eyes cold and sharp.

"You'll regret asking," the challenger shot back.

"We'll settle this with a five-on-five showdown. One-on-one fights, round after round. Last fighter standing claims victory. Deal?"

Jasmine tilted her chin defiantly, a subtle smirk hinting at ruthless confidence. "Done."

Both sides withdrew swiftly, their corners erupting into tense whispers, strategy forming in hushed urgency.

Soon, the arena crackled with anticipation.

Shouts and whistles filled the air as the first warrior from Chicago Lords emerged a brute built like he was carved from stone, towering and savage.

The crowd exploded with feverish cries.

"Conan the Barbarian!"

"Conan! Crush their bones!"

Clara turned anxiously to Charles. "Is he as dangerous as they say?"

Before Charles could even draw

breath, Byson cut in grimly, "He doesn't just fight-he destroys. Conan's left more broken bodies in this ring than any other. If his

opponents live, they wish they hadn't."

Conan ascended the ring, each heavy step shaking the very stage beneath him. Muscles rippled beneath his scarred skin, a massive club slung casually over one immense shoulder.

He glared out, his eyes fierce with primal hunger, then bellowed,

like thunder, "Vancouver het

You

s cowards, send someone to

die!"

Frank, ranked fifth in Vancouver's elite, stepped forward cockily, springing effortlessly into the ring.

He danced lightly on his feet, brimming with youthful arrogance and agility.

"You're big, sure," Frank mocked with a smug grin, circling Conan swiftly.

"But big means slow. You'll barely see me coming when I carve the first cut into that ugly hide."

Conan's eyes flashed dangerously. Without warning, he swung the club in a vicious arc—a blur of wood and fury.

Frankl never saw it coming.

For a barbarian with such a massive frame, how could he attack so fast?

The blow slammed into Frankl's ribs with sickening force, launching him across

the ring.

His body twisted violently through the air, then crashed onto the hard floor with a stomach-turning crunch.

Silence swallowed the arena as every eye locked onto the brutal scene in stunned horror.

Doctors rushed desperately toward the broken man, panic etched on their faces. They knelt hurriedly, examining his shattered frame.

One medic looked up grimly, voice trembling, "His spine's snapped. Pray he makes it through the night."

A dark hush settled momentarily before roaring cheers broke loose once again, the crowd whipped into bloodthirsty frenzy.

Conan stood tall in brutal triumph, thrusting his weapon skyward, roaring with savage pride.

The crowd matched his frenzy, chanting deafeningly, unified and feral:

"Chicago! Chicago! Chicago!"

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 309[1,029 words]

The Kingstons faced a crushing humiliation before the roaring crowd.

Their fifth-best fighter was sprawled lifelessly in the dirt from just a single ruthless blow.

"God almighty, that was brutal!" someone shouted from the stands.

"Vancouver was never mighty like Chicago, sure, but this... this is just pathetic," another voice sneered sharply.

Angry jeers rose quickly, voices filled with scorn echoing around the arena.

"You've disgraced all of Vancouver, Kingstons!"

Jasmine's fists clenched, eyes blazing with rage as she turned to her remaining champions, her voice cold yet fiery.

"Which one of you is man enough to crush this brute and reclaim our honor?"

"Ms. Kingston," Vann Damme announced, stepping forward confidently, his movements fluid, eyes sharp.

"Allow me to handle this disgrace personally."

He moved to the center of the ring, every step resonating with determination.

Among Vancouver's top fighters, he was unquestionably the strongest, the pride and hope of their state.

Victory now wasn't merely about winning a single fight-it meant restoring their shaken pride, lifting their people's spirits once again.

"Alex, think he'll pull it off?" Kelly asked quietly, eyes glued to the impending battle.

"It's tough to call," Alex said thoughtfully.

"That barbarian looks strange, unpredictable. If Vann finds a weakness quickly, exploits it relentlessly, he might have a fighting chance. But something about Vann feels off. Are you certain he's alright?"

Victoria laughed coldly, her eyes flashing with contempt.

"Ridiculous! You think that lumbering barbarian has a chance against Mr. Damme? All he has to do is dance circles around him, tire him out, and that barbarian will collapse like a sack of bones!"

Alex said nothing further, eyes narrowed, observing carefully.

The referee climbed onto the ring, his voice firm, echoing through the tense air.

"No rules inside this ring. Life and death are in your hands alone. Defeat comes from surrender, severe injury, death, or being thrown out of the ring. Are we clear?"

Both men nodded sharply, glaring daggers at each other.

"Then fight!"

A deafening roar erupted from the audience, the energy electrifying as Vann squared his stance, sword gleaming dangerously.

"I've heard enough tales about your cruelty," Vann growled, eyes piercing. "Ends here and now."

With lightning swiftness, Vann launched forward, sword slashing fiercely through the air, aimed at taking immediate control and wearing down the brute with relentless precision and speed.

But the barbarian moved with alarming agility, his massive club slicing through the air to meet Vann's assault head-on.

The moment sword met club, shock surged through Vann's body as though he'd collided with a mountain, bones rattling, muscles straining.

"That all you've got, big guy?" Vann snarled defiantly, though pain laced every word.

Gritting his teeth, he surged forward again, slashing twice more—once at the barbarian's side, then a fierce blow aimed at his exposed back, striking at weaknesses any normal man would have crumbled under.

Van believed he would win, as Conan was unable to defend against it.

Yet just as his blade neared the brute's skin, a wave of sickening dizziness swept through Vann.

His vision blurred, limbs weakening inexplicably.

A violent cough erupted from his throat, blood spraying uncontrollably from his mouth, staining the ground crimson as the crowd watched in horror.

The barbarian smirked coldly, his massive shadow looming over the struggling warrior as Vann Damme's knees buckled, his victory slipping tragically from his grasp.

Conan's lips curled into a wicked grin, his eyes glinting with dark understanding.

He hefted his massive club with

Las

cruel ease, swinging it upward in a brutal arc toward Van Damme's skull, as if he were smashing a golf ball to send it flying as far as possible.

Van Damme reacted on instinct, raising his sword to shield his head, but the collision shattered expectations.

The club struck with ruthless force, bending the sword's blade as if it were molten

steel, and slammed mercilessly into Van Damme's torso.

His body was hurled violently backward, tumbling through the air like a ragdoll flung by an angry child, landing with a sickening crash outside the arena.

Unlike before, Van Damme did not remain motionless.

He struggled to his feet, gasping, clutching his chest as a surge of blood erupted from his mouth, staining the ground crimson.

"Poison! I've been poisoned!" Van Damme's desperate shout echoed across the silent, stunned crowd.

"You pathetic coward!" Conan's roar boomed through the arena.

"You blame poison when it's nothing but your own weakness? Admit it, you miserable bastard! I fight with honor, fists, and strength-not petty tricks!" Victoria stood frozen, shock etched deep into every line of her pale face.

vel

"Impossible! Mr. Damme defeated?" Her voice trembled, barely audible as she watched her daughter's champion, once invincible, now broken and bloodied. The barbarian's strength surpassed every dark prediction.

Jasmine's face tightened with grim awareness. "Who the hell is this barbarian? Even Mr. Damme couldn't stand against him."

Alex's eyes sharpened dangerously, his voice dropping into a fierce whisper.

"Van Damme wasn't lying-he really has been poisoned."

"Poisoned?" Jasmine gasped, her voice catching in her throat.

"It won't kill, but it wrecks the organs and saps all strength. It reduces a warrior to a hollow shell," Alex said sharply.

"Who would dare?" Jasmine turned swiftly, locking eyes with the other Vancouver elites.

The pale faces and shaking bodies confirmed the grim truth.

"We can't fight like this," one muttered hoarsely.

"Same here," another added weakly, dread evident in their hollow expressions.

Alex acted quickly, pulling out antidotes from his coat. "Take these. It'll stabilize you, but you'll be useless for hours."

The referee's voice thundered impatiently over the growing murmurs of disbelief. "Kingston loses the second round! Victory goes to Chicago! Send your next fighter now!"

Conan howled with derisive laughter, eyes ablaze with arrogance.

"Is Vancouver filled only with cowards? I've barely broken a sweat, and you've already fallen apart! What a pathetic city!"

Jasmine's jaw tightened, fury and frustration mingling in her clenched fists.

She scanned her ranks desperately, but her top fighters avoided her gaze, their bodies weakened, spirits shattered.

"Ten minutes!" the referee's sharp command cut through the chaotic whispers. "Send your fighter or forfeit the next match!"

All eyes shifted accusingly toward Jasmine's bench. Bystanders whispered and shook their heads in disgust.

Byson's voice rose, thick with disdain.

"What the hell's happened to Vancouver's finest? Two defeats, and they're

already too scared to face a single barbarian! This disgrace shames every one of

us!"

Charles watched from afar, a sinister smile hidden behind cold eyes, every piece of this twisted puzzle aligning perfectly with his dark scheme.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 310[1,059 words]

Van Damme stormed across the hall, his battered frame wrapped in blood- streaked cloth, boots striking the floor like hammer blows.

He stopped dead, eyes burning like black fire, locking onto the tense faces of Vancouver's rank two, three, and four.

"One of you bastards slipped poison in my veins," he said, voice low and lethal.

Immediately, one of his men leaped to his feet, eyes blazing with anger and fear.

"You've got a lot of nerve! We're poisoned too, Van! Don't you dare point that finger at us!"

Van's lips curled into a bitter smile.

"Funny you mention nerve. A snake from Chicago slithered up to me a few days ago, offering me cash to poison the whole damn lot of you."

"Offered me a measly payout to betray my people. Even though Vancouver's running lean, I still got pride-I told that bastard to go to hell."

A stunned silence rippled through the room, eyes widening with suspicion and fear.

Jasmine surged to her feet, her voice urgent, almost desperate.

"I promised each of you ten million dollars for victory! Isn't that enough? Isn't loyalty worth anything to you?"

Van chuckled harshly, eyes narrowing sharply.

"Ten million? You call that real money?" he sneered.

"Chicago's offering way more. If they win, they take your stocks-worth half a

billion. You know what they waved in front of my face?"

"A hundred million. Cash. No strings."

Gasps exploded around the room, followed by frantic whispers. Greed and doubt clawed visibly at the faces around the table.

Suddenly, Van drew his sword, its blade gleaming ominously in the low light.

Without hesitation, he plunged it deep into Rank Four's chest, the impact sickeningly clear.

"What the hell are you doing?" someone roared, rising in shock and panic.

"I'm taking care of business," Van snarled, pressing the blade deeper, blood trickling from Rank Four's mouth.

Rank Four gasped, voice cracking in panic. "It wasn't me!"

Van stepped in, face inches away, his tone like a blade dipped in ice.

"The others stared with hunger, jealous they didn't get the same offer. But you... you looked away. Sweat rolling down your face when I locked eyes with you."

"Your eyes screamed regret-regret you didn't ask for more. Let me guess... they gave you twenty million? Pathetic. You sold out for scraps while they dangled five times that in front of me."

"You're wrong," Rank Four rasped weakly.

"Am I?" Van's eyes glowed fiercely.

"Maybe we check your bank records-or your family's. Better yet, if someone goes to your house right now, will they find your bags packed, a Chicago citizen's card tucked in your coat?"

Rank Four's eyes widened in horror, words dying in his throat. "How... how did you know..."

Van twisted the sword slightly, his voice barely a whisper. "I didn't—until just now."

With ruthless finality, Van pushed the blade straight through Rank Four's heart, a grim smile on his lips.

"No mercy for traitors. Enjoy your payoff in hell."

Rank Four's eyes glazed over, disbelief etched permanently into his lifeless face.

His dreams of wealth and freedom, a new life with his mistress, vanished in one swift, brutal instant.

Immediately, security guards surged forward, grabbing Van's arms.

Jasmine stepped closer, eyes blazing fiercely. "If you killed an innocent man, there's no mercy for you either."

Van met her gaze steadily, defiance blazing in his eyes. "He wasn't innocent. This snake touched me this morning-no one else had the chance."

The room held its breath as the guards frantically searched Rank Four's corpse.

Seconds felt like eternity until a guard shouted triumphantly, holding up a vial of poison and a bottle labeled "Antidote."

A heavy, stunned silence returned as Van shook off the guards' hands roughly, standing tall with grim satisfaction.

Jasmine stared at Van, a mix of admiration and chilling uncertainty.

"Justice doesn't play favorites," Van murmured darkly, wiping blood from his blade. "And neither do I."

Charles grinned coldly, relishing the sight of the fourth-ranked fighter's corpse sprawled on the floor.

He vividly recalled approaching Van Damme, dangling twenty million dollars to sabotage Vancouver.

The arrogant fool demanded five times that amount, an absurd sum even for Charles, who instead chose to tempt the lesser-ranked fighters, starting with the fifth.

But that idiot refused.

Rank four, however, eagerly grabbed the bait, and at a fraction of the cost.

Twenty million dollars for Vancouver's defeat was a bargain by anyone's measure.

Now their ranks lay shattered, victory assured for Chicago.

The referee's voice echoed clearly, slicing through the stunned silence. "Kingston team, two minutes left! If no challenger steps up, this round-and every round after-will be forfeited!"

Jasmine's face drained of color, eyes wide with panic and helplessness.

Despair hung over the Kingston team like a thundercloud.

Suddenly, Kelly yanked off her

expensive business jacket and

handed it swiftly to Alex, steppi

onto the arena floor in her crisp white shirt and tailored slacks.

She gathered her flowing hair into a tight ponytail and moved toward the referee

with unshakable confidence.

"I'll represent Kingston," she declared boldly, her voice calm and deadly serious.

Conan the Barbarian exploded into

harsh laughter, his voice echoing like thunder. "They send a woman to

fight me? Are you joking? My club will crush you to powder!"

"You're welcome to try," Kelly answered coolly, fixing him with an icy stare. "But I doubt you'll get very far."

The referee hesitated briefly, skeptical, before raising a hand. "The match begins now!"

Conan arrogantly set his massive club aside, sneering mockingly at Kelly.

"Tell you what, pretty lady—I'll even let you land a free shot. Hate for you to die without at least grazing me."

Kelly smirked coldly, strolling forward casually.

With a calm breath, she clenched her fist and swung sharply, knuckles driving like

a piston straight into Conan's smug jaw.

The barbarian's arrogant expression vanished instantly, replaced by sheer astonishment as the strike landed like a freight train.

He spiraled violently through the air, crashing hard into the arena floor, motionless and utterly defeated.

Silence descended over the arena, broken only by the faint echo of Conan's heavy fall.

The spectators stared in stunned disbelief, struggling to grasp how Kelly's slender form could fell a giant nearly three times her size.

The referee quickly regained his composure, shouting, "Victory goes to Kingston!"

A roar erupted, deafening cheers shaking the stands.

"Vancouver! Vancouver! Vancouver!"

But celebration was short-lived. Zane approached the referee, murmuring forcefully.

With a grim nod, the referee reluctantly raised a hand once more. "The fight result is overturned. Due to disqualification, Chicago Lords take this round!"

Kelly snapped her gaze to Zane, her eyes blazing with fury.

He met her stare defiantly, lips curled in a bitter sneer. His eyes clearly conveyed his message:

"You shouldn't have stepped into a fight that wasn't yours."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 311[1,057 words]

The referee's voice sliced sharply through the tense air, holding up an official- looking paper.

"We've received an update," he declared, eyes cold and detached.

"Miss Kelly Kingston has officially taken citizenship and the governor's role in Vermont. According to our rules, she can't represent Vancouver in this sacred duel between states. Therefore, Kelly Kingston is disqualified!"

A stunned hush swallowed the arena, quickly replaced by angry murmurs and gasps of disbelief.

"Kingstons," the referee continued, savoring the drama, "you've got two fights left to turn this around. Choose wisely. Your next fighter must step into the ring in ten minutes or you lose by default."

Before Jasmine could utter a word, a tall, arrogant figure swaggered from the Chicago side, armored gauntlet gleaming menacingly.

He sneered openly at the Vancouver corner, raising his voice mockingly, "Hey, Vancouver! Where's your courage now? Step up if you've got the guts, or run home with your tails tucked between your legs!"

From the shadows emerged an unexpected figure, confidently striding forward.

"I'll represent the Kingstons," he proclaimed boldly.

The referee quickly hid his smirk, eager for more chaos.

"Begin!" he shouted.

But as Jasmine and Kelly finally glimpsed the new fighter's face, dread flooded their expressions.

Charles Kingston.

Before Jasmine could scream, Charles raised his hand dramatically. "I surrender!"

"That cowardly snake!" Jasmine roared furiously, her voice cracking with rage. "Who let Charles anywhere near our arena?"

Charles turned theatrically towards the crowd, arms wide as if embracing their disdain.

"Listen up!" he shouted triumphantly.

"Why fight Chicago? It's clearly stronger, richer, and far superior to Vancouver! Let's stop being stubborn fools—join Chicago willingly, and I'll become your sixth lord of Chicago. Imagine prosperity and power instead of this pitiful independence!"

Jasmine stormed toward the referee, her fury barely restrained. "That traitor doesn't speak for Vancouver!"

The referee shrugged dismissively, clearly enjoying her torment.

"You never clarified your fighters beforehand. Now that you ask—sure, I'll

acknowledge your refusal for the next-but the match is done."

Laughter exploded from Zane and the Chicago Lords, cruel and loud.

"Poor Jasmine," Zane mocked. "One chance left. Better pick carefully-if there's anyone left worth fighting for you. Clock's ticking, sweetheart."

Jasmine's jaw tightened painfully as despair knotted her insides.

Chicago had been meticulously stabbing them in the back, poisoning her best fighters.

Ten minutes to find someone capable of facing Chicago's elite knights felt like a cruel joke.

"Tick-tock!" jeered a Chicago lord. "What's it gonna be, Kingston? Admit defeat and bow graciously?"

More mocking voices rose:

"Seems like the mighty Kingstons fell right into Chicago's trap!"

"Poisoned fighters-what a perfect, humiliating defeat! Or maybe they're just making up an excuse to avoid fighting the Goliath."

"Face it: strength rules, and Vancouver never had any."

The spectators' murmurs swung wildly between pity, excitement, and outright glee at Vancouver's downfall.

Victoria leaned toward Jasmine, eyes critical yet oddly amused.

"Maybe we should accept it. Give up gracefully, Jasmine. We could turn this disaster into a good alliance-give Chicago Alex's share, and call it diplomacy." Jasmine bit her lip fiercely, her silence deafening as turmoil churned within her. The world around her blurred with desperation and anger, her heart crying out for a hero-someone, anyone, who could salvage this catastrophic night.

"Ms. Kingston!" The referee barked sharply, irritation clear in his voice.

"Are you even sending someone into the ring? Quit stalling and admit you've lost!"

"Yeah, Kingston! Enough with the games-just forfeit already!" The Chicago Lords members jeered, their mocking voices filling the arena.

The Kingston side burned silently, their faces twisted in quiet frustration.

Suddenly, a powerful voice cut through the mockery. "I'll fight."

Every head swiveled, eyes narrowing suspiciously as a figure pushed through the crowd.

He stepped forward confidently,

sporting dark sunglasses, a plain mask covering his face, and a bright blue uniform from Vancouver's cleaning service, topped off with an incongruous matching cap.

"Who the hell is this joker?" someone scoffed from the sidelines.

Chicago's fighter laughed harshly, shaking his head with pure disdain.

"Are you serious right now? You-a damn janitor-think you can face me? Who the hell gave you the guts to step into arena?"

In the tense silence, Jasmine immediately recognized Alex beneath the disguise.

Her breath hitched with a pang of worry. She moved swiftly, discreetly leaning in to whisper,

"Alex, don't risk it. If they want our stocks, let them take it. You're more important than any of this."

Alex flashed a calm smile beneath his mask, his voice steady and firm.

"Relax, Jasmine. I won't let them touch a single share, and our pride isn't for sale."

Without another word, he walked boldly into the fighting ring, radiating quiet confidence.

He hadn't planned to fight, but standing aside now would mean betraying everything Vancouver stood for.

"Kelly," Jasmine whispered anxiously, turning toward her, eyes pleading for intervention. "Aren't you going to stop him?"

Kelly smirked knowingly, eyes glittering with assured confidence.

"Don't worry. In this country, he's unstoppable. These arrogant fools won't even make him sweat."

Down by the ring, Zane burst into a mocking howl of laughter.

"A janitor? Seriously? He must have a death wish. Who walks willingly into a slaughterhouse?"

Not far off, Jaxon crossed his arms, a cold smirk tugging at his lips.

"He is either painfully patriotic or just plain dumb. And I'm betting on dumb. Looks

like Kingston's down to scraping the bottom of the barrel."

Clara sneered viciously, barely containing her excitement.

"Oh, this will be priceless. Watching a janitor get demolished is exactly the humiliation the Kingstons deserve."

Bryson gaped in disbelief, shaking his head slowly.

"Did this guy miss what happened to Damme? Even he got destroyed, and this nobody thinks he stands a chance?"

The referee impatiently glanced at his watch, already dreaming about the stack of cash waiting for him and the company he'd soon share it with in some sleazy bar.

He raised a hand and barked, "Enough stalling! Start the damn fight!"

Alex moved forward calmly, stepping into the center of the arena.

Every pair of eyes locked onto him, their breaths held in confused anticipation.

But the hulking fighter from Chicago stood frozen, limbs rigid as iron, face stricken with confusion and fear.

Alex sauntered closer, stopping mere inches away, his voice smooth and unnervingly calm.

"You look exhausted, friend. How about you take a nap?"

Inét

Suddenly, as if commanded by an invisible force, the fighter's eyes rolled back, his knees buckled, and he crumpled to the ground like a puppet whose strings had been cut.

The arena erupted into stunned silence.

The referee's jaw hung slack, disbelief etched deep into his face. Spectators stared in shock, mouths

agape, unable to comprehend the impossible event they'd just witnessed.

Nothing made sense. Nothing at all.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 312[1,072 words]

"What the hell just happened? Is the fight already over?"

Stunned silence rippled through the crowd as every eye fixed on Chicago's elite fighter, sprawled motionless on the ground-unconscious or asleep, no one could say for sure.

Disbelief ricocheted among the spectators.

Everyone had assumed the janitor stood no chance, yet the battle had ended in a shocking twist. Even stranger, the janitor had merely suggested his opponent sleep—and now the man lay flat, utterly defenseless.

"Impossible!" Byson exclaimed, eyes wide with disbelief. "Did that nobody actually win?"

"No way!" Clara spat bitterly. "He must have cheated! How else could he drop Chicago best without lifting a finger?"

"Can anyone explain what just happened?" Zane growled, confusion etched across his face.

"Our top four crumbled after just one speech!"

"What kind of trickery had the janitor employed?"

"He's more dangerous than he looks," Jaxon murmured, narrowing his eyes suspiciously. Even his keen gaze had failed to catch the janitor's secret.

Jasmine exploded with ecstatic laughter, leaping to her feet, triumph shining brightly in her eyes.

"Yes! He did it! Alex, you're amazing!" It was their first victory, and she savored every second.

"What's there to celebrate?" Victoria snapped, glaring at the triumphant figure in irritation.

The crowd erupted into heated speculation.

Though confusion and suspicion lingered, the janitor had undeniably proven the Kingstons could still claim victory.

Alex strutted arrogantly around the ring, lips twisted in scorn. "Anyone else need a bedtime story?" he sneered.

A surge of fury swept through the Chicago ranks. Insulting them was tantamount to playing with fire.

"That arrogant bastard!"

"How dare he!"

"He'll pay for this!"

"Watch your mouth, boy!" Zane bellowed, slamming his palm down furiously. "You're courting death!"

"Enough chatter," Alex shot back coolly. "Come on up and face me if you've got the guts."

"You asked for it!" growled Chicago's third-ranked fighter, a battle-hardened middle-aged warrior, stepping into the ring amid deafening cheers.

"The third rank's joining the fight!"

"That janitor's lost his damn mind. He's dead meat!"

"Well, if he goes down, at least he'll lose to someone worthy."

The whispers surged with grim anticipation.

Byson smirked cruelly. "At least the fool will go out honorably, crushed by a real champion."

The veteran fighter stared Alex down, his voice dripping venom. "Beg for mercy right now, and maybe I'll spare your pathetic life."

"Bow to trash like you?" Alex laughed coldly, his eyes burning with contempt. "How about you get down on your knees instead?"

And suddenly, impossibly, the seasoned warrior's knees buckled, collapsing before Alex, head lowered as if paying tribute.

Shock seized the entire arena.

"What the hell? Did he just surrender?"

"Did Kingston buy him off?"

"Impossible-this can't be real!"

But no explanations emerged as Chicago's third-ranked champion also slumped, unconscious, onto the mat.

"Black magic!" Chicago's second-ranked fighter yelled, eyes wide with panic. "He's using black magic!"

Zane's face turned pale. "You! Get in there and take him down!"

Swallowing hard, the second-ranked fighter murmured a prayer and stepped tentatively into the ring.

But the moment his feet touched the canvas, he too collapsed senselessly, falling limp like a puppet with severed strings.

The crowd gasped in sheer horror. Had they not witnessed it themselves, no one would believe Chicago's elite had fallen so easily to an unknown.

"Did we really lose?" Zane muttered, mind reeling, suspicion clouding his judgment. Had his champions betrayed them?

"Who the hell is that janitor?" Byson choked out, his earlier scorn replaced by pure dread.

Jasmine laughed triumphantly, her voice full of pride. "Did you see that? He's incredible! That's my champion!"

Victoria stood paralyzed, eyes wide, disbelief etched deeply on her face.

"He won? How... how did he do it?"

"Of course he's unbeatable-he's mine, after all!" Jasmine flashed a smile that radiated warmth, eyes gleaming with a tenderness she rarely displayed.

In the ring, Alex stood tall, arms casually folded behind him. His presence radiated authority, like a mountain daring anyone to climb it.

But soon, boredom crept into his features.

He theatrically stretched and

yawned, then he strolled over to the ring ropes and casually began polishing them with a rag, like the janitor was just doing his shift while the fighters took a day off

Laughter erupted like thunder through the stands, vicious and unrestrained.

Kingston supporters jeered mercilessly, shouting taunts dripping with disdain.

"Is Chicago here just for a nap? Send someone who isn't scared of the janitor!" "Pathetic! Did they travel this far just to lie down?"

Jaxon's eyes hardened into sharp points.

"Seems the Kingstons kept an ace hidden all along," he muttered, intrigue mingling with annoyance.

"Boring," Alex sighed loudly, brushing imaginary dust off his sleeve.

His voice boomed clearly across the arena, smug and confident. "Who's next? Hurry it up I've got toilets waiting. Don't waste my time here."

The Chicago disciples exchanged wary, anxious glances, the tension palpable.

"Jax, this guy's a loose cannon," Zane growled, fists clenched tightly. His frustration was evident, mingling uneasily with worry.

With measured calm, Jaxon rose, his eyes ignited by excitement.

He hadn't planned on fighting today, viewing the match as beneath his dignity- nothing more than child's play.

Yet, seeing this audacious janitor ignited an unexpected thrill within him.

Zane's voice cracked slightly as he cautioned, "Jax, are you sure about this? He's... strange. Think you can handle him?"

Jaxon exhaled slowly, a subtle smirk playing on his lips. "I can't guarantee victory

-but I sure as hell won't back down."

"Perfect," Zane sneered venomously, eager malice glittering in his eyes.

"Shut him down quick, Jax. End this clown's little act."

"Anyone from Chicago brave enough to face me?" Alex taunted again, his voice

dripping with contempt as he scanned the anxious faces around the arena.

"I'm here!" Jaxon shouted boldly. He launched himself skyward, flipping gracefully through the air, tapping lightly off a spectator's shoulder

mid-flight, soaring effortlessly like an

acrobat.

The women in the crowd erupted in thrilled admiration, their eyes wide with awe

and longing.

"Did you see that? He's incredible!"

"Oh my god, a hero in white! Absolutely dreamy!"

Jaxon landed perfectly, exuding charm and confidence, every inch a chivalrous

knight—until his feet touched the arena floor.

Instantly, a suffocating pressure crushed his chest, gripping his heart with merciless strength.

His eyes snapped to Alex, widening with shock and sudden, overwhelming terror.

It was a primal fear unlike anything

he'd ever known—raw, paralyzing like a drenched rat frozen under the glare of a towering lion, stripped of all dignity and hope.

His knees buckled without warning, forcing him down into a humiliating kneel.

Alex observed him coldly, nodding with faint amusement. "Impressive. At least you didn't collapse outright beneath my aura."

Jaxon's voice trembled, dread twisting through every syllable.

"Aura?" The color drained from his face, leaving him ghostly pale. Aura—the legendary internal power wielded only by true masters.

This wasn't a fight.

It was an execution and he was the victim.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 313[871 words]

The arena fell deathly silent. Jaxon knelt in the dusty center, head bowed like a penitent sinner.

He finally lifted his gaze, jaw tight with reluctant respect.

"You're one hell of a fighter," he growled, voice rough with pride and defeat. "I yield."

"What the hell did he say?" gasped someone from the audience.

Murmurs exploded around the arena like wildfire, disbelief sparking through the crowd.

"He hasn't even thrown a punch! He walked to the arena just to kneel? Did the Kingstons pay him off?"

Zane surged to his feet, eyes blazing with fury.

"What kind of cowardly shit is this, Jax? A Chicago Lord never bows down! Kill the damn janitor now!"

"Shut your mouth, Zane!" Jaxon snapped back fiercely, eyes ablaze.

"There's honor in knowing when you're beaten. He's the real deal. If he'd wanted, I'd be lying dead in the dirt right now."

The crowd froze, trying to decipher the bitter truth hidden in Jaxon's eyes.

Zane's face twisted in rage.

"Bullshit! You didn't even fight him! Are you seriously bowing to a cleaning boy? You're embarrassing the whole damn city!"

Jaxon's eyes hardened, burning with defiance.

"Step up yourself, then. See how fast you hit the dirt."

"I'll show you fools how a real man handles business," Zane snarled, storming into the arena, pride blinding him from reason.

The stakes couldn't be higher-his entire future hinged on this moment.

The legendary profits from the Emerald Elixir were within reach, but only if he succeeded. One misstep, and it would all collapse. He couldn't afford to lose. Not

now.

The janitor-Alex-watched calmly, mask shadowing his face, sunglasses reflecting nothing but cold indifference.

"Stepping onto this floor means you've accepted death as a possible outcome. No complaints if you don't walk away."

"Threaten me?" Zane spat venomously, puffing up his chest.

"Do you even know who you're dealing with? I'm Zane Hernandez, heir of the goddamn Chicago Lords!"

Alex stood unmoved, his voice slicing the tension like a razor.

"Then let me introduce myself. I'm the guardian of Vancouver. Anyone who touches what's ours faces hell itself."

Zane staggered, suddenly gasping as an invisible force seized his throat.

His knees buckled, eyes bulging in panic, and he collapsed hard onto the dirt.

Chicago's medics scrambled desperately, voices frantic. "His heart's stopped! Get CPR going, now!"

The arena erupted into chaos-fear and awe colliding into a volatile wave.

Every jaw dropped. Fear silenced the stands completely.

The message was clear: Vancouver had chosen its champion, and death awaited anyone reckless enough to cross his path.

Alex remained utterly composed.

He grabbed his mop, snapping it effortlessly until only a deadly shard remained. Without hesitation, he hurled it like a spear across the arena.

The splintered shaft punctured through Charles' shoulder, pinning him brutally to his seat, blood spurting violently onto stunned spectators.

Charles was screaming in pain.

Alex stood tall in the middle of the arena, eyes narrowed with raw menace.

His voice, deep and cold as steel, cut through the noise without the aid of a microphone.

"You pull another stunt against Vancouver, and I'll crack your skull wide open."

With a dismissive sweep of his gaze, Alex turned his back and strode confidently out of the ring.

A roar erupted from the Vancouver supporters, deafening and triumphant.

"We won!"

"Vancouver Won!"

"Vancouver, Vancouver, Vancouver!"

"We did it! Kingstons dominate again!"

Shrieked joyous/et

her eyes sparkling with pri

Across the ring, fury contorted the faces of Chicago's team. One of them pointed

fiercely, voice dripping with venom.

"This isn't over, you cocky bastard! You'll pay for this!"

But their bravado faltered quickly as they retreated, humiliated and shaken.

Their perfect scheme shattered, undone by someone they'd dismissed—a mere janitor, of all people.

Yet beneath the anger and

embarrassment simmered an ominous realization: Vancouver wasn't protected by some ordinary janitor but by an unseen master whose message was brutally clear—interfere, and you'll face death.

Later, in a dimly lit meeting hall, five powerful Chicago lords sat grim-faced around

a polished table.

Dupont was seething, his jaw clenched tight, eyes blazing.

Luca Hernandez, grief-stricken but icy with rage, matched his glare.

Dupont slammed his fist down, the table shaking under his anger.

"We've lost enough. My son's dead, and now yours too, Luca. Vancouver must burn. We declare war, right now!"

"Absolutely," Luca echoed coldly.

"We've got guns, elite soldiers—they won't stand a chance, even if they rally three entire states."

The usually unified group was fracturing, their unity hanging by a thread.

Tom Jones, a voice of moderation, raised his hand cautiously. "Let's put it to a vote."

Tension thickened as hands rose slowly.

Two supported war immediately. Two opposed, wary of the consequences.

One abstained, caught between caution and fury.

The stalemate hung heavy, unresolved.

Tom sighed heavily, eyes tired yet stern. "We'll reconvene next month. Hopefully

by then, clearer heads will prevail."

Three lords left silently, leaving only Conrad Dupont and Luca Hernandez, their fury barely contained.

"So we're just going to wait?" Conrad growled, his voice bitterly sharp.

Luca leaned forward, eyes darkening dangerously. "No. We strike first, force their hand. Once Vancouver retaliates, the others will have no choice but to back our war

A malicious grin twisted Conrad's lips.

"A smart move-exactly my style."

"They spilled my son's blood," Luca whispered fiercely, eyes filled with a chilling

resolve. "Now they'll drown in their own."

"Good," Conrad whispered back, his voice laced with dark promise.

"Then let's hit them hard next week. And if necessary, unleash hell itself—we have

nukes, Luca. Why hold back?"

"Absolutely," Luca replied, his voice cold and merciless, consumed by a dark, unstoppable thirst for vengeance.

"Let Vancouver burn."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 314[1,234 words]

After the fierce chaos of the battle subsided, Alex returned to the clinic just as

midnight's shadows stretched across the small building, yet its lights blazed like a beacon against the dark.

Pushing through the door, Alex caught sight of Sophia Lancaster.

For once, her usual icy demeanor melted into warm laughter as she chatted comfortably with Josephine.

It was an odd sight, unsettling yet fascinating.

Josephine noticed him first and rose swiftly, her face lighting up warmly. "Alex, you're back! Let me fix you some supper-"

"Thanks, but I already ate," Alex replied with a faint smile.

His gaze shifted cautiously toward Sophia, his stance immediately guarded as if expecting an ambush.

Sophia caught the sudden change in his expression and frowned deeply.

"Why the cold stare, Alex? You're warm as sunshine when you look at Josephine, but with me, you act like I'm about to bite. That actually stings."

Alex stared at her, utterly confused.

Had she hit her head? This woman, who usually glared at him with suspicion, accused him at every turn, and radiated distrust, was now acting hurt by his cautiousness.

"Seriously, Sophia, what brings you here?"

"To say thank you," Sophia stated simply, a small, genuine smile gracing her lips -something he'd rarely seen.

"You saved me from Charles. Without you stepping in yesterday, my life would be ruined. Turns out that charming facade hid a disgusting liar."

"Is that right?" Alex countered skeptically, bitterness edging into his voice.

"I'm sure your family is busy spreading stories about how I tried to assault you, and brave Charles was your hero."

Sophia's eyes flickered with frustration, her voice tinged with vulnerability.

"Maybe it's finally time I stopped swallowing everything my family feeds me without question. Maybe I'm tired of blindly following their rules just because they're older and supposedly wiser."

"That would certainly be a first," Alex said quietly, his defensive posture softening ever so slightly.

"Maybe I'm finally brave enough to trust my own instincts," Sophia murmured, her cheeks flushing a delicate shade of red.

"Aren't you even slightly impressed?"

Alex hesitated, struggling to read the sincerity in her eyes.

"It's your life, Sophia. If breaking free makes you happy, then good for you."

Her expression fell slightly.

Clearly, she had expected something warmer from him.

She pressed forward anyway, her voice tense yet earnest. "Alex, tell me honestly did you try to rape me?"

"Jesus, no!" Alex snapped immediately, irritation and disbelief sharp in his tone.

"I believe in you." Sophia's shoulders relaxed visibly, and she smiled softly again, almost triumphantly.

"See? That wasn't so hard, was it? We just made a real connection. Progress. And don't look at me like that—I've learned a thing or two from AI about emotional intelligence."

"Whatever floats your boat," Alex muttered dryly, unsure how to respond to this entirely new version of Sophia.

"Thank you again, Alex," Sophia continued softly, sincerity shining through her eyes. "Truly, from the bottom of my heart."

Alex shrugged, deliberately indifferent. "I'd have done the same for anyone."

His voice was steady, carefully distant.

He had already learned the hard way—the heart was a fragile thing, easily shattered, and he wasn't ready for that pain again.

Sophia noticed his emotional wall immediately. Her voice dropped to a pleading softness.

"Are you still angry? Listen, I know my mother acted horribly. It was a total misunderstanding. No, many misunderstandings—but all of it stemmed from Charles's lies. I'm here to apologize on her behalf. Please, Alex. Forgive us."

Alex stared at her, wrestling internally.

Forgiveness wasn't easy, especially when wounds were fresh and deep. But beneath her proud, defiant eyes, he glimpsed genuine regret and newfound resolve.

"We'll see," Alex finally said, his tone cautious yet softer than before.

He offered no promises, only the tentative possibility of trust slowly rebuilt.

Sophia hoped the apology might spark something fresh, something genuine this time.

She'd only ever been intimate with Alex once, and now, looking closely at him, she realized just how damn handsome he truly was.

He wasn't just decent-looking—he had that rough, magnetic charm that could

make a woman forget how to breathe.

No wonder Jasmin Kingston had fallen hard for him. Honestly, how the hell hadn't she seen it coming?

Alex stared at her, eyes narrowing slightly, taken aback.

Sophia Lancaster-proud, stubborn, and immovable. Changing? It felt unreal.

Like watching fire turn to ice.

If anyone dared say love could change everything, he'd punch them in the damn mouth.

A part of him desperately wanted to believe in the fantasy-a life together, filled with peace and passion.

But another voice-sharper,

colder snarled in his head, "Open your heart again, and you're just handing her another dagger.Haven't you learned your lesson, idiot?"

.U

Yet, her apology felt too thin, too late, barely scratching the surface of years of emotional scars.

"So... does this mean you've forgiven us?"

Alex exhaled slowly, forcing a casual shrug.

"Forget it. Being misunderstood isn't new for me. If that's all you've got, you might

as well head home. It's getting late."

She stepped closer, determination blazing in her eyes. "Alex, listen. I know I've hurt you, deeply. And I swear-I promise-it'll never happen again." Sophia knew mere words couldn't mend the damage she'd done, but it was a start, and she'd risk anything for another chance.

"Let's start over, Alex," she blurted, her cheeks burning red but her voice firm, honest.

Alex blinked, confusion and suspicion twisting his expression. "Where did that come from? That's not like you."

He'd fought for this for so damn long. And now, just when he was shattered and finally ready to walk away for good-she came running after him.

What kind of twisted game was this?

Sophia took a deep breath, eyes unwavering. "Come home with me, Alex."

His body stiffened instantly, every muscle tense.

A whirlwind of emotions flashed through his eyes—longing,

resentment, fear. Had she asked not

months ago, he'd have run back into her arms without a second thought.

But he'd lived through too much agony, felt too many heartbreaks.

He was utterly exhausted, guarded against another emotional ambush.

Even though his heart still ached for her, he'd sworn he wouldn't relive those dark days again.

He wouldn't be the quiet victim anymore.

He couldn't be hurt again—not if he never gave her another chance, not if he

killed every last shred of hope he still had for her.

"I know you're torn," she said softly, gently touching his arm. "You don't have to decide right now."

Sophia suddenly straightened, her face determined, fierce.

"But mark my words, Alex—I'm reclaiming what's mine. Even if Jasmine Kingston stands in my way, I'll fight her tooth and nail. You know exactly who I am. I don't quit until I've won."

Stunned, Alex eyed her cautiously. "Are you drunk or something?"

Sophia Lancaster was known as an ice queen aloof, proud, never letting anyone close.

Seeing her this fiery, this defiant, was completely surreal. What the hell had gotten into her?

Or was he missing something?

"No alcohol. I've never been clearer in my life." Sophia tilted her chin up defiantly.

"When you see Jasmine, tell her I want a fair fight. Let the best woman win." Before Alex could react, she leaned forward, boldly pressing her lips against his. The kiss was brief, electric, leaving Alex frozen in shock as she pulled away. Sophia spun around, striding confidently from the clinic, though her flushed cheeks betrayed her racing heart.

"What the...?" Alex touched his lips, still tingling from her sudden kiss.

He felt ambushed, confused, exhilarated. Since when did Sophia Lancaster flirt

like that?

He stood alone, a storm of feelings swirling inside him.

His carefully rebuilt walls, meant to protect his fragile heart, crumbled instantly.

Part of him screamed joyfully, victory dancing in his chest, while another darker, fearful part whispered urgently, "Pack your bags. Get out while you still can."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 315[1,526 words]

Alex sat on the very edge of the rooftop, legs dangling over the ledge, a half- empty glass of wine resting in his hand.

Alone, high above the sleeping city, he was lost in his thoughts as the night wrapped around him.

The moon hung low, casting silvery shadows that danced across the concrete beside him.

Far below, the homeless huddled around small fires, their laughter and chatter drifting faintly upward.

Even with their hardships, they seemed content, savoring simple moments together.

Yet Alex stood isolated, tormented by indecision.

Life seemed straightforward enough—people ran from pain and chased after happiness.

But when wounds reopened again and again, each scar dug deeper into the heart, turning memories into haunting nightmares.

He sighed deeply.

Could there really be happiness with Sophia Lancaster?

He used to believe so. But every time he reached for her, he came away more battered, more broken.

Just when he found the strength to walk away, she'd whisper a promise of happiness—just enough to chain him again with that maddening, cruel hope.

'Woman... ahhh.'

"Hey! What are you brooding over up there?" Josephine's voice pierced the quiet from below.

"Just trying to figure things out," Alex called back, without turning.

"Mind if I join? I could use a taste of that wine."

"Be my guest."

Josephine swiftly scaled the roof, nimble as ever. Snatching the bottle, she took a swig and instantly widened her eyes

"Holy hell! This must cost a fortune! I've never tasted anything like it."

Alex smirked, "You speak like a connoisseur."

Josephine laughed heartily, wiping her mouth.

"Hardly. First sip of wine in my life. Orphans like us never have the luxury. Seriously, what's this worth?"

Alex shrugged nonchalantly, "Maybe ten grand."

"What?!" Josephine gasped, nearly dropping the bottle.

"Ten grand? Think how long that could feed the orphanage!" She eyed the half- empty bottle regretfully.

"Is this still worth anything?"

"It's worthless now, you've contaminated it," Alex teased, watching her shocked expression.

"Dammit, Alex, warn a girl first! Did I ruin something precious?"

"Not to me," Alex said quietly. "Jasmine gave it to me. Money means nothing to her-or to me."

Josephine relaxed, then defiantly took another long sip.

"Fine, let's pretend I didn't know its value."

She nudged him playfully. "You know, Alex, you're a lucky bastard. Jasmine's the governor of Vancouver; Sophia's the new CEO. Two of the city's greatest beauties, and they're both smitten with you. That must be bliss, right?"

Alex exhaled bitterly. "Why do you assume that's happiness?"

Josephine scoffed and elbowed him again. "Come on, stop pretending. With women like them, you're set for life. No worries, no struggle. Fancy cars, luxury, endless relaxation."

Alex shook his head gravely. "Ever heard the saying? A hero can't resist beauty, a beauty can't resist wealth, and wealth can't resist power."

"Men lose themselves chasing women, and women lose themselves chasing riches."

Josephine laughed, her eyes twinkling.

"So you're torn between two dazzling women, huh? Sophia's sophisticated, elegant; Jasmine's sweet and charming. Damn, even I'm confused."

"It's not about choosing," Alex snapped, frustration breaking through.

"It's the truth behind it—men will sacrifice everything, lose everything for a woman. But women? They never lose themselves. They're always calculating, always wondering what they'll gain."

His voice lowered to a somber whisper, drifting on the night breeze. "And that's the tragedy, Josephine. Love makes fools of men, but only traders out of women."

Alex drawled slowly, swirling the amber liquid in his glass, his eyes distant and haunted.

"Life sure has one twisted sense of humor. Men give everything they've got to women—every scrap of strength, every dime—and women take it, sure enough, without daring to repay even a fraction of the feeling."

Josephine's eyes snapped wide, glittering with disbelief and defiance.

"Alex, are you looking for a wife, a girlfriend, or just a damned prostitute? If you're gonna shell out cash expecting feelings served up on a platter, you better stick to hiring a woman by the hour."

"Jo," Alex gestured toward the street below, where four ragged men clustered around a sputtering fire, their laughter and rough singing drifting through the night air.

"Look at those homeless guys. They got nothing—just scraps of food—but look at 'em. They're happy because they're sharing what little they have. That's what keeps a man alive."

His voice grew rougher, edged with bitter clarity.

"But men keep fighting, day after miserable day. They provide food, safety, a home-and suddenly, it's all just expected. It becomes 'normal. Women start to believe it's simply a man's duty, never seeing the need to offer love and tenderness in return."

Josephine froze, eyes searching his face. "Is that really true?"

Alex let out a weary sigh, heavy with years of unspoken grief.

"Too often, it is. Men are creatures of feeling, too. They might never beg for love, Jo, because they're conditioned from birth to give love, not ask for it. But just

because men don't beg doesn't mean they don't desperately need it."

His voice cracked slightly, betraying an inner pain he'd never shown.

"Men work tirelessly, hoping someone will see them, appreciate them-love them. But the closer people get, the quicker they forget."

"Yes, men are strong-unbreakable, even."

"Men will labor until they drop, carrying the weight of the world without a word of complaint. They protect the ones they love, all while silently starving for affection." Alex sighed again, deeply. "You know what the ancients said?"

Josephine leaned in, her curiosity gentle, "What?"

"Women are born to be loved," Alex murmured, staring deeply into the crackling firelight below, "but men? They are born to be broken-because only in brokenness do men discover their true strength."

Moved beyond words, Josephine shifted closer, slipping her arms around Alex and gently patting his shoulder.

Her sudden tenderness caught him completely off guard.

"Hey," she whispered softly, her voice thick with emotion, "you're the strongest man I've ever known. You've stood your ground against the mafia, for God's sake."

Alex felt his tense shoulders relax under her touch, a rare warmth flooding through him as Josephine laid her head gently against his.

A faint smile touched his lips as he

whispered, "Men are excellent actors, Jo. Men hide their feelings because the world expects it. Inside,

they're just boys craving love, terrified to admit weakness. They'd rather break into ashes than confess how much they need it."

"Because men are born to be destroyed, not defeated."

Josephine suddenly burst out laughing, holding her sides as if a forgotten memory had surged back unexpectedly.

"What?" Alex snapped, his voice sharp with sudden suspicion. "You mocking me now?"

Josephine immediately softened her expression, eyes warm and apologetic.

"No, Alex, not at all," she said quickly. "I didn't mean it like that. It's just...something long forgotten suddenly returned."

Alex eyed her warily. "And what's that?"

Josephine sipped her wine, eyes distant, gazing into memories blurred by years.

"Maybe a decade ago, maybe more, this boy showed up at our orphanage. I was seven or eight—it's fuzzy now."

She leaned forward, the intensity in her eyes pulling Alex in.

"He was quiet, tough, always looking ready to fight. Whenever trouble found him, no matter how big the adversary, he'd throw himself at it, fists swinging."

"He got knocked down, beaten, bruised—but never once did he cry. Never once did he break. Everyone hated him for his stubborn pride."

She paused, her voice softening with a painful fondness. "He was always hurting, always covered in bruises, but never showed his pain. Never."

Josephine took a deep breath, and her voice thickened with emotion.

"I was the one who tended his

wounds. I was the one who faced down those bullies. One night, he sat alone, clutching his bruised ribs in

and hugged him tight and whispered, 'It's okay. You can cry. It's okay to feel the pain.'"

agony couldn't bear it ver

Her eyes glistened as she continued. "He looked at me, shocked, his voice trembling. 'A man must never cry, no matter how much it hurts,' he said."

Alex stared at her, mesmerized by the raw vulnerability in her voice. "What did you do then?"

Josephine smiled softly, almost tenderly. "I did what I've always done best."

She moved closer, her arms gently encircling Alex, pulling him into a comforting embrace.

Her voice became a soothing whisper against his ear.

"Listen to me, Alex. You're a man, yes—but you're human too. And humans need love, need tenderness."

"Tonight, just tonight, let go of this armor you've worn for so long. Let go of being strong. Just be human, and let me care for you."

Her words pierced him, breaking open walls he'd forgotten he'd built.

"I'm here," she continued gently. "Tonight, I will protect you. Tonight, I will hold you. Let go of everything. Let yourself feel loved."

In that moment, Alex was thrust back into a distant memory—a younger Josephine embracing him, holding him close, making him weep like a child.

She had been his first love, his first glimpse of genuine compassion, a lifeline he'd never wanted to lose.

And now, years later, as Josephine held him again, he finally understood. She had no riches, no material wealth—but her heart overflowed with love. She

had been born to nurture, born to shelter the forgotten children of their orphanage. Because Josephine was love itself.

And for Alex, who had everything the world could offer, the one thing he'd never

truly possessed was this to be loved simply as a human, not as a strong man burdened by expectations.

He let go, finally surrendering to the warmth of her embrace, knowing that tonight he was safe, human, and deeply, unconditionally loved.

The world never asked if men were tired—only if they could endure.

But she did.

The Almighty Dominance

Chapter 316[1,093 words]

The next morning, sunlight splashed through the cracked windows as Alex unlocked the door to his clinic.

His eyes narrowed sharply at the sight - a battered, bloodied figure sprawled unconscious at his doorstep.

Alex's pulse quickened as he knelt beside the man, turning him over gently, only to stare in disbelief.

"Jaxon Creed?" Alex muttered, astonishment darkening his features. "What the hell happened to you?"

He studied the bruised face, swollen and marred with fresh wounds.

Jaxon Creed, the top knight from Chicago - this was no ordinary beatdown.

With cautious strength, Alex hoisted Jaxon over his shoulder and carried him carefully inside, laying him on the examination bed.

As Alex assessed the injuries, his trained eyes hardened - gunshot wounds, shattered bones, nerve damage so severe it made his stomach twist.

"Whoever did this wanted Jaxon crippled for life or dead.

Alex drew a deep breath, determination steadying his hands. Healing this man would take time, but he trusted his skills to mend even the deepest wounds.

He administered a swift injection, followed by a miracle pill.

Minutes ticked by until finally, with a groan of agony, Jaxon's eyelids fluttered open. His gaze wandered hazily until settling on Alex.

"You're awake," Alex said gruffly. "How do you feel?"

Jaxon blinked, dazed. "I feel terrible... Did you save me?"

Alex crossed his arms. "You see anyone else here?" he replied, dryly, hiding the relief in his eyes.

Jaxon tried to sit up, a flash of pain forcing a hiss through clenched teeth.

"Thank you," he muttered earnestly, struggling to bow his head.

"Stay put," Alex snapped firmly, pressing him back onto the bed. "You're barely holding together."

Jaxon's eyes darkened, shame and frustration fighting across his battered face.

Alex crossed his arms, curiosity biting at him. "You're a tough. Who could've broken you this badly?"

Jaxon stared at the ceiling, jaw tightening with silent torment. Finally, he swallowed the humiliation and spoke quietly, each word dragged from his throat.

"I came looking for you," he admitted, voice raw with effort.

Alex raised an eyebrow, skeptical. "Why?"

Jaxon drew a shaky breath. "Last night, the Chicago lords laid it all out - they're targeting Vancouver next week. I told them no. Joining them would've made me a coward."

Silence hung heavy between them before Jaxon locked eyes with Alex, his voice low but firm.

"You're the strongest fighter I've ever gone up against. I want you to train me."

Alex narrowed his eyes. "Do you even know who I am?" He remembered slipping into the janitor's disguise to face Jaxon.

"I got the arena's security footage," Jaxon admitted.

"I saw you sneak into the staff bathroom and change into that janitor uniform. I erased the files. I'm not here to expose you - I'm here because I need to learn,

and I'm hoping you'll say yes."

Alex didn't speak, the silence heavy and meaningful.

Jaxon continued bitterly, "They found out I wanted to meet you and warn you, so they hunted me down. Nearly finished me off. Managed to lose them just long enough to reach you."

Alex's jaw tightened, "What's their plan?"

Jaxon's words dropped heavily, chilling the air. "A nuclear strike. They'll force the other three lords into a full-scale war with Vancouver."

Alex felt a rush of anger surge beneath his calm exterior, yet his voice stayed level. "Rest first. We'll talk once you're healed."

Jaxon's expression crumbled, despair gripping his bruised features. "My bones, nerves everything is wrecked. I'll never fight again."

Alex leaned forward, eyes hard with quiet conviction. "Don't worry. I'll rebuild you stronger than ever."

Hope flashed across Jaxon's eyes, sparking fiercely in his weary gaze. He gripped Alex's arm with desperate gratitude.

"If you do that, my life is yours. Whatever you need - anything - I won't question it."

Alex let out a long sigh, his expression easing as he gently helped Jaxon lie back against the bed.

"No more promises," he muttered. "This is me paying you back - for the warning about the Chicago lords."

Jaxon nodded slowly, finally relaxing into a weary sleep, a faint smile lingering on his lips.

Alex stood back, thoughtful eyes staring through the window, knowing the storm on the horizon had just become far deadlier.

Next hours, he floored the accelerator, cutting swiftly through the streets toward Kingswell branch, his mind consumed by grim thoughts.

Chicago's lords were courting death, and he needed to alert his people - fast.

But suddenly, red brake lights flooded the road ahead, forming an immediate jam. Alex slammed the brakes, tires screeching sharply.

Panicked shouts echoed outside.

Something awful had clearly happened.

Alex flung open his door and stepped onto the street. Chaos surrounded him - people screamed desperately.

"Doctor!" someone cried frantically. "Is there a doctor here?"

Alex strode quickly toward the voice. "I'm a doctor."

Relief flashed across the man's face - a large, imposing bodyguard type. "Come quickly, our madame is hurt badly."

Without hesitating, Alex followed him through the maze of stopped cars until they reached a horrific scene: two vehicles collided head-on.

One was a massive, armored luxury Hummer, barely damaged. The other was a small, cheap sedan, crumpled like paper.

The bodyguard flung open the luxury car door, revealing a well-dressed woman clutching her small bleeding head, groaning in mild discomfort.

But a desperate cry drew Alex's attention away. "Please! Somebody save my

son!"

A young couple, bloodied and weak, clawed desperately at their ruined sedan.

Inside, Alex saw a small boy,
unconscious and limp, impaled
gruesomely by a jagged piece of
metal. The parents' frantic efforts
were futile against the crushed
frame.

"He's trapped - please, help him!" the mother wailed, tears mixing with her blood.
Several bystanders rushed in, pulling and straining against the twisted metal, but
it was no use. The vehicle held firm, imprisoning the child.

"Doctor," the bodyguard barked impatiently. "Our madame's wound is urgent. Tend
to her immediately."

Alex stared coldly at the barely injured woman, her superficial cut nothing
compared to the dying child's desperate plight.

Ignoring the command, he marched decisively toward the crumpled sedan.

"I'll handle this," Alex said, gripping the mangled door handle.

With a surge of fierce strength, he wrenched it back. Metal shrieked and buckled,
the entire door tearing free with a sharp crack, astonishing everyone nearby.

Without hesitation, he forced aside the crumpled metal pinning the boy down.

Swiftly, Alex reached in and carefully unbuckled the boy, gently lifting him from the
wreckage.

Blood soaked through his clothing, deep wounds and fractured bones visible
beneath torn fabric.

The child's breathing was shallow - his survival hung by a thread.

"Ambulance is on the way" a bystander yelled, panic in their voice.

"There's no time!" Alex shot back, lowering the boy carefully onto the pavement.

"I'm a doctor - I'll handle it."

He pulled out a set of acupuncture needles, his hands moving fast and precise.

With practiced focus, he inserted them into key points, slowing the bleeding and dulling the pain like a natural anesthetic.

But just as Alex's hands moved expertly, cold metal pressed sharply against his temple.

The bodyguard's voice dropped, cold and threatening. "Doctor, I warned you. If you value your life, you'll treat our madame first. Her life is worth more than a million of this worthless brat."

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 317[1,093 words]

Alex pressed harder, desperately fighting to save the little boy whose life hung by the thinnest thread.

Sweat streaked his face as he whispered reassurance. "Stay with me, kid. You're stronger than this."

The bodyguard jabbed a gun directly into Alex's temple. "Doc, I warned you-fix our Madame first, or you're done."

Alex didn't flinch. His voice came cold and fierce.

"Pull the trigger, and your precious madame can find herself another doctor. I'm not leaving this child."

Alex tore open the boy's shirt, revealing a horrific wound.

Blood had slowed but still oozed, darkening the asphalt. The child's breaths came in shallow gasps.

Alex reached into his pocket, pulling out the miracle pills.

With a steady hand, he gently placed one in the boy's mouth.

"Hold on. You're gonna make it."

The boy's mother watched helplessly, tears flooding her cheeks, her voice shaking with prayer.

"Oh God, please spare my son. Please."

Beside her, the father fell to his knees, pleading with the bodyguard.

"Please, he's our only child. Ten years of prayers brought him to us. Let the doctor save him."

Bystanders crowded closer, anger igniting their voices. "Leave the doctor alone! Can't you see he's saving the kid?"

"Have you no heart? Let him work!"

The bodyguard's eyes darted nervously around, his grip loosening slightly on the gun.

"Move! All of you!" The shrill voice cut through the chaos as Clarissa Montclair emerged from her luxury car, her head slightly injured, fury blazing in her eyes.

Snatching the gun from her guard, she fired into the air.

The sharp crack silenced everyone immediately. Clarissa, dressed extravagantly, her body gleaming with jewels, stormed forward, pointing accusingly at the trembling father.

"Are you blind or just stupid? Do you realize what your reckless driving has done? This car cost ten million dollars-and it was brand new!"

The father stammered, stunned and shaken, blood splattered on his worn clothes.

"Ma'am, your car swerved into my lane. I-"

Voices erupted from the crowd in agreement.

"It was your car that crossed the line!"

"You're in the wrong!"

"Shut your worthless mouths!" Clarissa shrieked, firing again.

"Who gave any of you permission to speak? If my car enters your lane, you move aside. That's how it works. Are you all too stupid to grasp something so simple?"

Terrified by the gun trembling in her grip, the father's voice faltered. "I'm...I'm sorry."

"Sorry? You think sorry fixes this mess?" Clarissa spat venomously.

"You'll pay me the full ten million plus compensation for my emotional trauma! Or I swear, your whole family will rot in prison!"

The crowd gasped, stunned by her heartless demands.

The man, dazed and desperate, stammered, "But I'm just a worker earning three thousand a month-"

"Not my problem! Sell your pathetic wife, sell your organs, sell everything you have for all I care! You owe me, and you will pay or suffer the consequences!" Clarissa snapped coldly, her face a twisted mask of arrogance and contempt.

The tension exploded like a powder keg until finally, a voice from the crowd shattered the silence.

"Have you no shame? Your car rushed right into this car, and now you're demanding money from the victim? I've got it all on my dashcam! I'll upload it, let everyone see your ugly truth."

Clarissa's eyes narrowed dangerously.

"Bobby," she snapped, motioning to her towering bodyguard, "grab that loudmouth and teach him a lesson."

Bobby strode forward, his massive frame eclipsing the man.

He gripped the man's collar and delivered two swift, brutal slaps.

"What the hell!" the man sputtered, shock painted across his face.

William slammed another punch into the man's jaw, silencing any protest.

"Listen carefully, you pathetic worms!" Clarissa shouted, her voice cutting through the stunned crowd.

"I say this loser's car intentionally hit my car, so that's what happened if I drift into his lane, then his useless eyes should've spotted me and gotten out of the way."

"What's the point of having eyes if you don't use them? Your insignificant lives aren't even worth a mention-die or survive, who cares?"

"This is outrageous!" another voice piped up defiantly.

"Exactly! She's the one at fault but has the audacity to blame others? I've never witnessed such arrogance!"

"Enough talking-call the cops!" someone else urged, voices rising in angry agreement.

Clarissa's temper flared. She whipped out her gun and fired a bullet into the sky again.

The deafening blast instantly silenced the angry crowd.

"Do you idiots even know who you're dealing with? I'm Clarissa Montclair of the Chicago Lords. Even your chief police bends the knee when he sees us. Keep running your mouths, and I'll have every one of you locked up!" s̄novel

The fierce bravado of the crowd wilted instantly.

Nobody wanted to challenge the Montclair family, infamous across Chicago for their ruthless cruelty.

"Mom, ignore these nobodies," Henrietta Montclair stepped gracefully from the car, her flawless porcelain skin glowing under the sunlight, captivating everyone who saw her.

"Your head's bleeding badly. You need to see a doctor right away. You might lose too much blood."

Clarissa's composure cracked instantly. Panic replaced her fury as she touched her forehead, feeling the trickle of blood.

"Oh God, it's bleeding! This is serious!" Her eyes darted anxiously around until she spotted Alex tending desperately to the injured boy.

"You there! You're a doctor, aren't you? Get over here and treat my injury now!"

"I already told you," Alex snapped, not even looking up, hands still pressed tightly against the boy's wound. "You're fine. It's barely a scratch."

"Barely a scratch? Are you blind or just stupid?" Clarissa's voice rose sharply, irritation flooding her face.

"This wound-my precious blood-is pouring out! What if it gets infected? What if

I develop cancer or HIV?"

Alex's voice was icy with contempt. "Maybe you should just spit on it and rub a little dirt in. You'll be healed in no time."

Clarissa recoiled as if slapped.

Her face twisted with rage. "How dare you mock me, you worthless excuse for a human! Do you have any idea who I am? Since marrying into the Montclair family, nobody-nobody-has dared refuse me!"

"I prioritize saving lives," Alex growled, finally meeting her gaze, eyes blazing with disgust.

"This kid is barely hanging on. Your scratch doesn't even come close."

"How dare you put this filthy nobody on the same level as me?" Clarissa shrieked, eyes venomous.

"I am Clarissa Montclair, wife of the Chicago Lords! My life is precious beyond your comprehension-you can't compare me to this dirt beneath my feet!" With cold malice, Clarissa stormed toward Alex, glaring down at the barely-conscious eight years old boy. Without a flicker of remorse, she raised her gun.

Three shots thundered through the sky.

The boy's small body went limp.

"There," she said coldly, eyes glittering with cruel satisfaction. "Better dead than wasting any more time on a worthless runt."

The boy's mother let out an agonized scream before collapsing to the ground, unconscious.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 318[1,074 words]

The father sprinted desperately toward his young boy, eyes wild with fear and tears streaming down his face.

As he reached his son, his heart nearly stopped-the pavement was scarred by bullets, each hole barely a hair's breadth from his son's fragile body.

"He's alright, honey!" he shouted, relief shaking his voice. "She missed our boy is safe!"

He clutched his wife tightly, their bodies trembling in shared gratitude.

"What?" Clarissa shrieked in disbelief.

Fury surged through her veins, and she raised her gun again, merciless eyes locked on the helpless child.

Instantly, the father shielded his son, spreading himself protectively. "If you're gonna kill my boy, you'll have to go through me first."

Clarissa sneered viciously. "Fine by me. Cleaning out trash is always a pleasure."

She squeezed the trigger without hesitation.

The father clenched his eyes shut, bracing himself for the piercing pain. But instead of death, a violent explosion erupted from Clarissa's gun.

The weapon shattered spectacularly, hurling shards of hot metal directly into her face and body.

Clarissa screamed—a raw, agonized cry—as the burning shrapnel sliced into her skin and eyes, sending her reeling to the ground.

The crowd erupted into satisfied murmurs.

"Serves the bitch right."

"Instant karma never misses."

"That's divine justice!"

Henrietta's face twisted in panic and anguish. She rushed to her mother's side, frantically grabbing her shoulders. "Mom! Mom, can you hear me?"

Clarissa writhed on the ground, shrieking in pain. "Help me! My face-my eyes! God, the pain!"

Desperation surged through Henrietta. She spun to Bobby, terror filling her voice. "Bobby, do something! Help her!"

Bobby darted toward Alex, urgency in his voice. "Doctor, hurry up! If anything happens to Madame Clarissa, you'll all pay with your lives!"

Alex glanced calmly toward Clarissa, studying the damage coolly as blood seeped from countless lacerations across her face.

With clinical detachment, he said, "Relax. She'll last another two hours at least- nothing fatal."

Bobby's eyes flashed with rage. "You bastard! You'll regret this! Your family is finished!"

Ignoring the threats, Alex swiftly returned his attention to the wounded child.

With steady hands and sharp timing, he treated the boy's wounds swiftly-just in time to catch the critical golden window for trauma care.

Moments later, the wail of sirens cut through the air as the ambulance pulled in.

Bobby didn't wait. He practically dragged the paramedics toward Clarissa, barking commands and threats using the Montclair name as a bludgeon.

Intimidated, the medics hastily loaded Clarissa into the ambulance, speeding off toward the hospital.

A second ambulance arrived moments later, gently carrying the boy and his relieved, grateful parents away from the nightmare.

The father clasped Alex's hand firmly, tears of gratitude filling his eyes. "Thank you, Doctor. You saved our son. We won't ever forget this."

Alex nodded silently, watching as they vanished down the street.

With a heavy sigh, he returned to his car, a shadow of frustration darkening his face.

He had just arrived in Chicago to visit Kingswell's branch, yet already the city's dark underbelly had revealed itself-the arrogance, cruelty, and entitlement of Chicago's ruling families were plain as day.

"Some people are truly human," Alex whispered bitterly, gazing at the blood- stained asphalt, "but others are monsters hiding behind human skin."

In the golden haze of Vancouver's afternoon, a fleet of helicopters roared over the skyline, slamming down hard onto the helipad of the Kingston Governor's Palace.

Rotor blades whipped the air, scattering debris as doors flew open and nearly two dozen figures stormed out.

Dressed in bizarre uniforms, each radiated a palpable aura of menace, their synchronized breathing betraying deadly training. They moved like wolves, ready to strike.

Four guards at the entrance stepped forward, their voices firm yet strained. "This is Kingston property! Get the hell out of here!"

"You're annoying," drawled the leader. He flicked his wrist casually, and the guards sailed backward, mouths spewing blood, bodies crashing onto the stone steps like broken dolls.

With brutal efficiency, the intruders barged inside, guns blazing through corridors. Staff scattered, screams punctuating the chaos as bodies fell.

In the quiet elegance of her office, Jasmine Kingston reviewed documents, oblivious until the gunfire echoed through the hall.

She looked up sharply just as the ornate doors exploded inward, splintering dramatically.

A loyal aide stepped forward bravely. "You can't just—"

His protest was cut short by a vicious blow, knocking him unconscious before he even hit the marble floor.

The leader sauntered in casually, eyes fixed on Jasmine. "Ah, Ms. Kingston, enjoying a quiet day, were we?"

Jasmine stood slowly, defiance in her gaze. "And just who the hell are you?"

He smirked coldly, arrogant and utterly unruffled. "If Vancouver has protectors, I'm the guardian of Chicago. But you, princess, you're not even worthy of my name."

She clenched her jaw, fury sparking in her eyes.

"So, Mr. Nobody, you barge into my home, kill my people, and think you can walk away clean? This is an invasion. You're begging for war."

"War?" He chuckled darkly.

"Sweetheart, wars happen between equals I'm here offering you a simple deal. You come to Chicago tonight, spend the night in my bed, and maybe just maybe-you live."

His words dripped with disdain, each syllable a calculated insult. Jasmine's hands curled into fists, outrage blazing from her every pore.

"Did you lose your goddamn mind?" she snarled, voice sharp as ice. "You think you can strut in here and make demands? Who the hell do you think you are?"

He took a leisurely step forward, smiling without humor. "I'm not negotiating. I'm telling you your place. One snap of my fingers, and you're just another corpse on the floor. Remember your fragility."

Jasmine slammed her hand on the desk, eyes blazing with fury. "You think you're untouchable because you're from Chicago?"

Instantly, armed security guards burst into the room, forming a tight circle around the invaders.

Vann Damme, head of security, stepped forward with steely resolve.

"Mr. Damme, get these pests off my property," Jasmine commanded, voice icy with command.

Vann glared fiercely at the arrogant leader. "You've overstayed your welcome. Get out."

The man smiled with chilling amusement. "Such bravery. Such waste."

Before anyone could react, he vanished in a blur, reappearing inches from Vann's startled face. "Too slow," he whispered.

Vann barely flinched before powerful hands wrapped around his throat.

Panic flared in his eyes as his struggles faded, the strength draining from his limbs.

A savage twist echoed through the room, followed by the grotesque snap of bone.

The intruder tossed Vann's lifeless

body contemptuously at Jasmine's

feet, his eyes glittering with cold cruelty. "Come with me now, Jasmine, or I'll slaughter every soul in this place."

His threat hung thickly in the silence, each word a ruthless promise.

Jasmine stood frozen, fury mingling with helpless dread, realizing this man wasn't bluffing.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 319[1,044 words]

Jasmine Kingston stood tall, exuding confidence and a chilling grace.

"Listen carefully, Mr. Nobody. My man is far stronger than you could ever comprehend. When he comes for you, you'll regret every single decision you made today."

She turned away with a contemptuous smirk, fully aware that any resistance would result in slaughter.

Jasmine stepped outside, holding her composure despite the dread building in her chest.

"Me? Regret?" The massive figure sneered with derision, his voice a cold growl.

"Lady, I'm the most dangerous man walking this country. If your hero dares to show up, I'll make sure he's damned straight to hell, regretting every moment he ever dreamed of saving you."

Two of his henchmen emerged, dragging old Joe Thompson forward.

His face was a battered mess, blood running freely from his head, glasses shattered.

Through the haze of pain, Joe spat defiantly, "You'll pay for this, Hugh Jones! Mark my words."

Surprise flickered briefly in Hugh's ruthless eyes, followed swiftly by cruel amusement.

"Didn't expect to find a ghost from Chicago here. Pathetic as always, Thompson." Stepping forward, Hugh gripped Joe's broken face firmly, twisting painfully.

"You once ruled as Chicago's sixth kingpin. But you got soft, tossed out like garbage. And now look at you-chasing scraps in this worthless hole, beaten again by the Kingstons."

With deliberate brutality, Hugh smashed Joe's nose, the sickening crunch echoing clearly.

Blood erupted, unstoppable and vivid against Joe's pale skin.

Through blinding pain and fury, Joe watched helplessly as Hugh hauled Jasmine roughly toward a waiting helicopter.

Rage and despair consumed him, his shout fierce and desperate.

"Get word to Alfred and Kelly Kingston now!"

Joe knew the brutal truth behind the chaos brewing.

He knew from his Chicago connections that only two families like Dupont and Hernandez openly favored war, while the rest waited quietly.

Yet all Chicago's ruling families were itching for war, waiting for someone else to spark the flames so they could feign victimhood.

And it seemed the Jones family was quietly preparing to seize the biggest rewards from the coming clash.

"Jasmine's been kidnapped?" Alfred Kingston's voice trembled with fury as he processed Joe's frantic message.

Immediately, he reached out to the minister, his voice sharp and uncompromising.

"Chicago's gone too far this time. Kidnapping Jasmine Kingston, governor of Vancouver, is a blatant act of war. This can't stand!"

The minister wasted no time contacting Chicago's lord, his voice tense and direct. "Tom Jones, did you sanction your son's kidnapping of Jasmine Kingston? Answer me plainly."

Tom Jones laughed harshly, mockery dripping from his voice.

"Alfred's getting creative now, isn't he? Trying to play the victim to justify an attack on Chicago. Everyone knows he, Jasmine, and Kelly have been craving our territory for years. But make no mistake-we won't be intimidated."

The minister interrupted sharply, his patience thinning, "Cut the nonsense, Tom. Did you order your son to abduct Jasmine? Yes or no?"

Tom snorted dismissively, his voice coldly defiant. "Hell no. They better have solid proof before flinging accusations my way."

Alfred's face twisted with controlled rage.

"Conveniently, all surveillance footage was destroyed, but we have a witness. Joe Thompson himself can swear on his life-your son, Hugh Jones, is responsible."

"Joe Thompson?" Tom spat out a harsh laugh.

"That snake would sell his own soul to start a war with us. Don't you get it? He's no friend-Chicago booted him out for a reason."

"Now he's crawling back, begging for scraps by causing trouble. Got any other witnesses? No? Then I'm dropping this right here."

"Go lick your wounds somewhere else and stop dragging your daughter into your pathetic schemes."

Kelly watched the exchange carefully. She knew Tom Jones was strategically dismissing Kingston's claims.

He wanted to push them into war, painting the Kingstons as desperate troublemakers to rally Chicago's soldiers into a righteous fight.

Pure propaganda, but effective.

Kelly quietly picked up her phone and dialed Alex's number.

Across town, Alex Leonhard stood uncomfortably in the lobby of the Chicago

Kingwell branch. Hostility seeped from every glance around him.

A towering man stepped out, voice deep with authority. "Alex Leonhard, right? I'm Chicago First."

Alex shook his extended hand firmly. "Good to meet you, First."

"We recognize your role as a special consultant for Vancouver, but HQ didn't give us any instructions on handling you. You'll be treated like any other agent here. Now, what's your report?"

Alex met his gaze squarely.

"I've uncovered intel indicating Chicago plans to hit Vancouver with a nuclear strike within a week. Hugh Jones kidnapped Jasmine Kingston, the governor."

Chicago First's face hardened instantly.

"That's one hell of an accusation. Thanks for bringing it to our attention. Return to your post; the Chicago branch will handle this."

"No," Alex interrupted firmly. "Jasmine Kingston is Vancouver's responsibility. I'm joining the rescue."

Chicago First clapped sharply, signaling the entry of an elite squad in sleek black gear, each step exuding dangerous confidence.

At their head stood a striking woman, her long hair framing a sharp, piercing face, her form accentuated by the tight tactical gear.

"This is Chicago Four," First announced without emotion. "She knows Hugh Jones's hideout. The operation starts there."

Four eyed Alex disdainfully. "First, with all due respect, Team Four can handle this alone. We don't babysit outsiders. His presence jeopardizes our coordination."

"Alex brought the intel. He needs to confirm Jasmine's safety himself, First retorted coldly. "You don't have to babysit him-he'll be your O shadow."

"Fine," Four hissed through clenched teeth. "But he follows orders. One wrong move, and I won't hesitate to cut him loose."

Alex nodded grimly. He had no interest in arguing, his sole focus on Jasmine's safety. "Chicago rules it is."

Four leaned in close, eyes icy with disdain. "From now on, you breathe, move, or speak only if I allow it. You're nothing more than a silent shadow-got it?"

Alex merely stared back, determination steady. "Understood."

Hours later, trudging through the dense jungle toward Jones's hideout, Four glared back at Alex.

"Ever heard of the three monkeys? Cover your eyes, ears, and mouth. That's you -silent and invisible until we secure Kingston. Think you can manage?"

"Yeah," Alex muttered tersely.

Later, the sun hung high in the sky, casting long shadows through the jungle— when everything went wrong.

Hugh Jones's men ambushed them, pinning Four and her team down, completely helpless.

They even held Four down, trying to rape her. She turned to Alex, eyes pleading silently for help.

But Alex, hiding off to the side, just stared back. His lips moved faintly as he whispered, "See nothing, hear nothing, speak nothing. Right?"

The Almighty Dominance

Chapter 320[1,079 words]

Ten minutes earlier, Four and her crew lay hidden within the thick jungle foliage, eyes trained on a secluded villa deep in the shadows.

Armored guards paced the grounds, their movements tense and vigilant.

"This place was always deserted," Four whispered sharply.

"Looks like Hugh Jones has finally decided to use it. Jasmine might be in there too."

She signaled briskly with her hand, and two team members swiftly vanished into the dense brush.

Minutes later, one returned, dragging a frightened captive along by the collar.

"Speak up!" Four demanded, eyes blazing with intensity

"Is Hugh Jones inside? What about Jasmine Kingston?"

The captive trembled, his voice barely a rasp. "Hugh's there... with a woman."

"How many inside?" she pressed.

"About twenty-five," the man stammered, panic evident in his face.

Another team member stepped closer. "I counted roughly ten outside. Probably fifteen more inside."

Four grinned, sharp and fearless. "There's ten of us. Each one can handle four of them-this'll be quick. We go in, take out Hugh Jones if we have to, rescue the governor, and get out."

Her team nodded, a few glancing at Alex.

"Don't worry about him." She nodded toward Alex. "He's practically a ghost."

Alex raised a cautious hand, trying to convey the severity of the enemy's threat, but Four silenced him sharply.

"Remember the three monkeys? That's you see nothing, hear nothing, say nothing. Got it, monkey?"

Alex shrugged quietly, backing down.

Four flashed a triumphant smirk.

She was determined to prove the strength and superiority of Chicago's finest, and with a decisive wave, she led her team into the assault.

Two guards stood near the gate, engrossed in casual conversation. Suddenly, one guard froze mid-sentence.

"Bruce? Hey, Bruce, you hearing me?" The second guard nudged his friend's shoulder.

Bruce's body tilted lifelessly, collapsing onto the jungle floor like a felled tree.

"Jesus Christ!" The second guard recoiled in shock, stumbling backward, eyes wide. "He's dead-he's fucking dead!"

He barely finished his sentence before a soft whistle pierced the air, a silenced bullet striking him neatly between the eyes.

He crumpled silently, his final expression a mask of horrified surprise.

"Ambush! We're under attack!" The cries of alarm rang out, fighters drawing weapons and scanning the dense foliage wildly.

"Come out and fight, you cowards!"

Four emerged confidently, stepping forward alone into their view. Her presence was electrifying, daring the enemy to engage.

"Get her!" the enemy roared, charging forward furiously.

But in an instant, Four's elite squad exploded from the shadows behind her,

knives gleaming in one hand, pistols blazing in the other.

Though outnumbered, their movements were precise, deadly, unstoppable.

They crashed through Hugh Jones's forces with ruthless efficiency.

These weren't ordinary fighters; they were Kingswell's elite, handpicked from the harshest trials, soldiers born to clear obstacles and eliminate threats.

Four watched proudly, her voice echoing coldly, "You see that, Alex? This is what Chicago's best look like."

She shot Alex an icy glance. "Stay put. I don't need your interference messing things up. Got it?"

Alex remained composed but firm. "They have elite fighters inside. Your team might not survive "

Four scoffed, cutting him off sharply. "Don't fool yourself, Vancouver monkey. You're nothing compared to us. Just stay out of my way, or you'll regret it."

With that final cutting remark, she stormed into the fray, determined and fearless, leaving Alex behind in the chilling shadows.

Hugh Jones lounged comfortably in his luxurious room, eyes glinting cruelly as Jasmine reluctantly poured his drink.

His eyes tracked every movement of hers with predatory amusement.

"So, your hero's finally on his way, huh?" Hugh sneered, gripping Jasmine's chin roughly, forcing her to meet his gaze.

"When I get my hands on him, I'll tie him down and make him watch while we are making love. Doesn't that sound delightful?"

Jasmine's eyes sparkled defiantly, and she spat back, "You'll be six feet under before that happens."

Hugh laughed darkly, genuinely amused by her fiery spirit.

"Me? Dead? That's adorable."

His attention shifted briefly to the surveillance monitors, showing the outside perimeter clearly.

He spoke into his comm device with smug satisfaction. "Four Kings, enough messing around. Time to bury those fools."

vela

In another room, four enormous men sat at a lavish table cluttered with poker chips and whiskey bottles. Casually, one of them cracked his knuckles and stood.

"Let's wrap this up quick and get back to our game."

"Fine by me," another growled.

Minutes later, chaos erupted outside the villa.

Hugh's fighters dropped swiftly, their bodies strewn like discarded rag dolls, yet the Four team barely broke a sweat, suffering only minor

injuries.

But victory celebrations were premature.

Four ominous figures suddenly burst from the villa's shadows, striking with ruthless speed.

Three of Kingwell's soldiers flew backward from the violent collision, crumpling in agony.

One of the assailants, a bald man with a twisted leer, targeted Four immediately. His voice dripped with lustful menace.

"Come here, sweetheart. I need a taste." His movements were like a blur, an unsettling shadow flickering between visibility and nothingness.

Four roared defiantly, raising her gun, aiming precisely at his head.

"Go to hell!" she screamed, emptying the clip.

But the bald attacker weaved effortlessly, bullets slicing through empty air.

With desperate fury, she tossed the empty weapon aside and drew her twin blades, lunging viciously.

Yet, at the moment of impact, he vanished completely.

"Looking for someone?" a taunting whisper hissed in her ear.

Four twisted sharply, driving her blade backward. But her attack met nothingness again.

The bald man seized her vulnerability, grasping her body forcefully, fingers digging painfully into her chest.

“So soft... such a tempting little prize,” he mocked obscenely, relishing every moment of humiliation.

Pure rage ignited within Four, her dignity fueling a violent retaliation. "You filthy animal! You'll pay with your life!"

Her blades whirled fiercely, an incandescent storm of steel.

But he dodged with infuriating ease, weaving through her lethal attacks, his mocking smile never fading.

Breathing hard, her guard momentarily slipped.

The bald man seized his chance, capturing her from behind. His tongue traced

her cheek, vile and possessive, his breath hot on her skin.

"You taste even sweeter than I imagined," he whispered obscenely, savoring her disgust.

Four, eyes blazing with fury and shame, tried a desperate maneuver, plunging her own blade toward her abdomen, intending to wound them both.

But he anticipated her every move, swiftly pressing her pressure point, numbing her limbs instantly.

Four collapsed, helpless, her weapon clattering to the ground.

She watched in horror as the three other monsters tore through her entire team— helpless to stop it, powerless to do anything.

Struggling to breathe through her shock and anger, she demanded weakly, "Who... who are you?"

The bald man smirked cruelly, ripping her clothes with arrogant delight, his tongue

invading her face.

"I'm your loyer now, sweetheart.

Don't worry, you'll enjoy every

second Four rounds, ten rounds-fainted or not-I'll keep going. Folks call me the sex machine."

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 321[1,073 words]

Hugh Jones erupted into cruel laughter, relishing the sight of Kingswell's fighters dropping one by one.

Jasmine watched in horror, her face drained of color as the brutal truth sank in- they never had a chance.

"See?" Hugh mocked, eyes glinting with twisted amusement.

"They came here to save you, and look how pathetic they turned out. Weak. Useless."

Hugh suddenly reached out, gripping Jasmine's hair roughly, inhaling deeply with sickening pleasure.

"Vancouver is weak," he growled softly. "Chicago is going to swallow it whole. You'd be smart to accept the deal I've offered you."

Jasmine glared, her eyes fiery despite her fear.

"Marry you?" she scoffed bitterly.

"It's the best deal you'll ever get," Hugh sneered, gripping her hair tighter.

"Dupont and Hernandez are planning to reduce Vancouver to ashes. Our wedding would save it."

She laughed sharply, contempt dripping from every note.

"And conveniently put Vancouver, my father, and Kelly under your thumb. You'd control three territories at once."

"And you'd have Chicago," Hugh argued smoothly, arrogance thick in his voice. "It would be the political marriage of the century."

Jasmine stared at him coldly. "Maybe so."

Hugh smiled triumphantly, misreading her. "Then let's make it official. Everyone wins."

"Except," Jasmine snapped fiercely, "I already have a man."

"You mean that nobody, Alex?" Hugh spat out the name with venom.

"He's the reason Hernandez and Dupont want Vancouver in flames. Are you really willing to sacrifice an entire city for that worthless piece of garbage?"

Jasmine's laugh rang out defiantly. "For Alex, I would burn this whole world down without a second thought."

In a sudden burst of defiance, she grabbed a full wine glass and hurled it straight into Hugh's face, the liquid splattering violently.

"And stop touching me! Every part of me belongs only to Alex!"

Hugh's expression darkened dangerously, his eyes flaring with rage.

"Fine, princess," he hissed through gritted teeth. "I'll let this insult slide today. But mark my words—I'll shatter your spirit and break your heart."

His voice dripped with lethal promise. "When I finally have Alex, I'll snap every bone in his body right in front of you."

Jasmine met his chilling gaze unflinchingly. "You better hope Alex doesn't get to you first."

In a sudden fit of rage, Hugh grabbed the wine bottle from the table and swung it brutally at Jasmine's face.

The glass exploded, shards slicing her skin open, blood streaming down her cheek.

Yet, despite the agony pulsing through her skull, Jasmine held Hugh's eyes, unwavering.

Blood dripped steadily, painting her pale skin crimson, yet her voice came steady and ice-cold.

"You've just sealed your fate. Alex despises nothing more than someone hurting me."

Outside the villa, the bald man tore away Four's clothes with vicious intent, eyes glinting with predatory hunger.

"You're gonna scream my name tonight," he promised with vulgar excitement, licking his lips obscenely.

"After I'm done, every night you'll dream about me."

Four's courage evaporated, leaving behind sheer terror as reality crashed down on her.

She had stormed in ready for battle, but never anticipated such overpowering brutality. Despair clutched her heart tightly, squeezing out every drop of hope.

"It's over," she whispered brokenly, eyes wide with dread. The bald man and his companions towered over them, merciless and unstoppable.

They were wolves, and she was nothing more than prey caught in their savage grip.

These attackers were special forces, a ruthless breed far superior to anything she and her comrades had faced before.

They were about to die here, slaughtered without mercy.

Every one of them knew, deep in their hearts, this was the end.

"You're absolutely pathetic," came a cold voice from beside Four.

She spun around, startled. "You?"

Alex stood there, eyes sharp and filled with scorn.

"All of you Kingswell fools will answer for your stupidity. Taunting me and opponents? Is this what the Kingswell name stands for now-cheap talk and cowardice?"

Ov

"Who the hell are you, little runt?" the bald man snarled, lunging aggressively toward Alex.

In a blur of movement too swift for anyone to track, Alex was already past him.

The bald man's furious charge faltered abruptly, and he crashed lifelessly to the dirt, a look of frozen shock etched onto his face.

"Destroyed by this weakling?" Alex sneered, turning his gaze back to Four.

"You dragged your entire squad into certain death, loudmouth. You're worse than a worm-you're truly worthless."

A chill ran down Four's spine.

She suddenly saw Alex clearly for the first time-a lethal predator hiding behind a mask of indifference.

What madness had possessed her to taunt this man?

The rest of the attackers realized their companion lay dead, panic flaring in their eyes.

One of them let out an enraged shout and rushed toward Alex, joined instantly by Jasper, whose face twisted in grief and fury.

"You-you murdered my lover! How dare you!" Jasper screamed, brandishing his machete, his voice breaking with raw pain.

"Your lover?" Alex mocked coldly, raising an eyebrow in scorn. "Funny. He seemed far more interested in the ladies."

bet

"You bastard!" Jasper roared, fury igniting his entire being. He swung his machete and charged ferociously, his companionsver sprinting alongside him.

Four watched helplessly, dread clutching her heart.

"It's over," she whispered, her voice trembling. Alex's first kill might've been a fluke -maybe luck had played a cruel trick.

But surely against three raging attackers, he stood no chance.

Alex, however, walked forward calmly, unfazed by the impending chaos.

His steady pace matched their frenzied rush until, impossibly, they stopped.

Mid-stride, Jasper and his allies froze, as if their limbs had become stone. Their knees buckled, crashing them heavily to the ground, bodies wracked by invisible torment.

Terror filled their eyes, confusion overtaking anger as their hearts seized up, refusing to pump life any further.

Their breath stilled, limbs limp and useless. All they could do was wait helplessly for death's final embrace.

An eerie silence blanketed the battlefield, profound and chilling.

Four and her fellow shadow guards stood paralyzed by disbelief, hearts pounding with fear and awe.

If the bald man's demise could be explained by surprise, this was pure dominance raw, terrifying strength.

Four felt shame burn her cheeks as realization struck hard.

She had severely underestimated Alex, thinking him weak when she herself was the true failure.

Alex approached the villa's massive front doors, eyes narrowing dangerously.

With one brutal kick, the heavy doors splintered, exploding inward in a shower of jagged wood and dust.

His cold, murderous gaze fell upon Hugh Jones, who stood arrogantly beside Jasmine.

The moment Alex saw Jasmine's bruised and bloodied head, the air turned bitterly cold, frost crackling around his barely restrained rage.

"Did you lay a hand on her?" Alex growled softly, his voice a blade slicing through the tense silence.

For the first time, true fear seeped

ét

into Hugh Jones' bones Mét

him where he stood, trapped beneath Alex's terrifying, merciless stare. .

The Almighty Dominance Chapter 322[1,177 words]

"You bastard," Alex said, voice razor-sharp and deadly calm.

"You've got exactly five seconds to release her. If you don't, none of you bastards are walking out of here alive."

The room erupted in an instant-laughter and mockery swept through Hugh Jones' crew like a brushfire, loud and vicious.

"Who the hell does this fool think he is? Threatening Hugh Jones? He's got a death wish!"

"Drop to your knees if you value your life, kid!"

"This brat's got some nerve!"

Angry murmurs swirled violently, insults hurled like bullets.

Hugh raised his hand, silencing the uproar, a thin smile stretching across his lips.

"Easy now, everyone," Hugh said smoothly, stepping forward with a chilling calm in his eyes.

"Let me deal with our little intruder-he clearly doesn't know who I am yet. But don't worry... once he does, regret will be the only thing he feels."

He stopped, sizing Alex up with smug disdain. "You must be Alex. Here's your chance-get down and lick my boots, and maybe I'll let you live."

Alex smirked, eyes like steel. "Cute offer. How about you kiss my boot instead, and I'll spare your sorry excuse of a life."

Hugh's grin vanished, replaced by a cold fury.

"Do you have any idea who you're messing with, kid? Just because you managed to knock around a few people, you think you're something special? Those insects you beat? They're nothing but garbage-just like you."

"You're wasting your five seconds," Alex warned, his tone icy and merciless.

Hugh laughed bitterly. "I admire your guts, even if you're about to lose them."

Without warning, Alex lunged forward, a sudden, fierce blur.

Hugh's eyes widened in shock, barely reacting in time to block the incoming kick.

"You little-"

But his arrogant sneer dissolved into pure horror as Alex's foot slammed into his arms with crushing force, hurling him backward like he'd been struck by a freight train.

He crashed through tables, sending splinters and dishes flying, demolishing everything in his path until his body smashed into the wall with a sickening crack.

Dust billowed, plaster falling in chunks around Hugh's crumpled body.

Alex turned immediately toward Jasmine, eyes softening as he saw the blood

trickling from her forehead.

"Are you okay? Does it hurt badly?"

Her eyes shimmered with tears, the tough mask she'd worn collapsing into raw, aching vulnerability.

"It hurts," she whispered, voice fragile and shaking. "It really hurts..."

Without hesitation, Alex pulled out a small bottle of pills. "Take this. It'll ease the pain."

But Jasmine barely moved. She gave a faint shake of her head, her lips parting just enough to speak.

"Give it to me... yourself," she breathed, her eyes locked onto his, full of trust and silent desperation.

Alex lowered himself beside her, his movements slow and careful. With tender precision, he brought the pill to her lips, his fingers brushing her skin like a whisper.

As she accepted it, he summoned his inner force, hands steady as he worked.

With a delicate touch, he extracted the slivers of glass buried deep in her heads. wound, guiding the energy of his strength into her torn flesh.

Before their eyes, the gash began to seal, muscle and skin weaving back together with an unnatural grace-smooth, silent, and almost unreal.

Suddenly overcome, Jasmine flung her arms around him, burying her face into his chest.

"What took you so damn long?" she choked out.

Alex sighed softly, holding her close.

"Sorry," he murmured, a faint smile on his lips. "Traffic was terrible."

Across the room, Hugh painfully dragged himself upright, eyes blazing with hatred.

"Kill him! Tear him apart!" he roared, commanding his followers.

Instantly, five ruthless figures surged forward, eyes gleaming with murderous intent.

Number Four turned pale, horror etched deeply on his face. "Those...those are the Five Giants! Murderers who've slaughtered cops and important politicians!"

His companion's voice shook with dread. "He's finished. They'll rip him to shreds!"

But Alex didn't flinch.

"Alex! We've got your back!" Four and a handful of wounded kingswell soldier's stumbled forward, battered but determined.

"Stay out of this, you are useless." Alex snapped sharply. He gently guided Jasmine toward them, positioning her safely aside.

Four felt her pride sting sharply at Alex's dismissive words.

She had faced countless battles, always respected, always admired-but now she stood dismissed like a pesky fly.

"Even if we're not at your level," she said, her voice steady and defiant, "numbers still count. Don't underestimate us."

"You're just in the way," Alex snapped, his tone colder than ice. "I'm better off alone."

Four clenched her fists, feeling humiliated in a way she'd never known. "You-"

Alex didn't wait. He strode forward to meet the five attackers approaching him, his movements fluid and terrifyingly swift.

Before any of them could fully react, Alex's fist crashed into the first man's head,

sending him spinning violently into the shadows.

Without breaking rhythm, Alex swung his other arm, delivering a fierce backhand that launched the second man sprawling across the room.

His leg whipped around next, slamming the third attacker so powerfully that he hurtled backward, colliding brutally into the fourth.

The fifth man froze, mid-charge, eyes wide with panic.

Four of his comrades lay sprawled across the floor, defeated in mere heartbeats. The sudden, grim realization of his vulnerability twisted his stomach.

With a desperate cry, he spun toward the exit, sprinting away like a terrified animal.

Four lunged forward instinctively, grabbing the fleeing man. "You're going nowhere!"

"Get off me, you filthy bitch!" the man roared, swinging a wild punch.

"You think I fear you?" she snapped back, raising her own fists in challenge.

Their fists clashed mid-air, but the sheer force hurled Four backward with brutal impact, sending her tumbling across the ground in a series of harsh, bone-jarring rolls.

She skidded painfully across the floor, stunned and humiliated, while the attacker didn't even pause, bolting out the door.

Alex looked down at Four with undisguised disdain. "Absolutely pathetic."

Four's face burned crimson, shame searing deeper than any wound.

She knew exactly why he'd spoken those harsh words-it was revenge, plain and simple, for when she'd mocked him earlier, calling him a monkey.

Regret twisted bitterly inside her. If only she could turn back time, she'd swallow her arrogance.

"Don't get too cocky, kid!" Hugh Jones suddenly thundered, his voice echoing through the hall, authority crackling in every syllable.

"Do you really think you can parade
your arrogance just because you
beat a few weaklings? I'm at level 50,
you fool. I can crush you pathetic
mortals with a mere flick of my
finger!"

As Hugh's voice rose, his arms quivered with suppressed power.

An oppressive, suffocating aura radiated outward, pressing heavily onto everyone around.

Kingswell's warriors staggered back, breathless, feeling as though boulders crushed their chests.

"Damn, this pressure! I can't breathe!"

Four's eyes widened in horror. "Level 50! He's reached the stage of internal energy! He's practically a monster!"

Whispers of dread spread among them. "They say once you surpass level 50, your inner strength alone can shatter walls and kill from afar."

Hugh laughed arrogantly, basking in the terror he inspired. "Already trembling, huh? Maybe you should start licking my boots, little girl."

Four's face contorted with fury. "You bastard! You'll pay for this!"

"Kneel!" Hugh commanded, directing a wave of intense energy to force everyone in the hall into submission.

One by one, they sank unwillingly to their knees, overwhelmed by his crushing presence.

Yet Jasmine stood unaffected, watching with curious calm.

Alex, equally unperturbed, fixed his gaze on Hugh, an icy smirk playing on his lips.

"You kneel," Alex said calmly.

In that instant, Hugh felt a colossal force strike him.

His smug expression vanished as the immense pressure slammed him face-first onto the cold, unforgiving floor.

Meanwhile, Alex stared at Four, now on her knees and broken under Hugh's attack.

He stared at her, his tone like venom. "Totally... absolutely... pathetic."

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 323[942 words]

Four felt her cheeks burn as embarrassment flooded her veins.

If there had been a hole nearby, she would've dived into it instantly.

She cursed herself silently-had she known Alex would hold such a fierce grudge, she never would have mocked him.

Nearby, Hugh groaned, slowly regaining consciousness.

He pushed himself upright, confusion etched across his face.

"Must've tripped over my own damn feet," he muttered.

Alex stared at him, eyes narrowed in disbelief.

Did this fool really not realize what had happened to him-the danger he was in? Or was his arrogance so thick it had blinded him?

Seeing Alex's silence, Hugh's lips twisted into a smug grin.

"What's the matter, kid? Cat got your tongue now that you've seen what real level- fifty power looks like? You'd better be shaking in your boots, boy!"

"You're nothing compared to me-like a bug under my boot."

"I'll toss you one measly chance: grovel at my feet and smash your skull against the floor. Maybe, just maybe, I'll grace you with my pity."

Alex shook his head slowly, pity mixed with disdain on his face.

"So what if you're level fifty? A superhuman with some fancy inner energy? You think you're special, tough guy?"

"Hate to break it to you, but you can be killed just as easy as any man. Wake up and face reality, idiot."

Hugh scoffed loudly, mocking laughter echoing across the space.

"Kill me? Boy, you really don't understand, do you? People like me appear once in a million—superhumans who break level fifty."

"I'm not just some nobody; I'm ranked top in the entire country! You think you can handle me?"

Hugh raised his hand, the air trembling around him.

"Feel this!" he bellowed, unleashing a powerful blast of energy that roared toward Alex like an unstoppable storm.

Alex stood rooted, indifferent and unmoving.

The fierce wave crashed against him, and yet he remained untouched, unfazed by Hugh's desperate show of force.

Hugh's eyes widened, confusion flickering across his arrogant face.

He glanced down at his hand, doubt creeping into his mind. "Did I mess that up somehow?"

Alex, annoyed by the tiresome drama, strode toward Hugh, his face a mask of boredom.

"Fine! You asked for it!" Hugh roared as Alex advanced. He gathered his strength and unleashed an even more powerful wave of inner energy, aiming it straight at his enemy.

The violent power surge radiated outward, forcing Four and her team to stumble backward, gasping for air.

Fear gripped them, their hearts racing.

"Is this what a real superhuman is? Terrifying," someone whispered anxiously from the team.

Alex merely curled his lip, unimpressed. "Pathetic," he spat.

With lightning-fast precision, Alex swung his hand, landing a devastating slap on Hugh's arrogant face.

The blow echoed sharply, throwing Hugh off his feet and sending him spiraling helplessly through the air before crashing headfirst onto the hard ground.

Silence filled the air. Shocked faces stared, mouths agape.

No one moved, no one breathed—until finally, someone managed a disbelieving shout:

"What the hell just happened?!"

Everyone stared, mouths hanging open, frozen in disbelief at the sudden chaos.

Hugh—the villain they'd all feared moments ago—now sprawled on the ground, knocked flat by Alex's casual slap.

Was it luck, a misstep, or something far more dangerous?

Hugh sat up slowly, blinking hard to clear the stars from his eyes.

"What...what just happened?" His voice was thick with confusion.

He remembered nothing but darkness swallowing him before slamming painfully into the floor.

Four yelled, "You bastard! You are knocked clean down,"

"Impossible!" Hugh barked defensively. "There's no way he got me I must've slipped! It had to be a fluke."

Jasmien burst into mocking laughter, her voice sharp as glass.

"You're truly hopeless, Hugh! All muscle and zero brains-no wonder you hit the ground!"

Humiliation burning bright in his eyes, Hugh shot back onto his feet, rage coursing through his veins.

"Shut up! That was nothing! Let's see if he can handle this!"

With a fierce cry, he lunged forward, unleashing every ounce of his immense inner energy.

The force erupted from him like a storm, shaking the room violently. Four and the elite guards crumpled, vomiting blood from the sheer pressure.

Jasmien stood untouched, her gaze wide in astonishment.

She realized Alex was shielding her effortlessly with his own overpowering aura.

Alex moved again—swift, decisive, brutal. Another resounding slap echoed like thunder, and Hugh soared backward, crashing harder than before.

He hit the floor, battered and bloody, utterly defeated.

Gasps rippled through the crowd. Once could've been luck; twice was undeniable skill.

"You hurt Jasmine," Alex said coldly, his voice sharp as steel. "Apologize, and I might reconsider sparing your worthless life."

"Apologize?" Hugh roared, pride fueling his fury.

"I'd rather die than beg forgiveness from a nobody like you!" Snarling in rage, he grabbed two deadly battle axes from the wall, hefting their gleaming blades with murderous intent.

"Die, you arrogant fool!" Hugh bellowed, lunging forward with deadly force.

The axes whistled sharply through the air, promising swift death.

But Alex simply reached out, impossibly calm, and caught both blades bare-handed.

"No!" Hugh's eyes widened, horror flooding his face. "That's impossible!"

He strained, his muscles bulging, but the axes didn't budge an inch. Alex held them effortlessly, as though gripping mere toys rather than lethal weapons.

Panic surged through Hugh as realization dawned on him—this was no ordinary opponent. Alex was beyond anything he had ever faced, even surpassing his formidable

master.

The truth was stark and unforgiving: Hugh had challenged someone far more

powerful than he'd imagined.

He knew, deep down, he was doomed.

But he had one secret weapon that never failed! He truly didn't want to use it because it would harm him—but there was no other way.

"You bastard! You've forced me to do this!" Hugh let go of his double axe and charged his power.

His muscles began to bulge as he yelled, "Accept my secret attack if you dare!" With that, he turned around and rushed out of the villa.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 324[1,091 words]

Jasmine stared in disbelief, eyes wide with shock.

"Did he seriously just run away?"

Without hesitation, Alex gripped the axe tightly and swung it fiercely.

The blade spun through the air, slicing toward Hugh. But Hugh, as if sensing danger behind him, dodged swiftly to one side, narrowly escaping.

Heart pounding in desperation, Hugh sprinted toward the cover of the jungle, convinced he had cheated death.

Just steps away from safety, his body lurched violently forward, and he crashed face-first onto the dusty earth.

Pain exploded in his leg.

Glancing back, Hugh's heart sank as he saw another axe embedded in the ground behind him and his severed ankle lying nearby, blood soaking into the dirt.

Frantic, Hugh summoned all his remaining strength, channeling his inner energy to stem the bleeding.

If he could hold out, the doctor might still salvage his limb.

"Please, please! Spare me!" Hugh wailed, his voice trembling, the bravado gone from his desperate eyes.

Alex approached slowly, his face unreadable, studying the pathetic figure on the ground.

This man—once arrogant and fierce—had folded like paper when truly tested. "Jasmine," Alex sighed deeply, turning his gaze toward her, "It's your choice. He kidnapped you, hurt you. What happens next is up to you."

Jasmine stepped forward confidently, her smile cold and unforgiving.

"Wh-what will you do to me?" Hugh stammered, terror gripping him.

His mind raced. How had he fallen so far? He was a level-50 powerhouse, unstoppable in every battle he'd fought.

Yet here he was, helpless before some nobody kid.

Who was this guy?

"You know, Hugh," Jasmine said calmly, leaning over him slightly, "I warned you about Alex. I told you exactly how dangerous he was, but you didn't believe me."

She flashed a chilling smile. "Alex, would you mind making sure he'll never forget today? Shatter his knee."

"With pleasure," Alex replied coolly, stepping next to Hugh and delivering a casual but brutally powerful kick.

Hugh screamed, agony tearing through him as the bone in his knee shattered.

"I was wrong!" Hugh gasped desperately, tears streaming down his face. "Jasmine, I believe you now! Your man is powerful—he's unbeatable! Please forgive me!"

Jasmine crouched, looking directly into Hugh's desperate eyes.

"If you truly want forgiveness, Hugh, prove it. How much is your miserable life worth to you?"

"Wh-what?" Hugh stammered, his mind racing.

"You heard me. Put a price tag on your life," Jasmine said sharply.

"A million dollars?" Hugh offered weakly, desperation clear in his shaky voice.

"A million dollars?" Jasmine scoffed dismissively. "If that's all you're worth, then I'll gladly send the money to your father—and end your life here. Cheap revenge." "Ten million?" Hugh quickly corrected, panic rising.

Jasmine shook her head slowly, unimpressed. "My revenge is worth far more."

"A hundred million?" Hugh's voice cracked, his fear evident.

"For bashing my head, causing me all this pain? I'd rather watch you die," Jasmine whispered icily.

"A billion dollars!" Hugh shouted desperately, face pale and soaked with sweat.

"Interesting, but you can do better," Jasmine teased cruelly.

"Seven billion," Hugh pleaded desperately, his voice barely audible now.

Jasmine bit her lower lip thoughtfully, then gave a cunning smile. "So close, Hugh. How about we make it a round ten billion? I'll let you walk-or rather, crawl- away."

"I-I only have seven billion," Hugh whimpered.

"Done," Jasmine declared coldly.

"Alex, take his other leg. Seven billion dollars is perfect since he won't need legs where he's going."

Alex raised the axe once more, its blade gleaming ominously, as Hugh's screams filled the air.

"Hold on-wait! I'll pay the ten billion! I'll transfer some stocks right now," Hugh stammered desperately, fear trembling in every syllable.

"Good," Jasmine growled coldly.

"Do it

let you call an ambulance. Who knows,

you're lucky-it was a cleamol

maybe they'll save that leg if

Cut after

all."

Moments later, Alex and Jasmine emerged from Jones Villa.

Jasmine, who had remained strong and composed during the ordeal, suddenly felt her strength evaporate.

Her legs gave way beneath her, and she nearly collapsed face-first. Alex caught her swiftly, concern flooding his eyes.

"Are you alright? Do you feel ill?" he asked gently.

"No, I... I'm just exhausted. My legs feel like noodles." Jasmine shook her head slowly. The tension from earlier had drained away, leaving her completely spent. fo FindNovel

"I'll carry you, Ms. Kingston!" Four stepped forward, eager to help despite her wounds.

"No, you're injured. I can't burden you like this," Jasmine protested weakly.

"It's nothing, trust me." Four slapped her chest defiantly, pretending not to feel pain.

"It's serious because I say so!" Jasmine snapped, suddenly fierce. Her eyes narrowed sharply.

"I'm fine!" Four shot back, her tone flaring with wounded pride.

"Of course you're badly hurt-you're so totally, absolutely, pathetically weak!" Yasmine spat, her voice

dripping with bitterness. Inside, she

seethed with resentment:

I wanted Alex to carry me! Why did you have to ruin it with your unwanted

kindness? Can't you read the mood?

"Fine, suit yourself! I was just trying to help. Ungrateful brat!" Four snapped, turning abruptly and stalking off angrily.

Suddenly overwhelmed again, Jasmine leaned into Alex, clutching at his arm. "Alex, I really can't stand anymore. Please," she murmured weakly. "Alright," Alex sighed with gentle resignation, scooping her effortlessly into his strong arms.

He could feel the trembling vulnerability beneath her fierce exterior. Her fingers quickly found their way around his neck.

"Could you carry me like a princess? My legs feel completely useless," Jasmine whispered shyly, her cheeks slightly flushed.

"Of course," Alex replied warmly, adjusting her gently. Jasmine nestled comfortably against his chest, breathing in his reassuring warmth.

"Thank you... for tonight," she whispered softly, a tender smile on her lips.

The scent of him was intoxicating, his steady heartbeat comforting and alluring. Was this what safety truly felt like?

"No need for thanks. I'd never abandon a friend in trouble," Alex smiled reassuringly.

Jasmine's eyes flashed with mock hurt. "Just a friend? That really stings, Alex."

"Fine, a best friend," he chuckled lightly.

"No," Jasmine protested, her eyes wide and challenging.

"Okay, the very best friend?" Alex teased gently.

"You're hopeless!" Jasmine snapped playfully, biting him softly on the neck.

Alex flinched slightly but couldn't hide his amused smile. "Ouch, careful!"

"This bite marks you as mine," she declared fiercely, eyes gleaming possessively.

"If you ever dare say otherwise, I'll bite even harder!"

Alex shook his head ruefully, silently savoring her softness against him, her fragrance stirring an intense longing within.

It ignited a desire and heat in him. Jasmine was incredibly beautiful, her pheromones mixing with the feeling of their skin touching each other.

"Alex," Jasmine murmured quietly.

"Yes?"

"Could you take me to the nearest hotel?" she asked shyly, eyes downcast, cheeks crimson.

"Why a hotel?" Alex confused.

"I felt something below... pressing against me. It's kind of getting bigger," Jasmine bit her lip gently, looking up at him seductively.

"Seems like your body is far more honest than you are."

Alex swallowed hard, heat rising to his cheeks. "You mean...?"

"Yes," Jasmine whispered boldly. "I do."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 325[1,337 words]

Alex stood there, frozen for a heartbeat.

The woman in his arms-Jasmine Kingston, stunningly beautiful and dangerously close had just asked him to rent a hotel room.

His pulse roared, warmth surged through his veins, desire clawing fiercely at his chest.

Jasmine wasn't just any woman; she was a legend in Vancouver, one of the top three beauties in the city.

Every fiber in Alex's body screamed with longing.

Freshly divorced, finally free, nothing stood in his way-no commitments, no chains.

He studied her carefully, mesmerized by her misty eyes and parted lips.

"Stop looking at me like that," Jasmine whispered, her voice heavy with anticipation.

"You're driving me crazy. Just say yes, Alex. Or no-don't say anything, just take me. Anywhere you want."

She slowly licked her lips, making his heart slam violently against his chest.

"No!"

The shout cracked through the air like a whip, forcing Alex and Jasmine to pull apart instantly.

They turned to see Alfred Kingsley marching toward them, flanked by a team of soldiers and medics.

"Father?" Jasmine's voice trembled, her eyes wide with shock.

Alfred stopped a few paces away, his stern gaze flicking between them. Then, softer, almost awkwardly, he said, "I'm sorry, Alex... you'll have to carry her."

He hesitated. Inside, he was sweating bullets.

Alex wasn't just anyone he was one of the highest-ranking figures in Kingswell.

And now Alfred's daughter had clung to him, asked him to carry her.

It was crossing a line. Alfred knew it, and it made his skin crawl with discomfort. Surely Alex felt it too.

Trying to smooth things over, Alfred cleared his throat. "My daughter will be okay with the medics. Thank you for helping her this far."

He motioned quickly, and two medics rushed in with a stretcher.

"Jasmine," he added firmly, "stop troubling Mr. Alex. You'll rest better at the hospital."

Alex and Jasmine stared blankly at Alfred, their shared moment shattered.

Alfred frowned suspiciously, scanning between the two of them. "Did I interrupt something?"

"No," Alex answered swiftly, gently easing Jasmine onto the stretcher.

As she settled, she shot her father an icy smile.

"Father, I've never hated you more than right now."

Alfred flinched, clearly startled, and turned back to Alex. "Seriously, what did I miss here?"

"Absolutely nothing," Alex said curtly, stepping aside. "Except that you're remarkably good at ruining things."

Alfred grimaced, then turned sharply toward Number Four, who stood nervously nearby.

"Four, you called me for backup. I've never moved faster in my life, and now they both hate me. Mind explaining?"

"I...I'm sorry, sir," Four stammered anxiously. "I genuinely don't know."

Alfred glared at her, eyes narrowing in cold judgment. "You've been here the

whole time and know nothing? You're utterly worthless."

For someone built on perfection, being called useless once was brutal-four times, it broke her.

Four fainted where she stood.

Meanwhile, across the city, Hugh Jones was rushed into Chicago's finest hospital, carried by his panicked men.

His father, Tom Jones, raced frantically to meet him.

Jane Johnson, daughter of Chicago's second-most influential lord and Hugh's fiancée, hurried anxiously alongside, completely unaware that Hugh planned to discard her for Jasmine.

"Father!" Hugh howled, agony etched across his pale face. "I'm crippled! My leg- it's gone!"

Tom grasped Hugh's trembling hand firmly, determination blazing in his eyes. "Stay calm, son. I'll find the best doctors money can buy. Whatever the cost, I promise you'll walk again!"

Jane rushed to Hugh's bedside, her voice shaking with desperation.

"Listen to your father, Hugh. We have resources-rare medicines, powerful connections. You'll recover, I swear!"

"Recovery isn't enough!" Hugh snarled bitterly, rage twisting his features.

"I want revenge! I want that bastard who took my leg and cost me billions to pay!" Tears streaming down her cheeks, Jane clutched Hugh's hand desperately. "Hugh, tell me exactly what happened. They're saying you're involved with Jasmine Kingston's disappearance. Is it true? Please, tell me everything." Hugh's eyes flicked to his father. Seeing Tom's subtle nod, Hugh quickly crafted his story, ensuring their secret remained intact.

"Jane, the rumors are lies," Hugh whispered convincingly.

"Jasmine Kingston contacted me, insisting we meet. When we did, she threw herself at me, begging me to marry her-she wanted the power of our family's name."

Jane's expression twisted from worry to fury in an instant.

"That wretched woman from a pathetic little state dared to do this? She dared to steal you from me?"

Her voice cracked with raw hatred. "She just signed her death warrant!"

"Yeah," Hugh sneered bitterly, his eyes narrowing with spite.

"That's exactly what I told her. 'You're just a cheap little nobody from some worthless state. I've got a fiancé already the most stunning woman in all of Chicago.'"

Jane nodded eagerly, her voice sharp and satisfied. "That's right, Hugh. She needs to know her place."

"But things escalated fast," Hugh continued, feigning a pained expression.

"Jane, when I turned her down, she

went ballistic. She threatened to frame me, said she'd tell everyone I kidnapped her, and worse, she'd rally her father's entire state against us."

Jane leaned closer, eyes wide with urgency. "So, what did you tell her?"

Hugh grimaced dramatically, gesturing to his bandaged legs.

"I stood firm—I told her straight up: my heart belongs only to my beautiful fiancé.

That's when her jealousy went insane. She had my legs destroyed."

Tears swam in Jane's eyes as her fists clenched. "This is all my fault. You lost your legs because of me. I'll fix this. My father can buy revenge. He'll crush that filthy witch."

"No, wait," Hugh interjected quickly, his voice tight with concealed greed. He still craved Jasmine, still hungered for her beauty.

"It wasn't her. There's a guy named Alex, someone close to her. He's the bastard who personally ruined me. He's the one I want to punish."

Jane rose swiftly, determination blazing in her eyes.

"Consider it done." She stormed out, leaving Hugh and Tom alone in the tense silence.

Hugh watched the door close, then turned, his voice cautious yet cold.

"Jane hasn't changed a bit. She's still as gullible as ever."

Tom let out a cold laugh. "Her father's the richest man in Chicago—the second lord. If it weren't for his money, I wouldn't waste a second on that spoiled, useless brat."

Hugh glanced around, then lowered his voice to a cold, sharp whisper.

"Father, have you secured the men involved in this incident? The ones who know our secret? Some of them are my closest friends, the only ones I truly trust. But can you guarantee none of them will talk? Can you swear Jane won't find out?"

Tom gave a firm nod. "Absolutely. They're all contained."

Hugh leaned in, his eyes cold and unwavering. You know how this works, Father—money makes anyone talk. Even the loyal ones

Even those I call brothers. We can't take that risk. Jane has the cash to buy them all."

A sinister smile curled on Tom's lips. "No worries. Dead men don't take bribes." "Everyone involved is already buried-including that childhood friend of yours, the one who brought you here. I remember you used to call him brother."

Hugh's chuckle was equally chilling. "Perfect."

Across the city, Jane burst into her father's lavish office, her eyes blazing with fury.

"Dad! Someone tried to murder my fiancé. You have to do something!"

Hans Johnson exhaled slowly, a weary father burdened by endless drama. "Are you sure Hugh didn't provoke the Kingstons first?"

"Hugh told me everything. I trust him," Jane insisted fiercely.

Hans stared at his only child, his heart softening. "Alright, sweetheart, what do you need from me?"

"I want Alex dead," she spat venomously. "He works for Jasmine Kingston, and he hurt Hugh. He needs to suffer."

Hans paused, contemplating the dangerous request. "Fine. I'll put out a bounty.

Ten million dollars should handle it."

"Dad," Jane snapped, eyes flashing angrily. "That's nothing!"

He sighed deeply. "Alright, fifty million then."

"Father," she pleaded, her eyes filling with tears. "Hugh lost his legs because of me. It's my fault. Double it, please?"

Hans hesitated, the absurdity sinking in. "Jane, a hundred million is insane. The whole damn country will hunt this guy. It's nuclear warfare against one bug."

"Daddy," Jane whimpered, her tears real, her manipulation flawless.

Hans broke, resigned to defeat. "Fine. A hundred million."

Within an hour, the word exploded across the underworld. Hitmen, bounty hunters, and every thug from coast to coast tasted blood, the

promise of a hundred million dollars electrifying their veins.

Alex's days were numbered, and the city braced for chaos.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 326[1,149 words]

The night was wrapped in a deep, tired silence, a quiet that told Alex it was finally time to close up the Clinic and catch some rest.

He leaned back, feeling the weight of the day press on his shoulders, ready to lock up and call it a night.

Suddenly, the front door crashed open, shattering the silence.

Jasmine stumbled in, eyes wide with panic, her hair was tangled and disheveled, and her breaths came in sharp, desperate gasps.

At the reception desk, Josephine shot upright, her chair screeching against the floor.

"Miss Kingston-what are you?" Josephine began, startled.

But Jasmine ignored her, eyes locking instantly onto Alex.

"Alex!" she shouted, surging forward, throwing herself into his arms. "I can't go anywhere else—I won't! Only you can help me. Please!"

Behind her, Alfred Kingston burst through the door, his tie loosened, his face pale and slick with sweat. He took in the scene quickly, his breathing ragged.

"Alex, I'm sorry for this. They couldn't stop her. She escaped from the hospital," he panted, his voice strained.

"Jasmine, please don't trouble Mr. Alex. It's just a minor injury; you don't need to stay in a hospital at all. We can take care of it at home."

Jasmine twisted around, her face contorted with dramatic intensity.

"Dad, you don't get it! The wound isn't something you can see it's inside me. It's deep. I'm shattered and scared out of my mind."

"After everything that happened today-the trauma, the kidnapping, being surrounded by strangers-Alex is the only one who makes me feel safe. I need to be near him."

Alfred hesitated again, a deep sadness creeping into his expression.

He felt responsible for Jasmine's kidnapping earlier, haunted by his inability to protect her.

"Jasmine?"

Jasmine's voice cracked with desperation. "I'm not going back! If you try to make me, I swear I'll throw myself out the window!"

"Jasmine!" Alfred gasped, clearly horrified.

She jabbed a trembling finger at her father, eyes fierce. "Go ahead-test me!"

Alfred stood rooted, torn between paternal authority and helpless surrender.

Finally, with a heavy sigh, Alfred turned towards Alex, defeat slumping his shoulders.

"Fine," Alfred conceded softly, bowing his head slightly toward Alex. "Please, Mr. Alex, can you look after her?"

"No problem," Alex replied calmly, nodding reassurance.

A moment of awkward silence followed as the three of them exchanged uncertain glances.

Jasmine broke the tension impatiently. "Dad, why are you still here? I'm fine now. You can go home."

"But what about you?" Alfred asked cautiously.

"I have my bodyguards and a driver waiting for me. They'll take me home after Alex is done treating me," she insisted firmly.

"You're just bothering him now. Shoo, Dad. Go!"

Alfred hesitated, guilt twisting visibly in his features. He sighed deeply, finally giving in.

"Alright," Alfred murmured, looking sincerely at Alex. "Mr. Alex Please take good care of her. The doctors said trauma is common after something like this."

"She only trusts you right now. Don't worry-I have thirty bodyguards stationed nearby."

Jasmine rolled her eyes dramatically. "Father, go home already!"

"Fine, fine," Alfred muttered, shaking his head and slowly retreating out the door.

Once Alfred had left, Alex stared at Jasmine, confusion clear on his face. "What the hell was all that about?" he demanded sharply.

Jasmine smiled, suddenly composed, her eyes gleaming with mischief.

"Just finishing what we started this day, Alex," she whispered slyly. "Before my father barged in and ruined everything."

The night air felt thick with tension, each breath Alex drew seemed harder than the last.

"You still need to go home, Jasmine," he said softly.

But Jasmine simply reached for her phone, her eyes dancing mischievously as she dialed her driver.

"Marco, throw a barbeque for the bodyguards outside. Keep them busy. No one steps inside the clinic tonight. And smash your engine-make sure it stays broken till sunrise. Got it?"

She snapped the phone shut and turned back to Alex, a satisfied smirk on her lips.

"Perfect," she purred, glancing around. "So, where's your shower? I need to freshen up."

Alex's heart pounded like a wild drum as he walked her to his room and pointed towards the private bathroom, barely able to speak.

Jasmine disappeared behind the door, leaving him to fall back onto the oversized bed, staring at the ceiling, fighting to steady his racing pulse.

Inside the bathroom, Jasmine stood beneath the steaming spray, water cascading over her trembling shoulders.

Tonight would mark the end of her innocence-her heart fluttered at the thought.

Carefully, she slipped into delicate lingerie worth more than most

people's monthly salary, admir

her reflection in the fogged mirror, biting softly at her lower lip.

As she stepped from the bathroom, the sight of Alex lying casually on the bed, his

shirt loosely draped over his chiseled frame, sent a wave of heat flooding her

body.

Jasmine froze for a heartbeat, stunned by her own racing emotions, then slowly walked toward him, driven purely by desire.

Their eyes locked, words no longer needed.

She sank beside him on the mattress, their lips meeting in a fierce, passionate kiss.

Heat surged through their bodies, fueling an overwhelming need.

Alex felt his blood boil, his desire unmistakable beneath the thin sheets.

"Take me, Alex," Jasmine whispered breathlessly, her voice shaking with raw longing.

Alex was ready to lose himself in the moment when a sudden knock shattered the heated silence.

He groaned in frustration, shaking his head to clear the fog as he reluctantly pulled away and moved to open the door.

"Josephine?" he asked, surprise flickering in his eyes. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I just thought Jasmine might prefer staying with me," Josephine explained casually, a teasing glint in her eyes.

"You know, a man and a woman alone... trouble always follows."

"Trouble?" Alex frowned, genuinely confused.

Josephine smiled knowingly. "Demons love cheering this kind of thing on, you know."

"No thanks," Jasmine called firmly from behind Alex. "I'm perfectly fine here." Josephine shrugged, unfazed.

"Thought you'd say that," she smirked, slipping past Alex into the room carrying her own pillow and blanket.

"I'll keep you company anyway."

Alex's jaw dropped. "Wait-what? But there's only one bed!"

"Yeah, a ridiculously big one," Josephine said, already arranging her spot on one side.

"Listen, I know you saved Jasmine's

life, but she's still the governor's daughter. A man like you might get tempted by the devil tonight. I stay right here to save miss Governor from you."

"Miss Kingston, maybe you should sleep in the middle?" Josephine suggested hesitantly.

"Nope," Jasmine interjected swiftly. "I want the edge."

"Fine," Alex sighed, resigned. "Then I'll take the outside—"

"No!" Jasmine yanked him roughly onto the bed, positioning him firmly between herself and Josephine. "You stay right here."

Alex lay frozen, caught in a perfect storm between two women, his mind spinning between excitement and panic.

Josephine turned towards him, glaring sharply.

"Don't even think about doing anything funny, Alex," she warned sternly, eyes narrowed suspiciously.

"You must resist the devil within!"

But Jasmine, paying no attention to

Josephine, leaned in even closer

guiding Alex's hand along the

contours of her body-slow,

deliberate, and dangerously

tempting.

Alex swallowed hard, staring up at the ceiling, locked in a brutal tug-of-war

between virtue and temptation.

He whispered through gritted teeth, "Oh God, please help me."

Then, like some cosmic joke, a quote popped into his head.

"In the middle of every difficulty lies opportunity."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 327[1,294 words]

Morning broke early, bringing with it a fresh start.

Alex rose, showered, and busied himself preparing breakfast-his signature Eggs Benedict.

Simple but irresistible. The aroma filled the kitchen just as footsteps echoed softly from behind.

"Something smells heavenly!" Sophia's voice broke the quiet.

She looked stunning, dressed impeccably in a tailored business suit, her face brightened by a gentle smile.

"Sophia? What are you doing here?" Alex blurted, confusion clear on his face. Today, of all days-why?

"I skipped breakfast, figured I'd swing by quickly on the way to work," Sophia replied casually, stepping closer to inspect the dish.

Alex narrowed his eyes skeptically. "Your office isn't anywhere near this neighborhood."

She let out a sigh and admitted reluctantly, "Fine. Lyra asked me to take you to meet someone before heading to my office. I've got some time to spare." She sat down with practiced ease, clearly dodging his pointed stare.

"Lyra could've just called me," Alex frowned deeply.

Sophia skillfully ignored his remark, brightening deliberately.

"Eggs Benedict, my favorite! How did you know?" Without waiting, she eagerly reached for a plate, determined to avoid further questioning.

Alex opened his mouth to protest, but before words could form, the front door swung open, revealing Jasmine in the doorway.

She stretched languidly, an oversized shirt slipping provocatively off one shoulder, hinting at silky lingerie beneath.

"Alex, darling, I'm starving. Breakfast ready yet?" she purred softly, halting abruptly as her gaze clashed with Sophia's shocked expression.

"What the hell are you doing here?" both women demanded simultaneously.

The atmosphere instantly turned explosive, the silent hostility palpable.

"Alex," Sophia's voice tightened dangerously, her eyes blazing with suspicion and betrayal, "care to explain what's going on?"

Her gaze flicked pointedly at Jasmine, whose attire was unmistakably Alex's shirt. Jasmine smiled slowly, her eyes glittering with mischievous triumph.

"Isn't it obvious, sweetheart?" She tugged suggestively at the shirt, exposing a delicate lace edge beneath. "Alex and I had a very... cozy night."

"You slept with her?" Sophia's voice trembled, fury and jealousy warring openly across her features. The thought of Alex giving in so easily stung deeply.

"Of course," Jasmine added. "Side by side the entire night. Skin to skin-it's a scorching night, after all."

"Alex?" Sophia's eyes shimmered with betrayal.

"Sophia, wait-it's not what you think," Alex quickly interjected, his head pounding with rising tension.

But Jasmine wouldn't relent, stepping boldly forward. "Come on, Alex. She's caught us, why bother hiding?"

"Nothing happened," Alex insisted firmly, his voice edged with frustration. "Jasmine got injured last night. Her car broke down, and she needed help. That's all."

Sophia's gaze sharpened, finally noticing the faint bruises and scrapes marring Jasmine's otherwise flawless skin.

Her jealousy softened only slightly, suspicion lingering stubbornly. "Why not go to the hospital? Why come here? Why must stay on your room?"

Jasmine shrugged coolly, a defiant smirk playing on her lips.

"I can stay wherever I want. Besides, correct me if I'm wrong, but aren't you two divorced? Doesn't that mean Alex is free game?"

"Divorced doesn't mean finished," Sophia snapped fiercely. "We could always remarry."

Their eyes locked in a fierce, unspoken challenge, neither woman willing to yield.

"Marriage and divorce aren't some game, Sophia." Jasmine's smile dropped instantly, replaced by cold disdain.

"You chose to walk away once. Now face the consequences-set him free."

"Everyone screws up sometimes," Sophia shot back, eyes flashing defiantly. "The difference is who has the guts to make things right. I know where I went wrong, and I'm ready to prove myself."

Her gaze swung meaningfully toward Alex, hope and resolve blazing in her eyes.

Just then, Josephine walked calmly into the kitchen, took in the tense standoff, and quietly chose to busy herself instead.

Jasmine laughed bitterly at Sophia, shaking her head. "You think fixing something you shattered will make it whole again? Once broken, nothing is ever the same."

"Who said I want it the same?" Sophia's voice trembled with determination. "I want it better."

"Fine. If you won't step aside willingly, we'll see who can handle this better." Jasmine slid gracefully into her seat at the dining table and pulled a plate of Eggs Benedict toward herself, smiling triumphantly.

"Thank you for breakfast, sweetheart. You always know what I love."

Sophia snatched the plate back swiftly. "Hold on. Alex knows Eggs Benedict are my favorite. He made these especially for me."

"Stop flattering yourself, Ms. Lancaster." Jasmine tugged at the plate once more, her voice tight. "The past is gone. This meal is mine now."

"Ms. Kingston, it's pathetic to steal someone else's favorite dish. These eggs are tailored to my taste, and mine alone."

"What makes you think you have exclusive rights? Everything Alex cooks suits me perfectly."

"That's your delusion talking. Just because you like something doesn't mean it suits you."

"That's my decision, not yours!"

Their voices rose, each stubbornly yanking the plate back and forth like it was a lifeline, unwilling to concede even an inch.

Alex rubbed his temples, questioning how he'd gotten caught in this storm.

"Alex, settle this. Who gets these eggs?" Sophia demanded sharply, Jasmine nodding fiercely beside her.

Both women stared at him, waiting like hawks for his verdict.

Sweat broke out on Alex's forehead. He opened his mouth, struggling to find words.

Josephine smoothly stepped in, placing fresh plates of Eggs Benedict in front of everyone.

"Ladies, there's plenty for all. Stop fighting over eggs." She gently set the coffee in front of Alex.

"Alex already works hard enough. Don't pile more on him. If you really care, let him rest-he still has work today."

Her calm authority silenced the room.

Josephine took her seat, clasping her hands together. "Let's say grace and be grateful for what we have."

Jasmine looked around uncomfortably. "I'm an atheist."

Josephine smiled gently. "True Source welcomes everyone."

She lowered her head and whispered a quick prayer. For a second, the room softened just enough to notice the tension before it cracked again.

Sophia and Jasmine locked eyes one last time, the bitterness unmistakable. Then, as if cued by some invisible referee, they turned away in silence.

The morning passed with strained civility. They ate breakfast without a word too many, but curiosity refused to be swallowed.

Sophia finally broke the silence. "Josephine, do you know if they slept together?"

Josephine didn't flinch. "Yeah, I do. But don't stress, Miss Lancaster. Nothing happened between them. I was there too-on guard duty, keeping the devil at bay."

Sophia choked mid-sip. "Wait-you slept with them too?!"

Josephine shrugged, unfazed. "Yep. And trust me, it was scorching hot... the room, I mean." She wiped her mouth and turned to Alex with a mischievous glint. "By the way, did you bring something weird to bed?"

Alex blinked. "Huh? No. Why?"

"I swear I saw something stiff poking out from your pocket last night. Looked like it stood tall the whole night."

Sophia and Jasmine both snapped their heads toward Alex, eyes narrowing as his cheeks flared red.

Jasmine smirked and used the moment. She slid her foot under the

table, grazing his leg, biting her lip like a predator tasting the edge of the hunt. The message was clear-Round Two was coming.

Alex cleared his throat fast. "So, uh, Sophia-did Lyra tell you who we're meeting today?"

"Just said it's a family who needs help. It's business, Alex," she added sharply.

"Maybe if you do this right, you'll earn something. Show you're not just mooching off others."

Her eyes sliced toward Jasmine.

Jasmine laughed coldly. "And what if he does rely on someone? Not everyone's lucky enough to be taken care of." She leaned in, her voice like syrup over steel.

"Alex, you don't need to work. Just stay with me. Whatever you want-consider it yours."

Josephine let out a deep sigh. "Alex, don't listen to any of them. Just do what makes you happy. No matter what happens, I've got your back-always."

Across town, inside the opulent Montclair estate, one of Chicago's most powerful families sat in tense silence. The matriarch leaned

forward, eyes locked on Lyra with sharp impatience.

"Lyra," she snapped, her tone icy, "where is this man you promised? The one who

can heal my husband. Why hasn't he shown up yet?"

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 328[1,179 words]

Lyra stood by, eyes fixed anxiously on Laura Montclair. "Calm down. He'll be here."

"Calm down? Have you seen the time? What's going to happen to my husband?" Laura's voice echoed harshly through the hospital room, desperation cracking her tone.

Lyra clenched her fists, fighting the urge to snap. "If you can't stop screaming at me, maybe you should find yourself another doctor."

Laura shot Lyra a venomous glare.

"Listen carefully. The only reason you're even here is because your father and my husband were once best friends. You should be thanking me for this opportunity."

"Remember Lyra, I could open doors you couldn't even dream of."

On the hospital bed, Rudiyard moaned loudly, gripping his head in agony.

"It feels like my head is splitting open!"

Laura rushed to his side, gently squeezing his hand. "Hang in there, honey. The best doctor is coming. He'll make this right, I promise."

No one could explain Rudiyard's sudden collapse a week earlier or the constant, relentless headaches ever since.

Test after test showed nothing unusual, but his condition worsened by the day.

Rudiyard's voice was weak, strained. "My entire body feels like it's burning, Laura. I can't stand it."

"The doctor will be here soon," Laura assured him, her voice trembling with worry.

Then, whirling around toward Lyra, she shouted, "What's the holdup? Where is this so-called specialist of yours? Get him here now!"

Lyra regretted ever agreeing to this job.

With a weary sigh, she reached for her phone, only to glance up and see Sophia and Alex walking swiftly down the corridor.

"Alex! Thank goodness!" Relief washed over Lyra as she rushed to meet them.

Alex gave her a nod. "Let's check on the patient."

"Follow me," Lyra said briskly, leading them to the room.

Laura spun around impatiently as they entered. "Lyra, where's this doctor of yours?"

Lyra gestured toward Alex. "This is him. This is Alex."

Laura's eyes narrowed skeptically. "Him? Are you serious? This kid is way too young to be a reputable doctor. Did you just drag in some scammer because he's good-looking?"

Before Lyra could reply, Laura's gaze snapped toward Sophia.

Her expression twisted with shock and hostility. "Sophia? What are you doing here?"

Sophia took a hesitant step back, visibly uncomfortable. "Aunt Laura? I had no idea you'd be here. I'm just helping Alex out, from his clinic."

Laura's lips curled in contempt. "A clinic? You brought someone from a small-time clinic?" She whipped around, her voice shaking with fury as she faced Lyra.

"You're trying to scam me, aren't you?"

Lyra sighed deeply, exhaustion and frustration boiling beneath her calm exterior.

If it weren't for her father's insistence, she'd have left long ago.

Laura turned sharply to Sophia, venom dripping from each word.

"And you, Sophia. Consider this a warning. Your grandmother's betrayal won't ever be forgiven. Don't even dream that using this so-called doctor is your way back into the Montclair family. That door is shut forever!"

Sophia exhaled slowly, struggling to remain composed.

"Aunt Laura, please, this is clearly a misunderstanding. Let's just have Alex take a look at Uncle Rudyard. The sooner he does, the sooner we can all leave."

Laura scoffed dismissively, her gaze cold as ice.

"Look at his face. This kid has probably tricked you too. What if he makes things worse? Who'll take responsibility then?"

"Suits me fine," Alex replied calmly.

"Just so we're clear—I wasn't planning to cure him anyway. But let me give you a heads-up."

"If that man lying there is your husband, congratulations. He's been in trouble since he first passed out a week ago. Mark my words—in a few hours, he'll start coughing blood. By tomorrow, paralysis will set in, and by the fourth day, he'll be dead."

Laura's eyes widened, fury and fear clashing across her face. "You're a damn curse! Quit spouting your nonsense!"

Lyra shook her head. "Laura, listen to him. If you refuse treatment, that's your business. Just don't come begging later."

"Begging?" Laura spat, glaring contemptuously at Alex.

"And what makes you think your little boy-toy here could treat my husband anyway? He's nothing!"

Alex sighed heavily, patience thinning. "Your husband's illness is rare. There aren't many doctors in the entire country who could save him."

Laura sneered, her voice dripping with arrogance. "Save your scams for someone else. With my connections, I can hire any specialist I want."

Lyra laughed bitterly, gripping Alex's arm as she turned to leave.

"Keep talking tough, Laura. Let's hope your pride doesn't bring you crawling back."

Sophia, quiet but observant, followed close behind as they exited.

Once outside, Alex glanced sharply at Sophia. "Do you know her?"

"Laura Montclair," Sophia replied, her voice subdued.

Recognition flickered in Alex's eyes. "Montclair? As in the Chicago Lords? Wait-if I'm not mistaken, their matriarch..."

Sophia nodded gently, a faint, bittersweet smile crossing her lips.

"My grandmother. She left the Montclairs to marry my grandfather. If she hadn't, I'd probably be next in line to inherit their empire. But what's the point? They've long since kicked her out."

Back inside, Laura's bodyguard rushed in, leading an older man who moved with the quiet confidence of someone used to being in charge.

His presence alone shifted the air. A small team of doctors followed behind him, their respectful distance making him seem even more important.

"Mrs. Montclair!" the bodyguard called out. "The expert you requested has arrived!"

Laura rushed forward eagerly. "Finally! Where is he?"

The guard stepped aside proudly, introducing the doctor.

"This is Dr. Peter, renowned professor from Vermont University. His medical skills are legendary."

Relief flooded Laura's expression. "Doctor Peter, please hurry!" she urged, leading him directly to Rudiyard's bedside.

Dr. Peter leaned in carefully, asking softly, "Where's the pain?"

"My head..... it feels like it's splitting apart," Rudiyard groaned weakly, clutching his temples.

With practiced efficiency, Dr. Peter examined him briefly with his equipment, then straightened confidently.

"Just a simple fatigue and stress, nothing serious. One injection and a week's supply of supplements, and you'll be perfectly fine."

"That's wonderful news! Thank you, Dr. Peter," Rudiyard gasped, relief washing over his tired face as the doctor administered the injection.

Laura, thrilled by this reassurance, immediately praised him lavishly.

"Truly, Dr. Peter, your reputation is unmatched! You've solved something countless others couldn't!"

Her expression darkened, her voice venomous.

"That boy Lyra dragged in here was nothing but a fraud, trying to scare us with all that nonsense about coughing blood. We should teach hi...!"

But before Laura could finish her words, Rudiyard gasped, clutching his chest as agony overwhelmed him.

His face turned deathly pale, beads of cold sweat pouring down his forehead.

He opened his mouth and violently coughed, blood spattering onto the pristine sheets.

"Rudi! What's happening? Are you okay?" Laura cried, panic seizing her chest.

They stared in horror as Rudiyard coughed again, this time spewing something vile and fleshy amid the

crimson.

Shock and dread filled the room. Everyone froze, exchanging horrified glances.

"Doctor! What's going on? Why is he coughing up blood?" Laura's voice trembled with desperation.

Dr. Peter, alarm spreading across his lined face, quickly reexamined

Rudiyard, his brows knitted in deep concern. After a tense moment, he stepped back, his shoulders sagging.

"It's poison," the doctor said grimly.

"Your husband's been poisoned, and it's already started breaking down his internal organs. The damage is severe-and irreversible. I'm sorry, but he's terminal."

"There's nothing more we can do. Take him home... make the most of the time you have left."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 329[1,041 words]

Laura's face twisted in rage. Without hesitation, she swung her hand, landing a fierce slap across the doctor's face.

"What kind of worthless bastard calls himself a doctor, yet sends my husband home just to wait for death?" she screamed, her voice shaking with fury.

Dr. Peter stood frozen, stunned. One of Vermont's finest doctors had just been humiliated by this woman.

"Listen carefully, woman," he snarled bitterly.

"Your husband will die. Nothing on earth can save him now, not even your parade of second opinions. Frankly, with a venomous wife like you, it's no wonder he's headed to an early grave."

Laura exploded, her voice cracking with raw fury.

"What the hell did you just say to me? You dare sentence my husband to death and blame me for it? Are you begging to die?"

The assistants quickly stepped forward, forming a barrier around Dr. Peter, terrified by Laura's wild wrath.

"Guards!" Laura roared. "Beat them! Break every damn bone in their bodies!"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Two guards surged forward, striking viciously at the cowering medical staff.

Dr. Peter scrambled desperately to escape before the guards reached him.

Laura, still blazing with anger, seized an elderly doctor whose face had already turned pale blue. She grabbed him roughly by the collar, pulling him close.

"Listen closely, old man! You'll save my husband's life or lose yours-choose wisely!"

"I..... I am not able," the doctor murmured, a pitiful pledge trembling on his lips.

"What good is it calling yourself a doctor if you can't even save one man?"

"Ma'am," the doctor whimpered helplessly, tears brimming in his frightened eyes, "I'm not Jesus."

"Then become one!" she roared, slapping him across the face again.

She struck the poor doctor several more times, each slap louder and harsher than the last.

Finally, her breathing slowed, and Alex's words echoed through her mind, calming her just enough to regain some composure.

Decisively, she stormed from the room, her bodyguards close behind. She would find Lyra and that younger doctor. If persuasion didn't work, force certainly would.

Minutes later, Laura appeared suddenly before Alex, sweating and frantic.

"Hey, you! Stop right there!" she commanded. "My husband just coughed up blood! Get back in there immediately and fix him!"

Alex turned around slowly, exhaustion and frustration etched deep on his face.

"Is there something wrong with how you talk, or do you actually think that's normal? Haven't you heard? Slavery's been over for a long time."

"No one's better than anyone else. This country stands for freedom. So don't act like you're above people— it's disgusting."

Laura glared down at Alex with unbridled contempt.

"Don't forget who you're talking to. I'm Laura Montclair, one of Chicago's ruling lords. I have power, money, everything. You're nothing. Obeying me is your only ticket to survival."

Her gaze was filled with disdain, confident that a nobody like Alex would never dare reject such a chance to curry favor with her powerful family.

Alex simply shrugged, unperturbed. "Well, sorry to disappoint you, but your favors mean nothing to me. Feel free to find another doctor."

"You arrogant bastard! Think carefully—it's not every day someone like you gets such a privilege!" Laura sneered, tossing her head with practiced contempt.

She was used to flaunting her pride and drowning in the hollow praise that followed.

"No thanks. Your so-called honor is far too generous for me," Alex shot back without missing a beat.

Two of Laura's bodyguards finally caught up to her.

She turned sharply to them, her voice dripping venom, "Take this insolent man to treat Mr. Montclair. If he resists, break his legs—leave his arms intact though, he'll need them."

As the bodyguards advanced, Sophia and Lyra quickly stepped between them and Alex.

"You two better back off," Sophia warned, her voice firm. "Take another step and we'll call the police."

Laura let out a disdainful laugh. "Police? Darling, they're all comfortably tucked into my pocket. Now, teach this fool his place. Make sure he bows next time he sees me. He should beg for mercy just for the chance to help!"

One of the bodyguards shouted a warning, “Ladies, get out of the way or you'll get hurt too.”

"We're not moving!" Lyra snapped defiantly.

"Then you asked for it!" the guard growled, raising a fist—but before his blow landed, he collapsed abruptly to the ground, gasping.

His partner rushed forward but fell just as swiftly, clutching his chest.

Laura stood frozen in shock, staring in disbelief. “What—what's happening?”

Alex offered her a cold smile. "You know, heart attacks are surprisingly common. Looks like your goons have

weak hearts-probably from breathing in all that arrogance you spew."

Sophia tightened her grip on Alex's arm. “Let's just go. She's nothing but trouble."

"Absolutely,” Alex agreed, turning to leave.

"You-!" Laura's voice broke with fury, choking on her own rage.

She cursed herself inwardly. If only she had brought more competent men, this arrogant fool would be begging at her feet.

Desperation clawed at her pride.

“Wait! How much money do you want? A blank check—name your price!” she hissed, eyes blazing with contempt.

Lyra froze mid-step, her grip tightening urgently on Alex's sleeve. She stared at him with pleading eyes. "Alex! She's offering a blank check! Why not save a life? Aren't you a doctor?"

Alex sighed inwardly.

Didn't this woman have any self-respect?

Sophia started to protest, tugging Alex away. “Lyra, don't—”

"Half the check is yours, Sophia,” Lyra quickly interjected, causing Sophia's protests to falter instantly.

Sophia bit her lip, torn between pride and greed. She looked at Alex guiltily, her voice softening.

“Maybe.....maybe you should help him. He's my uncle, after all.”

Alex studied Sophia's conflicted gaze, finally relenting. He turned sharply toward Laura.

"Fine, I'll save your husband. But I want a blank check for these two ladies, and—you owe me an apology for your pathetic, insulting behavior."

Laura's eyes widened in outrage. "An apology? Dream on, peasant! Who the hell do you think you are,

demanding that from me? The Montclairs are aristocrats—we don't bow to trash!"

"Suit yourself," Alex shrugged dismissively. "Find another doctor. I don't care."

Laura's face twisted in fury. "Listen to me, bastard! If my husband dies, it'll be your fault. Don't blame me when you pay with your miserable life. You'll become the enemy of the Montclairs!"

Her voice rose to a dangerous pitch, trembling with rage and panic.

"Decide now! You either gain the favor of the Montclairs or become our enemy. There is no middle ground and I promise you'll regret

it. My men are already on their way to arrest you!"

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 330[1,122 words]

"You want me to heal your husband, and yet you dare threaten me?"

Alex laughed bitterly, shaking his head. "You've got to be joking."

Laura's eyes darkened, venom lacing every word. "You're like someone who needs to see their own coffin to realize they're dying."

"Fine. If you won't save him now, mark my words-when you're on your knees, bleeding, bones shattered, begging for mercy—it'll be too late. This is your final chance to reconsider before things get ugly."

Alex met her fury with a calm defiance.

"Sorry, not interested." He turned sharply toward the exit.

Just then, chaos erupted near the hospital's entrance. All heads snapped up as a military vehicle roared into view, skidding to a halt.

The soldiers leapt out, fully armed, their faces grim and lethal. People scattered, a path clearing as if by instinct alone.

Sophia's eyes widened in shock. "The military? Here? Are they arresting someone?"

Laura smirked wickedly. "Alex, this is your very last chance."

Lyra shot a glare at Laura, disgusted. "You're really resorting to dirty tricks now, aren't you?"

Before anyone could respond, a sharp command echoed through the air. "Surround them, now!"

In seconds, Alex, Sophia, and Lyra were ringed by armed soldiers, their weapons aimed coldly. Sophia's breath hitched, color draining from her face. She'd been expecting to watch a confrontation, but never imagined she'd end up in the center of it.

The captain stepped forward, his voice icy and authoritative. "Alex, you're under arrest. Resist, and we'll put you down on the spot."

Sophia's voice trembled. "Wait! There must be some kind of mistake—"

The captain cut her off ruthlessly. "Anyone interfering will be treated as an accomplice and face the same charges."

Laura laughed triumphantly, relishing her victory. "Now, Alex, can you see your coffin yet? Are you ready to save my husband now?"

Alex stared at her coldly, unwavering.

"Listen carefully—I'm the only one capable of saving your husband. Without me, he dies. But honestly? Watching him die might be more satisfying."

Laura's rage boiled over, her hands shaking as she hurled her smartphone straight at Alex's face.

Without missing a beat, he swatted it away effortlessly, the device shattering on the ground.

"Grab him! Torture him until he begs for mercy!" Laura shouted, her voice raw with hatred.

The military captain nodded sharply. "Yes, ma'am."

Soldiers moved in swiftly. Lyra and Sophia trembled, eyes wide in terror, paralyzed by the sudden violence.

Alex placed steadying hands on their shoulders. "Stay calm. They're only here for me. Wait here—I promise, I'll be back soon."

Lyra hesitated, fear clear in her eyes. "Are you sure about this?"

"Trust me," Alex said firmly. "They can't hurt me."

"Thanks, Alex," Lyra murmured softly. "But please don't blame me for any of this."

He offered a reassuring smile. "Don't worry about small things. Sometimes you just have to let it go."

Sophia reached out, still shaking. "Alex—"

He gave her a gentle look, unwavering. "It's nothing."

How could this be nothing, Sophia wondered desperately, watching the soldiers advance. But right now, she was powerless.

Laura shouted once more, her voice trembling with fury and desperation. "Alex, this is your last chance!" Alex didn't hesitate. "I don't want it."

Laura froze, disbelief etched deep in her face. How could he reject her even now, when his life was hanging by a thread? Did he really have no fear of death?

Alex felt Sophia's fingers digging desperately into his sleeve.

"Alex, please," she pleaded. Her voice trembled, thick with worry.

"Think clearly. Your life is on the line. Only Laura can help now. Just swallow your pride and help my uncle!"

But Alex shook his head stubbornly. His eyes narrowed at the military vehicles parked nearby, their Chicago plates unmistakable.

"I don't like her attitude. I won't bow to anyone like her."

Laura's voice sliced sharply through the tense air, full of contempt.

"You idiot. You're knocking on death's door, yet you still cling to your ridiculous pride. I guarantee you'll come crawling back, begging and crying at my feet."

Sophia's face twisted with anxiety. She clung harder, her eyes desperate. "Alex, I'm begging you—just agree to her demands!"

Sophia knew ordinary people couldn't fight officers. High-ranking military officers could crush civilians like bugs.

One word from them and you'd vanish without a trace.

"Enough talk!" barked the captain, clearly irritated. "Take him away!"

His soldiers moved instantly, cuffing Alex and shoving him roughly into the car.

Within moments, the troop departed with cold, efficient precision, leaving a stunned silence behind.

Sophia stared helplessly after them, panic rising in her chest. She had no connections powerful enough to reach the military-let alone to save Alex.

Desperation turned her toward Laura. "Laura, please! Let him go."

Laura smirked coldly. "I offered him kindness once. He spat it back in my face. It's not my problem anymore."

Lyra stepped forward abruptly, confronting Laura with an icy stare.

"Don't you get it? Alex won't blame me for introducing him to you-but you're going to hurt him. Do you have any idea how guilty I'll feel? How much I'll hate myself for letting this happen?"

"That's your problem," Laura scoffed.

"You're right." Lyra's lips curled into a bitter smile. Her voice dropped to a dangerous softness.

"You know, when my father was

exiled by the Chicago lord, my entire

life shattered. I thought I had hopez

when he fought the Kingston governor, but he lost again-and my mother, too. I was so depressed I considered ending my life."

Laura snorted dismissively. "Again, that's your problem. I couldn't care less."

Lyra's smile widened eerily. "Exactly. That's what I realized. No one would

care if died. So why should I end myself quietly? Why not burn this whole damn world down first and let it kill me instead?"

Laura sneered, irritated. "Why are you rambling, Lyra? What's your point?"

"Here's my point." Lyra calmly reached into her bag as casually as if searching for makeup. With sudden, fierce precision, she pulled out a small knife and plunged it into Laura's stomach.

Laura staggered, eyes wide with shock, her voice shaking, "You...what are you doing?"

Lyra leaned in close, whispering coldly, "You were so arrogant, I thought nothing could ever touch you. Turns out you bleed just like me."

Lyra's voice grew colder still. "Laura, I told you—I'm not afraid of death, and I'm certainly not afraid of you. We can both go to hell, for all I care, but how dare you threaten my Alex!"

Laura's bodyguards lunged forward, but Lyra swiftly drew a handgun from her hand bag. Two precise shots echoed sharply, dropping both guards instantly.

Laura collapsed to her knees, blood spilling from her wound as stunned doctors and nurses stared in horror, drawn by the commotion.

Lyra sneered cruelly down at her. "I'll let you live for now. But listen closely. If Alex dies, I'll find you and bury you with every cent I have."

As Lyra turned slowly away, she tossed back one last chilling warning. "If you're capable of dying, Laura, don't act so arrogant. You've only got one life."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 331[1,171 words]

Lyra stormed out into the open, chased closely by Sophia.

"Lyra! What the hell are you doing to Laura? I've never seen you like this before!"

Sophia had known Lyra for years. She'd always seemed kind, gentle even. This ruthless side was completely new and terrifying.

Ignoring Sophia, Lyra walked toward a nearby pond, plunging her blood-stained hands into the water.

She watched the blood swirl away and muttered, "You don't really know me, Sophia."

She moved slowly to a bench beneath a tree, pulled out a cigarette, and lit it.

"You told me you'd quit!" Sophia said, voice trembling with disappointment.

"I did quit," Lyra exhaled sharply, blowing smoke into the sky.

"Three whole years. But today I broke it. I need this, Sophia."

Sophia stared in disbelief, struggling to find words. "How-how can you shoot people like this?"

Lyra shrugged, her tone cool and distant. "I practice at a shooting range. I have licenses for all my guns."

"You kill people, Lyra!" Sophia shouted, her voice cracking with emotion.

Lyra met Sophia's eyes, confusion and something darker flickering across her face.

“Yeah. And honestly? It doesn't bother me.”

"You're ending lives!" Sophia insisted desperately.

Lyra crushed her cigarette into the dirt, standing up slowly, eyes hardened with defiance.

"Sophia, I've never felt truly alive. This world, this life—it's hell for me. The only things that ever make me feel alive are money and....." She paused, her voice dropping softly.

Sophia held her breath, waiting anxiously for Lyra's next words.

“Alex,” Lyra whispered.

“Alex?” Sophia repeated, stunned. Her voice barely more than a whisper.

"Yes, Alex,” Lyra admitted, eyes blazing with intense passion.

"I need you to know—I love Alex. He's everything to me. And yes, he's your ex-husband, which makes me grateful, honestly. It means I don't have to compete with you."

“What?” Sophia gasped, reeling from shock. She'd never imagined Lyra—who once openly despised Alex- could possibly feel this way.

"You actually like him?"

Lyra sighed deeply, almost painfully.

“No, I don't just like him, Sophia. I'm completely insane for him. He's my entire world. I'd die for him, without a second thought. And what Laura did—hurting Alex—that's unforgivable."

Standing abruptly, Lyra's voice hardened into chilling menace. “I have to go. I need to find a way to save Alex. Because if he dies-

Her voice dropped to a deadly whisper, eyes blazing with fury.

"I'll drag the entire Montclair family straight to hell. I'll bury them so deep, nothing will survive- not their children, not their grandchildren. No one."

Three or four hospital security guards suddenly rushed out from the entrance, some of them pointing at Lyra. Without another word, Lyra stormed to her car, slammed the door shut, and sped away in a blur of dust and rage, leaving Sophia frozen and alone.

The security guards gave chase but failed to catch up to Lyra's car.

"It's not fair," Sophia murmured, her voice weak and shaky.

Just when she thought she could easily win Alex back—because he'd always loved her—everything changed. Alex had grown distant, and everyone around her was suddenly falling desperately in love with him.

But now, she realized, she had no choice. She had to help save Alex.

And the only hope she could cling to was Laura—Laura, who might still be willing to save Alex in exchange for healing Mr. Montclair.

Sophia trudged back down the hospital corridor, her steps heavy and burdened, her thoughts fixed solely on finding Rudyard.

But when she reached his room, her breath caught in shock.

Beside Rudyard's bed was a new patient—Laura. She was dressed in hospital clothes, clearly just treated for an injury on her stomach.

"Sophia!" Laura snapped, her voice sharp and full of venom.

"You better warn your bastard friend. Next time, I'll kill her myself."

"Understood," Sophia replied calmly, attempting to sit next to Laura. "Laura, please. Can you let Alex go?" Laura's eyes flashed with anger.

"Are you blind? That arrogant piece

of trash spat right in my face when begged him to save my husband! Who the hell does he think he is? I'll teach him a lesson he'll never forget!"

"But Laura, if Alex dies, who will save Rudyard?" Sophia pleaded, quickly changing tactics.

Laura paused, uncertainty flickering across her face. She hadn't thought about that.

If Alex was gone, Rudyard might follow shortly after.

"Exactly," Sophia pressed gently. "Alex is your only chance. If you hurt him now, your husband is as good as dead."

Laura hesitated, chewing her lip in frustration. "If I help him, can you guarantee he'll save Rudyard?" Sophia leaned forward, eyes sincere and unyielding. "I promise you, Alex won't refuse me. He never does." Laura stared into Sophia's eyes, then sighed reluctantly. "Fine. I'll trust you—just this once."

Relief swept over Sophia's face. "Thank you, Laura—"

Suddenly, Laura grabbed a glass of water and hurled it into Sophia's face. Sophia gasped, the cold water dripping down her skin as she quickly wiped it away.

"Did you really think I'd be that stupid?" Laura sneered.

"Alex is already mine-tucked neatly

in my pocket. They're going to tear him apart, piece by piece. He'll

scream, he'll beg, and in the end, he'll come crawling back to save

Rudyard... just to save his pathetic ass."

"If you want that bastard spared, you better cough up something worth bleeding for."

Sophia, her heart pounding furiously, stared back at Laura. "What do you want from me?"

Laura's lips twisted into a cruel smile.

"You're beautiful and a Mountclair by

blood. There's a man named

Gilbert heir to the Paris state. The

Mountclairs want a marriage

alliance, and he's willing, but my

stubborn daughter refuses.

"How about you marry him instead? Agree, and I'll make sure Alex lives."

Sophia felt dizzy, nausea gripping her stomach. She had no choice.

Alex was just a poor ex-military man; Laura could easily dispose of him. The Mountclairs were powerful— lords of Chicago. She knew she had no leverage.

Marry a stranger, or watch Alex die. That was the brutal reality.

She closed her eyes briefly, the weight of the decision crushing her heart. "Can I have some time to think?"

Laura leaned back, smugly victorious. "Take your time. But if the military kills Alex first, even I can't bring back

the dead."

Sophia clenched her fists, agony etched across her face. Her dreams of love and happiness clashed violently against the stark choice before her.

"Fine," she whispered, her voice strained and heavy.

Laura's eyes narrowed dangerously. "What exactly are you agreeing to?"

Sophia lifted her head, resolve hardening her features. "I'll marry Gilbert."

"Excellent," Laura purred. "I'll arrange for you to meet him tonight. A nice dinner. Only afterward will I release

Alex."

"You promise?" Sophia demanded, desperation lacing her words.

"Of course," Laura replied dismissively. "Now leave. I need my rest."

Sophia rose, feeling hollow and broken as she stepped into the hall. Her heart throbbed with unbearable pain

as tears welled in her eyes.

"Alex," she whispered softly, the words trembling with sorrow. "I'm doing this for you."

Back inside the room, Laura calmly picked up the phone, dialing the military.

"About that man, Alex," she ordered coldly, eyes fixed disdainfully on Rudiyard's frail figure. "You can go

ahead and kill him."

She hung up, sneering bitterly at her suffering husband.

Men were disposable, after all. Once Rudiyard died, she'd simply find herself a younger, stronger plaything.

She was a Montclair—the matriarch. And in her world, men were nothing but tools, easily replaced and utterly

useless.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 332[1,088 words]

At the Kingston government office, the phone rang sharply, cutting through the heavy silence.

Jasmine lifted the receiver without breaking her stride. "Jasmine here."

"Jasmine, we have a situation!" Kelly's voice burst out, urgent and tense.

She paused, her brow furrowing. "What's happened?"

"Alex has been arrested by the Chicago military!" Kelly swiftly recounted the details, her voice clipped and precise.

As Jasmine listened, her expression darkened, eyes narrowing with every word.

"Using the Chicago military to snatch him? Whoever orchestrated this has serious connections."

"Jasmine, I bet it's one of the Chicago Lords flexing their muscle-probably the Jones family," Kelly growled.

"Yesterday Alex tore through the Jones' estate, crippled Tom's son, all to protect you. They won't let that slide."

"It definitely smells like the Jones' handiwork," Jasmine said grimly.

"But Tom alone couldn't summon military power. Another Lord must be backing him."

"I'm mobilizing Vermont's military immediately," Kelly said fiercely.

"Father already has his troops ready. We're prepared to go to war over this."

"I'll rally Vancouver's forces as well," Jasmine said with cold determination.

"Find out exactly where Alex is locked up. Leave the rest to me. If they don't free him willingly, we'll burn Chicago to the ground."

Ending the call, Jasmine immediately contacted her general in Vancouver, issuing swift and decisive orders.

The battle lines were drawn. This time, it was a fight to the death.

Inside the Chicago military base, at a barren drill ground, Alex was violently thrown into a massive cage.

Inside were about fifty ragged prisoners, their bodies frail from starvation and neglect.

Some bore festering wounds crawling with maggots.

The sun blazed mercilessly overhead, scorching the prisoners without relief.

As Alex stumbled in, hollow, lifeless eyes turned toward him. One prisoner, gaunt and weathered, broke the silence.

"Young man, what crime did you commit to wind up here?"

"I refused treatment to the Montclairs because they're arrogant," Alex replied defiantly.

"You're young," murmured an elderly man, skin hanging loosely from his fragile frame.

"Sometimes lowering your head is the wiser choice. This cage is no place for you. You have your whole life ahead."

Alex met the old man's gaze. "What's your story?"

The old man sighed bitterly. "I was just walking past when a lord's son called out. I didn't respond fast enough. Eight years I've rotted here."

"Eight years?" Alex gasped, incredulous.

The old man chuckled darkly, shaking his head.

"Don't look so shocked. See him?" He pointed to a man with empty eye sockets and no nose.

"Too handsome. The lord's girlfriend stared at him for five seconds. Jealousy cost him his face."

He pointed again.

"And him, his crime was even simpler. A bird dirtied a lord's fancy coat outside his shop. Five years and counting."

A sudden bark from a soldier interrupted them. "Shut your mouths! Feeding time, animals!"

A guard hurled scraps of rotten food onto the dirt.

Fifty hungry eyes followed, but only two older prisoners stepped forward, silently

dividing the pitiful portions into tiny morsels no bigger than two fingers.

Alex stared in disbelief at the pathetic crumbs. "This is lunch?"

The old man nodded solemnly.

"They give us barely enough to

provoke a fight, hoping we'll kill each other for food. But we refuse to become animals. Instead, we split it evenly and wait to see how many days fate grants us."

Alex's fists clenched, fury igniting deep inside him. "The Chicago Lords think they

can abuse power and ignore justice? They're dead wrong."

"They're justice?" scoffed one prisoner bitterly. "They think they're kings of this country and others are just animals."

An old man coughed harshly, then

spoke gently, "Don't fret. One day,

the True Source will ask our king why he sits on a throne while we, his people, suffer without justice. He'll answer for it then."

Alex glanced at the old man, his eyes sorrowful. "I'm sorry, but the king might not even know about this."

The old man gave a knowing smile, weary yet wise.

"If the king doesn't know what's happening to his own people, he's failed in his duty. The True Source put him there to serve responsibly. Still, he shrugged gently, "we don't blame the king."

"All we wish for is to finally go home," another prisoner whispered, eyes filled with longing. "To sleep in our own beds again."

"Yes," another man said, choking back tears.

"I just want to see my son. When they dragged me away, my wife was four months pregnant. Our oldest was only two. I wonder what's become of them."

"I already told you, animal!" barked a soldier, swaggering toward them.

"Your wife committed suicide-killed herself and the unborn brat when she heard we captured you. Couldn't handle the shame of being married to trash."

"Shut your filthy mouth!" the prisoner roared defiantly.

"You're a liar! When I leave this hellhole, my son will be grown, and my wife will greet me with a smile!"

"Keep dreaming, animal," the soldier sneered, chuckling coldly.

He turned his harsh gaze to Alex. "General wants to see you. Let's hope you dance well enough to entertain us."

Alex was dragged roughly to the open ground near the cages.

Soldiers shackled him securely to a thick pillar, chains made from darksteel wrapped tightly around his body.

The sun blazed mercilessly, and dozens of armed men circled him like vultures, eyes hungry for pain.

The general's voice echoed sharply. "Start with fifty military lashes."

"I'll bet thirty whips knock him unconscious," one soldier said gleefully.

"Twenty," countered another.

"For a kid his size? Fifteen tops," sneered a third.

The soldiers eagerly exchanged money, placing bets on how long Alex would last.

Military whips weren't ordinary-they shredded flesh, breaking both body and spirit.

Twenty strikes could cripple a man permanently.

Fifty meant certain death. Clearly, the general intended Alex to suffer immensely.

"Hold it," Alex growled suddenly, glaring defiantly. "You're whipping me without even questioning me first? Major General, isn't that against protocol?"

The general sneered arrogantly, his bloated face flushed with pride. "Around here, I am the protocol. I control your worthless life, animal. You don't even deserve to bark."

"Sounds like an abuse of power," Alex spat back, his eyes narrowing dangerously.

The general laughed coldly. "You! Give him a few hard slaps first-make sure he loses some teeth. He talks too well for an animal."

One soldier stepped forward, cruel amusement dancing in his eyes. Alex fixed him with a piercing stare.

"Before you hit me, tell me honestly—what really happened to that man's wife and child?"

The soldier smirked maliciously. "Since you're gonna die anyway, no point lying. That stubborn woman kept demanding justice, going to newspapers, police- causing trouble."

"We got sick of her. Broke into her house, had our fun, then killed her. Made it look like a suicide."

The soldier's laughter was venomous. "If your girl tries to rescue you, she'll get

the same. Hope she's pretty-I'd enjoy that."

Alex's eyes turned ice-cold, filled with deadly resolve.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 333[1,199 words]

Previously, while Alex was still trapped in the prison cage, Major General Marcus Hale sat comfortably in his Chicago office, enjoying a cigar when his phone rang.

He picked it up casually.

"Laura Montclair," Marcus drawled with a lazy smirk. "You wanted this Alex guy dead, right? Consider it done. Mind telling me again who exactly he is?"

"He's just some nobody doctor running a tiny clinic in a Vancouver slum," Laura said coldly. "Nothing to worry about."

Marcus chuckled, exhaling a slow stream of smoke.

"I've wiped out thousands like him—he'll vanish, no question. But..." He smirked, voice dropping into a darker tone.

"If you give me another night like last week, I might even take my time. Drag it out. What do you say?"

"Perfect," Laura shot back coldly. "I was craving that too."

The line went dead.

Barely moments later, the phone rang again. Marcus frowned when he saw the caller ID.

"Governor Tom Jones? What's the matter now?"

"I hear you're holding someone named Alex," Tom Jones said in a calm, icy voice.

Marcus grunted. "If you're talking about the Vancouver doctor, yeah, he's mine."

"I'll send you his photo. Confirm it's him," Tom ordered.

Marcus glanced at his phone, nodding sharply. "Yep, that's him."

"Good. Kill him," Tom said flatly. "Same rate as always, one hundred thousand dollars per person."

"Business as usual," Marcus shrugged.

"Actually, I'll triple it," Tom continued with a sinister edge. "But make it brutal. I want him to suffer horribly."

Marcus laughed darkly. "Consider it entertainment. I'll livestream his torture. You bring the popcorn."

The second Marcus ended the call, his phone rang twice more, with Dupont and Hernandez making identical demands.

Torture Alex. Make it agonizing. Kill him.

Marcus shook his head in disbelief, muttering to himself, "What the hell did this guy do to piss off four out of the five Chicago Lords?"

Suddenly, an assistant burst through the door, face pale, holding out a paper with trembling hands. "Sir, you need to see this."

Marcus snatched the paper and scanned it quickly. His eyes widened with shock and delight.

"Johnson's throwing a hundred million on this guy's head. That's not a bounty- that's a goldmine."

Marcus' eyes burned with greed, sharp and electric.

"Four Lords already want him buried. Johnson-the fifth-wants his head on a spike. I bag him, and I'm set for life. This is my damn retirement plan."

Marcus stood up abruptly, eyes blazing with excitement.

"Bring Alex to the center of the field. We're going to put on a show. Torture him slowly, painfully, until he's begging for death. Afterwards, we'll barbecue his remains."

Minutes later, Alex was chained to a tall post in the center of the open field, vulnerable and exposed.

Marcus barked an order, and a soldier stepped forward holding a whip lined with razor-sharp thorns.

Each lash would shred flesh, exposing bone instantly.

"What the hell are you waiting for?" Marcus barked, his voice cutting through the air like a blade.

He shot a glare at the soldier still talking to Alex.

"These people didn't come for conversation-they came for blood. Now whip him!"

Around the field, prisoners watched anxiously, whispering their grim expectations. "Poor Kid," someone muttered. "He'll be dead soon enough. Let's hope it's quick."

The soldier, Montana sneered at Alex, brandishing the vicious whip.

"Say goodbye, asshole. This whip has tasted plenty of blood already."

He swung the whip back, but suddenly his arm jerked violently, forcing the whip to lash brutally across his own back.

The soldier howled in agony as the sharp barbs tore through his flesh.

The entire crowd gasped, horrified and confused.

"Montana! What the hell are you doing?" another soldier shouted, rushing forward.

Montana's face twisted in anguish and confusion, his movements not his own.

Before anyone could stop him, he swung again, this time wrapping the whip tightly around the approaching soldier's neck.

"No" the trapped soldier gasped desperately.

But Montana jerked the whip

harshly, slicing deep into the man's throat. Blood sprayed everywhere, staining the ground crimson as the soldier collapsed, choking and twitching.

Marcus stood frozen, his earlier confidence now replaced by stunned silence and creeping dread.

The other outsider rushed forward, pistol aimed straight at Montana. "Montana, stop right now! Do you want to die?"

Montana stared back in horror, desperately trying to shout, "My body is moving on its own! Help me!"

But his lips refused to open, sealed shut by some invisible force.

Instead, his hand whipped around violently, striking down any soldier who dared approach.

Marcus snapped into action, his voice cold and ruthless. "Shoot him!"

The soldiers hesitated, their guns trembling slightly.

One of them, Samuel aimed directly at Montana and whispered, almost apologetically, "Sorry, Montana."

The trigger squeezed, but in an instant, the soldier's hand twisted unnaturally to the side.

His shot went wild, blasting into the chest of his nearest comrade. Shock filled his eyes as he saw what he'd done.

Confusion and terror exploded among the soldiers.

Suddenly, Samuel turned and began firing wildly into his own ranks.

The soldiers, caught completely off guard, returned fire desperately.

But no matter how many bullets hit Samuel, he didn't fall. Like some kind of unstoppable monster, he kept

sting until his magazine clicked

empty.

Montana continued swinging his arms, whipping soldiers brutally aside. Bullets

tore into his head and body, yet he moved as if he felt nothing.

"They're zombies! They've turned into zombies!" one soldier screamed, panic infecting the ranks.

Marcus stood frozen, disbelief

etched on his hardened face. He had

seen countless battles, slaughtered

thousands without blinking but never anything like this.

The impossibility of the scene chilled him to the bone.

His phone suddenly rang, slicing through the chaos. He snatched it from his

pocket.

"Marcus," a cold voice said, "you've taken someone named Alex. Release him immediately, or we're going to war."

Marcus looked at the caller ID and felt his stomach churn.

It was Alfred Kingston, the powerful governor who now controlled Los Angeles.

"Alfred, I have no idea what you're talking about," Marcus lied hastily.

"Don't pretend," Alfred growled dangerously. "Alex isn't someone you can mess with. Let him go, for everyone's sake."

Marcus felt his throat tighten. "I'll check if my men took him by mistake. I'll get back to you."

His gaze shifted instinctively to Alex, who stood calmly across the distance.

Their eyes met, and Marcus felt an inexplicable dread crawling up his spine. "Damn it! I'm a general! I fear no one!" Marcus muttered angrily, shaking off the

unease.

His phone rang again, jolting him. He answered tensely, "Governor Vermont. What a pleasant surprise."

"Marcus," Kelly's voice was ice-cold and furious, "you kidnapped Alex. Release

him immediately, or prepare for war."

"I don't have any idea—"

"Stop playing games!" Kelly roared.

"I've hacked your systems-I can see you're broadcasting him live to the Chicago warlords! Stop lying, you pathetic bastard, or I'll end you!"

Marcus angrily ended the call. He stared intently at Alex, baffled yet defiant.

"Who the hell are you?" he muttered under his breath.

He hesitated for a moment, visions of the hundred million dollars offered by the Chicago lords flashing through his mind.

Gritting his teeth, he barked orders, "All of you, fire! Turn that man into Swiss cheese!"

Marcus reasoned that if Alex died now, he could claim ignorance, say it was too late to stop his men.

But suddenly, a deafening military alarm blared, sending everyone into panic.

"What the hell is going on?" Marcus demanded furiously.

One of his assistants ran to him, breathless. "General, it's Vancouver!"

"What about Vancouver?"

"They're launching missiles!"

"What?"

"Fifty missiles inbound! Right now!"

Marcus's face twisted with fury and disbelief. "Are they insane? Are they declaring

war?"

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 334[848 words]

"That damned woman!" General Marcus roared, his face flushed with rage.

Launching fifty missiles wasn't cheap-each missile cost about three million dollars.

Vancouver had just burned through a hundred and fifty million dollars like it was pocket change.

But the worst part was Chicago's defense system. It automatically intercepted every incoming missile, and each defense missile cost five million.

Chicago had already bled two hundred and fifty million dollars just to protect itself.

War burned money faster than gasoline.

Marcus watched as the enemy missiles exploded harmlessly in mid-air, filling the sky with brilliant, costly fireballs.

"Get the governor of Vancouver on the line!" Marcus barked.

Within moments, the call connected.

"Listen here, you arrogant piece of trash," Marcus seethed. "Are you declaring war on Chicago? How dare you launch missiles at us!"

Jasmine's voice came through icy and unyielding.

"How dare you kidnap Alex? You release him right now, or I'll send another fifty missiles."

"Are you insane?" Marcus shouted in disbelief. "You spent a hundred and fifty million dollars just for one man?"

"That man means everything to me!"

"You're completely out of your mind!" Marcus roared, unable to fathom her logic.

"No," Jasmine shot back sharply. "You're the lunatic holding Alex hostage."

"Those missiles I sent are nothing compared to what's next-they're already targeted at your home, your parents' place, your second and third wives, even that little mistress you hide away."

Marcus felt his blood run cold. "You're targeting civilians?"

"So what if I am?" Jasmine snarled. "You have exactly five minutes to release Alex, or you'll regret it forever." The line went dead.

Before Marcus could recover, another phone rang urgently.

"Mr. Hernandez," Marcus answered tensely.

Lucas Hernandez's voice was chillingly calm. "Listen carefully. Vancouver attacked first-show no weakness. Load your missiles with nuclear warheads and fire back immediately."

Marcus hesitated, stunned. "Sir, are you sure?"

"I've never been surer. Do it."

"Sir, if we nuke Vancouver, there'll be nothing left but ash," Marcus protested.

"Seems you've lost your nerve, Marcus," Hernandez snapped. "This is self- defense. Vancouver struck first. I expect their city in flames within the hour."

Before Marcus could respond, alarms shrieked again.

"What now?" Marcus demanded.

"General," a soldier reported urgently, "Los Angeles tried contacting you, but couldn't get through. They've just launched twenty missiles at us."

"Damn it!" Marcus felt a throbbing pain surge through his skull.

"General Marcus," Hernandez shouted through the phone, "Send the nukes now!"

Marcus slammed down the phone just as it rang again.

"What?" he snarled.

"General, it's Kelly from Vermont," a mocking voice replied. "Release Alex immediately or fifty missiles are coming your way. Your choice."

"Shut your mouth!" Marcus exploded, losing all control. "You think you can threaten Chicago without consequences?"

Kelly laughed bitterly. "And what exactly are you planning, General? Nukes? Go ahead-we've got plenty of dusty old nukes ourselves. Maybe time we put them to use.'

it's t

Marcus felt fury and panic coil inside him, gripping his chest like a vice.

"You people are all out of your damned minds!"

Marcus leaned back in his chair, savoring the fleeting comforts of his rank.

Being a general suited him fine power without the madness of war. Throwing lives away in battle was foolishness he wanted no part of.

Outside, the faint wail of sirens reassured him that their air defense was still holding strong, for now at least.

But Marcus wasn't naive. If Chicago faced an attack from three states at once, the city would burn.

He had nukes, true-but launching even one would invite a swift and merciless retaliation.

He rubbed his temples, then made a swift decision. Pulling up a secure channel, he called the Chicago Lords for an urgent meeting.

Faces appeared on his screen, grim and impatient.

"Gentlemen," Marcus began heavily, "I have unfortunate news. I'm sending Alex back. I can't fulfill your request."

Tom Jones' voice cut through the silence like a blade.

"General Marcus, have you forgotten who you work for? We-the five Lords of Chicago-have already committed ourselves to war with Vancouver, Los Angeles, and even Vermont. Your only job is to eliminate that man."

Marcus shook his head fiercely. "I, won't drag my soldiers into a wart The public will never accept it. We unge the city into civilchaos one damned man!"

"I don't care what it takes," another Lord barked, eyes narrowing into slits. "I want Alex dead. No exceptions."

"General, prepare your men for war," Tom Jones concluded coldly. "You wear the uniform; now act like it. Protect this city or face the consequences."

The call ended abruptly, leaving Marcus staring blankly at the darkened screen. Sweat trickled down his forehead.

The Lords had unanimously condemned them all to battle.

Suddenly, urgent knocks rattled his office door.

"What is it?" Marcus snapped, irritation flaring.

"Sir, you've got to see this!" a soldier shouted from outside.

Marcus rushed to the window, threw it open, and felt dread coil tightly in his chest.

Mercenaries swarmed toward his military compound, a ruthless wave marching under the harsh glow of streetlights.

"What the hell are they doing here?" Marcus demanded, breath quickening.

"Someone paid them off," the soldier replied, voice tense with fear. "They'll tear us apart if we don't hand Alex over."

"Again?" Marcus whispered, his head throbbing with sudden, agonizing pain.

He gripped the window frame, knuckles white, staring down at the merciless mob below, realizing that peace was slipping irrevocably through his fingers.

The Almighty Dominance

Chapter 335[1,014 words]

Suddenly, the deafening roar of engines shattered the quiet, signaling the arrival of an armed convoy barreling down the road.

A storm of dust kicked up behind them, making the approaching vehicles seem monstrous, unstoppable.

Each armored truck proudly bore the intimidating insignias of twelve notorious mercenary groups.

Within moments, the convoy crashed to a halt, barricading the base's entrance completely.

Doors slammed open, and over four hundred heavily armed mercenaries spilled onto the road.

Guns gleaming under the sunlight, their eyes locked onto General Marcus with ruthless determination.

The atmosphere became electric, vibrating with the explosive threat of imminent violence. War hung heavy in the air, just a heartbeat away.

From within the mass of mercenaries emerged Lyra Thompson, walking confidently, flanked by the ruthless leaders of each mercenary group.

General Marcus, his face darkening, marched forward from the base entrance to confront her.

He knew exactly who she was-daughter of Joe Thompson, once the infamous Sixth Lord of Chicago who got kicked out of the Chicago Lords.

Trouble ran deep in her veins.

"Lyra Thompson!" Marcus roared furiously, his voice echoing across the tense space between them.

"What the hell do you think you're doing, bringing mercenaries to storm my base? Are you insane enough to declare war?"

Lyra stared him down, cool and unflinching. "I've come for Alex. Hand him over peacefully, or I'll take him by force."

Marcus felt the rage ignite like wildfire within him.

"You've got some damn nerve!" he spat, eyes blazing with fury.

"I answer directly to the Chicago Lords! Is the Thompson family truly ready to start a war with them?"

Lyra gave him a cold, unbothered smile. "You clearly don't understand your own position, Marcus.

Jasmine Kingston, Alfred Kingston, Kelly Kingston-the governors of three states are behind me. The real question is: Are you willing to risk war with all of us?"

Marcus's face twisted with fury, veins bulging from his neck.

"How dare you threaten a Major General! Soldiers, get out here, now!"

Instantly, soldiers surged from the base gates, weapons at the ready.

Marcus's men squared off against Lyra's mercenaries, the hostility between the two sides igniting into palpable bloodlust.

"Move in! Bring Alex out!" Lyra commanded sharply, her voice echoing with steely resolve.

The mercenaries stepped forward as one deadly wave, but Marcus blocked their path, drawing his pistol.

He aimed it straight ahead, his hand trembling with barely-contained rage.

"Anyone takes one step closer and I'll put a bullet through your skull!"

Lyra took another defiant step forward, her eyes daring him without fear. "You're welcome to try."

"You think I won't?" Marcus snarled through clenched teeth, sweat beading his forehead.

"You're playing a dangerous game, Lyra!"

Without hesitation, Lyra raised her hand high, voice ringing clearly for all to hear.

"One hundred million dollars for Marcus's head! Mercenary or soldier, doesn't matter! Whoever shoots him first gets the money!"

Her words hit Marcus like a punch to the gut.

His heart hammered furiously against his ribs, a chilling realization dawning on him.

One hundred million dollars-enough to make even the most loyal soldier reconsider.

No, even his wife wouldn't hesitate to take his life.

Marcus could practically feel the greedy eyes of his own men turning toward him, calculating.

Panic surged through Marcus, his pulse pounding. He tried desperately to save himself.

"Wait! Anyone who kills me will answer to the Chicago Lords!"

Yet as he frantically scanned the faces around him, Marcus saw betrayal lurking everywhere.

His own soldiers eyed him hungrily, weapons held tightly, fingers twitching on triggers.

Marcus knew in that dreadful instant-he was no longer safe.

He realized, with sickening clarity, he was about to die-betrayed, helpless, and alone.

"Damn it, Lyra!" General Marcus snapped.

His sluggish brain, usually occupied only with women and parties, suddenly spun into overdrive.

The Chicago Lords were forcing him into a suicidal war with three powerful states, leaving his own life dangling by a thread.

Now, every choice mattered, every decision could mean life or death.

After a tense silence, he finally spoke. "Half a billion."

Lyra narrowed her eyes, puzzled. "What?"

"You give me half a billion, and I'll hand Alex back to you," Marcus clarified, the words sharp and certain.

Lyra scoffed mockingly. "Half a billion? Come on, Marcus. A hundred million could buy me your head instead-and that's way cheaper."

Marcus leaned closer, eyes darkening. "I'll throw in the heads of four Chicago Lords, too."

In his mind, the calculation was clear.

Holding onto Alex meant certain death at the hands of the Three States.

Releasing him, however, meant war with the Chicago Lords-but they were easier prey, and the rewards far richer.

Greed and survival pointed in the same direction: betray and kill.

Lyra's expression shifted from skepticism to delight, her smile dangerous.

"Now we're finally speaking the same language. But tell me which one gets to live from the five?"

"Johnson," Marcus replied without hesitation.

She raised an eyebrow. "Why him?"

"Because that greedy bastard cares only

hunting him, he'll offer me

as

hout money. If he finds much. Can't kill off my cathe outa'm

just

yet."

Lyra smirked wickedly. "Whatever Johnson offers, I'll double it. Kill him, too."

Marcus eyed Lyra suspiciously from head to toe, skepticism dripping from his voice.

"Didn't Thompson just lose all your money in Vancouver? You sure you even have enough cash left?"

Without a word, Lyra pulled out her phone, tapping the screen once and showing Marcus the number.

His eyes widened instantly, disbelief evident on his face.

"Well damn," he muttered, impressed. "If you've got that kind of money, Johnson's

as good as dead."

"When are you making your move?" Lyra demanded impatiently.

Marcus straightened, decisive and confident. "If you guarantee the

three states will stop raining missiles on me, I'll take the Lords down immediately. And if your mercenaries join my men, it'll make everything go faster."

Lyra turned sharply to the mercenary leaders. "You heard the General. You get paid when it's done."

"Deal," growled one leader. "As long as the cash comes, we'll slaughter whoever you point us at."

Marcus laughed, a deep, relieved chuckle-finally seeing his way out of hell.

Facing five unsuspecting Chicago Lords was infinitely preferable to nuclear annihilation.

"Lyra, Alex is still inside," Marcus added, suddenly businesslike.

"My men will take you to him. Give me an hour. I'll drag the Lords back here, alive or dead, and you can finally have the revenge you've been craving for your family."

"Who knows, if the King agrees, you might even become the Chicago governor."

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 336[1,048 words]

Lyra had never allowed herself the luxury of dreaming about becoming governor -not when every step toward that ambition required the king's blessing.

"General Marcus," she warned, her voice tight with urgency, "you'd better move quickly against the Chicago lords. If they even catch a hint that you're plotting against them, your head will roll before you know what hit you."

Marcus threw back his head with a contemptuous laugh.

"You're damn right about one thing-gold rules everything around here. Alex is already being set loose; I've made sure of it. Let the games begin."

"Good," Lyra nodded sharply. "Now get moving."

She pivoted swiftly, making her way toward Alex.

Behind her, Marcus barked orders, his voice like a whip cracking in the tense air.

"Get your asses in gear! The faster we strike, the easier this war becomes!"

Lyra had sized Marcus up long ago—a coward beneath all the bravado, obsessed with his wealth and self-preservation.

Yet, beneath that veneer lay something more dangerous: he was a cunning fox, armed to the teeth with clever tricks.

Strike down five Chicago lords, and none of them would stand a chance against his deceitful games.

Inside the military compound, Lyra found Alex standing silently in front of a massive iron cage, its door hanging wide open.

The prisoners, however, stood rooted in place, fear etched into their faces.

"Alex!" Lyra rushed to him, wrapping her arms around his shoulders. "Are you alright?"

Alex exhaled softly, turning his eyes toward her. "Yeah, I'm fine."

"What are you staring at?"

"Them," Alex gestured bitterly toward the caged men, their hollow eyes filled with dread. "The cage is open. I told them to run, but none of them will budge."

An elderly prisoner, his voice brittle with despair, spoke up.

"It's not that we don't crave freedom, son. But if we run while soldiers are occupied, we might escape for now—but later, they'll hunt us down like dogs and shoot us dead."

Another prisoner chimed in, his voice shaking, "You don't know the terror we've seen. They'll rip off your arms, your legs... Look at him—"

He gestured toward a man slumped in agony, "he tried escaping, now he has no legs."

Alex glanced at Lyra, pain in his eyes. "The cage wasn't even locked. They've chained themselves with their fear."

Lyra sighed deeply, compassion softening her voice.

"Their spirits are broken, Alex. Healing takes time. Let's get out of here."

As they walked away, Alex's eyes hardened, his expression turning deadly serious. "Where's Marcus?"

Lyra quickly explained Marcus's plans.

"He's going after the Chicago lords because they're easier prey than tackling the Three States directly. He's dangerously clever."

"Dangerous, yes," Alex agreed darkly.

"I'll call Jasmine and Kelly, get them to stop the missiles. They only wanted to help me."

He hesitated, glancing back at the broken men in the cage.

"Lyra, do you think our new king is failing? Is he too weak to control men like Marcus, letting generals abuse their power unchecked?"

Lyra stopped walking, meeting his eyes seriously.

"Alex, don't blame the king yet. He's young and new to power. He overthrew a tyrant; since then, things have improved dramatically."

"Yes, some governors resist him, plotting evil behind closed doors. Change takes patience."

Alex studied her thoughtfully. "You know, Lyra, you'd make an excellent governor." She laughed softly, shaking her head.

"My father was governor. I learned plenty from him. But let's drop that topic if I dwell on dreams of power, I'll lose sight of what's practical. Right now, money is the goal."

At the other end of town, Sophia stared anxiously at Gilbert Guise's phone number, scribbled hastily by Laura.

Laura's cold ultimatum echoed mercilessly in Sophia's mind.

"Either you marry Gilbert and save Alex's life, or you never see Alex again. Make Gilbert happy, and maybe, just maybe, I'll set Alex free."

Sophia took a deep breath, picked up the phone, and dialed Gilbert's number. Her heart hammered against her ribs as the call connected.

Yet, Laura snatched the phone.

"Hello, Mr. Guise? This is Laura Montclair," she purred, flashing Sophia a wicked, triumphant smile.

"Remember how you've always admired Sophia Lancaster, Vancouver's top

model with Montclair blood? Well, guess what I finally convinced her. Do you still want to marry her?"

Gilbert's surprised gasp was audible through the speaker.

"Absolutely! I've waited five long years for this!"

"Then it's your lucky day." Laura smirked triumphantly, thrusting the phone into Sophia's trembling hand.

"Here, Sophia. Talk to your future husband."

Sophia swallowed hard and forced herself to speak, her voice tight. "Hello, Mr. Guise. It's me, Sophia Lancaster."

"Sophia?" Gilbert's voice turned syrupy, almost disbelieving. "I never thought I'd actually hear you say yes. It's like a dream."

Sophia tightened her grip, determined to maintain control.

"Listen, Mr. Guise, to be honest, I'm not ready for marriage. Why don't we start slow and see how things develop naturally?"

Gilbert chuckled lightly, unfazed. "Of course! How about you let me take you out for dinner tonight? We'll call it a first step."

Sophia tensed immediately, her mouth dry. "Um—I—"

"Oh come on," Gilbert teased gently, yet his voice carried an edge of command.

"You wouldn't reject a simple dinner invitation, would you?"

Sophia forced a smile, tasting bitter defeat. "Of course not."

"Perfect! I'll pick you up tonight. Can't wait!" Gilbert sounded triumphant, almost jubilant, as Sophia quickly ended the call.

"Well?" Laura demanded impatiently, eyes glistening with anticipation. "What did he say?"

Sophia sighed, drained and defeated. "He wants to have dinner with me tonight." Laura clapped her hands excitedly, eyes sparkling with twisted satisfaction. "Wonderful! Go home, dress yourself up nice, and don't keep Mr. Guise waiting. I'll tell General Marcus to release Alex as soon as you've had dinner."

Laura leaned closer, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper.

"And Sophia, you'd better seize this opportunity wisely. Gilbert is eager to marry you, and the Guises practically rule Paris state. You'd be a fool to let this chance slip away!"

Sophia shook her head slowly, meeting Laura's cold stare with quiet defiance. "I

don't care about marrying into a wealthy family."

Laura scoffed, incredulous and contemptuous.

"Then who exactly are you going to

marry? Some worthless nobody like

Alex? What is wrong with you, Sophia? With the Guises, you'd have everything you could

choose misery in this path want. Why

place?"

sônovel

Sophia glanced around the room, feeling the weight of Laura's greedy eyes on

her.

She said nothing, her silence speaking volumes.

Once, she too had hungered for power and wealth.

But now, standing at the brink, Sophia finally realized none of it truly mattered—

not compared to freedom, love, and the chance at real happiness.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 337[1,035 words]

Sophia finally realized it—she had to pay the price for everything she'd done to Alex.

She had chosen to divorce Alex simply because he was a pitiful former soldier with no wealth or influence.

But now, in her heart, she knew Alex was the only one who truly understood her, the only one willing to sacrifice anything for her.

The money, the power, the people she had chased after to improve her life—they had all betrayed her.

Every single one of them used her for their selfish purposes.

Sophia had thrown Alex away because she saw him as worthless, and chased after powerful men who viewed her exactly the way she had once viewed Alex- as a tool, nothing more.

None of them ever saw her true self, her real heart.

In their eyes, she was just another trophy, defined by her status and wealth.

She wasn't a real person to them, just another shiny object to add to their collection.

In tears, Sophia finally understood that she had lost something precious in her pursuit of material success-the illusion of power had blinded her.

She had chased empty promises instead of genuine happiness.

Now, by sacrificing herself to help Alex, she hoped to repay him for the terrible mistakes she had made.

It was time to face her karma.

Night fell, cloaking Chicago in darkness. A taxi pulled up slowly outside the First Restaurant.

Alex and Lyra stepped out, scanning the elegant facade.

"So, this is the best restaurant in Chicago?" Alex murmured skeptically.

"Well, I can't say for sure it's not exactly my style," Lyra replied with a smirk, "but everyone swears it's the best."

They walked together into the sophisticated dining hall, finding a table on the VIP floor overlooking the bustling crowd below.

"I heard from Kelly Kingston that the king finally agreed to let your father become governor," Alex said, his voice filled with genuine admiration. "Congratulations." Lyra shook her head with a smile. "It's all thanks to that cunning fox, Major General Marcus. He single-handedly destroyed the Chicago Lords."

Alex's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "What exactly did he do?"

"You wouldn't believe it," Lyra said, rolling her eyes dramatically.

"Before arresting the Lords, he exposed every dirty secret they had. All their corrupt dealings went straight to the prime minister and the king. The whole government nearly exploded with rage."

"Sounds like a brilliant play," Alex chuckled.

"Absolutely. Marcus shoved the Lords off the edge and positioned himself as the hero who caught them," Lyra said sarcastically. "Classic move."

"And it worked perfectly," Alex said with amusement. "I heard your father, who was framed by the Lords and forced out, got his position restored by the king. Now Joe Thompson is the only Lord left standing."

Lyra sighed, her expression softening with gratitude. "That's the best part. My father's position is restored, and my mother's investments have suddenly turned golden."

Alex smiled knowingly. "And now your father's wasted no time making you vice governor. Everyone says he's already preparing you to take over entirely."

Lyra blushed slightly, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "Come on, Alex. I still have so much to learn from my father."

She smiled warmly, the happiness clear in her eyes as they sat together, the weight of past struggles beginning to lift away.

Lyra had endured a long, painful journey, marked by shame and rejection ever since her father was publicly disgraced and banished first from Chicago, then from Vancouver.

It was only after meeting Alex that her life had started turning around, slowly but surely improving day by day.

"You know, Alex," Lyra said softly, looking deeply into his eyes, her voice filled with sincerity. "If I owe anyone in this life, it's you. I'd willingly die for you."

၆၇၇

Alex, taken aback, struggled to find the right words. Finally, he offered, "You've fought hard without ever giving up. The success you're enjoying now comes from your persistence and strength—and from the True Source. You deserve every bit of it."

Lyra bit her lip nervously, eyes shining as she held his gaze. "Alex, I think I'm falling in love with you."

Alex hesitated, desperately looking for a distraction. His eyes settled on a couple entering the room. "Lyra, isn't that Sophia?"

Lyra turned sharply, surprise flashing across her face. Indeed, her best friend Sophia was there, arm-in-arm with another man. They seemed undeniably like they were on a date.

Anger and bitterness churned within Alex. His recent capture by the military and the near-death experience were still fresh wounds, yet here Sophia was, carefree and happy with another man.

It cut deep, confirming his worst fears—that Sophia didn't care about him at all.

"Do you recognize that guy?" Alex asked sharply, unable to hide the bitterness in his voice.

"Yeah," Lyra replied, eyes narrowing slightly. "That's Gilbert Guise, heir to the Paris estate-bigger even than Texas or Chicago. But I didn't know he and Sophia were close." She glanced back at Alex. "Want to move to another spot?"

Alex frowned, his jaw tightening. "Why would we do that?"

"Well, she's my best friend, but she's also your ex-wife," Lyra said carefully,

sensing his pain. "Won't it hurt you to see her here?"

Alex scoffed defiantly, taking a deep swig from his wine glass. "Forget it. I haven't done anything wrong, so there's no reason to run."

Just then, Sophia and Gilbert entered the VIP section. Sophia immediately noticed the pair, excitement flashing in her eyes. "Alex? Lyra? What are you guys doing here?" she asked brightly, approaching quickly.

"Why shouldn't I be here?" Alex responded coldly, glaring at her. "When did they release you? Why didn't you tell me?" Sophia asked joyfully, her eyes hopeful, convinced that her agreement to date Gilbert had something to do with Alex's freedom. Surely Laura had informed the military, ensuring his release? Alex's eyes grew colder, his tone sharp and cutting. "Do you think I need your permission or that I owe you an explanation for being free?"

Sophia felt her heart tighten painfully. She had been willing to sacrifice everything for Alex, yet his distant, indifferent response crushed her. Did he not realize the lengths she had gone to for him?

Meanwhile, Alex's bitterness

deepened, haunted by memories of his imprisonment and Sophia's absence her indifference becoming clearer with every passing moment. As she stood there, arm linked with another man, Alex finally understood the bitter truth: they were never truly meant to be.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 338[1,156 words]

Sophia couldn't grasp why Alex was treating her so harshly.

Didn't he realize she'd given up everything just to ensure his safety?

She took a deep breath, forcing herself to think positively. Perhaps the military ordeal had left him shaken and unsettled.

Maybe he was just hurt, emotionally raw.

She stepped forward cautiously, eyes full of concern.

"Alex, what's wrong? Are you injured? Do we need to get you to a hospital?" Her voice trembled slightly with genuine worry.

Alex stared back incredulously, unable to fathom her thinking.

How could she be standing next to another man yet still pretend to care about him?

Was there something seriously wrong with her head?

He glared, bitterness coloring every word, "I'm perfectly fine, Ms. Lancaster.

Thank you very much for your concern. But maybe you should worry more about your date. Your boyfriend deserves your full attention."

"Boyfriend?" Sophia glanced nervously at Gilbert, instantly realizing the misunderstanding.

She turned desperately back to Alex. "No, Alex, you've got this all wrong. We're just friends."

Gilbert's expression darkened, eyes narrowing sharply.

"Friends? Sophia, we're discussing marriage seriously. At the very least, I'm your fiancé."

"Gilbert, please-" Sophia pleaded.

"No, Sophia, you listen to me," Gilbert cut her off coldly.

"You made a promise. Laura has already fulfilled her end of the deal. Are you really going back on your word after everything she's done?"

Sophia's heart sank painfully. She stared pleadingly at Alex, her mind reeling.

The deal she'd struck with Gilbert and Laura was the only reason Alex was safe

now.

And if they had fulfilled their obligations, she had to honor her side of the bargain. With a forced smile masking deep anguish, Sophia gestured toward Gilbert.

"Alex, let me introduce Mr. Gilbert from Paris. He has a close relationship with Laura. You got out so quickly thanks to..."

Sophia hesitated, almost confessing her sacrifice, but stopped short, unwilling to burden Alex with guilt. "Thanks to him."

Alex's eyes narrowed sharply, his tone icy and dismissive.

"Sophia, I have no idea what you're trying to imply here, but neither he nor Laura had anything to do with my release."

Lyra stepped forward fiercely, her voice filled with disdain.

"Exactly. Who do you think you are, Gilbert? Claiming credit for what I did. Sophia, are you sure he's not scamming you?"

"Whoa, slow down, lady," Gilbert snapped back, eyes flashing with irritation.

"There's no need to get so defensive about your boyfriend. The proof is standing right here—Alex is free because of me and Laura. Deny it all you want, but facts remain facts."

Alex shook his head slowly, his voice dripping with contempt.

"I have no clue what fantasy you've invented in your head, Gilbert, but you're seriously overestimating yourself. I never needed your help."

Sophia hesitated, confusion clouding her judgment.

She trusted Lyra deeply, yet logically, Lyra, a fallen noble like herself, had no power to free Alex.

Gilbert, however, was the son of the Governor of Paris—a powerful figure who could genuinely pull strings.

"Alex, Lyra," Sophia spoke firmly, frustration evident.

"Why are you treating him this way? Gilbert deserves your gratitude."

Alex's jaw clenched as anger surged through him.

"Listen carefully, Sophia—I never asked for anyone's help. You can't force gratitude from me for something that never happened."

"Stop trying to guilt me into believing I owe you or Gilbert anything. You did nothing, Laura did nothing. Lyra helped me, Jasmine helped me. But you two? You're nothing but frauds."

"You—" Sophia slammed her foot on the floor before forcing herself to breathe deeply.

her eyes blazing with anger

"Stop making such a scene, Alex."

"What scene?" Alex retorted sharply.

His voice dripped with bitter sarcasm as he rose from his seat. "Am I interrupting your precious date? Fine. I'll get out of your way."

"Wait!" Sophia's hand shot out, gripping his arm tightly. Her voice trembled with confusion and frustration.

"What's gotten into you? I already told you, Gilbert and Laura helped you. Why won't you trust me?"

"Trust you?" Alex spat the words like venom, wrenching his arm free.

"When have you ever trusted me? They didn't help me. They lied to you, and you were all too willing to believe them!"

"They did help you, Alex!" Sophia protested fiercely, desperation in her voice.

"No, Sophia," Alex snapped back, fury burning in his eyes.

"They never did. You chose to believe their lies over me. Don't drag me back into your twisted little game."

Sophia's heart sank, guilt flooding her chest.

Memories surged painfully, reminding her how often she'd doubted him before.

She had promised herself she would learn to trust Alex. Yet, now she was torn, bewildered.

Had all her sacrifices truly meant nothing?

"Alex, I do believe you, but-"

"No more buts, Sophia!" Alex's voice was raw with emotion, filled with bitter hurt.

"If you really trust me, you'll come

with me right now. Forget Gilbert forget Laura, forget whatever crap they've sold you. Just come with me and Lyra."

Sophia hesitated, her eyes flickering uncertainly between Alex and Gilbert.

Though her heart felt nothing for Gilbert, gratitude tugged at her conscience.

He and Laura had released Alex when no one else had.

Could she really abandon Gilbert now?

"Sophia," Gilbert's voice was icy and threatening.

"You can't do this. You won't humiliate me after everything I've done for you. If you do, your entire family will pay dearly. You'll regret this."

Alex scoffed bitterly. "Listen to him. Threats and fear-that's all he's got. Sophia, if you truly trust me, let him go."

Gilbert leaned closer, menace

glittering in his eyes. "Walk away

and the consequences will be dire. I'm not someone you can toss aside without paying a heavy price."

Sophia faltered, her face pale with indecision.

Gilbert's chilling promise made her hesitate. His threats were real, dangerous.

Could she afford to provoke him?

Alex's jaw tightened, disgust washing over his face.

"Still can't choose, can you? Figures. I thought you'd changed, Sophia. I guess I was wrong. You never believed in me. It was always someone else first." Panic etched Sophia's features as she struggled, visibly torn apart by the choice.

Alex felt a sharp stab of betrayal-how could she put Gilbert and him on equal footing? The pain was unbearable.

"Forget it, Ms. Lancaster," Alex muttered coldly, bitterness saturating each word. "Don't bother choosing. We're done. Enjoy your dinner."

He turned abruptly, striding toward the door.

"Wait for me!" Lyra quickly followed, leaving Sophia staring helplessly after them. Outside, Alex paused, the chilly night wind biting into his skin.

Frustration and heartache churned inside him, leaving him uncertain of how to cope with the storm of emotions.

He had acted indifferent, but seeing Sophia with another man had torn him apart inside.

Lyra gently touched his arm, her voice soft and comforting.

"It's late. Maybe we can continue our drinks at a quieter place? I know a beautiful penthouse."

Alex turned to Lyra in silence and she met his gaze directly, compassion filling her expression.

"I can see the pain in your eyes, Alex. And it hurts me too."

She leaned in, pressing a gentle yet passionate kiss against his lips.

Sophia burst out of the restaurant doors, breathless and frantic. Her heart shattered instantly as she witnessed Lyra kissing Alex deeply-and him responding to it.

O'

She stood frozen, despair gripping her chest. It felt like the ground beneath her

had vanished, leaving her utterly broken.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 339[1,134 words]

Sophia stared across the road at Alex and Lyra, her heart sinking.

One was her closest friend, and the other was the man who once gave her everything.

But back then, none of that mattered.

Now, when she was finally ready to give him her heart, all that awaited her was pain.

"Well," Gilbert whispered suddenly from behind her, his voice dripping with mockery, "don't you think they make a lovely couple, Sophia?"

She sighed, exhaustion filling her voice. "Gilbert, do you really think we'd make a good couple?"

"What?" Gilbert sneered. "Are you having second thoughts after everything Laura did for you?"

Sophia bit her lip, anger and regret twisting inside her. "Maybe Alex was right. Maybe neither you nor Laura ever truly helped him. Which means I don't owe either of you anything."

"You owe me, Sophia," Gilbert growled, his voice dropping dangerously low

"Laura helped free him. Now it's your turn to repay me or trust me, you'll regret crossing me!"

Sophia steadied her breath, meeting his cold gaze head-on.

"Give me time, Gilbert. I refuse to rush into another disaster. I've learned enough from my mistakes."

"Believe me," Gilbert replied sharply, eyes narrowing, "so have I."

"Fine," Sophia said firmly.

"Give me 24 hours. If either you or Laura genuinely helped Alex, I'll marry you. But if you lied, our deal is off."

As she turned away, Gilbert snatched at her wrist, gripping it tightly.

Sophia wrenched her hand free, glaring defiantly. "Let go!" she snapped.

With tears burning in her eyes, Sophia stormed off, haunted by the thought that every choice she'd ever made in love or haste had led only to disaster.

She no longer knew what to believe or do.

Meanwhile, Alex stared at Lyra, stunned. "What was that kiss for?"

Lyra flashed him a mischievous grin, her eyes sparkling. "Well, I just saved your life. Don't you think that earns me a little reward?"

Alex chuckled softly, eyes lingering on her face. "Fair enough."

She was beautiful, no less captivating than Sophia, and he felt his pulse quicken in her presence—perhaps from attraction, perhaps from something deeper.

"Alex," Lyra purred, stepping closer, "have you thought about my offer the penthouse?"

Before Alex could respond, Lyra's phone buzzed insistently. She glanced at it, clearly annoyed, and ignored the call.

"Maybe you should get that," Alex suggested lightly.

"No," Lyra insisted, gaze locked onto his. "I want your answer first."

"It might be important," Alex pointed again to her buzzing phone.

With a sigh of irritation, Lyra grabbed the phone.

"Father?" Her expression darkened as she listened, finally ending the call with frustration.

"I'm sorry, Alex. My father needs me. Looks like our plans are ruined."

Alex smiled faintly, teasing, "That's a shame. I was just about to say yes."

"No, you weren't," Lyra laughed, her eyes playful yet knowing.

"Your face says otherwise. But trust me, Alex-you'll fall for me, just like you fell for Sophia. I guarantee it."

Alex nodded seriously. "You better go see what your father wants. Thanks for everything, Lyra."

She winked confidently. "Don't mention it."

Across town, Gilbert watched bitterly as Sophia disappeared into the distance.

Frustrated, he called Laura repeatedly but received no answer. Frowning, he checked his phone, only to freeze at the headline flashing across his screen.

All five Chicago lords had been arrested by the military, accused of corruption and causing misery to the city's citizens, a crackdown endorsed by the ministers and the King himself.

"So, Laura didn't actually save Alex," Gilbert muttered darkly, then suddenly a sinister smile spread across his face.

"Sophia, you just showed me your weakness-your willingness to sacrifice yourself for those you care about. That's enough ammunition for me."

He swiftly opened his smartwatch, scrolling through countless pictures of Sophia since her first public appearance.

His obsession flared dangerously.

"You're mine, Sophia," he whispered to himself fiercely. "You'll never escape from me. Tomorrow, you'll finally be mine."

The morning sun found Sophia tangled in sheets, exhausted but wide awake.

Sleep eluded her, the news of Laura and the other Chicago leaders' capture replaying endlessly in her mind.

Alex had been right all along-how could she have doubted him?

Regret burned inside her, sharp and relentless. Still, she knew it wasn't too late.

She could still apologize to Alex and make things right. Next time, she'd think twice before jumping to conclusions.

Suddenly, Florence burst through her bedroom door, panic etched deeply into her face.

"Sophia, it's terrible!" Florence gasped, her eyes wide with fear.

Sophia jumped to her feet. "What happened? What's wrong?"

"It's James!" Florence struggled for breath. "He got drunk last night and—and killed someone. The police have arrested him!"

Sophia staggered backward, stunned. "James? Kill someone? He can't even slaughter a chicken! How is this possible?"

"I don't have the details," Florence urged, her voice trembling. "We need to go, now!"

Sophia raced to the car, her hands shaking on the steering wheel as she drove to the police station.

Her heart pounded relentlessly as she and Florence entered the stark interrogation room. There, sitting slumped and bruised, was James.

"Mom! Sophia!" James cried out, his face streaked with tears. "Thank God you're here!"

Sophia's eyes blazed with fury. Without hesitation, she stormed forward and hit him hard.

"You pathetic fool! How dare you get drunk, mess around with prostitutes, and commit murder?"

Florence quickly stepped in, her voice trembling with anxiety. "Enough, Sophia. Let him explain first."

"I—I don't know exactly what happened," James sobbed, desperate and confused.

"I was drinking with friends, then a woman approached me. We fooled around, and then everything went dark. When I woke up, there was blood everywhere. She was dead!"

"You idiot!" Sophia's voice dripped with disgust. "Do you realize how serious this

is? You'll rot in jail for decades!"

James's face turned ghostly white,

terror

Shipping him. "No! I'm too

can't survive in prison!

, help me! I swear, I never kill her!"

"You've crossed a line you can't return from," Sophia snapped bitterly.

Despite her anger, her heart shattered at the sight of her broken brother.

Suddenly, police officers stormed the room, their eyes locked on Florence. "Are you James's mother?" one officer barked.

"Yes," Florence replied weakly, confusion clouding her eyes.

"You're under arrest," the officer said coldly, grabbing her roughly and cuffing her wrists.

"What the hell are you doing?" Sophia shouted, alarmed and bewildered.

"Stay out of it!" The officer shoved Sophia hard, sending her crashing to the floor.

"James confessed. He killed the woman because his mother told him to."

"What?" James screamed, eyes wide with disbelief.

"That's nonsense!" Florence protested fiercely. "I don't even know that woman!"

"Stop lying the officer sneered. "She

was pregnant with James's child

You didn't approve, so you ordered

him to kill her. Planned

murder-both of you will rot in prison for this."

Sophia scrambled to her feet, her world spinning violently. "That's impossible!

You've made a mistake!"

Another officer calmly spoke to his friend, "Remove this woman from the premises immediately. These two are going to jail."

Sophia fought wildly, protesting loudly as they dragged her outside.

In the harsh sunlight, another officer leaned close, his voice chilling and precise.

"If you want your mother and brother safe, call Gilbert and agree to whatever he demands."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 340[1,217 words]

Inside the locked room, Florence paced anxiously, her mind racing faster in these past thirty minutes than it had in the last three years.

Panic gnawed at her chest as she frantically searched for a way out-for herself and her precious son.

Suddenly, the lock clicked, and the door swung open.

Florence turned sharply as Ricardo, their family lawyer, stepped inside.

"Ricardo! Thank God!" Florence rushed toward him. "You have to understand- didn't plan any of this. James didn't kill anyone! You must help us!"

Ricardo set his briefcase down on the table and sat across from them, his expression grim.

"I'm doing everything I can."

Florence grabbed the table, her knuckles white.

"Ricardo, this is a huge mistake! We shouldn't even be here!"

"Listen carefully, Mrs. Lancaster," Ricardo said calmly.

"This isn't about guilt or innocence anymore. If the authorities say James killed that girl, then in their eyes, he's guilty."

Florence stared at him in disbelief. "What are you saying? Where is the justice in that?"

Ricardo sighed deeply.

"This isn't about justice. Innocent or guilty, once the police decide, it's done. It's all part of a game, and right now, we're losing."

James slammed his fist on the table. "I didn't do it!"

"Believe me," Ricardo's voice fell to a weary whisper, "some of the men locked up are innocent. It doesn't matter. They'll still rot behind bars for decades."

Florence's face drained of color as the reality sank in.

Prison meant a lifetime behind those cold, iron bars-no escape, no hope.

"Ricardo," she pleaded desperately, eyes brimming with tears, "please, tell me you've found something. Anything!"

Ricardo hesitated briefly, then leaned forward.

"I have found one way out for both of you. But I'm not sure you'll agree to it."

Florence's eyes brightened urgently. "What is it? Tell us!"

"The officer handling your case is on Gilbert Guise's payroll. If Guise tells him you're innocent, the charges will vanish."

"Guise?" Florence frowned. "You mean Gilbert Guise, the son of Herbert Guise, the governor of Paris State?"

Ricardo nodded solemnly. "Exactly."

Florence's heart sank. "But I don't have any connection to him."

Ricardo raised an eyebrow. "Really? Because that's not what I heard."

"What did you hear?" Florence's eyes narrowed sharply.

Ricardo leaned back, studying her carefully.

"Sophia Lancaster was spotted having dinner with Gilbert Guise just last night. It's the talk of Paris."

"Rumor is, he's always had a thing for her. Apparently, he once said he wanted to marry Sophia when she was still modeling."

Florence froze, stunned.

She had spent years trying to set Sophia up with Charles Kingston, only to watch that pathetic fool lose favor with his own family.

But Gilbert Guise—he was practically royalty.

The Guise family ruled Paris, a state far richer and more powerful than Vancouver.

If Sophia married Gilbert, it would be the greatest triumph of Florence's life.

A fierce determination lit up Florence's eyes. "If that's true, then this will be easy. Sophia can fix everything."

Ricardo shrugged uncertainly.

"I don't know. I saw Sophia outside. She seemed hesitant almost unwilling-to involve him."

Florence slammed her hand on the table, making everyone flinch.

"What?! I need to talk to her now!"

Within ten minutes, Sophia stood reluctantly in front of her mother, eyes avoiding Florence's piercing stare.

"Sophia," Florence demanded sharply, wasting no time, "call Gilbert Guise immediately. He's our only hope."

Sophia shifted uneasily, looking away.

"Mom, let's leave Guise out of this. I'm working on it another way. I hired a detective to investigate. Please, just give him a little more time."

Florence's voice rose dangerously.

"Sophia, Guise can end this nightmare right now! Why are you being so stubborn?"

Sophia shook her head firmly. "I don't want to ask him, Mom."

Florence lunged forward, grabbing Sophia's phone from her hand. "Then give me his number! I'll talk to him myself!"

Sophia recoiled, but Florence held her firmly, determination blazing in her eyes, leaving Sophia no choice but to surrender.

Florence quickly grabbed her phone and dialed Guise's number, her hands trembling slightly.

"Hello, Gilbert? This is Florence Lancaster-Sophia's mother. Listen, my son James-Sophia's brother-is in serious trouble."

"Could you please pull some strings and help us out?"

Gilbert's voice came back cool and composed, tinged with irritation.

"Sophia's mother, huh? You know, Florence, I'd love to help, but your daughter ran out on me last night. I'm still pretty unhappy about it."

"What?" Florence's body stiffened, and she shot a furious glance at Sophia.

She couldn't fathom the absurdity—her daughter had run away from Gilbert Guise, the prince of Paris.

When countless women would kill to share his bed, her foolish daughter had fled.

"Mr. Guise, Sophia deeply regrets what happened," Florence rushed to say, forcing calm into her voice.

"How about you two have another date tonight? I'll personally make sure everything goes smoothly this time."

Gilbert chuckled softly, clearly amused.

"Well, Mrs Lancaster, if that's a promise, maybe I'll consider helping your son. But make sure Sophia herself calls me-I certainly won't be dating you."

"Of course, of course," Florence agreed quickly, her mind racing.

"By the way, Mr. Guise, didn't you once say you wanted to marry Sophia? Do you still feel that way?"

Gilbert's voice softened with smug satisfaction.

"Absolutely. Everyone knows I'd love nothing more than to marry her."

Florence seized the opportunity immediately. "Wonderful! Don't worry, she'll marry you-I guarantee it."

Gilbert laughed, his tone both confident and sinister.

"If that's true, I'll start preparing the wedding this month."

Florence pressed further, desperate to lock down the deal. "Why wait a month?

Let's do it this week-the sooner, the better."

"Fine," Gilbert agreed decisively. "You handle your side, and I'll take care of mine." "Perfect. We'll meet tonight with Sophia," Florence concluded breathlessly. Gilbert's voice hardened slightly.

"One thing though, Mrs. Lancaster-I don't like being pushed around." "Sophia needs to call me herself and arrange tonight's date. Only then will I trust your word."

"She'll call you right away," Florence promised hastily and hung up.

Turning sharply to Sophia, her eyes burned with urgency.

"I'll never marry him!" Sophia blurted out immediately, her face pale and defiant.

"Sophia, what's wrong with you?" Florence snapped, her voice trembling with frustration.

"Gilbert Guise is powerful and incredibly rich. His father is the governor of Paris-he'll inherit all of it, and you'd be his wife!"

"Marrying him will save your brother and me. We'll never struggle again!"

Sophia shook her head stubbornly. "Mom, I don't even like him!"

"You'll learn to love him," Florence insisted desperately. "Do you really want to see your own mother and brother thrown into prison?"

James, panic twisting his face, joined the plea. "Come on, Sophia! Just marry Guise!"

Sophia's eyes filled with despair. "Have either of you even thought about me—my future, my happiness?"

"Of course I have!" Florence cried. "Marrying Guise is the best thing that could ever happen to you. You'll have everything, and our family will finally have power. What's not to like?"

James's voice cracked, his eyes wild and desperate. "Sophia, please! I'm your brother—do you want me rotting in jail? Is that what you want?"

Sophia squeezed her eyes shut, overwhelmed by the impossible pressure.

"Just let me think. There... there must be another way."

"Another way?" James exploded, fear driving his anger. "We don't have time to wait around for your ideas!"

"He's right," Florence sobbed, collapsing dramatically onto her knees. "Sophia, I'm begging you please help your brother!"

"Mom, stop it!" Sophia gasped, horrified, rushing to help her mother stand. "Get up, please!"

But Florence refused, her eyes wet with tears yet filled with unshakable determination.

"I won't move an inch until you agree!"

Sophia froze helplessly, staring at her mother's pleading eyes and her brother's terrified face.

Everything felt impossibly heavy, and for the first time, Sophia realized how trapped she truly was.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 341[1,388 words]

"Mother," Sophia pleaded desperately. "Please don't make me do this."

But Florence stayed on her knees, gripping Sophia's hands tightly.

"Sophia, for God's sake, I'm your mother! I know what's best for you, whether you see it now or not. One day, you'll thank me for this."

Sophia's eyes filled with tears, blurring the world around her.

The happiness she'd longed for was finally within reach—so close she could almost touch it—yet fate snatched it away like a cruel joke.

Why did it have to be this hard? Why did love with Alex feel like a battle she was always destined to lose?

Hadn't she already paid the price in tears and silence? How much more did she have to bleed just to be happy?

"Sophia, I will stay here on my knees until you agree," Florence declared stubbornly.

Jack also followed his mother and start kneeling.

"Sister, are you really going to abandon your own family? Do you have no heart left to save us?"

"We're not asking you to die—we're asking you to marry Gilbert Guise. He's going to be the future governor of the Paris State. Can't you see what that means? This is your chance to secure everything—for you, for us. Or would you rather watch us all fall?"

Florence added, "Sophia, if your heart is cold enough to watch us rot in prison, then maybe I should just end my life right here with Jack. At least that would be less painful than watching my own daughter turn her back on us."

Sophia took a shaky breath, heart breaking as the tears spilled freely down her face. "Fine. I'll do it..." she whispered, defeated.

She had given up for her own happiness.

Inside an exclusive bar, Gilbert Guise smirked triumphantly as Sophia's voice came through his phone.

"Perfect. I'll see you tonight. You better not disappoint me again," he warned smoothly before hanging up.

His entourage, a group of stylishly dressed men and women, erupted into applause and cheers.

"Congratulations, Mr. Guise! You're finally marrying your dream girl!" one woman praised enthusiastically.

Another chimed in with admiration. "It took a while, but nothing's impossible for you, Mr. Guise."

Gilbert's smile twisted darkly as he addressed his loyal followers. "I'll throw in an extra ten thousand each for your flawless execution."

"Thank you, Mr. Guise!" they chorused eagerly.

One man sneered, "That idiot Jack was so wasted, he never even realized what hit him."

"And that Jacqueline," the woman scoffed contemptuously.

"How dare she hide the fact she was carrying your child? She's better off dead. Let that fool Jack take the blame."

Gilbert chuckled cruelly, savoring his victory.

"Forget them; what's done is done. I'm grateful you made this possible. Sophia would've never caved if I hadn't had her brother arrested."

"I couldn't let such a rare beauty slip away, could I?"

The blond man eyed Gilbert curiously.

"But Mr. Guise, why marry her? With your reputation, you could easily have your fun without tying the knot. You're already legendary with 299 women. Why ruin your perfect record?"

Gilbert took a slow drag from his vape, his eyes gleaming arrogantly.

"Good question. But first of all, I always get what I want. And I made a promise to the media years ago—I'd marry her. So I will. At least until I get bored. It's perfect PR for me."

"The man who bagged Vancouver's top model, only to toss her aside once she turned out to be a total bitch. Hell, maybe I'll even let you have a turn with her after I'm done."

Laughter and cheers exploded among his followers, eagerly celebrating his outrageous ambition.

"You're too kind, Mr. Guise!" one of them shouted with a drunken laugh.

"Only a man like you would let us share a bed with a top model!"

"Brains, power, and generosity-Mr. Guise, we'll follow you anywhere!"

Gilbert soaked it all in, drunk on their praise, his ego swelling with every word. He stood there like a king among fools, loving every second of their worship.

He turned to one of the men. "What about the task I gave you did you handle it?"

"Yes," the man nodded. "I've confirmed everything with the people we planted inside the Montclair circle."

"Just like the headlines say," he continued, "the Montclair family is barely hanging on in Chicago. With Laura behind bars, the old matriarch's grasp is slipping."

"She's desperate—and now she sees Sophia as her last hope to restore the family's name. Especially now that Sophia's best friend, Lyra, just became the new governor of Chicago."

"Sophia's got the looks, and soon she'll have the influence," another chimed in. "Better lock her down now, Mr. Guise, before she realizes the power she holds."

One man hesitated, then asked, "Mr. Guise, didn't you previously consider marrying Jasmine Kingston? Whatever happened to that?"

Gilbert's laughter was sinister. "Oh, don't worry, that plan is still underway. Charles Kingston has already agreed to hand over his dear little sister."

"Hand over?" asked another man, confused.

"For a million dollars, he promised to

drug Jasmine and deliver her to my room. Perfect for a sex blackmail

situation. Imagine having that

leverage," Gilbert said, eyes cold with

ruthless ambition.

"You trust Charles Kingston?" another follower asked skeptically.

Gilbert shrugged casually. "Not at all, but he's desperate. That spoiled brat has run out of money, willing to do anything for cash—even betraying his own sister. When the time comes, you'll help him out,

nove

understood?"

"Absolutely, Mr. Guise," one of the men assured confidently. "You've always treated us like family; we'll do whatever it takes for you."

The blond man raised his glass, smiling widely. "Then let's toast to Mr. Guise's upcoming marriage and to successfully acquiring Jasmine Kingston!"

Glasses clinked loudly, and the room filled with sinister laughter and applause, the celebration echoing ominously into the night.

At nightfall, one of the hotel's most exclusive bars came alive.

Sophia sat uncomfortably in a private room, her mother Florence at her side like an unwanted shadow.

"Mother, do you really have to follow us everywhere?" Sophia's voice trembled with irritation.

Florence's eyes hardened, her voice sharp as steel.

"Gilbert saved me from that humiliating accusation. I'm here to make sure you don't sabotage your date."

"You're not ruining our only shot at fixing this mess. Consider tonight your first step toward marriage."

Florence had made a silent vow-Sophia would marry Gilbert, no matter the cost.

Gilbert arrived with his usual swagger, flashing a smile as he called for every kind

of drink, charming the room like a politician at his own victory party.

Thirty minutes passed, and something dark began to stir.

Without a single word spoken, Florence and Gilbert found common ground.

Gilbert's eyes devoured the thought of Sophia; Florence's gleamed with triumph at finally securing a powerful son-in-law.

In that quiet moment, an unholy alliance was born-driven by desire, bound by ambition, and damned by greed.

"Mr. Guise, please, no more," Sophia pleaded weakly, pushing away yet another glass of wine.

"Just drink it already," Gilbert said.

"I said enough!" Sophia's voice rose, sharp and trembling.

Her cheeks burned red, her head spun, and her limbs felt heavy-like her body no

longer belonged to her.

Gilbert's smile faded into a cold stare.

"Sophia, do you even understand

how much I had to pull to get your

mother out? Don't you dare act ungrateful. Your little brother is still rotting in that cell-waiting on my help."

"Just one more glass, dear," Florence coaxed persistently, her voice sugary

sweet, but laced with warning.

Sophia bit her lip, anxiety tightening her chest. She knew her limits. Any more alcohol, and she'd collapse right there.

Gilbert leaned closer, his eyes cold and insistent. "This will be the last one, Sophia. I promise."

Florence added softly, "Sophia, you don't want to embarrass Gilbert, do you?" "Fine," Sophia whispered, defeated.

Gathering every ounce of courage, she lifted the glass and drained it. The burning liquid slid down her throat, making her vision blur and the world spin violently. She swayed dangerously, her knees buckling beneath her. Florence caught her swiftly, holding her upright.

"Gilbert, look at her. Sophia is completely wasted. What should we do now?" Gilbert shrugged casually. "What do you think, Florence?"

Florence smiled slyly, her tone filled with suggestion. "The night is still young. Maybe you two could find somewhere private."

Gilbert smirked confidently. "I've already booked a penthouse suite upstairs. Sophia can rest comfortably there."

Florence feigned hesitation. "Oh, Sophia will love that. But you know how it is-I

have trouble sleeping in strange places. Perhaps you could take care of her yourself?"

Gilbert arched an eyebrow, amused. "Are you sure?"

"Absolutely." Florence smiled warmly, venom hidden behind her friendly mask. "After all, we're about to become family. Go and enjoy the evening together."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 342[1,311 words]

Gilbert coughed, clearing his throat, his voice firm and dignified.

"Mrs. Florence, I don't want people spreading nasty rumors about me. You know

I'm a gentleman-I've got a reputation and dignity to uphold."

"Taking advantage of situations like this just isn't my style."

Florence gave a slow, reassuring nod. "You're right, of course. I trust you completely that's why I know you'll take good care of her."

Gilbert shifted slightly, his eyes darting to Sophia.

"Then perhaps you could take Sophia to the penthouse first? I'll stop by later to check on her-if you think that's appropriate."

"Of course, Mr. Guise," Florence replied warmly.

"You truly are a man of honor." She gently helped Sophia to her feet, and together with the waitress, guided her toward the door.

As they assisted Sophia out, Gilbert's eyes followed every graceful movement of her figure, desire burning like wildfire within him.

A smirk played across his lips, dark anticipation stirring inside him as his arousal grew.

"Let's see how you'll escape tonight," he whispered under his breath, chuckling darkly.

He took a deep swig of his drink before trailing discreetly behind them, careful not to draw unwanted attention.

Inside the penthouse, Florence eased Sophia onto the luxurious bed and slipped off her shoes.

Carefully, she fetched a basin filled with warm water, gently wiping Sophia's flushed face and neck.

With calculated precision, Florence loosened the buttons on Sophia's blouse, exposing just enough smooth skin to stir any man's desire.

Florence stepped back and admired her handiwork, a sly smile spreading across her lips.

"This time, no man could resist you, my dear," she whispered softly.

Reaching into Sophia's handbag, Florence took out the expensive perfume and carefully dabbed it on Sophia's wrists and neck.

She moved gracefully across the room, turning on soft, romantic music, setting the perfect atmosphere.

Satisfied that everything was flawlessly set, Florence grabbed the room key and stepped outside, immediately spotting Gilbert lingering near the hallway.

"Oh, Mr. Guise!" she called out, feigning surprise.

"I suddenly have something urgent to handle. Could you please check on Sophia? She might need something."

Gilbert smiled politely, feigning hesitation. "I'd like to, Mrs. Florence, but you know how inappropriate it would look for a man to—"

"Oh, nonsense!" Florence laughed lightly, slipping the key card into his hand. "She really needs help right now, and I must rush off. Please, do me this favor?"

Gilbert stared at the key card for a moment, then finally nodded. "Well, if you insist."

"Absolutely, I insist," Florence replied firmly, inwardly scheming about the perfect trap she was laying for him.

Securing a wealthy son-in-law like Gilbert was a chance she would never let slip away.

"In that case, I'll do my best," Gilbert responded, his smile returning as they exchanged a few more polite words.

Meanwhile, inside the penthouse, Sophia woke abruptly, her stomach churning violently.

Dizzy and disoriented, she stumbled to the edge of the bed and vomited onto the plush carpet.

The wave of nausea receded slightly, leaving her head spinning and tears filling her eyes.

She fell back onto the bed, sobbing uncontrollably, her body trembling with emotion.

Desperate and vulnerable, she fumbled through her handbag, pulled out her phone, and dialed Alex's number with shaking fingers.

"Alex!" she blurted out, her voice trembling even before he picked up.

"Why are you so cruel to me? Don't you know how deeply I love you?"

"Why is everything so hard for us?"

Alex answered in confusion, hearing only Sophia's anguished cries.

"Sophia, what's going on? Are you okay?"

"Of course I'm not okay! Everything is wrong!" she shouted, her voice cracking under the strain.

"Are you drunk?" Alex asked carefully, sensing her distress.

"No! I'm not drunk-you're the one who's drunk! Drunk on Jasmine Kingston's charm and her money. You never even look at me anymore. You don't care about me!" Sophia sobbed bitterly.

"Why, Alex? Why do you keep hurting me?"

Alex hesitated, speechless. "Did you call just to yell at me?"

"No!" Sophia cried, then immediately contradicted herself.

"Yes! You're such a bastard, Alex. You played with my heart, treated my feelings like a game. Why can't things just be easy for us?"

Sophia sobbed softly, her voice barely audible, broken with pain.

"It's torture loving you, Alex. My heart just can't let go... you bastard."

Alex strained to hear over the static. "Sophia? I can't hear you! Do you need my help?"

"Yes! Of course I need your help!" Sophia suddenly shouted, her voice cracking with desperation.

"Come and fix all the damn problems in this world!"

Exhausted, she collapsed onto the bed, whispering faintly, "If you really love me, you'll come. Save me, Alex..."

Alex's voice faded into silence as Sophia's phone slipped from her fingers, hitting the floor with a dull thud.

Moments later, Gilbert burst into the penthouse.

He stared down at her motionless body, surprisingly unmoved despite her exposed, delicate figure.

Gilbert preferred women awake, fighting, and resisting.

Their struggles excited the predator within him, fueling his twisted sense of dominance.

Reaching into his pocket, Gilbert took out a small bottle and shook out a single expensive pill-his personal remedy for sobering someone quickly.

He placed it roughly into Sophia's mouth and forced a glass of water down her throat.

"This should be interesting," Gilbert smirked to himself, eagerly starting to unbutton his shirt.

But as he stepped closer, his foot landed right in the puddle of vomit Sophia had left behind.

"Goddammit!" Gilbert exploded, shouting profanities in multiple languages.

His mood shattered, he furiously called room service to come and clean up the mess.

Only after the cleaners had left, ten minutes later, was Gilbert's mood darkly restored.

Now fully undressed and hungry for conquest, he approached Sophia again. Sophia's eyelids fluttered open weakly. Confusion clouded her eyes as she tried to sit up.

"Gilbert? Where's my mother?" she whispered, her voice trembling.

"Your mother asked me to take care of you," Gilbert replied coldly, standing beside the bed.

Sophia's eyes widened in shock as she saw Gilbert's open shirt, exposing his tattooed chest.

Her heart pounded frantically. "Mr. Guise? What are you doing here? How did you even get in?"

"I already told you your mother wants me here," Gilbert answered calmly, unbuckling his belt.

Sophia's voice rose sharply with panic. "What do you think you're doing, Mr. Guise?"

Gilbert's lips curled into a malicious sneer.

"What do you think usually happens when a man and woman are left alone in a room?" he mocked, his eyes darkening with lust as he removed his pants.

"Don't even think about it, Mr. Guise. I'm not that kind of woman!" Sophia shouted defiantly.

"We're getting married soon anyway, aren't we?" Gilbert laughed cruelly. "I promise you endless luxury-if you satisfy me tonight."

"No!" Sophia screamed, fiercely holding her ground. "You're not touching me until we're married!"

"I'm tired of waiting!" Gilbert growled impatiently.

"You're going to satisfy me right now!" With savage force, he lunged at her, tearing at her clothes like a wild beast.

"Get away from me!" Sophia screamed, fighting back desperately.

She kicked, clawed, and bit him, but her fierce struggle only fueled Gilbert's twisted excitement.

In a moment of desperation, Sophia grabbed the lamp from the bedside
table,

swinging it with all her strength and smashing it directly
into Gilbert's face.

The blow was sharp enough that Gilbert staggered backward, howling in pain.

Sophia scrambled away, terrified but momentarily free.

"You filthy little bitch!" Gilbert roared,

blood

from his cheek. "Your

little brother will rot in jail, and your mother along with him!"

Sophia froze instantly, her heart sinking.

Trembling, she whispered fearfully, "Mr. Guise, are you alright?"

Gilbert's eyes blazed with rage. "Oh, now you're afraid, you pathetic bitch!"

With a savage snarl, he slapped her hard across the face, sending her sprawling painfully to the floor.

"No woman has ever rejected me-much less struck me. How dare you! Do you want me to kill your entire family?"

"I—I'm sorry, Mr. Guise," Sophia pleaded desperately, shaking her head. "I didn't mean to hurt you—"

"Shut the hell up!" Gilbert barked viciously, towering over her.

"If you care about your family at all, you'll get on your knees, suck my d*ck, and beg for my forgiveness. Now do exactly as I say!"

Sophia's eyes flashed with fury, cutting through the fear. "You're crossing a line, Mr. Guise!" she net shouted defiantly, her eyes burning with rage.

The Almighty Dominance

Chapter 343[1,060 words]

Gilbert laughed cruelly, his eyes flashing dangerously, and without hesitation, he slapped Sophia across the face.

"You filthy little bitch, don't ever look at me like that again!"

Unsatisfied with just a slap, Gilbert swiftly kicked Sophia in the stomach, driving the air from her lungs.

Sophia doubled over, choking, nausea overwhelming her.

But Gilbert wasn't done; he yanked her by her long, beautiful hair, forcing her to face him.

"Listen carefully," Gilbert hissed through clenched teeth, his face inches from hers.

"I enjoy a woman playing hard to get, but there's a limit. Push me too far, and I'll destroy everyone you love."

A twisted smile crossed his lips.

"Refuse me again, and your entire family will rot in jail, one by one. I'll start with your brother and won't stop until I've ruined anyone who's ever known you."

Sophia stared back at him, eyes wide in horror, her head throbbing with pain and tears streaming down her face.

The shocking truth of Gilbert's monstrous nature was laid bare.

"You're a monster," Sophia whispered, her voice trembling.

"Maybe," Gilbert sneered, his eyes cold as ice.

"But it's your fault you entered my world. You're my prey now-so you'd better learn to behave."

"I'm not your damn toy," Sophia spat defiantly, rage igniting her eyes. Gilbert released her roughly and took out his smartphone, smiling darkly.

"Oh, you absolutely are. And I'll prove just how easily I can tame you."

He quickly dialed a number, and when the call connected, he gave a chilling command.

"I want a live feed. Show me Jack getting beaten by his cellmates. Don't stop until I say."

"What the hell are you doing?" Sophia screamed, terror gripping her.

"Me? Nothing at all," Gilbert replied casually, smirking wickedly.

"But the police will certainly make something happen to your precious brother."

Within moments, Gilbert projected the live feed from his phone onto the large screen mounted on the wall.

Sophia watched in horror as the grainy image showed two huge men entering Jack's jail cell. They grabbed Jack, pulling him violently from his sleep.

"Wake up, you worthless piece of trash," one man growled, slapping Jack viciously.

Jack was terrified, barely awake, confusion and fear flooding his eyes.

Before he could speak, the second man struck him repeatedly.

"Help! Somebody help me!" Jack screamed desperately, but the police officers watching from outside his cell simply stood there, unmoving.

"Stop this, please stop it!" Sophia begged, her voice breaking, tears streaming uncontrollably down her cheeks.

"Ready to start listening yet?" Gilbert asked coldly, his eyes fixed ruthlessly on Sophia.

Sophia was overwhelmed, drowning in sorrow, terror, and an unbearable sense of helplessness.

Her entire world was crumbling before her eyes.

Gilbert, impatient and bored, spoke sharply into his phone again. "Make it more interesting. Break a few bones."

"Yes, sir," one officer answered obediently, yelling instructions into the cell. "You heard him! Hit harder-break some bones!"

"With pleasure!" the prisoners shouted eagerly, intensifying their brutal assault.

"Stop it, stop it now!" Sophia screamed frantically, grabbing Gilbert's arm. He ignored her pleas, pretending she didn't exist.

"I'll do anything!" Sophia finally begged desperately, her pride completely shattered. "Please, just let him go!"

Gilbert watched coldly for another moment, savoring Sophia's absolute submission before calmly speaking into the phone again.

"That's enough for now. I've had my fun."

"Yes, sir," the officer replied, stopping the prisoners immediately.

The attackers left Jack lying broken and bloodied on the cold cell floor, his face bruised and swollen, blood trickling from his wounds.

Gilbert turned to Sophia, forcing her to look at the horrific image on the screen.

"See your brother's face, Sophia?" he whispered harshly. "That's not my doing— it's yours. Remember that."

Sophia knew from the very moment she tied herself to Gilbert, she had stepped into hell. A hell without escape.

Gilbert smirked coldly as he let his underpants fall to the floor.

"Now," he commanded with vicious contempt, "get down and suck my d*ck."

Sophia froze in shock, her eyes wide with dread.

She stared numbly at him, and suddenly an irrelevant thought invaded her mind— Gilbert's manhood was far smaller than Alex's.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 344[1,245 words]

Alex raced to the penthouse, his heart hammering wildly in his chest after tracking Sophia's phone.

The fear that she might be in danger fueled his desperation.

Without a second thought, he slammed his foot against the door, splintering it open with a thunderous crash.

But what he saw inside nearly shattered him.

Sophia was on her knees, kneeling before a smug, naked Gilbert, her face facing Gilbert's manhood.

"What the hell is going on here?" Alex's eyes were filled with confusion, the sight shaking him to his core.

Gilbert casually pulled up his underwear, wearing a twisted, arrogant smile. "Ah, it's you again. Did you come to enjoy the view of me and my fiancée?"

"Fiancée?" Alex's voice trembled with disbelief. He turned his gaze toward Sophia, eyes begging for an explanation.

"Sophia, what the hell is this?"

Sophia's head jerked up, panic flooding her eyes. She shook her head frantically, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Alex, please, it's not what it looks like "

Gilbert chuckled darkly, eyes glittering with cruel amusement.

"Why hide it now, Sophia? You came willingly, didn't you? Drinking with me, cozying up to me- wasn't this exactly what you wanted? Since he's here, let him see the truth."

Alex's chest tightened painfully. "So this is why you said you needed me, Sophia? To witness you knelling at another man's feet?"

"I—I didn't—" Sophia stammered, eyes brimming with tears, her heart feeling as if it were splintering into a thousand shards.

She desperately wanted to explain, but the words wouldn't come.

Gilbert's laughter rang out again, harsh and cruel.

"Don't lie, Sophia. Tell him the truth-that we're getting married soon, and you promised you'd pleasure me however I wanted."

"And I clearly remember you just promised me a good blowjob."

Sophia's tears streamed down her face, her soul crushed under the weight of despair.

She wanted to scream the truth-to cry out that she loved Alex, that she never wanted any of this.

But her family's lives were on the line.

Her brother had just been beaten in prison. Her mother was in the hands of Gilbert's men.

What could she possibly do?

She felt trapped, as if she'd fallen into an endless, suffocating pit of darkness.

"Speechless, huh?" Alex spat bitterly, disgust etched deep into his features. His heart, once so full of hope, now felt hollow and betrayed.

"All this time, you've been lying to my face, making me believe we had another chance. How stupid was I to trust you again."

"No-no, Alex! Please, listen to me! I never meant for any of this—" Sophia sobbed, desperation pouring from her voice.

"Then explain it, Sophia!" Alex's voice cracked with pain, his face contorting in agony.

"Explain why you're down on your knees ready to please this bastard. Can you even deny it anymore?"

Sophia could only shake her head, choking on her tears, unable to utter another word.

"I'm so sorry, Alex," she finally managed to whisper, her voice breaking. "I didn't want this. I didn't want any of this."

Gilbert's cold gaze narrowed dangerously. "Watch your mouth, Sophia. Tell this pathetic man to leave, now, so we can finish what we started."

Alex stared at the woman he once dreamed of spending his life with, the one he envisioned as the mother of his children.

Now she knelt before another, humiliation staining her beautiful face.

The pain was unbearable.

And yet, he had to admit—he'd just been betrayed by the woman he loved.

"I should've let you go a long time ago," Alex whispered, bitterness thick in his throat.

"If this is your revenge, congratulations—you've destroyed me. Never come near me again, Sophia. I'm done being your fool."

Alex turned sharply, shoulders heavy with heartbreak, and stormed out of the room.

Sophia felt her heart shatter into countless pieces.

Pain surged through her chest, almost bringing her to her knees. Desperately, she reached out and grabbed Alex's hand, her grip trembling.

"Alex, please listen to me!" Her voice cracked as tears streamed down her face.

"I swear, I love you. Hurting you was never my intention. You have to believe me!"

Alex jerked his hand away, eyes blazing with a mix of fury and betrayal. He pointed sharply at Gilbert.

"You love me? Then explain him! Do you think I'm blind, Sophia? I saw everything!"

"No, no! It wasn't what it looked like," Sophia whispered, biting her lip so hard it nearly bled.

"Not what it looked like?" Alex's eyes darkened dangerously, his voice dripping with menace.

"Are you telling me he forced himself on you? If that's true, say it. I'll deal with him personally."

Sophia's blood ran cold. The words choked in her throat. She wanted to scream the truth, to tell Alex everything.

But she couldn't. Gilbert still held her mother captive; his grip on their lives was ruthless and unyielding.

If Alex dared to cross him, death would follow swiftly.

The Guise family was a force neither of them could challenge.

"Sophia! Answer me! Is what I'm saying true?" Alex demanded, his voice sharp, desperation and anger merging into a deadly quiet.

"I'm sorry, Alex. I have my reasons," Sophia whispered, every word slicing through her heart.

"Reasons?" Alex sneered bitterly, disgust coloring every syllable.

"What reason could possibly justify selling yourself? What reason could stop you from explaining this to me right now?"

Sophia sobbed, her shoulders shaking uncontrollably. "Please, forgive me, Alex. You have to trust me."

"Don't apologize," Alex said sharply, his voice cold and hollow. His eyes drifted away from her, distant-void of everything but an unbearable emptiness.

"We're divorced. You owe me nothing. And I have no right to judge you anymore."

He took a breath, steadying the pain

in his chest. "It's my fault. I was a fool to believe we could ever find our way back. That was my mistake, not yours. But please... don't come back into my life again."

"I'm still human, Sophia. And I can't take any more pain from you. Please... let me

go."

Sophia stood frozen, heart splintering, words caught in her throat.

Every part of her burned with love for him, but it was like watching the last light fade from a dying star. Losing him wasn't just losing love-it felt like losing the will to breathe.

And in that unbearable silence, something inside her broke wide open. The pain, the heartbreak, the betrayal-it all gave way to a terrible, piercing clarity.

She finally understood what she had to do.

"You're right," she whispered, her voice trembling as she forced a smile that was more a wound than a gesture.

"Maybe it's better if we never meet again."

The words tasted like ash, but they sealed her fate. The day she married Gilbert would not be a celebration-it would be a funeral for her soul.

With Alex gone, there was nothing left. No light. No warmth. Only the hollow ache of a heart that once dared to believe in love.

She would leave this world too.

She had fought, bled, and clawed through so much, chasing even the faintest spark of happiness.

But maybe she was cursed-too beautiful for a life untouched by cruelty.

Her whole existence had been a pattern: used, discarded, forgotten. Everyone wanted something from her. No one ever truly cared.

Except Alex.

And even him... she kept hurting, over and over again. Yet despite everything, her heart still reached for him.

Still loved him. Still fell for him.

Her eyes brimmed with tears, the world around her blurring into a sea of shadows and silence.

With her heart in pieces and darkness closing in, she turned one last time to Alex, pouring every fragment of her soul into that gaze one final, desperate reach for something real.

"Alex... I really do love you."

But deep down, she knew-her voice would vanish into the void, unheard.

And so, in that cold, collapsing silence, she made her final decision.

Death was the only way out of this darkness.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 345[1,170 words]

"You lying bitch!" Gilbert roared, his face twisted with rage as his hand lashed out, striking Sophia so hard that she crashed onto the floor, her body crumpling painfully.

"How dare you stand here and talk about loving another man! Are you trying to die?" he spat viciously, his eyes blazing with fury.

Alex couldn't hold himself back any longer.

Anger surged through his veins, propelling him forward until he stood inches from Gilbert's smug, sneering face.

"What?" Gilbert taunted, his lips curling arrogantly. "I slapped my fiancée. What the hell can an outsider like you do about it?"

"Plenty," Alex snarled, delivering a brutal slap across Gilbert's jaw.

The crack echoed sharply in the room, and Gilbert tumbled onto the floor, spitting out three bloodied teeth.

Sophia watched, horror flooding her heart. Gilbert would never forgive this.

He'd kill Alex without hesitation.

"Alex, stop it!" she screamed desperately, her voice trembling with fear.

Alex shot her a fierce glare. "Stop? After what he just did to you?"

"Yes! Please, Alex, don't hurt him," Sophia pleaded, her voice breaking with dread.

She knew all too well-Gilbert had control over Alex's life, his brother, and his mother. All their fates rested cruelly in Gilbert's ruthless hands.

Alex felt a painful stab in his heart, his eyes filled with anguish.

"Do you love him that much?" he asked bitterly.

He longed to scream at her: You've never loved me like this.

Gilbert groaned from the floor, fury contorting his battered face. "Of course she loves me, you worthless piece of—!"

His words were cut short by Alex's powerful kick, cracking Gilbert's nose with a sickening crunch.

Blood gushed from Gilbert's face as his head slammed back violently.

"Gilbert!" Sophia gasped, her body trembling uncontrollably.

How could Alex be this reckless, risking death without hesitation?

"What, now you're worried about him?" Alex scoffed bitterly, his tone filled with disgust.

"If you're in love with trash like him, then you must be blind!"

Alex lunged again, ready to deliver another punishing blow.

But Sophia threw herself between them, gripping Alex's arm tightly.

"Stop! Don't hit him again!" she cried desperately.

Sophia's body shook uncontrollably, panic clouding her mind as she imagined the savage vengeance Gilbert would unleash on Alex and her family.

"He just hit you, and yet you're protecting him?" Alex's voice cracked with hurt and disbelief.

"You really do love him, don't you?"

"That has nothing to do with you!" Sophia shouted, her voice shaking with suppressed tears.

"Get out! I never want to see your face again!" She bit her lip hard, forcing herself to remain composed.

Hurting Gilbert meant Alex had already stepped too far into danger. He needed to get out of here as quickly as possible.

Alex stared at her coldly, betrayal darkening his eyes.

"So you're kicking me out to finish what you started before I interrupted?"

"That's none of your concern!" Sophia lashed back fiercely.

"I am engaged to him, Alex. Our wedding is next week!"

Alex staggered back, his expression twisting into a storm of pain and anger.

"Wedding? So it's true. You really do want him?"

Sophia's heart screamed in agony, but terror for Alex's safety and her family overwhelmed her.

Gilbert stirred slightly, and panic surged through her veins.

"Who I marry isn't your concern! Just get out, Alex! Now!" she pleaded urgently.

Alex's voice turned cold, every word dripping with accusation. "So this whole time, you were just playing games with me?"

Sophia felt her heart shatter piece piece.

She knew she had to sever any chance Alex might cling to her. It was the only way he might survive.

She hardened her heart, forcing out cruel words that burned like acid.

"Yes, you idiot! I was just toying with your pathetic feelings! And why not? You

were stupid enough to fall for it," she spat venomously.

Tears streamed silently down her

cheeks even as she continued mercilessly, "Look at yourself, Alex! Did you really think a worthless nobody like you could ever stand by my side?"

"And what about him?" Alex's voice was sharp, cutting through the air like ice.

"Gilbert's different!" Sophia spat back bitterly. "His family's wealth and power control the entire Paris region. Marrying him means a life of luxury!"

"Next to him, you're nothing—absolutely nothing! You wanted the truth? There it is! Are you satisfied now? Now get the hell out!"

Alex felt a knife twisting deep in his chest, pain and rage swirling in a storm inside him.

How could the woman he loved so completely be capable of such cruelty? She kept shattering his heart, no matter how desperately he fought for her.

His hand shot upward, raised high, trembling with fury.

Sophia braced herself, eyes closed tight, waiting for the blow she knew she deserved.

Her heart acknowledged she had deeply wounded him, perhaps unforgivably. But even through the storm inside him, Alex knew one thing with chilling clarity:

If he let his fury win now, he'd carry the regret of this moment for the rest of his life.

Slowly, Alex's hand softened, gently cupping her cheek.

The unexpected tenderness forced Sophia's eyes open, her heart pounding in shock and confusion.

"Sophia," Alex whispered, his voice gentle yet filled with unbearable sadness.

His eyes held a deep, serene sincerity. "I loved you with every part of me. I was ready to do anything for you."

Sophia stood stunned, her heart aching as she absorbed the tenderness of his words—words she had never heard before, words she never expected.

"You're my first love, Sophia. Loving you was the happiest, most precious part of my life."

Tears glistened in Alex's eyes as he struggled to continue, his voice trembling with raw emotion.

Leaning forward, he gently kissed her forehead. "But maybe this is where our paths finally part."

Sophia's chest tightened painfully, overwhelmed by both sweetness and sorrow.

She could find no words, her emotions tangled hopelessly within her.

"I wish for nothing more than your happiness, Sophia," Alex whispered, his voice breaking as tears began to escape down his cheeks.

"Even if that happiness isn't with me. I'll pray for it every single day."

With a final, anguished look, Alex turned away, his steps heavy but resolute.

As she watched him walk away, Sophia glimpsed a tiny flicker of hope amidst her suffocating darkness.

If she reached for that glimmer, perhaps her life could finally become her own.

She wouldn't remain a pawn to her family, her mother, or the countless others who wanted only her beauty without caring for her soul.

No one had ever cherished her happiness the way Alex had.

Trembling, Sophia stretched out her hand toward that faint beacon, desperately grasping for the only real happiness she'd ever known.

Her hand caught Alex's, stopping him in his tracks.

As he turned around, startled, Sophia surged forward, pressing her lips passionately against his in a deep, fervent kiss.

Alex stood stunned, his heart racing wildly.

Breaking the kiss, Sophia whispered

1.n

fervently, her voice trembling with urgency, "Alex, please-take me far away from here. Anywhere you want. Make me yours, and let me be yours completely. Let's escape this life and start anew."

In that profound moment, she felt as if the entire world had faded away, leaving only the two of them.

Alex's eyes locked deeply onto hers, emotions raw and intense.

Venet

Sophia gazed back fiercely, tears streaming down her face as she declared softly yet firmly, "From now

on, nothing-not even death will ever separate us again."

The Almighty Dominance

Chapter 346[1,094 words]

That would only happen if Sophia chose the light over the darkness.

But doubt haunted Sophia's every thought whenever she watched Alex.

No matter how desperately she wanted to run into his arms, to escape into the promise of a new life-fear held her.

What if Gilbert killed her brother?

What if her mother died by Gilbert's ruthless hand?

What if Gilbert sent his men to hunt Alex down?

Every nightmare clawed at her mind, keeping her chained in place.

Sophia's feet felt glued to the floor as Alex turned toward the door.

Her heart screamed for her to move, to shout, to do something. She was going to lose Alex forever-but fear gripped her harder, dragging her down like an anchor.

Sophia raised a trembling hand, desperate to reach out, but her fear tightened its grip, heavier and more suffocating than ever.

All she could do was stand frozen, watching helplessly as Alex walked away.

She knew this was the end, but it felt like a painful mercy.

Her brother would be safe, her mother would survive, and Alex could live without harm.

Yet, if everything was supposed to be fine, why was her heart breaking so violently?

Yes, they were safe-but who would save her?

Her chest tightened until she could barely breathe. Agony crushed her like a vice.

The panicked hotel staff suddenly rushed in through the shattered door.

The manager called for an ambulance for Gilbert, chaos erupting around her — but Sophia simply collapsed in the corner, burying her face in silent tears.

She was never a fighter.

Crying alone had always been her comfort.

As sorrow overwhelmed her, darkness flooded her vision, pulling her into unconsciousness.

The hotel staff found her limp on the floor and frantically called for help.

Meanwhile, even after returning to the clinic, Alex couldn't shake the ache Sophia had left behind.

Her rejection had been a devastating blow.

He'd never imagined she would treat his feelings like a toy.

They could have parted peacefully, but she'd chosen to create bitterness instead.

He couldn't understand what he'd done to deserve it, replaying every moment they'd shared.

Nothing made sense.

Perhaps it really was time to let go once and for all.

The next morning, as Alex opened the clinic doors, a sleek black car skidded to a stop outside.

A man in a dark suit stormed in, his eyes scanning the room with arrogant disdain. "Who's Alex Leonhart?" he demanded loudly.

Alex calmly set down his coffee. "That's me. Mind telling me what this is about?"

"I'm here on behalf of Mr. Gilbert Guise," the man sneered, emphasizing the name as if it were sacred.

"You attacked Mr. Guise last night, and according to Parisian law, you now have two choices: fight to prove your innocence in the arena, or let the police drag you away and have a judge decide your fate."

Alex understood immediately.

Paris was infamous for its brutal dueling culture-justice often decided through strength and spectacle rather than true fairness.

Gilbert clearly intended to humiliate him publicly, demonstrating his dominance in front of Sophia.

Alex met the man's gaze with steely defiance.

He was done with Sophia, done with the tangled mess she'd made of his life.

"I refuse," he replied coldly. "Frankly, I've lost interest in anything connected to Gilbert."

"Arrogant little fool!" the man sneered viciously.

"No one has ever dared to refuse a challenge from the Guise family. Listen carefully, brat: refuse this duel, and we won't bother calling the cops."

"Instead, we'll hunt you down ourselves. You-and everyone you care about-will suffer."

"The one grave meant for you will become ten-one for each of your loved ones. Think it over."

Alex narrowed his eyes, his voice deadly calm. "Is that a threat?"

"You bet it is!" the messenger spat.

"Tomorrow at noon, Paris Arena. Be there or brace yourself for what's coming. And don't even dream about running away."

"We have eyes everywhere. Instead of dying like a scared rat, why not face your death with dignity in the arena?"

"At least then your worthless pride stays intact, and innocent blood won't be spilled because of you."

Alex shook his head, weary and disgusted. "Forget it. I've had enough of this."

The man chuckled cruelly. "Suit yourself. But think hard about your choice." With a cold smirk, he turned sharply and stalked out the door.

Alex slumped into a chair, his mind spinning.

He had lost Sophia, and now trouble kept piling higher and higher.

At noon, Lyra rushed into his clinic, her face filled with panic.

"Alex! Are you really planning to fight in the Paris Arena tomorrow?"

"No, I am not," Alex said, confused.

Without wasting a moment, Lyra shoved her phone into his face.

On the screen flashed a poster announcing tomorrow's duel: "Thunder Fist

Michael vs. Alex the Loser - The Death Match."

Lyra's eyes trembled as she spoke. "Alex, this isn't just any fight it's a death match. How could you be so reckless?"

"I never agreed to it," Alex snapped defensively.

Lyra paced anxiously, shaking her head. "Then the rumors were true..."

"What rumors?" Alex demanded sharply.

"The Guise family never fights fair. Whenever someone crosses them, they force them into a duel against Paris's deadliest fighter."

"This

Pel-he's known as the

ver

God of Death. He's slaughtered two hundred people in that arena, all

f of the Guise famina, all

Alex's jaw clenched in fury. "So, they abuse their power without consequence?"

Lyra

grimly. "Some people

tried to run when challenged,

Guise family uses that as a rehe

to send their elite assassins.

"No one has ever survived refusing or fleeing from them."

Lyra gripped Alex's arm desperately. "Don't go. Come with me to Chicago. I'll protect you, even if it means war against Guise."

Alex stared straight ahead, his voice bitterly defiant. "No. Let them come after me

I'm not fighting the duel, and I'm not hiding."

Before Lyra could protest further, the screech of tires shattered the quiet.

A car skidded to a violent halt outside.

The air exploded with gunfire-a ruthless barrage of bullets shredding glass and

walls.

"Lyra, get down!" Alex shouted, leaping forward and shielding her body with his

own.

Bullets whizzed past, tearing apart shelves, furniture, and windows.

Glass shards sprayed through the room, slicing his skin as the relentless gunfire turned the clinic into a warzone.

Alex's clinic turned into a storm of chaos and destruction in an instant.

When the shooting finally stopped, Alex burst to his feet, fury blazing in his eyes.

He sprinted toward the shattered

door, determined to chase down the

attackers who had already sped

away in their car, but Lyra grabbed him desperately.

"Don't!" she cried. "It's a trap, Alex! This is exactly how the Guise family operates!"

Alex clenched his fists so tightly his knuckles turned white.

Rage surged through his veins, every thought consumed by Gilbert's arrogant face.

They had crossed the line.

"Those bastards..." Alex growled darkly, eyes burning with fury.

"Fine, if they want a fight, I'll give it to them. Tomorrow, I'll show them exactly who they're messing with."

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 347[1,088 words]

Word of the duel between Michael "The Thunder Fist" and Alex-the unknown underdog mocked as "the Loser"—had swept across Paris like wildfire.

Crowds thirsty for blood and spectacle poured into the city, drawn by the promise of ruthless entertainment.

Everyone knew Michael as the ruthless enforcer for the Guise family, the governor's personal executioner.

No one had ever survived a fight after crossing the Guise clan.

Eager to witness the carnage firsthand, spectators had arrived at the arena gates before dawn, waiting impatiently for entry.

Alex stood at the front gate of the Paris arena, his eyes wide in shock. "I never expected such a massive crowd."

Lyra stood beside him, shaking her head.

"This place usually puts on dull fights just to keep the crowd mildly entertained."

"But when Michael enters the ring, it turns into a bloodthirsty spectacle. People pack the arena not to cheer-but to watch someone die. No one's ever left alive after facing him."

"Seriously, no one?" Alex asked, disbelief edging his voice.

"Never. All referees here answer to the Guise family," Lyra explained grimly.

"In Paris, the Guise family's word is law. If they say left, no one dares say right."

Alex smirked, determination flaring in his eyes. "Then wouldn't it be humiliating if they lost?"

Lyra's eyebrows arched skeptically. "Lost? Are you actually confident you can beat him?"

"You doubt me?" Alex challenged.

Lyra leaned in, lips curving into a sly smile.

"Not exactly. But the betting odds are twenty-to-one against you. If you win, my money multiplies twentyfold—and it's Guise family cash, which makes it even sweeter."

A dangerous gleam lit Alex's eyes. "And if I put down a billion dollars?"

Lyra's eyes widened, her breath catching sharply.

"Do you really have a billion dollars?" she whispered, biting her lip as excitement flushed her cheeks.

"Can you handle the winnings if I do?" Alex replied evenly.

Suddenly, Lyra grabbed his arm tightly, trembling with excitement as her legs squeezed together involuntarily.

Alex frowned in confusion. "What's wrong with you?"

Her face flushed deeply, tears of overwhelming excitement glittering in her eyes.

"Alex, I think I just climaxed imagining winning twenty billion dollars. Oh, God— there it is again."

Alex shook his head, laughing softly.

"I'll transfer the funds to you. Just manage them wisely."

"Alex," Lyra murmured breathlessly, her face burning red as she looked up at him, "Do you mind if we make love before the fight? I don't think I can hold myself back anymore."

Alex raised an eyebrow, feigning seriousness. "Maybe I should cancel the transfer."

Lyra's overheated body instantly turned cold, as though doused in ice water. "What? No!"

Alex burst into laughter. "See? You can handle it."

Realizing she'd been tricked, Lyra punched his arm playfully.

"Damn you, Alex! Don't mess with me like that!"

Around them, the Paris Arena surged with anticipation, a ten-thousand-seat coliseum packed to the rafters.

Alex surveyed the arena floor, noticing other fighters still locked in brutal, unresolved conflicts.

Here, violence was routine-a quick and savage way to settle scores between rivals, gangs, or businesses.

Lyra walked confidently beside Alex, weaving through the crowd as they made their way straight toward the VIP section of the arena.

Alex had barely taken his seat when he noticed the old man next to him staring intensely, sizing him up with sharp, calculating eyes.

The elderly figure leaned closer, his voice low and rough like gravel.

"Young man, you've got solid bones, powerful muscles, and an aura of strength that I rarely encounter," Rudolf began.

"I don't offer this lightly. Become my disciple-the next Sky Tiger warrior."

Alex turned sharply, confusion flickering in his eyes. "Disciple? I don't even know who you are."

Before Rudolf could reply, a woman emerged beside him, her face twisted into a sneer. She eyed Alex as if he should bow in reverence.

"Listen closely," Joey said arrogantly.

"You should be thanking your lucky stars and every god in heaven right now. People spend years begging my father, kissing the ground he walks on, just for a chance to be noticed."

"But you? He picked you. So don't just sit there-get on your knees and show some damn gratitude."

Alex stared at her, stunned and incredulous.

He shook his head slowly, realizing this had to be one of those cursed days where

he ran into the worst kind of people.

"I'm sorry-what did you just say?"

"My father can mold you into a legendary fighter," Joey continued, her voice filled with venomous pride.

"You'll be unstoppable-rich,
powerful. Settle any dispute just by
walking into the arena and
destroying your enemies. So why are
you still standing there? Start
thanking my father."

Alex glanced again at Rudolf, barely concealing his amusement.

This old man was hardly level 30 at best, and yet he wanted to teach someone already beyond level 100?

"Thanks, but no thanks," Alex replied firmly.

Joey's face turned crimson, anger exploding through her features. "You ungrateful
piece of trash! You should be honored that we even noticed you!"

Rudolf leaned forward, flaunting rings heavy with gold.

"Young man, this chance won't come twice. Think carefully-being my disciple is a path to glory.
Just a few techniques, and the world will chant your name." fo FindNovel

Alex smiled politely, completely unmoved. "Again, I appreciate the offer, but I'm not interested."

Joey shot up from her seat, trembling with rage, glaring down at Lyra.

"Girl, maybe you should teach your boyfriend some manners—and get him to train under my
father."

"At the very least, he might learn a real skill or two. That way he won't be totally useless the next
time you're in trouble."

Lyra's eyes flashed dangerously as she rose calmly to meet Joey's gaze.

"Alex is already stronger and better than your pathetic father. Keep your pathetic sales pitch for
someone who cares. We're not buying."

"You arrogant little bitch!" Joey hissed, closing the distance between them with fists clenched. "Say that again!"

Lyra stared unflinchingly. "You heard me clearly the first time, bastard."

Rage surged through Joey's veins. Without thinking, she raised her hand to strike Lyra, her reflexes fast and deadly.

Alex exhaled sharply, his expression like ice. In one smooth motion, he channeled his inner energy and caught Joey's wrist mid-swing.

Joey froze, eyes wide in disbelief as her arm hung motionless in the air, powerless.

Before she could pull back, Lyra's palm whipped across her face with a brutal crack, the slap echoing through the room like a gunshot.

"You dare lay a hand on her?" Rudolf shouted, springing to his feet, his eyes blazing with protective fury.

But Alex moved first. His hand clamped down on Rudolf's arm like iron, stopping him dead in his tracks.

"When women are fighting, a gentleman stays out of it," Alex said, voice low and razor-sharp.

Rudolf's lip curled into a sneer. "You insolent brat!"

He jerked violently, yanking his arm back and driving his other fist straight at Alex's face with a brutal, unforgiving swing.

The Almighty Dominance

Chapter 348[1,166 words]

Alex watched Rudolf's sluggish movement with disdain and flicked his finger sharply, knocking Rudolf's hand away.

Rudolf's arm shot back as if struck by a bullet, dragging his entire body backward.

His whole frame crashed violently into nearby chairs, scattering them in all directions.

Joey, eyes wide with panic, dashed toward his father. "Father! What happened?"

"I-I slipped," Rudolf stammered, struggling to stand upright.

Several spectators rose from their seats, quickly surrounding Rudolf.

"Sir Rudolf! Are you alright? What's going on here?"

Their worried faces made it clear they recognized him.

Before Rudolf could answer, Joey pointed an accusing finger toward Alex

"Listen up, everyone! This thug tried to molest me, and when my father stepped in to stop him, he attacked him!"

"You lying bitch!" Lyra exploded, her voice shaking with fury.

"Is every word that comes out of your filthy mouth a twisted lie?"

"Shut your dirty mouth!" Joey snapped back, venom in her voice.

"Your disgusting excuse of a man tried to put his filthy hands on me! And now you're defending him?"

Two burly men stepped forward aggressively, glaring menacingly at Alex.

"So this is your idea of bravery, huh? Harassing a woman and then assaulting an elderly man? Let's settle this in the arena"

"Yeah," chimed in another, cracking his knuckles. "I'll teach you the meaning of respect, you gutless creep!"

The growing commotion attracted even more onlookers, and soon the entire crowd murmured with outrage, spreading whispers like wildfire:

A pervert had assaulted a woman and attacked an elderly man.

Suddenly, the commentator's voice thundered over the loudspeakers, filled with mockery.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, breaking news! Alex, our resident loser, apparently

couldn't keep his hands off a lady and even attacked an elderly man—before he's even faced Michael! What a pathetic coward!"

Jeers erupted throughout the stadium.

"I'm hearing the crowd wants justice! How about we get this scum into the arena right now to teach him a lesson in manners?"

"Get up there, you spineless coward!" shouted someone from the crowd.

"Try fighting someone your own size for once!"

The spectators burst into chants, their voices rising like a storm.

"To the arena! To the arena!"

Lyra looked anxiously around, seeing a sea of angry faces and pointing fingers, all aimed directly at Alex.

She leaned close, voice trembling, "Alex, I think we've just fallen right into their trap."

Alex shook his head calmly, his eyes cold and defiant. "Don't worry. Their little trap is far too weak to hold me. I'll crush it under my foot soon enough."

Abruptly, the shouting spectators parted like waves, allowing a towering figure to stride confidently toward Alex.

The crowd hushed with anticipation.

The massive man, muscles bulging beneath his clothing, stopped inches from Alex, sneering with contempt.

"You're either incredibly brave or incredibly stupid—harassing a woman and attacking an old man when you're already scheduled to be Michael's punching bag."

"If you're so eager to die, why wait? Let's settle this now. I'll send you straight to

hell myself."

Alex met the man's aggressive gaze without flinching, his voice calm and dripping with disdain.

"Don't jump to conclusions yet. It's still unclear who's taking that trip to hell."

"You? Beat me?" Bill stared in disbelief, then erupted into loud, mocking laughter, his chest heaving.

Soon, the crowd joined in, their ridicule raining down on Alex.

Rudolf, sneering viciously, stepped forward, his voice filled with scorn. "You arrogant little fool! Do you even understand who you're talking to?"

Pointing proudly at Bill, Rudolf continued harshly, "This is Bill, the number two-ranked knight in Paris, second only to Michael himself! You're not brave—you're begging to be torn apart!"

Bill strode confidently into the empty arena, grabbing the microphone with a vicious grin.

"Alright! Who wants to watch me pound some respect into Alex—the filthy coward who attacks women and beats up old men? I say it's time we teach him a lesson in humiliation!"

"Yeah!" the spectators roared back, their voices charged with anger.

"Kill that bastard!" someone shouted from the crowd.

"Show him what happens when he disrespects Paris!"

Every voice rose in fury, painting Alex as the villain with relentless venom.

Lyra leaned close to Alex, her voice urgent yet strangely calm.

"Alex, there's good news and bad news. Which do you want first?"

"Give me the bad," Alex replied coldly, eyes locked on Bill.

Lyra sighed. "Looks like you've been set up by Michael and that snake Guise.

They've branded you a criminal."

"That much is obvious," Alex muttered bitterly. "What's the good news?"

Lyra's eyes gleamed sharply.

"The odds for your fight with Michael

just skyrocketed to thirty-to-one. And

now, they've started placing bets on

Bill's fight too. You're sitting at

fifteen-to-one."

She leaned closer, a daring smile on her lips.

"If you crush Bill, we'll rake in fifteen

billion. And if we roll that fifteen

billion onto your fight against

Michael... Alex, we could bankrupt all

of Paris."

The words alone made Lyra's breath hitch.

A rush of heat bloomed under skin, flooding her senses like a drug.

The scale of it—the billions—was too much.

Her legs tensed, her fingers curled, and a soft gasp escaped her lips.

It hit her like a wave she couldn't stop. Right there, standing before the crowd, the sheer thrill of the moment sent her over the edge.

Her knees nearly buckled as the orgasm rippled through her, silent but undeniable.

She blinked, dazed, flushed, trying to steady herself.

"God, Alex..." she whispered, breathless, "you have no idea what that does to me."

Alex's mouth curved into a cold smile. "Will they even take such a huge bet?"

Lyra smirked confidently. "They're backed by the Bank of Paris, and they're arrogant enough to take it. After all, they think their victory is guaranteed."

Bill's voice boomed impatiently from the arena, filled with mockery.

"What's wrong, Alex? Lost your nerve already? Drag your worthless ass up here!"

Lyra patted Alex's shoulder reassuringly. "Go up there. Unleash your anger and don't hold back. I've already secured the bets."

Alex nodded slowly, stepping into the arena as the entire crowd erupted in furious boos and jeers, showering him with insults.

Standing proudly in the ring, Bill sneered at Alex, his eyes burning with contempt.

"You're finished, you disgusting bastard. You're gonna die right here—no chance you'll even make it to Michael!"

Alex narrowed his eyes, icy and deadly.

"Oh, I get it. You're here to weaken me so your precious Michael can pick up an easy victory. Afraid he can't win fairly?"

Bill growled, his face twisted in rage.

"Michael is Paris's greatest fighter—he doesn't need tricks to crush garbage like you. You're gonna die right here because you're nothing but a filthy coward who preys on innocent women. You're an

absolute disgrace!"

With slow, menacing movements, Bill drew his massive axe.

Then, without warning, he charged forward, his enormous frame like a charging bull, his blade flashing so fast it blurred in the air.

The crowd's adrenaline surged as they screamed wildly.

"He's finished! Bill's Moon Axe is unstoppable—only Michael himself can survive that strike!" shouted an amazed spectator.

The arena exploded with noise, everyone convinced Alex about to meet a brutal end.

But Alex stood perfectly still, unfazed by the lethal charge. At the last second, his hand whipped through the air in a casual but powerful slap.

A loud, sharp crack echoed through the arena as Alex's hand connected squarely with Bill's face.

To everyone's astonishment, Bill's huge body flew backward through the air like he'd been shot from a cannon, soaring helplessly and tumbling out of the ring.

The arena fell dead silent.

Every spectator stared in stunned disbelief, unable to comprehend what they'd just seen.

Nobody could believe their eyes—Alex had shattered Bill's arrogance with just a single slap.

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 349[1,173 words]

"How... how the hell?" Bill stumbled to his feet, swaying like he'd been hit by a truck.

His eyes were wide, panicked, searching for something that made sense.

His jaw trembled, still stinging from the slap that had thrown him out of the arena like a rag doll.

One hit. Just one.

"This can't be happening... this is impossible!"

Alex didn't flinch.

His voice was steady, almost bored. "You're out there, aren't you? So it is possible."

"No! No! That was no way!" Bill bellowed, veins bulging in his neck.

His face twisted into something between fury and fear. "There's no way you landed that hit! It had to be luck! Just dumb, blind luck!"

With desperate fury, he leaped back into the ring.

"You're dead!" he screamed, throwing himself into a violent, reckless assault.

Every blow was wild, each strike more vicious and desperate than the last.

Yet Alex simply sighed, visibly bored.

One hand slipped lazily into his pocket, the other snapping out with astonishing speed.

His fist slammed brutally into Bill's face with a loud crack.

Alex yawned as if it meant nothing.

Bill reeled backward, clutching at his ruined face.

Blood poured freely from his shattered nose, and his eyes filled with horror and humiliation.

"Why...why is this happening?" His voice trembled, weak and broken.

The stunned crowd gasped in collective disbelief.

Bill, Paris's second-best fighter, a man they'd revered, now stood utterly humiliated.

It looked absurd-like watching a child trying to fight a grown man.

"This can't be happening!" someone shouted.

"How the hell did Alex just wreck Bill?" another voice demanded incredulously.

Faces in the crowd dripped with nervous sweat, shaken by the unexpected outcome.

Nobody believed their eyes. Alex, a man with no previous record in any fight, had somehow annihilated Bill effortlessly.

Bill stood frozen, fear clutching his heart.

His entire body shook violently, overwhelmed by the realization that he faced someone far beyond his strength.

"Guess we're done here," Alex muttered, turning his back dismissively.

Fighting someone this weak was a waste of time.

But the insults from the crowd poured down relentlessly.

"Bill, you worthless coward!"

"Getting slapped around like a dog in the Paris Arena?! You call that a fight?!"

"You moron! Every damn sponsorship is pulling out-you're done! Finished! You're a walking failure!"

"Kill him, Bill! Do something! You pathetic piece of garbage-I put money on you! Don't you dare lose like this!"

In that moment, Bill felt every shred of his pride, his fame, and his wealth slipping away.

He knew the consequences of defeat-everything he'd built, every deal he'd made, hinged on this fight.

And now, he faced ruin.

Terror seized him. If he lost, his life would be worthless.

The thought of Guise's wrath-the man who'd funded him for this match-filled him with blind, panicked desperation.

In one last frantic, desperate lunge, he tightened his grip on the machete, eyes blazing with unhinged fury.

Letting out a scream soaked in madness and rage, Bill charged forward-no strategy, no fear-just pure, murderous intent.

"Die, bastard!" Bill howled, swinging the blade in a wild arc toward Alex's exposed back.

But Alex moved on instinct-fast, precise, deadly.

For a split second, he forgot to hold back.

His backhand snapped out with raw power, cracking against Bill's skull with a sickening thud.

A blinding flash of pain exploded through Bill's skull.

His vision blurred-then vanished as a sickening crack echoed in his ears.

His neck had snapped. Just like that.

And in the final, fleeting second before the darkness took him, a tidal wave of unbearable regret crashed over him.

He had spent his entire life chasing glory.

Worshiping strength. Sacrificing everything-his time, his peace, even parts of himself to be the best.

And now, it was over. All of it. Erased by one reckless, stupid swing.

If only he hadn't turned back for that one last attack.

Even if he'd lost the match-lost everything-he still had enough saved to walk away.

He could've retired. Lived quietly. Grown old in peace with the woman he loved.

A simple life. A good life.

Quiet. Safe. Happy.

But now... it was gone.

Shattered in a heartbeat.

All of it-for nothing.

He had tried to defy a man leagues above him.

And in the end, Bill realized the most painful truth of all:

He should have walked away.

But regret came too late.

Everything went black.

Bill's lifeless body crashed to the floor, neck grotesquely twisted.

For a moment, shock gripped the arena.

Then the silence erupted into frenzied cheers and wild applause.

The spectators screamed in delight, ecstatic over the brutal spectacle.

Even those who'd supported Bill moments ago now roared in approval, thrilled by the raw, merciless violence.

Alex shook his head in disgust.

"What a cruel, twisted world," he muttered bitterly, walking away as the crowd's savage jubilation echoed behind him.

"How dare you spill Paris blood in my arena!"

A thunderous voice boomed suddenly from above.

A striking figure descended swiftly onto the center stage, lowered by a crane Roist—the very same used to bring down famous performers during grand concerts.

His arrival was nothing short of theatrical, as if a superstar were descending from the heavens.

The newcomer was a man in his thirties, exuding an aura of raw strength and dominance.

His eyes flashed with a cold fury, piercing and fierce, and his presence alone felt as immense as a towering mountain.

Everyone recognized him instantly—Michael Thunderfist.

Michael's eyes landed on Bill's lifeless body sprawled across the arena floor.

His jaw tightened with disgust. "You've got some nerve killing someone in my ring.

For this, you're a dead man. I promise you that!"

"Holy shit! It's Michael Thunderfist!" The spectators erupted into wild cheers, their voices trembling with excitement.

"He's the strongest fighter in all of

Paris! One punch from Michael.coet

crumble mountains. That fool doesn't stand a chance!"

"Impressive that the rookie beat Bill, but he's dead meat now that Michael is here!" another shouted gleefully.

"Nobody survives Thunderfist!"

Michael stood proudly at the center of the arena, flexing his legendary power for the crowd.

In a flash, he unleashed his infamous thunder fists ten rapid-fire times-so swift the spectators saw nothing but blurs.

Only when the giant screen replayed the move in slow motion did the awe-struck audience witness Michael's devastating speed.

Behind the spectacle, Bill's body was quietly dragged away.

Forgotten. Discarded. Just another defeated fighter no one cared about anymore.

"That's Michael for you! Isn't he magnificent?"

Women shrieked and clapped frantically, eyes filled with longing admiration.

Each of them dreamed of marrying Paris's unbeatable champion, craving the wealth, fame, and security his status guaranteed.

Michael sneered down at Alex, his voice dripping with contempt.

"You disgusting murderer! You dare to disgrace this arena with your foul deeds Your existence taints martial arts itself. Today, I'll deliver justice on behalf of the heavens!"

With righteous arrogance, Michael lunged forward, throwing a deadly punch intended to obliterate Alex completely.

"Oh man, it's over!" voices murmured sympathetically from the crowd.

Alex had shown incredible skill, but nobody believed he could stand against Paris's undefeated legend.

But as Michael's punch tore through the air, sending gusts of wind swirling, Alex met him with an ice-cold glare.

"If you can survive one punch from me," Alex said, his voice dangerously calm, "I'll gladly admit defeat."

Without hesitation or restraint, Alex fired a single, explosive punch.

Michael's arrogant smile vanished instantly.

As the devastating force of Alex's strike hit him, he felt like a helpless raft

swallowed by a monstrous fifty-meter tsunami.

His face drained of all color, pure terror filling his eyes as he realized, too late, the terrible mistake he'd made.

'Damn!'

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 350[1,295 words]

Everyone saw Michael launch forward, rage blazing in his eyes as he charged at Alex.

While Alex, fueled by his own fiery anger, threw out a swift jab to meet him.

The spectators held their breath, convinced Alex had sealed his own fate.

Michael, known as the Thunder Fist, was notorious for shattering ten-inch concrete walls with a single punch.

Against a mere human body, survival was impossible.

A deafening explosion shattered the tension.

In an instant, Michael hurtled backward through the air like a ragdoll, crashing brutally onto the VIP seats with a sickening crunch.

The chairs splintered under his weight, sending terrified VIPs scattering in panic.

Michael lay motionless amid the wreckage, eyes wide open but empty, limbs twisted unnaturally beneath him.

The arena plunged into stunned, deathly silence.

No one could process what had just happened.

Michael, the Paris undefeated champion, lay broken and lifeless, defeated by nothing more than a single jab from Alex.

"What the hell just happened?" someone finally muttered, breaking the heavy silence.

"Impossible! Did Michael really lose?"

The whispers quickly became cries of disbelief, growing louder and more frantic.

"This is rigged! That little bastard must've cheated! Someone's messing with the bets!" shouted one furious spectator.

Shock rippled through the crowd, and heads shook in denial.

Lyra gripped the arms of her chair so hard her knuckles turned white.

A tremor surged through her, then another-until her whole body shuddered. Her legs tightened, her breath caught in her throat, and then-

Orgasm.

Release.

A raw, overwhelming climax tore through her as she just won: \$300 billion.

She moaned a deep, primal sound-as her body convulsed with the force of it.

Her vision blurred. Her spine arched. Every nerve in her body lit up like fire, electricity ripping through her veins.

As she collapsed back into the leather, chest heaving, lips parted in a euphoric gasp, a slow smile curled across her face.

Meanwhile, in the private room overlooking the arena, Gilbert and his associates stood frozen in shock, their faces drained of color.

"How the hell did Michael lose?" Gilbert roared, grabbing a chair and hurling it violently at the arena manager, who flinched but didn't dare dodge.

"Are you absolutely certain Michael didn't throw the fight?"

The manager, dripping sweat, trembled as he stammered, "He wouldn't dare, sir.

We have his son and daughter under control."

"Then explain this goddamn disaster!" Gilbert roared, his voice cracking with rage. His eyes burned like wildfire, fists clenched at his sides.

He wanted blood.

He wanted Alex's head on a spike after that ambush at the hotel.

But this? This was beyond revenge.

This was humiliation.

And it was tearing him apart.

No one dared speak. Silence reigned until the door burst open abruptly, and another manager stumbled in, panic etched across his face.

"Sir Gilbert, we have a serious problem!"

"What now?" Gilbert snapped, clenching his fists.

"A woman named Lyra placed a bet on Alex's fight against Bill. She put a billion dollars."

"How much?" Gilbert's voice cracked in disbelief.

"A billion," the manager said again, his voice barely above a whisper. A bead of sweat slid down his temple.

"She placed a one-billion-dollar bet... and won fifteen times over."

He swallowed hard, eyes darting like a man delivering a death sentence. Gilbert, blind with rage, seized another chair and smack it at the manager. "Where the hell are we supposed to find fifteen billion dollars?" he bellowed. "That.....that's not the issue, sir," the manager stammered, blood trickling down his forehead.

Gilbert paused, realizing he might have misunderstood.

He drew a slow, shaky breath, forcing steel into his voice.

"I'm sorry. I lost control," he said, his voice strained with effort-right as he hurled the chair across the room.

"Now... explain clearly. What exactly is the problem?"

He leaned in slightly, eyes narrowing.

"As long as it's not fifteen billion... we're fine. Right?"

The manager swallowed hard, barely able to speak. "She took her entire fifteen billion winnings and put it all on the Michael-Alex fight."

"And?" Gilbert asked, his voice dropping dangerously low.

"She...she won again. The odds were twenty to one. We owe her... three hundred billion dollars." The words echoed like a death sentence.

Gilbert grabbed an ashtray from the table and slammed it into the manager's face.

"You useless piece of garbage!" he screamed, striking the manager repeatedly until the man collapsed, unmoving, onto the floor.

Blood pooled silently around the lifeless figure as Gilbert stood gasping for breath.

Back at the arena, a stunned silence fell over the crowd as Alex calmly stepped down from the stage and approached Lyra.

His voice carried a quiet resolve, "It's time to go home."

Lyra's eyes brightened instantly.

"You're absolutely right," she

gripping his arm tightly as they walked side by side, completely unbothered by the chaos erupting behind them.

As they stepped onto the bustling Parisian streets, Lyra glanced at Alex with a playful smile.

"Hey Alex, I'm starving. Mind grabbing some street food? Anything quick will do." Alex shrugged casually, a faint smile breaking through. "Sure thing."

They found a small food stand, the fragrant smoke drifting through the air around them as they ate.

Lyra's laughter rang out, pure and carefree as she spoke animatedly about their victory. Her eyes sparkled with excitement.

Suddenly, she paused, leaning closer. "Alex, those guys owe us three hundred billion. How do you think they'll handle the payment?"

Alex gave a bitter chuckle, eyes darkening slightly. "You're asking me? They'll never pay."

Lyra's smile faded instantly. "Why would you say that?"

"Because," Alex said sharply, eyes locked on hers, "it's cheaper and easier to just kill us."

Lyra frowned deeply, her face shadowed with worry. "You don't think they'd actually-"

Before she could finish, a group of heavily armed thugs emerged from the shadows, brandishing machetes, guns, swords, and blades.

They quickly surrounded Alex and Lyra, their faces twisted in cruel grins. "Everyone!" barked one thug, glaring fiercely at the terrified street vendors and patrons nearby.

"Get lost, unless you're eager to die!"

The crowd scattered in panic, leaving only Alex and Lyra seated calmly at their table.

One thug stepped forward, his eyes cold with fury. "You the one who killed Michael?"

Alex casually bit into his food without looking up. "Yeah. What's it to you?"

"Michael was our idol," the thug growled, venom dripping from every word.

"It's only fair we kill you, seeing as you took him from us." He shifted his gaze to Lyra, smirking cruelly.

"And you—you're the girl who bet on this piece of trash, right?"

"You could say that," Lyra replied coolly, meeting his gaze without flinching.

"Then you die together," snarled the thug, lifting his machete high above his head, aimed straight for Lyra.

But halfway through his deadly swing, the thug froze abruptly.

His eyes rolled back, turning pure white, and he collapsed, spasming violently on the ground.

Around them, fifty more armed men

fell one by one, convulsing

vel

uncontrollably, foam bubbling.

grotesquely from their

mouths-felled effortlessly by Alex's

overpowering aura.

Lyra stared around in shocked disbelief, heart pounding wildly.

"Alex, what just happened?"

"Lyra, I need you to do something for me," Alex said, voice calm but firm.

"Anything," Lyra breathed, still trying to grasp what she'd witnessed.

"You have to go back to Chicago first."

"Are you crazy? They're coming after you. Let's leave together," Lyra insisted, desperation in her voice.

Alex shook his head firmly.

"No. They're after me. It'll be safer if I

go solo and stay hidden. Meanwhile

you make sure they pay every cent

of that three hundred billion.

Lyra hesitated, eyes wide with concern. "Alex, are you sure you'll be alright?" "Trust me," Alex reassured her as a sleek black car pulled smoothly to the curb. "That's your ride. It'll take you to the private jet back to Chicago."

Lyra rose slowly, determination flickering in her eyes. "I'll get our money, Alex. You stay alive."

As the car pulled away into the darkness, Alex remained seated calmly, finishing his food as though nothing had happened.

Moments later, sirens screamed through the air, red and blue lights flooding the

street.

Hundreds of heavily armed police officers and military personnel surged forward, weapons trained directly on Alex.

A commanding voice barked through a megaphone, slicing through the tense air, "You there! Hands in the air! Or we will kill you!"

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 351[1,119 words]

Four hours earlier, Sophia received an unexpected call from Gilbert, demanding she accompany him to watch a fight at the Paris Arena.

Sophia despised fights.

She never had interest in violent sports and didn't even know the arena existed until Gilbert summoned her.

"I'm sorry, Gilbert, but that's not my kind of entertainment," Sophia declined.

Gilbert leaned close, eyes narrowed threateningly.

"Do you prefer something bad happening to your mother or little brother instead?"

Within an hour, she was aboard Gilbert's private jet, speeding from Vancouver to Paris.

When they arrived, Gilbert escorted her into an exclusive room filled with Parisian elites, proudly introducing her as his fiancée and boasting about their upcoming wedding.

Sophia felt nauseous at the announcement, especially as the elites swarmed around her, complimenting her looks and gushing about how fortunate she was to marry a man like Gilbert.

It was obvious—they were trying to win her favor solely because of Gilbert's influence.

Only then did she discover Alex was fighting in the arena.

Gilbert's intentions became crystal clear—he wanted her to watch Alex's brutal death.

Sophia silently vowed to herself: if Alex died tonight, she'd follow him.

But against all odds, Alex emerged victorious.

Even Lyra, her best friend, hit the jackpot-winning an unbelievable 300 billion just for betting on him.

"How can life be so cruel?" Sophia thought bitterly.

"Lyra becomes governor of Chicago and wins billions, and here I am trapped in misery."

She flinched as Gilbert violently smashed an ashtray against his manager's head in rage.

Sophia knew with sickening certainty—this would be her future, chained to a violent man who lashed out at anyone who angered him.

Moments later, Gilbert snatched up his ringing phone, shouting in disbelief, "Alex took down fifty of our men? Are you kidding me? How the hell is he still alive?"

His icy glare shifted to Mr. Theodore, the Paris chief of police, who stood nearby, visibly tense.

"Chief, Alex just slaughtered my people. Can you take your men and eliminate him?"

"Sir, Alex is a professional fighter. My officers wouldn't stand a chance."

"Then call the goddamn military!" Gilbert roared, slamming his fist on the table.

"I don't care what it takes-I want Alex and Lyra dead tonight. Do you hear me, Theodore? If you fail, someone else will be wearing your badge by sunrise."

"Yes, sir," Theodore replied stiffly, then hurried off to rally his men and call in military backup.

While Gilbert raged on in heated talks with his other managers, Sophia quietly slipped out of the room and hurriedly called Lyra.

"Lyra, where are you right now?" Sophia asked urgently.

"I'm heading back to Chicago. What's going on?"

"Is Alex with you?" Her voice trembled.

"No, he's not with me. Why?" Lyra replied, now sounding cautious.

"Gilbert sent people to kill him! He's blocked my number-I can't reach him!"

"I'll send you his location. Go now, he might still be there."

Sophia rushed desperately to the address Lyra provided, her heart pounding wildly.

When she arrived, dread filled her veins-police and heavily armed soldiers surrounded Alex, their weapons trained directly at him as he calmly enjoyed his drink.

Theodore stepped forward, gun drawn, and shouted, "Put your hands up, Alex! One wrong move, and we'll open fire!"

Alex smirked, shaking his head with mockery. "Is this your best? Even an army isn't enough to bring me down."

"You arrogant bastard! Still mouthing off with death staring you down? Kill him!" Theodore ordered fiercely.

Every gun was raised, fingers tightening on triggers, when suddenly a voice shattered the tension.

"Stop!"

Sophia burst through the siege, breathless and frantic, dressed in elegant branded clothes now stained with desperation.

Alex's eyes narrowed, frustration etched on his face.

Why did fate keep dragging her back into his life?

"Alex, are you alright?" Sophia's voice trembled as their eyes met, emotions swirling painfully.

"That's none of your concern. How many times must I tell you to stay away?" Alex snapped coldly.

His harshness pierced Sophia's heart, yet she steeled herself, turning instead to Theodore.

"Chief, what's going on here?"

"Mrs. Guise," Theodore said politely yet firmly. "Please step aside, you might ruin your fine clothes."

"Chief Theodore, Alex is my friend. Let him go," Sophia demanded firmly.

Theodore's eyes hardened. "Your friend? I'm sorry, but Mr. Gilbert gave explicit orders. Alex won't leave here alive."

"Then let me talk to Gilbert." Sophia's voice hardened as she pulled out her smartphone, stepping swiftly toward a quiet corner.

When Gilbert picked up, his tone was impatient. "Sophia, where the hell are you? I've been looking everywhere."

"Gilbert, call off Theodore immediately. Don't let him kill Alex."

"Sophia," Gilbert's voice dripped with

dangerous annoyance, "don't play

games with me. I slit your

mother's

throat if you interfere."

Sophia's eyes blazed with determination.

"Listen carefully, Gilbert. If you don't stop Theodore right now, I'll end my own life.

Then you'll be left with no bride at all."

Gilbert's blood boiled; never before had a woman dared threaten him this way.

For a brief moment, he considered having Sophia killed instead-yet he knew it wasn't that simple.

Sophia was deeply connected to the powerful Montclair family.

He still needed their influence, and Sophia was his link.

Besides, he had an image to uphold a dream he'd sold to the world.

Marrying Sophia wasn't just strategy.

It was his pride.

"Fine," Gilbert snapped furiously, "I'll talk to Theodore. But don't expect miracles."

He slammed the phone down, immediately dialing Theodore.

"Mr. Gilbert," Theodore answered promptly.

"Is Lyra-Alex's little sidekick-with him?"

"No, sir. He's alone."

"Damn," Gilbert said, his tone laced with venomous calm.

"Then listen carefully, Theodore. Alex can die any damn day I choose. But Lyra? She needs to vanish before sunrise. I don't want that woman touching a single filthy coin of her winnings

"Yes, sir." Theodore quickly ended the call and ordered his men to retreat, shifting their focus entirely to locate Lyra.

Turning toward Sophia, Theodore flashed a sarcastic smile.

"Congratulations, Mrs. Guise. It seems you've finally learned to manage seemour fiance." He signet

his men, leaving Alex and the place deserted.

"Mrs. Guise, huh? How impressive," Alex mocked bitterly, eyes filled with disgust.

Sophia maintained her composure, though the sharpness of his glare pierced deeply.

"I only intervened because I don't want trouble for you. I'm not asking for

gratitude."

"Your concern isn't needed, Sophia. Stay out of my life."

She swallowed hard, voice trembling slightly.

"I understand you despise me, and I've wronged you terribly. But someday, I'll make amends."

"Amends?" Alex laughed harshly, shaking his head in contempt.

"You really think you matter enough for me to care?"

Sophia's voice wavered as she asked cautiously, "Then what do you care about?"

Is there anything I can help you with?"

"No, Sophia. The only help I need from you is to vanish completely," Alex spat out.

"Do you truly hate me this much?" Pain clouded her eyes, the ache in her chest unbearable.

"Absolutely. You treated me like a pathetic dog. Is that what you expect now-a grateful puppy at your feet?" Alex's voice dripped venom.

Sophia lowered her gaze, crushed by guilt. "I'm sorry..."

"Save it," Alex sneered, disgusted by her defeated expression. "Your pity means nothing. It just makes me sick."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 352[1,475 words]

Sophia opened her mouth, but the words froze in her throat.

She had tried countless times to confess everything, but each time she failed.

She knew Alex was strong, but what good was strength when your enemy could bring two men with guns to finish the job?

Life wasn't fair-it never was.

It wasn't a fair fight in some arena where you squared off one-on-one.

Gilbert had hundreds of killers at his disposal, waiting for his signal.

The most painful part was knowing Alex's heart. Once he learned the truth, he wouldn't hesitate to put himself in danger for her.

He would foolishly become Gilbert's enemy, rushing headlong toward death.

And it would all be her fault.

All Sophia wanted was for Alex to live a peaceful life.

If she had to bear his hatred, become his enemy, and carry that torment to her grave, she would accept it gladly.

Yet, Sophia wondered bitterly, would Alex miss her after she was gone?

Would he ever realize the terrible truth behind her sacrifice?

No-he would probably just hate her forever.

"How are things with Jasmine?"

Alex stared at her in disbelief.

He shook his head, frustration etched deep into his features.

"Sophia, I don't know what sick game you're playing, but I'm damn tired of it."

He snatched a cheap beer from the table, popped the cap off roughly, and drank it down angrily.

"If you must know," he snapped, deliberately trying to hurt her, "Jasmine and I are doing great. We've even talked about getting married."

His words pierced Sophia like a knife. A sharp, unbearable pain clenched around her heart.

She thought she was prepared for anything-even death-but hearing Alex say he would marry Jasmine was too much.

Jealousy and despair surged through her veins, clouding her thoughts.

Without a word, she yanked a chair back, snatched the beer bottle off the table, and poured herself a full glass.

She downed it in one angry gulp, her hand trembling.

Alex stared, baffled. "What the hell are you doing?"

"I'm thirsty—can't you see that?" she snapped, her eyes sharp with defiance.

She poured another glass, her movements quick and unsteady, and drank it down in one furious gulp.

But the bitter liquid did nothing to ease the storm raging inside her, so she immediately poured another.

"Hey! That's my beer!" Alex protested, reaching for the bottle.

"So what?" Sophia spat back harshly, mocking him openly.

"Are you seriously this pathetic over one beer? Owner! Bring us more bottles- he's paying!"

The street food keeper quickly obliged, delighted by the sudden request.

More bottles appeared on the table, and Sophia drank fiercely, determined to numb her pain.

Shaking his head, Alex glared at her, frustration mixing dangerously with sorrow.

"Since I'm paying for it, I'll drink too," he growled, grabbing another beer and gulping it down, matching her pace.

They drank heavily, each sip desperate and fierce, as if alcohol could wash away their torment.

For a while, only tense silence lingered between them, punctuated by bitter swallows and heavy breaths.

The police and military had long since cleared away the bodies, and over time, people began to forget what had happened there.

Life slowly returned to normal, and the street food stalls started filling up again with crowds and laughter.

At last, Sophia forced a painful smile, her voice trembling slightly. "Congratulations, Alex. Jasmine is... a wonderful woman. She really cares about you. But you know, you two come from different worlds. You'll have to work damn hard to catch up to her."

Alex scoffed coldly, his eyes darkening.

"You're marrying Gilbert-the governor's family, remember? You're hardly better than me. Maybe you're the one who should be worried about catching up."

Sophia nodded slowly, the sting of his words deeper than she'd imagined.

"You're right," she whispered bitterly, taking another large gulp of beer. "Absolutely right."

Then suddenly, her eyes flashed with pain and anger.

"You know what? Maybe Jasmine should marry Gilbert instead! Rich man, rich woman-perfect match! And maybe you and I should have gotten married. Then neither of us would have to struggle so hard."

Alex felt anger flare up inside him, his fist clenched, nearly slamming the table in frustration.

He wanted to shake her, scream at her, demand she explain what twisted logic filled her head.

But how could any man truly understand a woman like Sophia?

Hell, no man could ever really understand a woman at all.

Alex watched as Sophia's cheeks flushed deep crimson, her eyes glazed and unfocused.

She was drunk-no doubt about it.

Suddenly, Sophia slammed her palm against the table and shouted, "You bastard!"

Her sharp outburst startled Alex. He nearly jumped from his chair.

She shoved her empty glass toward him, eyes blazing.

"Pour me another drink, you jerk! How can you sit there and make a woman pour her own beer?"

Alex clenched his fists beneath the table. Every instinct told him to storm away and leave her to her mess.

But when he saw her flushed face, wild eyes, and the reckless beauty of her intoxication, something softened inside him.

Despite himself, he picked up the bottle and reluctantly poured her drink.

Sophia snatched the glass and drained it in one reckless gulp.

"Coward!" she sneered loudly, slamming the empty glass back on the table. "Tell me straight, Alex-do you like me or not?"

Alex exhaled sharply, struggling to control the storm inside him. "You're drunk, Sophia. Let's not do this now. Just drink."

He reached for the bottle again, but her voice rose sharply, slicing through the hum of nearby conversations.

"I'm talking to you, Alex! You had the nerve to sleep with me the first night we met Back then, Leven thought

might be pregnant with your child and now you can't even open your damn mouth?"

Every head in the area turned sharply toward them.

Murmurs rippled through the crowd as accusing eyes burned into Alex, making his head spin with embarrassment.

He leaned toward the curious onlookers, hands raised defensively. "I'm sorry, everyone. She's just had too much to drink."

Sophia leapt from her chair, unsteady but defiant.

"I'm not drunk!" she yelled, glaring daggers at Alex.

"I'm asking you plainly: Do you like

me

or not? Stop being such a spineless coward! If you truly have feelings for me, declare it to the whole damn world!"

Several men around them nodded vigorously, urging Alex to speak up.

Alex groaned inwardly. "Owner!" he called desperately, waving for attention. "We're done here. I'll pay now."

The street food owner approached with a knowing smile.

"Young man," he said earnestly, "take some advice from me. If you love her, don't hold back. Life is short-regrets last forever."

"Exactly!" Sophia shouted triumphantly, her voice echoing loudly.

"Listen to him, Alex! If you dared to take me, then you should damn well dare to love me!"

Alex stood quickly, pulling gently at her arm. "Sophia, enough. I'm calling you a cab. You're going home."

"No!" Sophia screamed, tears suddenly pouring down her flushed cheeks.

"If you don't admit right now that you love me, I'm not moving an inch!"

Alex felt the walls closing in.

The crowd was growing restless, amused whispers spreading from table to table. He bent closer, voice strained. Sophia, please lower your voice. Everyone's staring."

"Let them stare!" Sophia shouted, spinning around to face the entire tavern.

"Everyone! Tell this stubborn idiot to admit he loves me—otherwise, I'm not stepping foot in that hotel with him tonight!"

Alex's face burned with embarrassment.

Hotel? Where the hell did that even come from?

He wished the ground would open up and swallow him on the spot.

A young man at another table laughed boldly, raising his glass. "If he doesn't appreciate you, honey, why don't you join us instead?"

Sophia shook her head furiously.

"No! I love this jerk! And he loves me too—at least he did, until that awful Jasmine showed up."

She burst into loud sobs, gripping the edge of the table for support. "It hurts so damn much. Alex, just tell me you love me more than Jasmine!"

Sympathetic sighs rippled through the area.

"What a cheating bastard," someone muttered.

"Unbelievable," another voice sneered. "How could he betray a woman like that?"

"He doesn't deserve her!"

Alex ground his teeth, humiliation boiling over. He leaned close to Sophia, urgently whispering, "Let's just go, please."

Sophia shook her head violently. "I told you—I'm not going anywhere until you say it. Say you love me, Alex!"

He took a deep breath, locking eyes with her. "Fine, Sophia. I love you."

"No, you don't!" she spat instantly, fresh tears spilling from her eyes.

Alex rubbed his forehead in frustration. "But I do, okay?"

Sophia narrowed her eyes accusingly. "If that's true, why are you marrying Jasmine?"

"I'm not!" Alex snapped sharply, desperate to end this madness.

"I lied about marrying her, okay? I'm not going to marry Jasmine."

Sophia studied him suspiciously, swaying slightly. "Really?"

"Yes, really," Alex growled impatiently.

"Then prove it," Sophia said suddenly, leaning toward him, eyes blazing with intensity.

"Kiss me right here, right now."

Alex froze, taken aback. "What?"

"You heard me," she whispered fiercely, lips trembling, her face mere inches from his.

"If you're telling the truth, kiss me in front of everyone."

Around them, the area erupted into wild applause, rhythmic chants rising from every corner: "Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!"

Sophia closed her eyes, leaning forward boldly, challenging him openly before the entire area.

Alex stared at her flushed face, heart pounding, trapped between humiliation and longing.

In that moment, there was no escape.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 353[1,422 words]

When people started chanting, "Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!" Alex felt his pulse quicken.

He stared into Sophia's beautiful eyes, captivated by the soft glow on her flawless face.

He loved this woman with every fiber of his being, deeper than he'd ever loved anyone before.

But tonight, she was drunk, vulnerable, and worse-she was supposed to marry someone else in a matter of days.

As much as his heart begged him to kiss her right there, Alex knew he had to do the right thing.

"No," Alex whispered gently, fighting against his own desire.

Instead, he swept Sophia into his arms, lifting her gracefully in a princess carry.

Her delicate frame rested comfortably against his chest, sending warmth through his body.

"I'm taking you back," he said firmly, trying to ignore how good it felt to hold her so close.

Sophia struggled slightly, beating softly against his chest.

"Let me down, Alex! If you don't love me, don't touch me!"

Alex tightened his hold, ignoring her protests.

"I'm not letting you go," he said, stepping toward the street to hail a taxi.

The disappointed crowd around them groaned loudly, their hopes dashed by his refusal.

But Alex wasn't here to please them. His only concern was Sophia.

The taxi pulled up swiftly, and Alex gently placed Sophia in the back seat, intending to let her go alone.

But then he looked at her-her face flushed, eyes half-lidded, lost in a haze of alcohol and emotion.

She was vulnerable.

Too vulnerable. There was no way he could leave her like this, not tonight.

"Where are you headed?" asked the driver.

"The best hotel in Paris!" Sophia shouted drunkenly, leaning heavily against Alex.

"Four Seasons?" the driver clarified.

"Exactly!" Sophia yelled with determination.

Alex raised an eyebrow. "You're staying there?"

Sophia nodded, eyelids fluttering closed as she clung tightly to Alex's arm, refusing to let go.

The ride to the hotel was brief, the city lights passing swiftly.

As they arrived, Sophia stirred slightly and murmured, "Penthouse," barely awake yet holding tightly to Alex's hand.

Alex swept her into his arms once more, holding her in a protective princess carry as he stepped into the opulent lobby of the Four Seasons, every eye turning toward them as if the moment itself belonged in a storybook.

"Room, sir?" asked the receptionist politely.

"Penthouse," Alex replied evenly.

"You're in luck, sir. It's rarely available, but someone canceled at the last minute. How would you like to pay?"

Alex glanced down at Sophia, who was now fast asleep, her delicate face resting softly against his shoulder.

He wondered bitterly if it was Gilbert who canceled, knowing Sophia had run off.

"Card," he said simply, handing it over without hesitation.

Soon, a bellhop escorted them swiftly to the penthouse.

Alex laid Sophia gently onto the massive bed, the silvery moonlight casting an ethereal glow on her perfect features

She was breathtaking, her peaceful face causing a painful ache in his chest.

Unable to resist, he reached out and softly caressed her cheek, his fingers trembling with suppressed emotion.

He loved this woman desperately, but fate seemed determined to keep them apart.

Tonight, all he could give her was the tenderness of his unspoken affection. "Sleep well," he whispered softly, standing slowly to leave.

But before he could step away, Sophia reached out, gripping his arm gently.

"Stay with me... just a little longer," she murmured sleepily.

Alex hesitated, then sat beside her, letting her curl into him.

Her warmth seeped into his skin, making his heart pound.

"Alex," Sophia whispered softly, eyes still closed.

"If today was our last day—if there was no tomorrow would you still love me?"

His gaze shifted to the Paris skyline outside the vast window, the moon casting gentle beams over the city.

The weight of longing filled his chest.

"Yes," he admitted quietly, his voice heavy with emotion.

"Would you marry me?" Sophia asked, voice fragile yet hopeful.

"That was always the plan," Alex sighed, brushing a strand of hair tenderly from her face.

"But fate already brought us together once, remember? And then it tore us apart." Sophia smiled softly, a sleepy giggle escaping her lips.

"I remember marrying you clearly. But I don't remember us ever getting divorced."

"You're drunk, Sophia," Alex chuckled gently, though his heart squeezed at her words.

"No, I'm not," she protested softly, nestling her head into his chest.

"I remember waking up beside you that first night we met... I remember everything. And if I can still remember that, then I'm not drunk now, am I?"

Alex smiled warmly, surrendering to the intimacy of the moment.

"Alright, maybe you're not drunk. Maybe I'm the one who's drunk."

As he wrapped his arms gently around her, a comforting silence enveloped them.

In that perfect moment, nothing else mattered.

Everything felt right, as though the world had finally stopped fighting against them.

Leaving only the two souls tangled in each other's embrace.

Sophia's fingers traced gentle patterns across Alex's chest, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Alex... who are you, really?"

He gazed out into the darkness, feeling her warmth pressed against him, then slowly closed his eyes.

"Me? I'm a king."

Sophia giggled softly, the sound warm and teasing. "You're drunk, Alex. Tell me, how exactly did you become a king?"

"A long time ago," he said, smiling faintly, "I fought and defeated the old king. That's how I took his throne."

She laughed, resting her chin on his chest, eyes sparkling playfully.

"Well, that's believable enough. You're certainly good in a fight."

Her laughter quieted suddenly, replaced by intense seriousness as she leaned forward.

Her face hovered mere inches from his, breath warm against his lips.

"Listen, Alex—I don't care if you're really a king, a soldier, or the greatest liar who ever lived. I love you exactly as you are. Can you love me that way?"

Alex stared into Sophia's shimmering eyes, confusion mingling with longing.

"What do you mean?"

Her voice shook slightly, heavy with emotion.

"Tonight, I'm just a woman hopelessly in love with you. Will you dare love me back?"

Alex cupped her cheek tenderly, heart hammering painfully in his chest. "Sophia... I love you so much it hurts. I ache for you every moment we're apart,

and dream of nothing else but spending my life with you-but..."

Before he could finish, Sophia pressed her lips to his, silencing him with an urgent, desperate kiss.

"No buts tonight, Alex. Right here, right now, I'm yours. Completely."

A thousand thoughts raced through Alex's mind, worries and uncertainties battling fiercely inside him.

But the passion of her kiss drowned everything else out.

Her lips tasted of desire, warmth, and surrender, crashing through him like an unstoppable wave, sweeping away every shred of his control.

In that instant, there was nothing else but the two of them-two souls burning fiercely, two hearts beating as one.

There was no tomorrow, no past, just this singular moment of desperate need.

They shed their clothes hurriedly, their bodies fitting together perfectly, as if fate itself had sculpted them specifically for each other.

Sophia held Alex close, tears glistening in her eyes, pleading. softly, Take me, Alex. Make me yours, completely and forever. Until the day I die, I belong only to you."

As Alex made love to her, he couldn't shake the lingering ache in his heart. "You're drunk, Sophia. Promise me you won't regret this tomorrow."

Sophia clung tighter, whispering fiercely, "I'm not drunk, Alex. If I am drunk at all, it's on you-your scent, your touch, your love. I love you with every ounce of my being, even if it destroys me."

"You're adorable when you're drunk," Alex murmured playfully, pressing his lips against her neck.

"You drink too much beer, say sweet nonsense, and suddenly decide you love me. That only happens when you've had too much."

Sophia smiled mis

viously, nibbling gently at his neck.

"Tell me then-what am I like when I'm sober?"

Alex's voice darkened, thick with raw pain.

"When you're sober, you hate me. You always push me away, and it tears me apart."

Sophia tightened her embrace,

pressed a soft, lingering kiss to

Alex's lips, and whispered with a voice both fierce and tender, "Then let me love you until every scar fades."

"Tonight until every wound is healed. I'm yours completely, my king." Her laughter danced softly in his ear.

"You're drunk," Alex said, half-smiling, heart pounding.

As much as he wanted to believe every word, a part of him still clung to caution-

because if this was all just wine and fantasy, it would break him in the morning. "Maybe you're the one who's drunk, Alex. A king?" she laughed softly, eyes glinting with affection. "That just proves how far gone you really are." "Maybe I am," Alex whispered, melting into her touch.

At the edge of the bed, Sophia's handbag toppled to the floor, spilling its contents.

Among them was a small bottle of anti-intoxication pills, something Sophia had started carrying after her last disastrous encounter with Gilbert. Tonight, before she even touched a drink with Alex, she'd carefully taken two pills.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 354[1,486 words]

After a long, passionate night, Alex held Sophia close, her delicate fragrance intoxicating him.

The warmth of her body nestled perfectly against his chest, stirring something deep within him.

He gently kissed her forehead, and Sophia responded by pressing even closer, her breathing slow and peaceful.

"Alex," Sophia whispered softly, her voice thick with happiness and exhaustion. "You're everything to me. I've never loved anyone the way I love you."

With those words, she drifted off into a tranquil sleep, completely unaware of the turmoil stirring inside him.

Alex stared silently at Sophia's serene face, his mind racing with thoughts and emotions.

Without noticing, morning quietly crept into the room.

Rising slowly from the bed, Alex stood over Sophia, captivated by her fragile beauty as she slept.

His heart twisted painfully, and a bitter poem slipped softly from his lips.

"Meeting is hard, parting even harder — If we never met, there would be no yearning.

If we never knew each other, there'd be no thoughts.

If we were never together, there'd be no heartbreak."

Alex exhaled softly, his gaze lingering on the woman who had unraveled him.

They had met. They had known each other. They had been together.

And now, nothing could ever be the same.

He thought one final night would bring closure-that he could walk away and leave her behind.

But he was wrong.

The moment he touched her, he was undone again. Every time he saw Sophia, every breath she took near him, he lost himself.

No logic could contain it. No discipline could suppress it.

His desire for her wasn't something he could tame. It consumed him, wild and absolute.

And he knew now-this wasn't the end. It was only the beginning of something far more dangerous.

He forced himself to leave the penthouse, his resolve hardening with every step. Outside, he dialed the Paris branch of Kingswell.

His voice was sharp, dangerous. "Send me every file you have on the Guise family—especially Gilbert and Sophia. I want to know every last secret."

Never in his life had Alex mixed personal matters with his work, but Sophia changed everything.

Now every detail about her had become vital-urgent.

For Sophia, he was ready to play dirty-dangerously dirty.

Sophia awoke, reaching instinctively for Alex, only to find the bed cold and empty.

Panic tightened her chest, leaving her uncertain whether this emptiness was good or bad.

Last night she had poured her entire heart out to Alex, surrendering herself fully.

Now, loneliness crushed her once again, and tears streamed quietly down her cheeks.

"Don't be greedy, Sophia," she scolded herself bitterly, choking back a sob.

"You should be grateful you had this one night with the man you love most before you leave this cruel world behind."

Dragging herself from the bed, she slowly stepped into the shower, letting the hot water mingle with her tears.

"Thank you, Alex," she whispered, resigned to the fact that she had nothing left in this miserable world.

As she dressed, the sudden sound of the penthouse door opening startled her. Voices echoed through the apartment, igniting a spark of hope in her chest. "Alex, is that you?" she called eagerly, hurrying from the bathroom, her heart pounding with desperate joy.

If there was even the smallest chance to stay by Alex's side a bit longer, she'd seize it without hesitation.

But instead of Alex, Sophia froze as her gaze collided with Gilbert, his face twisted with fury and disgust.

Beside him stood the hotel manager, who sheepishly avoided her eyes-no doubt unable to refuse a request from a powerful governor.

"You filthy little slut!" Gilbert spat venomously, storming toward her.

Before she could react, Gilbert's hand swung viciously across her face, a brutal slap knocking Sophia violently to the floor.

Her vision blurred as pain exploded in her cheek.

"I kept calling your worthless phone all night! I should've guessed you were spreading your legs for Alex, you shameless whore!"

Gilbert roared, raising his foot and driving it mercilessly into her stomach.

Sophia gasped, agony tearing through her body as she collapsed, clutching her ribs.

The pain was blinding, making it nearly impossible to breathe. She was sure something inside her had shattered, the pain slicing like broken glass.

In that horrific moment, Sophia knew the choice she had made-staying with Gilbert was disastrously wrong.

Everything she had built upon this mistake was doomed, rotten from the beginning.

Gilbert's rage erupted uncontrollably, his fists pounding her relentlessly.

"You ungrateful piece of trash! Worthless tramp!" Each insult was punctuated by another cruel blow.

Every strike echoed through Sophia's bones, torturing her with unbearable pain. Tears streamed uncontrollably down her swollen face as she choked on desperate, silent sobs.

Her body burned with suffering, her spirit shattered under the onslaught of Gilbert's cruelty.

Her mind spun helplessly, trapped in a nightmare she couldn't escape.

This torment was her reality now, and she saw no way out.

Her broken heart knew only pain, regret, and the bitter realization of her terrible fate.

"God, please," Sophia whispered through the excruciating pain, hopelessness clawing at her soul.
"Save me..."

Gilbert grabbed Sophia's hair brutally, yanking her head back to reveal her bruised and battered face.

"You really think you're clever, don't you? Mocking me like I'm some fool!" Gilbert spat, delivering a vicious slap that echoed sharply in the silent room.

"John! Bring the marriage papers now!" he barked sharply.

Gilbert's lawyer quickly stepped forward, thrusting the document onto the table in front of Sophia, the ink stark against the white page.

"Sign your damn name, and we'll be husband and wife, nice and legal," Gilbert sneered coldly.

Sophia lifted her head defiantly, eyes blazing through tears of agony.

"I'd rather die than marry a monster like you."

"Oh, you're going to do much worse than die," Gilbert hissed darkly, pulling out his phone and dialing.

"Kill Jack Lancaster. Send men after every Lancaster alive-I want their blood spilled tonight!"

"No!" Sophia screamed, desperation surging as she clung to Gilbert's sleeve.

"I'll do it—I'll sign! Please, spare them!"

Gilbert laughed cruelly, his face twisted with contempt as he slapped her again, harder this time.
"You should've thought about that earlier, sweetheart."

He spoke into the phone again, voice dripping with disdain.

"Fine, don't kill them. Just beat them until they're begging for mercy."

Sophia trembled violently, a cold dread spreading through her battered body.

Her hand shook uncontrollably as she grasped the pen, prepared to sign her life away.

"Miss Lancaster," Joe, the attorney,

vef

cautiously interjected, "You need to understand this clearly. This contract states if either of you dies, the surviving spouse inherits everything—all family assets properties, wealth-everything. Do you comprehend?"

Gilbert had deliberately included that clause, fully aware of Sophia's unique position.

She bore the Lancaster name from her grandfather, but the true power came from her maternal lineage-the Montclaires.

After Laura's scandal and subsequent exile from the Montclaires, Sophia had become the sole heir, poised as the family's next matriarch.

This secret was meticulously guarded by the Montclaire elders who had already agreed but were still carefully deliberating the perfect moment to reveal it to Sophia.

This cautious delay kept even Sophia herself in the dark-but Gilbert's spies embedded deep within Montclaire urgently leaked the truth to him.

Realizing the danger if Sophia learned of her destined authority first, Gilbert knew he had to act swiftly, taking complete control of her before she could grasp her full power.

To Gilbert, the Montclaire fortune was a glittering financial prize, nearly as alluring as the proud legacy of his own Guise family.

He had meticulously planned it all.

Tomorrow, he'd marry Sophia, degrade her thoroughly, then methodically eliminate her. All that belonged to her would become his.

Sophia signed her name slowly, tears staining the paper, pressing her trembling thumbprint beside her signature.

Gilbert snatched the completed marriage contract and shoved it roughly into Joe's hands. "Get this legalized in an hour. No delays."

"Right away, sir," Joe responded nervously, quickly rushing out the door.

Gilbert leaned close, his voice dangerously low.

"Our wedding is tomorrow. Cover up that hideous face with makeup and fake a smile."

As Gilbert turned to leave, his eyes caught Sophia's handbag already lying on the floor, its contents spilled in disarray.

Something about the scene made him pause.

He crouched down, rummaging through the mess with rough hands—until he found it.

A small bottle of sleeping pills. The moment he saw it, his expression twisted. Rage flared in his eyes like wildfire.

"If you think suicide is your way out, think again," he snarled.

Without hesitation, he snatched a heavy vase from the table and hurled it straight at her face.

It shattered on impact with a sickening crack, splitting her skin open as fresh blood poured down her cheeks. The room rang with the sound of glass and pain.

"I'll slaughter every Lancaster, even your pathetic dog, if you dare die before tomorrow."

Sophia crumpled to the ground, sobbing in agony and despair. Every bone felt fractured, every nerve screamed. Life had never felt so mercilessly cruel.

She lay broken, astonished her heart could continue beating amidst such relentless torment.

A few minutes later.

"Sophia, I've got breakfast!" Alex called cheerfully, entering the penthouse.

His voice broke into stunned silence, horror filling his eyes as he saw Sophia, bleeding, trembling, and sobbing uncontrollably on the floor.

An ominous darkness erupted within Alex, fury he'd never known surged violently through him.

His vision clouded with a burning, deadly rage.

Someone was going to pay dearly for this.

The Almighty Dominance

Chapter 355[1,224 words]

"Sophia!" Alex burst into the room, his voice sharp with panic.

"What the hell happened to you?"

"Don't come any closer!" she screamed, terror in her voice.

"If Gilbert finds out you're here he'll kill you!"

Alex didn't stop. He crossed the room in seconds, eyes burning, fury barely held in check.

He swept her into his arms, holding her like something precious and broken, and carried her to the bed.

"Put me down! Get out, Alex!" she sobbed, fighting against him with what little strength she had left.

Her body shook with pain-real, raw pain-and her cries hit him like knives. Each tear was a trigger, every tremble fueled the fire inside him.

"You're hurt, Sophia. Let me help you."

"Don't be kind to me," she whispered through tears. "Just go. Please. You cannot be here."

But he wasn't going anywhere.

Alex's eyes scanned her bruised arms, the swollen mess of her face, the blood trickling from a wound on her head.

Rage and helplessness warred in his chest.

Without a word, he pulled out his golden acupuncture needles and began placing them carefully along her neck and head, each touch filled with a precision that belied his boiling anger.

Almost instantly, Sophia's eyelids grew heavy, and she slipped into a deep, restorative sleep.

He moved quickly, expertly placing needles around each bruised area, helping to relieve pain and speed recovery.

He rushed to the bathroom, grabbing a comprehensive first-aid kit from the cabinet.

Returning swiftly, he began carefully stitching her wound, placing seven precise stitches.

Once finished, he covered her gently with a soft blanket, watching her peaceful face for a brief, intense moment.

"You're safe now. And I swear-whoever did this will regret breathing."

Then Alex turned away, his eyes blazing with suppressed fury as he grabbed his phone, making rapid, urgent calls.

As he paced, he stared out the expansive penthouse window, his rage burning hotter with every passing second.

It was rare for Alex to lose control, but this was Sophia-every wound inflicted on her cut him a hundred times deeper.

If he had been attacked, he wouldn't feel half this fury.

But Sophia was different.

She was his heart-vulnerable, breakable, and more precious than anything he'd ever known.

Then his phone buzzed.

One message.

His jaw tightened.

Alex stood, gave Sophia one last look, and quietly shut the bedroom door behind him.

The softness was gone from his face. What replaced it was cold, focused fury-a storm barely contained beneath ice.

In the living room, one of his Kingswell agents shoved a pale, trembling man forward.

"Sir, this is the hotel manager. He's the one who unlocked the door for the attacker."

The manager immediately tried to intimidate Alex.

"Listen carefully-I warned you. The man behind this is powerful. You'd better

leave while you still can. If I report you, you're finished."

Alex stared him down, icy and dangerous. "I'll leave once you tell me who touched Sophia. My girlfriend."

The manager laughed mockingly.

"Sophia? Your girlfriend? She's your death sentence. Drop her and run if you

value your miserable life. If you knew who you're dealing with, you'd already have pissed yourself."

"Me?" Alex chuckled darkly. "Piss myself?"

"Funny, isn't it? You should be begging me for forgiveness, dragging me here like this," the manager spat defiantly.

"Once I report this, you're both dead."

Alex sighed with chilling calm. "Seems your friend has made you very arrogant."

He glanced at the table and gave a slight nod.

Instantly, the Kingswell agent seized the manager's wrist, forcing his hand onto the table.

"What—what the hell are you doing?" the manager shouted, panic rising. "You don't know who you're messing with!"

Alex took a heavy crystal ashtray from the table and brought it crashing down onto the manager's hand, shattering the bones.

The manager screamed in agony, collapsing to his knees.

"Don't ever make things harder than they need to be," Alex hissed dangerously. "I'm not in the mood for games."

"It's Gilbert! Gilbert Guisie!" the manager shrieked through his pain.

"The governor's son, you bastard! Once he finds out what you've done to his woman, you're finished!"

"He already has your face from the hotel security cameras. You're dead-you hear me? Dead!"

"Why does everything have to be so damn difficult?" Alex growled, grabbing the hotel manager by the shoulders with iron force.

He forced the terrified man toward the penthouse's towering glass window, where the city stretched far below in dizzying detail.

"You messed up," Alex said coldly, his voice as sharp as steel.

He leaned closer, eyes narrowing with controlled fury.

"Opening the door for Gilbert Guise-letting him lay a finger on Sophia-was the worst mistake of your miserable life. You get that?"

Alex's grip tightened. "When you screw up this bad, you apologize. You beg for forgiveness. Got it?"

The manager scoffed, defiance flashing in his eyes like a fool lighting a match in a gas leak.

"Mistake?" he spat.

"You're the dumbass who slept with Gilbert's fiancée. If anyone needs to beg, it's you."

Alex shook his head slowly, disgust etched clearly on his face.

"Seems we have a communication problem. So let me make it real simple."

He stepped in closer, eyes locked and unblinking.

"If I lose my patience right now, I just might throw your pathetic ass through this window. And if I do? get one last look at the

city-on your way to the

The manager let out a dry, arrogant laugh. "You wouldn't dare-"

He never finished the sentence.

Alex launched him with a single, brutal motion.

The man's body hit the window like a battering ram-glass shattered with a deafening roar, fragments catching the light like falling stars.

Then came silence.

The manager tumbled into the open sky, fifty stories above the ground, eyes

frozen in terror as the wind tore past him and death raced to meet him.

As the wind rushed past and death closed in, a mocking thought flashed through the manager's mind:

Play stupid games, win stupid prizes.

From above, Alex stared through the shattered opening, grim satisfaction mingling with dark regret.

"See?" he muttered bitterly.

"That's exactly what happens when I lose control. I regret it now, truly I do."

"But guess what-you're already dead."

A Kingswell agent approached cautiously, handing Alex a thick file. "Sir, here's everything we found on Gilbert Guise."

Alex flipped open the folder, his eyes blazing brighter with each passing page. His jaw tightened, knuckles whitening with rage.

"This bastard has kidnapped, raped, even murdered nearly a hundred women since he was fifteen."

"And his family—his goddamned family—covered for him every time instead of stopping him."

His voice was ice, anger radiating from every word.

"They even slaughtered entire families who tried to get justice. Incredible. The great and noble Guise family," he spat bitterly.

"No wonder Gilbert is a deranged animal."

"Should I mobilize Kingswell's Paris team to capture them?" the agent asked.

"No," Alex replied, his voice deadly calm now.

"Keep Sophia safe here until Lyra Thompson arrives. I'll handle the Guise family personally."

And without another word, Alex launched himself through the broken window into the air.

At the heart of Paris, in the lavish office of the governor's mansion

Norman Guise sat quietly working when a thunderous crash shattered the silence.

Glass exploded inward as Alex appeared, landing with fierce precision directly in front of Norman's ornate desk.

"You're Norman Guise, Gilbert's father?" Alex asked calmly, menace dripping from his tone.

Norman shot up from his chair, rage mixed with panic in his eyes. "Who the hell do you think you are? Security-!"

Before Norman finished, Alex

snatched up a pen from the desk and plunged it ruthlessly through Norman's left hand, pinning into the mahogany surface. fo FindNovel

The governor roared in pain, blood seeping rapidly from the fresh wound.

"Shut up," Alex hissed coldly.

"Call every last Guise in Paris and bring them here immediately. Today, your family pays for everything."

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 356[1,485 words]

"Forward!" barked the Paris security captain, gesturing sharply.

At his signal, fifty elite soldiers surged forward, weapons raised and ready.

They had stormed over the moment they heard trouble erupting in the governor's mansion, prepared for anything.

Just as they approached the grand doors, they swung open with a haunting creak.

"No need to lurk around out there," called a cold, detached voice from within.

"Come on in."

Inside, Alex sat calmly in a high-backed chair, his eyes glinting dangerously.

Governor Norman Guise shouted frantically, "Kill him! Shoot him now!"

Instantly, the elite soldiers stormed in, surrounding Alex and leveling their rifles straight at him.

Alex glanced around casually, unfazed. "I wonder, are any of you ever doing dirty work for this corrupt governor?"

Some of the elite soldiers, almost without thinking, shot quick, nervous glances at their comrades-the ones rumored to be doing the governor's dirty work.

It was a fleeting, instinctive reaction, nothing deliberate.

But those very soldiers-the ones truly guilty-didn't look at anyone.

Their eyes were locked on Alex, cold and murderous, their only intent to kill him.

"You better kneel or die!" They warned Alex.

"Kill me?" Alex smiled darkly and snapped his fingers.

Instantly, about ten soldiers-the ones clearly tied to the governor's dirty work- lifted their guns and pressed the barrels beneath their chins.

A split second later, gunfire erupted.

One by one, they pulled their triggers, dropping lifeless to the floor, including the squad leader.

The remaining elite soldiers froze in horror before rage took over.

Shouting, they swung their rifles toward Alex and unleashed a barrage of bullets.

But to their shock, every round halted midair, stopping dead about a meter away from Alex, hanging there as if trapped in an invisible wall.

Alex raised his hand again, snapping his fingers once more. The bullets clattered harmlessly to the marble floor.

Then, to their horror, the remaining soldiers felt their arms move against their will, forcing their own guns to their heads.

They struggled desperately, fighting an unseen force as their fingers tightened involuntarily on the triggers.

"I'll give you one last chance," Alex said, his voice cold and unyielding.

"I came here to wipe out every last Guise who's been doing filthy, dark things— murdering and hurting innocent people."

"If any of you still have a heart, if you hate what they've done as much as I do, then stand with me. Kneel now, and you'll be spared."

The soldiers shifted uneasily, glancing at one another.

Most of them had no love for the Guise family.

They hated the dirt, the blood, the screams of the innocent-but they were soldiers, government men. Orders were orders.

Defying the Guise family meant death. Until now, they had no choice.

But here, in front of Alex, they had one.

One after another, twenty-five soldiers dropped to their knees, some hesitating, others collapsing almost in relief.

The moment their knees touched the ground, Alex's power released them.

The remaining soldiers yelled in outrage, "Cowards! We swore an oath to protect Governor Guise!"

Alex snapped his fingers, and in an instant, the fifteen defiant soldiers jerked violently as their own guns swung upward.

One by one, they pulled the triggers, the gunfire echoing as they fell, lifeless, to the ground.

Alex turned to the kneeling soldiers, his expression cold and commanding.

"You twenty-five... today, you will help me to give justice."

He tossed a thick stack of documents onto the floor. "Read them. Every filthy crime the Guise family has committed is in there."

Norman Guise trembled in his chair, his face pale with terror as he watched his elite guards wiped out in moments.

That was all the security the government building had.

There was no one left to protect him now.

"Who... who are you?" Norman stammered, his voice shaking.

"What do you want? I can give you money-any amount you want!"

Alex scoffed, his tone dripping with contempt.

"I don't want your dirty money. I want justice. If you hadn't tolerated your son's crimes, I wouldn't be here cleaning up your entire rotten family."

Norman's heart sank.

"Gilbert?" he whispered, dread creeping into his voice.

"What has he done? Whatever it is, I'll apologize, we can still make this right—"

Alex's expression hardened.

"What has he done? The same thing he always does-beating women."

He bent down, grabbed a handgun from a fallen soldier, and aimed at Norman's knee.

The shot rang out, and Norman screamed, clutching his shattered knee in agony. "Only this time, Norman," Alex said coldly, firing into his other knee, "he hit the wrong woman."

Grabbing Norman's hair roughly, Alex pressed the gun against his forehead.

"You've covered his crimes a hundred times before. Did you ever think to stop your monster son instead of silencing his victims?"

Norman wept bitterly, agony twisting his face.

"Please forgive me I'll stop him, I promise you!"

"Too late," Alex whispered harshly. "Justice has already started moving. For

Gilbert and your entire rotten family."

In about an hour, members of the Guise family began pouring into the government building from all corners of Paris.

Gilbert stepped out of his luxury car, irritated and confused.

He glanced around, noticing his uncles, aunts, cousins-even his grandfather- arriving with puzzled expressions.

"What the hell is Father doing, calling everyone here like this?" Gilbert muttered, annoyed.

An uncle approached him, visibly irritated.

"Gilbert, do you have any idea why your father's summoned us? He says it's

urgent. I had to cancel an important meeting for this."

"Me too," one aunt chimed in bitterly.

"He threatened to cut me off from the inheritance if I didn't show up. Who does he

think he is? The family wealth belongs to all of us."

Gilbert shrugged. "I honestly don't know what's happening."

Complaints echoed among the gathered family members, but all of them still reluctantly entered the building.

Five elite guards approached the group, stern and composed.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please follow us to the waiting room. You will each be called individually. Once your name is announced, proceed alone into the main hall for an interview."

"I demand to see my father right now," Gilbert snapped, his patience wearing thin.

"You'll meet your father soon enough," another guard replied coldly, guiding about thirty members of the Guise family into a large waiting area guarded by armed men.

Inside the waiting room, family members sat around, gossiping, scrolling through their phones, oblivious to what awaited them.

The door opened abruptly, and a guard announced sharply, "David Guise!"

David stood confidently, waving a hand adorned with expensive gold rings and an ornate watch.

"About time," he smirked. "Lead the way."

The guard escorted David through two heavy, soundproof doors. As he entered the main hall, his arrogant smile vanished instantly.

There sat Norman Guise in a wheelchair, covered in blood, his face pale with terror.

Nearby, four people glared at David with pure hatred blazing in their eyes.

"That's him!" shouted an elderly man, pointing accusingly at David.

"David Guise wanted my grandfather's land to build his factory. When my grandfather refused, this monster had him murdered! And when I protested, he hired thugs to kill my wife and rape my daughter!"

"Same thing happened to me too," another voice joined bitterly.

"I went to the police, but they broke my legs and threw me in jail instead!"

All four victims trembled with rage, their eyes filled with years of pain and unspoken suffering.

Alex stepped forward calmly, indicating a table laden with weapons.

"Today, justice finally comes for you. Choose any weapon you want. Whatever you do here will stay here. This is your moment for revenge."

An old man walked slowly toward the table, picking up a rusty machete. His eyes brimmed with tears.

"Even if I die today, at least I can tell my wife and my daughter I've avenged them."

The others quickly chose knives, baseball bats studded with nails but none reached for the guns.

David backed away, panic-stricken.

"This is madness!" he screamed desperately. "Guards! Shoot these savages! Kill them!"

But the guards remained still, their guns raised and trained solely on David. "One more step, and I'll blow your brains out myself," one guard warned coldly.

"Norman!" David shrieked, his voice trembling. "What have you done? Answer me, Norman! Are you going to let them kill me?"

The four victims charged forward, weapons raised, hearts pounding with fury and grief.

David stumbled backward, screaming in terror as the machete swung down, slicing deeply into his thigh.

He collapsed, crawling desperately.

"Please! Please forgive me!" he wailed.

An elderly victim stood over him, tears streaming down his cheeks.

"Forgive you? Did you forgive my wife when she begged for mercy? Did you spare her life?"

"You didn't!" he shouted fiercely. "You killed her!"

Their weapons fell mercilessly upon David, their anguished cries echoing through the hall, drowning out his final screams.

Meanwhile, outside, hundreds of ordinary citizens were gathering-some poor, some weary, all victims of the Guise family's cruelty.

They whispered anxiously among themselves, unsure but hopeful.

"Is it true?" one asked cautiously. "Can we really get revenge today for everything the Guise family did?"

Others nodded, eyes blazing with determination.

Many secretly clutched kitchen knives hidden beneath their clothing, ready for their long-awaited justice.

On the opposite side of the building, oblivious and carefree, the rest of the Guise family members still chatted cheerfully in the waiting room@naware that soon they would face the wrath of those they'd tormented.

The two sides, unaware yet fated to collide, were destined to meet soon in the hall of reckoning.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 357[1,263 words]

Paulo Guise's name echoed through the grand hall.

He stepped inside, expecting news of an inheritance-Norman Guise had said it was about the family estate.

But instead of lawyers or documents, an old woman lunged at him from the shadows, her eyes burning with desperation.

"Paulo! How could you do this to me?" she screamed, voice ragged with pain.

Paulo squinted at her, confused and irritated.

"Who the hell are you?" he spat, shoving her roughly aside.

She hit the floor hard, sobbing uncontrollably.

Her voice cracked with anguish, "I once had everything-a thriving career, a loving family!"

"But you came along. You lied, promised me the world, made me your private secretary, treated me like a queen. I left my husband and kids for you, Paulo!"

She scrambled to her feet and rushed him again.

"Sorry, but I've never known a woman as repulsive as you," Paulo sneered with disgust, slamming his palm into her face and knocking her to the ground again.

"You swore I was your moon, your stars-promised we'd marry."

"But one day before our wedding, you had your thugs kidnap me! They sold me off to traffickers. Do you understand what they did to me? Selling me as sex slave and drugs every day just to numb the pain. You took everything from me you bastard!"

Paulo stared, eyes wide in shock. Recognition hit him like a punch. "Belinda?"

She was once stunning-college model, corporate icon, the pride of the Guise business empire. Out of thousands of workers, Paulo had handpicked her to be his personal secretary, his favorite.

Now, she was gaunt and hollow, aged beyond recognition by years of drugs and abuse. Slowly, she rose from the floor, eyes burning with fury and tears.

"You still remember my name?" she choked out.

"Then answer me one thing. Just tell me why. Why did you do this to me? What did I ever do wrong to you?"

Paulo chuckled bitterly, stepping forward. "You really want to know why?"

"Yes!" Belinda screamed, voice trembling.

"Did you hate me that much? Was it revenge? Tell me why you were so cruel!" Paulo smirked, raising his hand to strike again. "Because I grew bored of you." Belinda collapsed to her knees, blood trickling from her lip, shaking violently. "That's it? You ruined my life just because you got bored?"

"What else did you expect?" Paulo sneered, his voice dripping with scorn. "You were like an old toy-good at first, but disposable. You replace it with something newer, younger. It's simple. Didn't they teach you anything at that fancy university of yours?"

"Yes. I understand now." Belinda nodded slowly, eyes darkening with sudden clarity.

She pulled a handgun from beneath her coat, trembling as she aimed at Paulo and fired.

The shot missed, striking his thigh. Paulo crashed to the floor, roaring in agony. "Belinda! What the hell are you doing? Stop!"

Belinda laughed bitterly, stepping closer, gun wavering.

"Isn't it obvious, Paulo? I'm going to kill you."

"Guard! Please help me!" Paulo roared, panic ripping through his voice.

But the guard pretended not to hear.

Belinda raised her handgun again, hands trembling.

"Stop it, Belinda! I'm Paulo Guise, damn it! Kill me, and your family will suffer worse than you ever did! I'll sell your mother and sisters too, you worthless bitch!" Belinda fired again, her aim shaky, the bullet slamming into Paulo's stomach.

He howled, clutching at the wound. "Stop, please!"

Belinda wiped away tears, voice cold and fierce. "When those men locked me up, forced themselves on me night after night, I screamed for them to stop. But they never did."

She fired again, this time hitting Paulo's ribs. His breathing turned ragged, eyes wide with terror.

"Belinda, please," Paulo begged, gasping.

"Call an ambulance. You're a kind woman, gentle, forgiving. Please."

Belinda knelt beside him, pressing the barrel against his forehead.

Her voice was a chilling whisper. "I believed your lies. Gave up everything-my husband who truly loved me, my child who needed me for a monster like you. I finally see how stupid I was."

Paulo's face paled, eyes pleading desperately. "Belinda, don't-please-"

She smiled sadly, tears streaming down her face. "Don't worry, Paulo. Remember how you always promised me we'd die together?"

Paulo's eyes widened in horrified realization. His final plea was weak and fading. "Please, Belinda..."

Belinda's finger tightened on the trigger, ready to end Paulo's life.

But suddenly, a strong hand grabbed the gun, jerking it upward as the bullet exploded harmlessly into the ceiling.

She spun around, startled, eyes wide as she recognized the man who'd intervened.

"Carl?" Her voice trembled, heart racing.

"Linda, you promised me through happiness, sickness, until death parts us," his voice was gentle, yet unwavering.

"Does that promise still mean anything?"

"Carl?" Belinda blinked, stunned.

The man she once truly loved-the one she abandoned for riches and luxury- now stood before her.

The wealthy man had only wanted her for pleasure, and once that faded, he tossed her aside like garbage.

"Our children still need their mother," Carl said softly, eyes full of quiet pain. "Will you come home?"

Belinda's voice cracked with guilt, "How can you forgive me after everything I've done to you?"

Carl dropped to one knee, gently taking her hands.

"Belinda, I love you. I've always forgiven you. The real question is, can you forgive yourself and come back home?"

"I'm broken, Carl," she sobbed, shaking her head. "I'm ugly, ruined, dirty. I'm not good enough for you anymore."

"Belinda," Carl whispered tenderly,

pouring every ounce of his love into his words. "You're still the woman I

love the mother of our coman I

Nothing could ever change that."

"Enough of this nonsense! It's disgusting!" barked an impatient guard nearby.

"If you two lovebirds are done, move aside. We've got more of these Guise bastards to kill, and time's running out."

Belinda and Carl exchanged shocked glances as their tender moment was abruptly shattered.

"Help me," Paulo groaned weakly from the floor.

"Pathetic. You couldn't even finish off this pig," the guard spat, raising his gun and silencing Paulo's pleas with a clean shot to the head.

"Now move. We need this hall cleared for the next target. Keep playing your little drama outside."

Carl gently guided Belinda toward the door.

As they passed Alex, he whispered

"You have a man who still loves you,

even after knowing everything. Just

say yes. Forgive yourself. He's

rare-hold on to him."

Belinda glanced back at Alex, his words striking deep into her heart. She finally realized the truth in them.

Outside, beneath the open sky, she turned to Carl, determination clear in her voice. "If you'll still have me, Carl, I promise to be the woman you and our children deserve."

Tears filled Carl's eyes as he embraced her tightly.

"Belinda, my love for you never faded-not once. No matter how old, how broken, or how scarred you feel, you're still my Linda. That will never change."

Belinda held onto Carl tightly, tears streaming down her face.

She understood now that her selfish desires had brought her nothing but misery, yet love had always guided her back home.

Suddenly, two young voices broke the moment. "Mommy! Mommy!"

Her children rushed forward, hugging her fiercely. Belinda knelt, feeling the pure, unconditional love of her family.

"I'm home," she whispered through joyful tears.

Back inside the hall, the Guise family continued to face their fate.

At last, Gilbert was summoned.

"Father, why have you called me here?" Gilbert asked arrogantly as he stepped into the room.

His smugness evaporated as he saw nearly a hundred angry faces staring back at him.

"What's going on here?" Gilbert demanded nervously.

"That's him!" shouted an elderly man. "That's the monster who seduced and killed my daughter!"

"Yeah, it is him!"

Others joined in, roaring accusations, brandishing kitchen knives and fists in fury.

"Stop!" Alex's commanding voice silenced the mob. "There's a hundred of you and only one Gilbert Guise. Here's what we'll do."

Alex smiled darkly, eyes glittering with cold justice. "Everyone gets a piece of him. That way, each of you can have your justice."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 358[1,482 words]

Gilbert stood frozen in shock, unable to comprehend seeing Alex standing boldly in front of him.

"You worthless piece of trash!" Gilbert spat venomously. "What the hell are you doing here?"

A guard raised his iron baton, ready to strike Gilbert down, but Alex swiftly raised a hand, halting the entire room with a silent command.

Alex smirked coldly. "Why shouldn't I be here?"

Gilbert's mind spun wildly, still unable to grasp the situation unfolding before him.

He glanced around, noticing dozens of eyes glaring at him with murderous intent, but he brushed it off arrogantly.

To him, they were nothing more than ants-pitiful, powerless ants. Why fear a swarm of insects?

He had stolen their family members, taken their daughters, even their women, and killed whoever he pleased-and they still couldn't lay a finger on him.

They were nothing. Powerless. Useless.

Why fear insects that couldn't bite?

He was a Guise, untouchable. Practically invulnerable.

"You insignificant pest still don't realize where you're standing, do you?" Gilbert sneered, stepping forward aggressively.

He jabbed his finger into Alex's chest, contempt dripping from every word. "This is the Guise family hall. Guards, grab this scumbag! Break every bone in his pathetic body!"

Yet none of the guards moved.

They simply stared at Gilbert, eyes filled with mocking disdain, like spectators watching a foolish dog challenging a lion.

Alex seized Gilbert's pointed finger with terrifying speed and twisted brutally.

A sickening snap echoed through the hall.

"Arghh!" Gilbert screamed, eyes bulging with pain.

Without hesitation, Alex drove his fist into Gilbert's face, shattering his nose and sending four teeth clattering onto the marble floor.

Gilbert collapsed, blood streaming from his face, howling in agony.

"You're dead, Alex! Do you hear me? You'll die screaming-I swear I'll torture you!"

Norman, who had watched silently as his family members were cut down one by one, finally exploded in rage as his son crumpled to the floor.

"Do you realize what you've done, you arrogant fool?" Norman roared to Alex. His voice trembled with fury.

"You've declared war on all of Paris! Even if you slaughter us tonight, your entire family will be hunted down by the whole country. If you value your miserable life, you'd better let us go right now!"

"Oh, really?" Alex laughed darkly, stepping casually toward Norman.

"I thought you people knew how this worked. Isn't it your rule-the powerful stomp on the weak, and the weak just suffer in silence?"

"These families have suffered endlessly, losing their daughters and loved ones because of you."

"Isn't it your turn to stay quiet and endure the pain-just like you made them do under people stronger than you?"

Norman's eyes flashed with hatred, his laughter bitter and dangerous.

"You know what? I don't care who you think you are. To me, you're just another terrorist drunk on your temporary power."

"I've already called the military; the generals will be here soon enough. If you want to live, you'd better run now."

Gilbert staggered to his feet, face bloody but eyes fierce with newfound hope.

"Did you hear that, asshole? The soldiers are coming. You're finished! All of you will be wiped out!"

The crowd paled in fear, the threat palpable in the heavy silence. But Alex simply burst into mocking laughter, unfazed.

"You think this is funny?" Norman hissed.

"It's hilarious," Alex replied calmly. "You're counting on reinforcements that will never set foot in this room."

"Impossible!" Norman snapped defiantly.

"Stop pretending you know anything, you pathetic fool!" Gilbert shouted furiously. "You'd better start begging for mercy!"

Alex shot Norman a cold, hard glare. "Go on, call your troops yourself. I'm not going anywhere—I'll be right here waiting."

Determined to humiliate Alex, Norman connected the phone to the hall's large display screen.

His fingers trembled as he dialed, his expression fierce and confident.

The screen flickered to life, revealing General Cole's uneasy face.

"General Cole!" Norman barked urgently. "Have your soldiers arrived yet? I've been waiting for hours!"

Cole hesitated, his face pale and troubled. "I'm sorry, Norman. It's not that I don't want to help, but my hands are tied."

Norman's eyes widened in shock, disbelief twisting his features.

"What the hell are you saying? Are you seriously telling me this right now? Paris is under attack, and you're doing nothing?"

"Can you contact someone higher up?" General Cole said helplessly. "My orders come straight from above—I'm grounded and forbidden to move."

"How dare they!" Norman growled, seething with rage. "Keep your men ready—I'll call the Minister of Defense myself!"

Norman cut the connection in frustration and immediately dialed the next number, desperation clear on his face.

The call connected, and Minister Barry's voice came through clearly.

"Barry!" Norman shouted, panic surging through him. "Who the hell dared to ground the Paris military? General Cole says his orders come from the highest

level!"

"Wait, what?" Barry replied, equally stunned. "I haven't heard anything about that." Norman clutched the phone, his voice desperate and shaking.

"Barry! I send you money every damn month! You better order General Cole to move his troops now!"

Barry's voice came through smooth and oily. "Relax, Norman. I'll make the call. Cole will move whenever you want-just make sure you pay this month's allowance."

"Move the troops first, you greedy son of a bitch!" Norman snapped. "You'll get your money, just do your damn job!"

The line went dead.

Alex laughed mockingly. "Bribing the Defense Minister, huh? How many others have you paid off to hide your crimes from the king?"

Norman's face twisted in rage.

"What the hell do you know about the king? I run Paris, not that spoiled brat sitting on the throne! Now, you better get on your knees before the army storms in here."

Alex folded his arms and leaned casually against the wall, completely unbothered. "I'm not going anywhere. If you think your military will show up, go ahead and wait."

Calmly, Alex took out his phone and made a quick call.

Minutes later, Norman's phone buzzed with a brief message that turned his blood cold:

"I'm sorry, Norman. I can't move General Cole."

Norman exploded, his face red with fury. "You filthy, lying pig! You took my money, and now you're abandoning me when I need you most? You're going to regret this!"

Frantic and sweating, Norman began calling other powerful officials and senators.

Each promised to help at first-but soon, every one of them responded with the same infuriating message:

"Sorry, I can't help you."

Alex watched Norman crumble with a cold smile. "Looks like nobody can move your precious army, Norman."

Norman's face flushed dark with humiliation and panic. He had one last card to play. Shaking, he dialed the Prime Minister.

"Prime Minister! I'm being attacked

in my own government hall! Why

won't General Cole mobilize his soldiers to protect me?" Norman

shouted, desperation thickening his voice.

The Prime Minister frowned, confused. "Attacked? I haven't heard anything about an attack."

"He's right here!" Norman shouted, pointing furiously at Alex. "This lunatic attacked me out of nowhere! Send troops immediately!"

The Prime Minister glanced at the screen-and when his eyes locked onto Alex, his face drained of all color.

"Prime Minister," Alex said calmly, stepping closer to the screen, "have you also taken bribes from the Guise family? Look around-the people here are victims of the crimes committed by this corrupt family."

Several desperate voices rose instantly from the crowd.

"Prime Minister, please! The Guise family killed my daughter! They took everything from us!"

"We beg you, sir-give us justice!"

"Silence, you filthy worms!" Gilbert screamed. His face was twisted in disgust.

"Prime Minister, don't listen to these insects! Just send your troops, and I'll bury every last one of them myself!"

"Shut your mouth!" the Prime Minister snapped harshly.

"I don't know you or anyone named Guise. In fact, I heard several ministers have just been arrested for accepting bribes from your family. But let me make this perfectly clear: I've never taken a penny from you criminals!"

Alex raised an eyebrow skeptically. "Really?"

"I swear to God!" the Prime Minister shouted, desperation in his voice. "On my own family's lives, if I'm lying, let them die!"

Alex smiled coldly, utterly composed.

"That's interesting-because right now, the king's men are entering your office. If they find even one trace linking you to the Guise family, you're finished."

The Prime Minister went pale, panic flashing across his face. "There's nothing, I swear! I have absolutely no ties to these criminals!"

Suddenly, everyone watching the screen saw the door behind the Prime Minister burst open.

Royal officers stepped into the room, their expressions stern.

"In the name of the king," the lead officer announced firmly, "we're here to investigate your connections to the Guise family."

"I have no ties with them! Believe me, please-I'll cooperate fully!"

The Prime Minister spun back to the screen, his fury now aimed squarely at Norman.

"You bastard! How dare you drag me into your filthy mess? If you want to die, die alone-don't drag me down with you! I swear I'll destroy you and your entire family!"

The call ended abruptly, plunging the hall into stunned silence.

Norman and Gilbert stared at each other, pale and frozen in disbelief. Their world was crumbling around them.

Alex moved calmly toward Gilbert, grabbed him roughly by the hair, and forced him to meet his icy gaze.

"Tell me, Gilbert," Alex growled dangerously, his voice low and lethal, "which hand did you use to hit Sophia?"

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 359[1,418 words]

"Fuck you, Alex!" Gilbert spat, blood dripping down his battered face.

"You're just some washed-up military brat who's a bit stronger than average. Do you think I'm afraid of you?"

"You should be," Alex growled, stepping closer, eyes locked like steel traps.

Gilbert sneered, arrogance masking his fear.

"I have enough money to bury you alive. I'll pay anyone to slit your throat, and once you're gone, I'll finish Sophia and wipe out her whole family too."

Alex smiled coldly.

"Money?" He raised an eyebrow. "Go ahead-try to move a single cent from your accounts. If you can, I'll walk right out of here."

Gilbert and Norman frantically scrambled to access his online banking, desperate for a lifeline.

His fingers shook violently as he tapped the screen, praying for salvation.

But the moment he saw every account frozen solid, his heart sank into an abyss.

"Impossible," Norman whispered, eyes wide with terror. "Everything's blocked. All of our money... it's frozen."

Gilbert's expression shifted from shock to hysterical laughter.

"You're dead, Alex! You have no clue whose cash you're messing with! Father, hurry-call General Joe! Let him know his fortune is locked away!"

Norman jolted awake from his stupor. "Yes! General Joe from Central Command! You're finished, Alex-no one crosses him and lives!"

Hands trembling, Norman activated the screen, connecting to General Joe.

The image flickered on, revealing the furious face of a battle-scarred man, his right eye marred by a deep scar.

"What's the meaning of this?" Joe snarled impatiently. "Why are you calling me?"

"General Joe, your money stored with us-it's been blocked," Norman stammered, sweat dripping down his forehead.

"What?" Joe roared, his face turning dangerously red.

"Do you idiots even understand how much of my money you're holding?"

Norman gulped hard. "Sir, we've run into trouble. Someone froze all our accounts!"

"Who the hell dares mess with my money?" General Joe slammed his fist on the table, his eyes blazing with fury.

"Him!" Gilbert shouted triumphantly, jabbing a finger at Alex. "It's this bastard here!"

Joe's gaze shifted to Alex, and his rage vanished instantly. His face turned pale, silence stretching painfully.

"General Joe," Alex said calmly, lips curling into a chilling smile. "It's been a while."

Gilbert shouted impatiently, "General Joe, what are you waiting for? Send your men! Kill this son of a bitch!"

Suddenly, the screen went black.

"What?" Gilbert stammered, panic rising in his voice, "Father did we lose the connection? What the hell happened?"

Norman frantically tried calling again, desperation gnawing at his soul. His face turned ghostly white.

"He blocked us... General Joe blocked us."

"What?" Gilbert snapped, disbelief crashing into horror. "That's impossible! Blocked us?"

Norman felt ice run through his veins as he stared at Alex, finally grasping the awful truth.

This man could do things no ordinary mortal should be able to. He controlled everything—their money, their contacts, even their lifelines.

Even General Joe—a man feared by prime ministers and every one—was terrified of Alex.

Norman's eyes widened as a terrifying realization crashed down on him.

The new king, the ruler everyone whispered about with dread, was young.

Very young.

He stared at Alex in terror, whispering to himself,

"No... it can't be. They say the new king is arrogant, reckless, a spoiled playboy obsessed with women and wealth."

"He wouldn't be here, siding with weak and pathetic nobodies... I'm losing my mind."

But a voice echoed softly, tormenting him with an impossible truth: "What if it's him?"

There was no other explanation. Why else would powerful men tremble at Alex's feet?

Norman dropped painfully to his knees, ignoring the stabbing agony, and crawled forward, desperation etched across his bleeding face.

He knelt at Alex's feet, trembling violently.

"Please," Norman begged, choking on his own tears, "forgive us. Spare the Guise family—I'll be your dog, your slave, whatever you want—just let us live!"

"Father!" Gilbert screamed, outraged and horrified. "Why are you kneeling before this nobody?"

Gilbert turned his hateful eyes toward Alex, venom dripping from every word.

"I don't know what kind of tricks you've got up your sleeve, Alex, but think carefully! One call, and Jack Sophia's brother will end his life in prison. Sophia's mother will follow too!"

Alex clenched his fists, rage boiling beneath his calm exterior.

He fought hard against the storm within, knowing that one strike from his hand would reduce Gilbert to dust.

Death would be too merciful, too swift for a snake like him.

Alex ignored Norman and Gilbert completely, turning instead toward the crowd gathered around them.

"Have any of you ever knelt like this man is kneeling now? If so, tell me why—tell me exactly what these two did to you."

A thin, elderly man shuffled forward, pain etched deeply into his weathered face.

Tears streamed down his hollow cheeks as he spoke, his voice trembling.

"Sir, I had a daughter. Raised her by myself after my wife passed away young. My little girl was all I had in this world."

He pointed accusingly at Gilbert, his voice cracking with rage. "This monster played with her like a toy. When he got bored, he sold her to gangsters."

The old man fell to his knees, sobbing openly. "I begged these animals. I pleaded

to become their slave-anything-as long as they spared my child."

"What did they do?" Alex asked softly, his voice tight with anger. "Did they let her go?"

"No." The man shook his head, choking on his words.

"They told me if I wanted her back, had to lick their filthy floors clean So, I did. I swallowed my pride and crawled like a dog licking the whole floor, hoping it would save her."

He struggled to breathe as the memories overwhelmed him.

"But it didn't matter. They took her anyway. They violated her endlessly—and then murdered her."

"My baby girl, a bright young woman with dreams, ruined by these heartless beasts. Please...give me justice!"

"Shut your filthy mouth!" Gilbert shouted in disgust. "Your daughter was nothing but a cheap whore begging to sleep with a rich man!"

Norman stood abruptly, fury blazing in his eyes, and slapped Gilbert hard across the face.

"Shut up! Kneel and beg these people for forgiveness, you arrogant fool!"

"Father-!"

Another voice interrupted, filled with despair. A middle-aged woman fell to her knees in front of Alex.

Her hands trembled violently as she looked up, desperation in her eyes.

"Sir, give me justice too! My daughter was raped by this animal as well I'm a single mother-I begged them to spare her. But not only did they hurt my daughter, they raped me too, right in front of her."

"Then they killed her and framed me. When I went to the police, they threw me in prison for my own daughter's death. Please, please give us justice!"

One by one, others in the crowd sank to their knees, pouring out their unbearable stories of cruelty, humiliation, and loss at the hands of Norman and Gilbert. Norman turned pale, desperate to calm the swelling fury of the crowd. "Please, everyone I promise you! I'll pay for every tragedy I've caused! I'll pay you all, I swear on my life!"

"You think your filthy money can bring my daughter back from the grave?" the elderly man shouted bitterly.

Alex raised his hand, silencing them all instantly. His gaze was cold, merciless, absolute.

"These two lives now belong to all of you. Listen carefully. Don't give them an easy death. Take your time."

"Peel their flesh off spoon by spoon. Keep them alive long enough to truly feel every bit of your agony."

"Thank you!" came a cry from the crowd.

"Thank you, sir!" echoed another. A fierce chant began to rise, knives flashing ominously in their hands as they surrounded the two trembling figures. Gilbert and Norman felt their hearts drop to their stomachs, blood draining from their faces. Their arrogance vanished, replaced by sheer terror. "Please, help us!" Gilbert screamed, frantic, begging his guards. But no one stepped forward.

Alex turned slowly toward Gilbert, eyes icy with contempt. "Remember, Gilbert- all of this started the moment you touched Sophia."

With a sudden burst of rage, the old man lunged forward, dragging Gilbert roughly into a chair.

Others rushed to help, quickly binding him tight. The crowd lined up, kitchen knives glinting dangerously, vengeance burning hot in their eyes.

"Everyone gets one spoonful of flesh," someone shouted. "One at a time—start from somewhere non-lethal."

"Let's take a piece of his foot first," another growled.

"I'm a doctor," a middle-aged man stepped forward coldly, eyes hard and

unforgiving. "I'll keep him alive. I'll show you exactly which veins to avoid." "Don't forget his father!" another voice shouted, grabbing Norman roughly.

Norman shrieked hysterically, panic flooding his veins. "Please, someone help me!"

A voice shot back mercilessly, "You never lifted a finger when we begged you for help you deserve none now!"

As the knives began to close in, Norman and Gilbert screamed, their pleas drowned out by the merciless roar of vengeance.

The Almighty Dominance

Chapter 360[615 words]

"Other governors are outraged about

the Guise family's execution without trial. With multiple ministers and senators arrested on bribery charges, the entire government is on the brink. There's talk of a coup d'état."

"They've been plotting this since the day I took the throne," Alex said darkly.

"What are your orders, sir?"

Alex paused, thoughts churning, calculating moves like a grandmaster.

"Our country has thirteen states. Six are loyal to us, one remains neutral, and six are firmly in the grip of the old regime. Their corruption runs deep."

He leaned back, eyes narrowed thoughtfully.

"Paris was dominated by old-regime influence. They acted as though they were kings of their own state. Taking down Guise sent them a message—war is inevitable."

"Yes, sir. They've already begun mobilizing troops," the secretary confirmed nervously.

A fierce, dangerous smile curved Alex's lips. "Then let's give them a war."

Minutes later, governors from across the states were assembled in an urgent online meeting with the king's spokesperson.

"Honorable governors," the spokesperson began firmly, eyes sweeping over each face on the screen. "I am here to convey the king's decision."

The king has reviewed Kingswell's detailed reports about Guise's crimes, documented extensively across the nation. He has approved processing Guise

according to the law of our country."

Suddenly, a heavy-set governor slammed his fist on the table, fury twisting his features.

"That's a damn lie! The entire Guise family is already dead—slaughtered before a single judgment was made!"

The spokesperson calmly raised his hand, quieting the uproar.

"Let me be clear. This tragedy occurred solely because Alex, a high-ranking officer from Kingswell

"Gilbert Guise assaulted Sophia, Alex's ex-wife, triggering his personal vendetta.

The king had nothing to do with the Guise family's death. This is Alex's doing alone."

A governor's eyes narrowed sharply. "So the king is cutting his losses and throwing his own man to the wolves? Convenient."

"Think whatever you want," the spokesperson replied firmly.

"The king believes in upholding the law. Alex acted without royal consent, so he'll be expelled from Kingswell and stand trial for his crimes."

Anger erupted from another governor, fists slamming the table. "That's unacceptable! The king must answer for this!"

The spokesperson's voice turned cold.

"Governor, the king made it clear he follows the law. Alex alone is responsible for his actions. You cannot demand accountability from the king for a crime he never ordered. Alex will face justice."

Another governor sneered bitterly. "And let me guess—you'll quietly release Alex later, reward his loyalty, and reinstate him? Is that how this game goes?"

The spokesperson smiled coldly, eyes glinting with a challenge.

"I have no idea what conspiracy
you're dreaming up. We trust in our
justice system. If you genuinely
believe in the law, wait and watch.
But if you seek revenge for Guise,
leave the king out of it. Go after Alex
directly."

A governor laughed darkly, shaking his head. "So Alex becomes your scapegoat.
His life won't last long, will it?"

"Alex is solely responsible for
Guise's fate. You're all free to think
or act as you wish regarding him.
However, I strongly advise you not
to do anything rash—like killing him
without a trial. That would make you
tyrants, no better than an unlawful
government."

"Incredible," a governor scoffed. "The king still protects him."

"You're dead wrong," the spokesperson shot back.

"The king is protecting all of you governors, whom he deeply respects. Alex,
however, is no longer under that protection. He's become a rogue element."

"If you pursue him, he might just hunt you down—one by one, state by state,
and you could end up dead, just like the Guise family."

Silence fell like a heavy blanket, dread spreading through the governors. The king had cornered them perfectly.

Without a legitimate reason, they couldn't stage a coup. Their problem had just become Alex.

Each governor felt the chill of fear creep down their spine. The king had thrown them a dangerous bone.

If they wanted to raise hell over Guise, they'd have to go through Alex—and chances are, Alex would crush them without mercy.

This time, the king had washed his hands of it all—cleanly, flawlessly.

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 361[1,107 words]

In the halls of power, every governor held their own secret thoughts and ambitions.

Jasmine Kingston, governor of Vancouver, stared blankly at her desk as realization dawned.

Alex wasn't just the miraculous doctor known for his God-given healing touch; he was also a high-ranking operative in the Kingwells organization-the King's Secret Service.

No wonder he fought with such fierce precision.

But that was all history now. The King had cut Alex loose, set him free to forge his own path.

Jasmine's lips curled into a subtle smile. Maybe now he could be hers, finally. "Perhaps this time he'll join me," she whispered softly to herself.

"Maybe we'll find ourselves together, in a hotel or somewhere more intimate." In another office across town, Lyra Thompson was consumed by grief and rage. Her eyes streamed tears as she shouted bitterly into the emptiness.

"Alex, how could you be so stupid? You attacked Guise for Sophia's revenge-but couldn't you have waited? Couldn't you at least let me collect our winnings first?"

"Now they're all dead, and our billion dollars plus hundreds of billions in winnings are lost forever!"

Lyra's sobs echoed painfully, her voice raw and filled with heartache. "Alex, you idiot! How could you do this? I hate you for this-I hate you so much!"

Meanwhile, Kelly sat quietly in solitude, her heart heavy with conflict.

She knew she had to report Alex's actions to the King, which led to his dismissal. Pain was a familiar companion in her life, yet knowing she'd caused his downfall twisted the knife deeper.

Gazing through the window, she murmured bitterly, "Alex, this all happened because you chose Sophia. That woman is about to marry someone else, yet you still chase her."

"Look at what she's done to you now! You must let her go-she's poison. Everything I've done was to protect you."

A single tear escaped Kelly's weary eyes, tracing silently down her cheek.

Back in the humble clinic near the slums, Alex returned home, alone but finally free.

This was his refuge, far from the intrigues and betrayals he'd endured.

Stepping through the worn entrance, he was surprised to see Josephine sharing food with the homeless gathered nearby.

"What are you up to, Josephine?" Alex asked, intrigued.

Josephine looked up, her smile radiant and warm. "Can't you see? We're sharing meals together. Have you eaten, Alex?"

Her joy was infectious, a beacon of simple kindness amid hardship.

"I'll have some," Alex said softly, accepting the humble bowl of hot soup and fresh bread.

He sat on the steps alone, the warmth seeping into his cold bones as he watched

the homeless laughing and chatting around a glowing fire.

Their faces lit up with genuine happiness, a rare and beautiful simplicity.

Life suddenly seemed so clear to Alex.

True joy needed so little—just gratitude for what one already had.

Josephine joined him quietly on the steps, nudging him playfully. "Alex, you look like a complete mess."

He chuckled softly, eyes glinting gently in the firelight. "Is it that obvious?"

"It's written all over your face," she replied warmly. "Come on, tell me what happened."

He sighed deeply, shoulders dropping slightly. "Well, I had another job on the side, and today I got fired."

Her face softened. "Oh, Alex, that's rough."

He shrugged, feeling lighter already. "Honestly, it feels like freedom."

Josephine nodded knowingly.

"That's good, if you feel that way. Look at these people here. Every day is a struggle, chasing after any work they can find. It's just life, Alex—just human life."

"You're right," Alex agreed quietly.

Her eyes sparkled with gentle curiosity. "Was the pay good at least?"

"Good?" Alex laughed softly.

"You know, for these people, making ten or twenty bucks in a day feels like winning the lottery. They walk around grinning like they own the world."

Alex glanced at the homeless people and those struggling to find free food, yet their smiles were genuine.

Happiness wasn't something they'd lost.

Alex couldn't admit his own salary was millions each month, hundreds of thousands every single day.

Yet he knew people with wealth who had no idea what happiness truly felt like.

Josephine gently rested her head on Alex's shoulder.

"Don't be sad, okay? Everyone has good days and bad days. During times like these, I'll work for both of us. Don't worry about food-U handle it."

"You just focus on finding another job. Your doctor job barely makes money anyway. It's more charity than a clinic."

A warmth spread through Alex's chest. "Why do you do all this?"

Josephine smiled softly. "Because,

Alex, we're poor. We don't have money but we have each other

When others need us, we step up, so they be there for us when it's our turn."

Alex sighed deeply, gently resting his head against hers. For some reason, being around Josephine made happiness effortless.

It was peaceful.

Even without money, happiness was everywhere.

Alex had many things in life, but only here did he feel truly at home.

A place where his heart was at peace, untouched by materialistic desires and the judgment of status.

Here, he was simply human among other humans.

For the next week, Alex embraced simple joys.

He spent time in the clinic with Josephine, eating street food that cost less than five dollars, strolling through parks, laughing freely, and doing nothing special, just letting the days slip by.

It felt like truly living, free from ambition or desire.

Finally, sleep came peacefully to him.

During those quiet moments, Alex saw Josephine differently.

She was like sunshine-radiating endless positivity, free of greed or selfishness,

spreading pure happiness to everyone around her.

It was easy, almost inevitable, to fall in love with someone like her.

A month passed swiftly, unburdened by urgency.

"What's got you so deep in thought?" Sophia suddenly appeared at the clinic, waving her hand in front of Alex's face.

Alex startled, blinking back into reality.

"When did you get here?" Memories rushed in, of Sophia, her sadness, and the drama from a month ago.

He'd shut off his phone, intentionally isolating himself.

"You didn't even notice me walking in. What's distracting you? Is it me, or perhaps Jasmine?" Sophia asked sharply, her eyes searching his face.

She longed to ask about their night together, to know if it held deeper meaning.

"Neither," Alex replied calmly, shaking his head. He couldn't admit he'd been thinking about Josephine.

"Oh? Someone new caught your eye?" Sophia pressed, curiosity evident. "Absolutely not!" Alex laughed lightly, feeling conflicted inside.

That night with a drunken Sophia had led to chaos with Gilbert. Everything felt complicated.

"Hi, Miss Sophia!" Josephine cheerfully greeted as she passed. "You look beautiful as always."

"Thank you, Jo," Sophia replied with a polite smile.

Alex observed the contrast between these two women. Sophia's elegance versus Josephine's casual charm-both uniquely captivating.

Quickly, Alex steered the conversation elsewhere. "Did you need something specific?"

"Yes," Sophia sighed dramatically.

"Since you turned off your phone, I couldn't thank you properly. I've been busy-I'm about to become the governor of Paris."

"How's that possible?" Alex asked, curious.

"Legally, of course," Sophia replied, rolling her eyes with a playful smile.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 362[1,211 words]

"Oh? Really? Well, congratulations!" Alex exclaimed, genuinely startled.

"I didn't see that coming."

"Neither did I," Sophia said with a relieved sigh, pulling out a chair and sitting down.

"Everything was so sudden, chaotic even, but somehow, in the end, it all fell into place perfectly."

"Care to share the details?" Alex asked, pulling out a couple of instant drinks and offering her one.

"Well, first things first," Sophia began, leaning forward with excitement.

"My marriage to Gilbert Guise has been officially registered with the government. There's even a peculiar clause stating that, as his legal wife, I inherit everything from the Guise family-including the governor's seat, which has passed down for generations."

She clearly looked thrilled knowing Gilbert was already dead—and she didn't have to marry anyone now.

All she had to do was accept everything the Gusie family owned.

There was an old saying: if a man hurt a woman terribly but later died and left her all his money, he was practically forgiven-especially if the fortune was large.

People believed women were simple beings, as money could make them forgive almost anything.

And if the man died miserably, her forgiveness seemed even more genuine.

Alex nodded thoughtfully.

He had personally seen to the removal of every other potential Guise heir, unknowingly paving the way for Sophia.

"So, you're Mrs. Guise now?"

Sophia shook her head and laughed softly.

"Actually, not quite. My grandfather, Abraham Lancaster, married Betty Montclair. My grandmother came from a matriarchal line. When she married, she dropped her surname."

"But now, after the recent attack on the Chicago Lords severely weakened the Montclair family, the elders are desperate. They've asked my grandmother's side to step back into leadership. And that means they've asked me to lead the Montclair family."

"Because you're also inheriting Paris's governorship, they see an advantage in backing you," Alex concluded.

"Exactly." Sophia snapped her fingers with a satisfied smile.

"It's complicated, messy even, but the fact remains—I'm not yet officially the governor of Paris. Or, at least, a candidate. They're processing the paperwork, and for now, I'm the acting governor."

"So, you're saying that as long as everything checks out legally, with the Montclair family's backing, you'll become the official Governor of Paris?" Alex quickly caught

on.

"You nailed it!" Sophia said, eyes shining with excitement.

"So many people dream of this position. Never in a million years did I imagine myself standing as governor! Life sure has a funny way of surprising us."

Truthfully, Sophia hadn't expected much from her marriage into the Guise family. Even with Gilbert being the heir, she knew her claim to the governorship would never be fully recognized under normal circumstances.

"You know, Alex, there's something strange happening in our country," Sophia continued thoughtfully.

"Some governors of other states are backing my claim, deliberately blocking the king and the government from choosing someone loyal to them as the new Governor."

"They're terrified the king will appoint someone who supports him directly. So they're clinging to tradition, insisting that the governorship must pass to the closest blood relative or spouse of the heir. It's pretty bizarre, isn't it?"

Alex sighed deeply, equally baffled. He had never orchestrated Sophia's rise—yet here she was, poised to rule Paris.

"You're right, it's bizarre. You weren't even trying for this, and somehow everything landed perfectly in your favor."

"Exactly," Sophia sighed, thinking how her life had been a roller coaster-wild ups, crushing lows... and finally, rising again.

"Congratulations again! You'll make an exceptional governor," Alex said sincerely.

Sophia raised her chin playfully, her confidence radiant.

"Well, of course! But now that I have this power, you'd better start flattering me, Alex, or you'll regret missing the chance. Paris is even bigger than Vancouver, you know?"

Alex burst out laughing, amused by Sophia's playful arrogance, and nodded vigorously.

"Ah, yes, all hail Sophia! The brilliant, capable Sophia whose last name still confuses me-Lancaster, Guise, or Montclair. But one thing's clear: you're definitely the governor of Paris!"

He dramatically placed a hand behind his back, bowed theatrically, and extended his other hand toward Sophia.

"At your service, Madam Governor. What can I do for you?"

Sophia reached out and gently touched Alex's hand, her eyes locking onto his.

In that silent moment, their gazes held a storm of unspoken emotions.

Both their minds flashed back to that unforgettable night they spent together- though they'd sworn to pretend it never happened.

After all, they were supposed to have been drunk, and neither was meant to remember.

But deep inside, each hoped desperately that the other still carried the memory of that intimacy.

Yet neither had the courage to break the silence, leaving their true feelings buried beneath a fragile façade of indifference.

"When I officially become Governor of Paris, I be even more powerful than Jasmine Kingston," Sophia announced boldly, lifting her chin with fierce determination.

"When that happens, Alex, I'll protect you. You'll see."

Her eyes sparkled with newfound hope. For years, she'd lived in Jasmine's shadow, always feeling inferior because of their vastly different backgrounds.

But now, with the chance to inherit the Paris Governor's position, she finally stood on equal footing.

The thought of openly competing for Alex filled her heart with determination—and fear.

Sophia had never wanted much in life, always dutifully following her family's wishes.

But now, more than anything, she wanted Alex. She envisioned growing old together, building a life filled with happiness.

The thought warmed her heart even as it made it ache.

"Alex..." she whispered softly.

"Yes?" Alex's voice was tender, his eyes meeting hers, sparking something deep and meaningful between them.

Sophia bit her lower lip nervously. "Would you... Alex, would you consider—"

Her phone rang abruptly, shattering

the delicate moment. Her face flushed deeply as she fumbled for the phone, frustrated at the interruption just as she had gathered the courage to ask Alex to remarry her. swnovel

"Sophia, where are you?" Florence's voice urgently asked.

"Mom, what's going on?"

"Henny Montclair, the elder from your grandmother's side, is here. She says she needs to discuss something important."

"Madam Henny? Why would she suddenly visit?" Sophia quickly tried to understand the unexpected situation.

"You've been named a potential successor of the family matriarch and the governor. I bet she's here to cozy up to you," Florence said excitedly. "Alright, I'll head back now." Sophia hung up and immediately grabbed Alex's hand, pulling him toward the door without explanation.

"What? You're bringing me too?" Alex asked, surprised.

"You're family, aren't you? Why wouldn't you come?" Sophia countered firmly. "But—"

"No buts. This is a perfect chance for you to meet someone influential from the Montclair," Sophia insisted, dragging him decisively toward the car.

She had learned long ago—sometimes, when it came to love, you had to take control.

And now, with power in her hands, she wasn't letting go. Not of anything. She wanted it all—every piece of happiness, every ounce of it, together.

An hour later, they pulled up to the grand gates of the Lancaster mansion.

Inside, the air was thick with tension. The room was already packed.

At its center stood Madam Henny Montclair an imposing older woman draped in layers of glittering

jewelry, standing as if she were a

queen expecting her subjects to kneel.

Her sharp eyes locked onto Sophia the moment she stepped in.

She didn't like what she saw-Sophia's confident walk, her simple clothing, her unapologetic presence.

"Madam Henny, did you call for me?" Sophia asked calmly, walking forward.

Madam Henny's voice cut like a knife. "You dare approach an elder without kneeling?" she snapped, eyes flashing with scorn.

"What a rude, uneducated woman. You are absolutely unfit to be the Montclair successor."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 363[1,052 words]

Old Henny glared venomously at Sophia. She had despised the girl from the moment she'd laid eyes on her.

When the Montclair family-one of the Five Lords of Chicago-fell from grace, panic rippled through the city as their empire began to crumble.

They desperately searched for their next matriarch.

Clarissa Montclair, Henny's granddaughter, was the natural successor until Betty Montclair, that slippery snake, returned from her long exile.

Not only did Betty reappear unexpectedly, she brought with her Sophia, the potential next governor of Paris, sending the entire Montclair clan scrambling to curry favor with Betty.

Henny's bitterness turned to rage as she watched her granddaughter's birthright being snatched away.

Without informing Betty, Henny dragged Clarissa to confront Sophia directly.

Sophia stood speechless, struggling to grasp the nonsense spewing from the old woman's mouth.

Did she just hear something about kneeling?

What century were they living in, demanding respect from strangers?

Clarissa eyed Sophia with envy, bitterness tainting her voice as she sneered, "Hey, you! Are you blind? My grandmother stands before you!"

"Kneel and show some respect, you arrogant brat! You clearly don't deserve to lead the Montclairs."

"Grandma, we can't let someone like her become matriarch-or governor of Paris, for that matter!"

Alex's brow furrowed deeply.

He knew full well the Montclairs had lost nearly everything when their former matriarch fell from power, dragging the family into scandal after scandal.

Lyra, the new governor of Chicago, had a reputation for ruthlessness and was itching to punish the five disgraced families for their corruption.

Sophia's friendship with Lyra was the Montclairs' last lifeline.

They desperately needed Sophia to become governor of Paris, to preserve what little prestige remained.

Yet here were these two vile women, playing their manipulative games as if people were fools.

Alex's fists tightened, ready to put the old witch in her place, when Florence suddenly rushed to Sophia's side.

"Sophia, dear," Florence cooed nervously.

"This is Madam Henny, an elder of the Montclair family. It's our tradition for younger members to kneel before their elders. Just kneel, alright? Please don't cause trouble."

Alex nearly slapped his own forehead in disbelief.

Florence had clearly been seduced by the false allure of status.

Sophia hesitated, confusion and doubt clouding her expression.

Kneeling before someone she didn't even know felt humiliating. Yet her mother kept pressing, panic evident in her eyes.

Alex stepped forward decisively, his voice echoing clearly for everyone to hear.

"Sophia, you are the acting governor of Paris. You don't need to kneel to anyone except the king himself. If you kneel to this woman, you might face severe consequences. Think carefully about what you do next."

"Shut your mouth, Alex!" Florence snapped hastily. "If you know nothing, then don't speak nonsense! Sophia should respect her ancestors; there's nothing wrong with that!"

"Florence," Alex snapped, his voice sharp as a blade, "if Sophia is stripped of her position or punished by the king for this foolishness—she's a governor, and only the king has the right to receive her kneel; to kneel to anyone else is treason—will you take responsibility?"

Florence fell silent, cornered by his blunt truth.

Sophia drew a steady breath, standing firm as she faced Henny.

"It's an honor to meet you, Madam Henny, but I'm afraid I cannot follow the Montclair tradition to kneel. As acting governor of Paris, my loyalty is to the crown."

She had disliked Henny from their first encounter, sensing the older woman's hostility immediately.

Henny's cold stare and dismissive attitude made it clear she was someone best avoided.

Henny scoffed loudly, her voice dripping with arrogance. "Bring me tea."

"Quickly, serve Madam Henny some tea!" Florence frantically motioned to the maid.

The maid nodded swiftly, poured tea into a delicate cup, and placed it respectfully before Sophia and Henny, who sat opposite each other.

"Is this how your family serves guests? Have you no manners at all?" Henny snapped harshly.

Sophia blinked in confusion. "Excuse me?"

"Grandma, don't expect too much from such low-class people. They wouldn't recognize proper etiquette even if it hit them in the face," Clarissa sneered maliciously.

"Sophia Lancaster, don't you realize that in the Montclair household, elders are always served first? How dare your servant offer tea to you before Madam Henny. It's utterly disrespectful!"

Without hesitation, Clarissa grabbed the teacup intended for Henny and hurled

the hot tea into the maid's face.

The girl shrieked in pain, tears streaming down her scalded cheeks.

"Tell me, you worthless maid, did

they instruct you to insult our family elder? Is this your idea of

hospitality? You're all despicable and unworthy of the Montclair name!" Clarissa shouted venomously.

"No! No, that's absolutely not the case!" Florence rushed forward, bowing deeply.

"She's just a new maid who doesn't understand our ways. I'll dismiss her immediately!"

Florence scrambled to remedy the situation, hastily grabbing another cup and offering it respectfully to Henny with trembling hands.

"Please, Madam Henny, forgive our ignorance. Allow me to serve you tea personally."

Henny regarded Florence with utter disdain.

"And who exactly do you think you are, daring to serve me tea?"

Florence froze, her polite smile faltering as humiliation filled her eyes.

Feeling trapped, she turned pleadingly toward Sophia. "Honey, quickly, please serve Madam Henny her tea. It's only proper for the younger to show respect to the elder."

Sophia's jaw tightened in irritation.

She glanced desperately at her mother, reluctant but unable to refuse.

Frustration burned in her chest as she picked up a fresh cup, silently wishing the

old woman would vanish and free her from this ridiculous charade.

She had no patience for games of status and ego.

Taking a deep breath, Sophia served the tea with both hands, her movements steady as she fought to keep her composure.

"Hmph! If you'd shown this respect earlier, we wouldn't have had to suffer your family's embarrassing display," Clarissa mocked loudly, making sure every ear in the room heard her clearly.

Henny sneered as she eyed the cup disdainfully.

"What kind of tea is this?" she demanded harshly.

Sophia hesitated, unable to answer. She'd been too occupied with her responsibilities in Paris to concern herself with such trivial details.

Florence hurried forward once more.

"This is Heaven Black Tea, Madam, extremely rare and reserved for special

occasions only."

"Come closer," Henny commanded sharply.

Florence approached obediently, her anxious smile masking the humiliation she felt.

Without warning, Henny smashed the cup, tea and all, into Florence's face. "How dare you offer me this inferior tea! Who do you think I am?"

Sophia surged to her feet, her eyes blazing with fury.

She couldn't bear seeing her mother disrespected in such a vile manner, anger consuming her as she stared defiantly at the haughty old woman.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 364[811 words]

"What's all this about?" Sophia snapped, her eyes blazing as she glared at Henny.

"You've crossed the line. You're not welcome here-get out."

Henny's expression turned icy. "You're kicking me out? Do you realize what this means?"

"I'll report this straight to the Montclairs. You're throwing away your chance to become the matriarch."

"Whatever, Get out!" Sophia yelled.

"N-No! Sophia, control yourself," Florence quickly interjected, forcing an awkward smile despite the redness spreading across her face.

"It's my fault entirely. Serving such low-quality tea to Madam Henny was unforgivable. Of course, you deserve only the finest. This mistake is mine."

Clarissa sneered, her voice dripping with disdain. "What pathetic groveling."

Henny shifted her cold gaze to Sophia.

"Sophia, what are you standing around for? Apologize immediately to Madam Henny," Florence pleaded, her voice desperate.

Sophia shook her head stubbornly. "Forget it, Mom. I refuse to bow to her. Let the Montclairs decide-I won't be their pawn."

She spun on her heels, ready to leave.

"Stop right there," Henny barked sharply, throwing a venomous glance Sophia's way.

"Do you really think your dear grandma Betty can protect you? Let me enlighten you-the Montclairs are still divided."

"Right now, barely half support you. You need my help if you want to become the Matriarch and eventually the Governor of Paris."

With a dramatic slam of her hand on the table, she leaned in, eyes blazing.

"With my support, the governorship is all but guaranteed. All you have to do is show a little respect... and pour me a drink."

Florence's eyes widened urgently.

"Sophia! Hurry up! Serve Madam Henny her tea-only the very best this time," she urged, trying to signal discreetly.

This was the chance of a lifetime, humiliation be damned.

What was dignity compared to the power of being governor?

"Sophia, think clearly," James chimed in eagerly.

"You need her support. Imagine me-the brother of the Governor of Paris! The city's famous beauties would swarm around me. We'd celebrate every night!"

"No," Sophia said flatly, unmoved.

Florence rushed over, pulling Sophia aside desperately.

"Look at me," she whispered fiercely.

"I'm already humiliated, drowning like a rat in a sewer. Just one more step and it's all over. Madam Henny will support you this will be the last time, I swear. Control yourself just this once."

"Mom..."

"Don't argue," Florence begged. "If you still respect me as your mother, do this last thing for me. Please."

"But Mom..."

"Sophia, do you want me on my knees?" Florence's voice cracked with desperation.

"My dream is to see you become governor. Imagine what my friends would say. Please, for me. Just this once."

Sophia's heart softened at her mother's pitiful plea.

"Fine," she relented. "But this is the last time."

"Yes!" Florence hissed triumphantly. "Now put on your best smile. This is your ticket straight to the governor's office."

Sophia took a deep breath, following her mother's instructions.

She grabbed the fresh tea from the maid and forced a smile as she handed it to Henny.

Florence kept whispering anxiously, "Smile bigger-make it convincing!"

Henny scoffed, snatching the cup from Sophia's hand. "And what tea is this supposed to be?"

Sophia met her gaze squarely.

"I have no idea," she said coolly. "If it's not to your liking, feel free not to drink it."

"Is this how you speak to me?"

Madam Henny snapped furiously in

a rage,

she hurled the cup of tea

straight into Sophia's face,

10萬

drenching her completely.

Florence and James froze, instantly realizing the trouble brewing.

It was clear as day-Henny was deliberately humiliating Sophia.

"Sophia? What kind of upbringing did you have?" Clarissa sneered, her voice dripping with contempt.

"Your attitude is vile, your manners are nonexistent-and your taste in tea is downright revolting."
A twisted

smile curled on her lips as she leaned in with smug satisfaction.

Sophia shook with rage, ready to slap Madam Henny, but Alex quickly grabbed
her wrist, his voice urgent but controlled.

"Sophia, you're acting governor. Don't do something that could ruin your reputation."

Sophia hesitated, watching Alex calmly bend down to pick up the teapot.

"Listen carefully, Sophia," Alex murmured.

"Sometimes people provoke you intentionally. They want you to strike first so they can drag your
name through the mud, strip away your governorship, or even cost you your chance to become
matriarch."

"Who the hell do you think you are?" Clarissa shouted, her voice trembling with outrage.

Alex's eyes hardened. "Sophia, everyone in this room knows exactly why they're here they came
looking for trouble."

In one swift, shocking movement, Alex raised the ceramic pot filled with steaming tea and smashed
it directly into Madam Henny's face.

The pot shattered violently, hot tea splashing and burning across her skin. Henny screamed in
agony as boiling tea and leaves soaked her face, leaving a trail of scalded redness and sticky tea
leaves clinging everywhere. Clarissa stared in disbelief, stunned by Alex's audacity. "You... How
dare you!"

Without hesitation, Alex grabbed another teapot and swung it ferociously at Clarissa's face.

"To tell you the truth, I'm not in the mood to hold back today," Alex growled fiercely.

"And frankly, you're both too arrogant. You've pushed my buttons perfectly, and now you're paying
the price."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 365[1,151 words]

For a brief moment, absolute silence engulfed the living room.

Everyone stood frozen, staring at Alex, stunned by the recklessness of his actions.

Madam Henny was not just anyone. She was a pillar of the Montclair family, a respected elder whose every move was met with admiration and reverence.

Disrespecting her was unthinkable.

Florence broke the silence first, "Have you completely lost your mind, Alex? How dare you humiliate Madam Henny like this?"

Henny's eyes blazed with pure rage, "You bastard! Do you even realize what you've done? You'll pay dearly for this!"

Alex didn't flinch. Instead, he met Henny's hateful gaze with a cold smile.

"You want to know why?"

"Maybe you should ask your daughter, Laura Montclair. Last time I saw her, she had the military capture and torture me. Didn't she mention that to you?"

Stepping closer, Alex's voice sharpened, laced with contempt.

"Laura's locked away now, so I can't get my revenge directly. But since you're her mother-the one who taught her arrogance and cruelty-I figure you're just as guilty. Lucky for you, I'm willing to help you fix that flaw."

Without hesitation, Alex swung his hand and slapped Henny across the face, the brutal force shattering her aging teeth.

"Ahh!" Henny screamed in agony, her mouth filled with blood.

Shock and humiliation flooded her eyes as she struggled to grasp how she, the great Madam Henny, could suffer such an indignity.

She had come here ready to crush Sophia and her family like worthless insects.

Instead, she was left drenched in scalding tea, slapped across the face, her dignity shattered-along with a few of her teeth.

"Alex!" Florence shouted, her voice filled with horror and disbelief. "Are you insane? First, you threw tea at her, and now this? You're going too far!"

Too far? Alex scoffed at the thought.

They hurt Sophia. They humiliated her.

He had already destroyed the Guise family for that tore them apart without mercy.

And now this old woman, Henny Montclair? She was the rotting remnant of a family already circling the drain.

Try to hurt Sophia?

She needed to learn what that cost.

"Don't you dare interfere in this, Florence. This is personal vengeance."

Henny's voice, filled with wrath and humiliation, echoed through the room. "Guards! Where the hell are my guards?"

Within seconds, the door burst open, and four heavily built bodyguards rushed in, their faces taut with determination.

"This brat dared to touch me!" Henny shrieked, pointing furiously at Alex. "Beat him to a pulp! Teach him some manners!"

"Yes, Ma'am!" The guards lunged toward Alex, fists raised and ready to strike.

Yet something unbelievable occurred.

Alex moved with astonishing agility, easily sidestepping their attack.

The guards suddenly couldn't stop themselves—they stumbled forward, as if something invisible had seized control of their bodies.

Their limbs moved against their will, and no matter how hard they fought it, they couldn't resist..

To everyone's astonishment, the guards' fists suddenly swung toward Madam Henny, delivering brutal blows that sent her sprawling to the floor, shrieking in pain like a wounded animal.

"Have you all lost your minds? Stop! That's Grandma!" Clarissa shouted, rushing to intervene.

But before she could react, two guards turned, their hands beyond their control, striking her fiercely and knocking her aside.

Sophia and Florence watched in stunned silence, unable to comprehend the surreal scene unfolding before their eyes: Henny and Clarissa, beaten by their own protectors, their screams echoing through the room.

Alex shook his head slowly, a faint smirk playing on his lips-like he wasn't the one pulling the guards' strings.

"See how despicable she is? Even her own guards can't resist the urge to punish her. This is their family matter. Let's not interfere; let them enjoy their well-earned moment."

Sophia suddenly felt the humiliation Madam Henny had inflicted earlier wasn't so terrible after all.

Henny and Clarissa shrieked like a wounded animal, beaten mercilessly by her own bodyguards.

"Alex, please! Make them stop!" Florence pleaded desperately.

Alex turned coldly toward Florence.

"Florance, listen carefully. I've

learned a bit about the law. Sophia is

already the acting governor, and

e'll soon become the official

governor, with or without the Montclair family's approval."

"The Guise family has already sealed the deal legally. So why grovel to this useless old woman?"

Florance and the others stood frozen, trying to process what they'd just heard.

Meanwhile, the bodyguards suddenly stopped in their tracks, panic flooding their faces as they realized what they had just done.

They stared at Madam Henny, knowing their careers—and possibly their lives- were over.

"Every one of you is finished!" Henny hissed through swollen lips and bloodied teeth. "You'll all pay dearly!"

Fear gripped the bodyguards, and instead of apologizing or helping, they fled the scene, abandoning Henny to her fate.

"You arrogant brat!" Henny spat, glaring at Alex with pure hatred. "The Montclair family will kill you for this. Mark my words!"

Alex smirked calmly, unbothered. "Laura tried already, and look how well that turned out. But you're welcome to give it a shot."

"You insolent little-" Henny's voice shook with rage as she realized Alex truly didn't fear her threats.

She turned furiously toward Florence.

"Florence, what an excellent family you've raised! I came all the way to Vancouver to help your daughter become governor. Yet, you repay my kindness with violence? Sophia will never be governor now!"

Panic surged through Florence, who dropped to her knees with a heavy thud.

She pleaded desperately, "Madam Henny, please! Don't act rashly. Alex has nothing to do with us! You can't punish us for his reckless behavior!"

Alex scoffed in disbelief at Florence's cowardice.

The Montclairs clearly didn't have the power to control the governor's seat-if they did, they wouldn't be stooping to such pathetic tactics.

And yet, somehow, Florence was still buying into Henny's empty threats.

How utterly stupid.

"Madam Henny, listen to me! This young man is my ex-son-in-law, and frankly, I despise him. He's got nothing to do with our family!" Florence explained frantically.

Henny sneered coldly. "I don't care

about your complicated family dramas. If he's here, he's involved

with your family. I want a proper

apology right now, or you'll regret it! Sophia's promising future will vanish!"

"Absolutely!" Florence nodded quickly, turning toward Alex in a fury.

"Alex, why are you standing there? Kneel and apologize immediately!"

"You can kneel all you want. But I won't bow to her. She's the one who should beg

for forgiveness to save her miserable old life," Alex replied defiantly.

"You insolent little bastard!" Henny screamed in fury.

Overcome with rage, Florence shot to her feet and slapped Alex hard across the face. The sharp crack of the impact echoed through the room, stunning everyone into silence.

"I told you to apologize, Alex!" she shouted.

Alex's eyes flashed dangerously. "You slapped me first. Prepare to lose some teeth."

He could have easily avoided Florence's slap but chose not to.

He had always hated how she forced Sophia into difficult positions. Now he finally had a perfect reason to retaliate.

Without hesitation, Alex raised his hand to strike Florence back. However, in a sudden blur, Sophia lunged forward, shielding her mother.

Alex froze in horror as he realized his slap had landed squarely on Sophia's face.

Her wide eyes stared at him, filled with hurt and shock, as the room fell into a stunned, unbearable silence.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 366[981 words]

Alex's heart went cold, twisted by a deep pang of regret.

Hurting Sophia was never his intention.

She was his everything-his reason for breathing-but everything about her drove his emotions beyond control.

Near her, his heart became a storm of love and pain, so fierce he couldn't think straight.

He wanted revenge on everyone who had ever hurt Sophia, even her own mother.

Yet now, seeing Sophia rush between them, all he could feel was guilt.

He stood frozen, eyes heavy with shame, unsure how to even begin to explain himself.

Sophia stared at Alex, eyes gentle despite the tension.

"It's okay," she whispered softly. "I know you didn't mean it. I just don't want you to hurt my mother, even if she's the one who's wrong."

Alex lowered his gaze, voice barely audible. "I'm sorry."

Sophia stepped closer and wrapped her arms around him.

"Don't apologize," she murmured into his chest.

"I know exactly why you acted that way. I was there-I saw what happened when Laura Montclair sent those soldiers after you."

"But I still hurt you," Alex said, his voice heavy with regret.

Sophia gently cupped his face, forcing him to meet her eyes.

"Alex, I've hurt you countless times. Honestly, it's almost a relief that you hit me back."

"Sophia!" Florence staggered backward, nearly losing her footing, fury blazing in her eyes.

"Unbelievable! Did he just try to lay his filthy hands on me? Look closely, Sophia! This is the man you love? I'd rather see him dead! Do you hear me? Dead!"

"Enough!" Sophia spun around sharply, glaring at Florence.

"You were the one who started hitting first, Mom. If you don't shut your mouth right now, I'm walking out of this place forever."

Florence's rage trembled visibly, but seeing the fierce determination in her daughter's face, she forced herself to hold back her venom.

"Sophia!" Henny's voice sliced through the tension like a knife, her glare so vicious it could kill.

"How dare you allow this man to strike me! Have you completely forgotten your position?"

"Madam Henny," Sophia said coldly.

"I don't know exactly why you came here today, but let me make one thing clear-

I am not your puppet. Even without your help, I would still be Governor of Paris. So stop treating me like an idiot."

"Sophia Lancaster!" Clarissa snapped harshly. "Who gave you the right to speak to Grandma like that?"

Sophia turned slowly, eyes blazing.

"What's wrong with my speak? If anyone needs to watch their mouth, Clarissa Montclair, it's you and your grandmother when speaking to me."

"You arrogant little—" Clarissa started again, but Henny raised her hand, silencing her instantly.

"Tell me, Sophia, why exactly should I watch my words with you?" Henny said dangerously, her eyes narrowing.

"Unless you can explain yourself clearly, I'll show you no mercy for your betrayal to your family."

Sophia met Henny's stare evenly, calm yet unyielding.

"Did you know that the governor of Chicago, Lyra Thompson, is my closest friend?"

"She called me the other day to tell

me that Montclair owes the

government over a billion

dollars dirty money tied to

corruption, all orchestrated by Laura Montclair, your daughter, in the name of Montclair family.

"She asked what I planned to do about it."

"But from your arrogance, it's clear Montclair doesn't need my help." Sophia

calmly took out her phone and dialed a number.

"Lyra, about Montclair-I suggest you go all out. No need to hold back on my account."

"You!" Henny was stunned speechless.

She had come here to put Sophia in her place. Never in her wildest dreams did

she imagine that the obedient lamb she planned to tame would turn into a roaring

lion.

"Sophia! How dare you betray Montclair!" Henny jumped to her feet, her voice shaking with rage.

"Do

n understand how

you even

powerful we are? You think just

because you're the acting

governor a rookie-you can threaten the foundations of our family? We can destroy you. Don't forget that."

Sophia smiled coldly, eyes glinting with amusement.

"Did you hear that, Lyra? Henny Montclair just said a billion dollars won't even scratch their foundation. What do you think about that?"

Henny trembled with anger, her fists clenched tightly, but she refused to back down.

Sophia nodded calmly. "Alright, Lyra, thanks. I'll wait five minutes."

Ending the call, Sophia turned her piercing gaze toward Henny and gave a chilling smile.

"Congratulations. In five minutes, you're going to find out just how easily Montclair can be shaken. And if that's still not enough for you, just give me a call. I can always add more."

Henny and Clarissa stood frozen, too shocked to even form words.

Sophia reached out and took Alex's arm gently. "Let's get out of here. Clearly, we're not welcome."

"Sophia Lancaster! You better stop right there unless you want to lose everything!" Henny screamed furiously, her voice echoing through the room.

Just then, her phone rang loudly, shattering the silence.

Henny glanced down at the caller ID, her face growing pale when she saw the Montclair family estate's number.

Trembling, she answered the call.

"Henny! Where the hell are you?" snapped the acting matriarch of the Montclair family.

"What's going on?" Henny demanded, anger still thick in her voice.

"The governor of Chicago just held a press conference. She announced she's fast-tracking the recovery of the billion-dollar corruption money Laura Montclair owes the government."

"What? That fast?" Henny's heart nearly stopped.

"Oh, it gets worse," the matriarch hissed, her voice laced with venom.

"She mentioned you by name-said, 'Henny Montclair thinks a billion dollars is nothing.' So now, she's doubled the amount we owe. And they've already started seizing Montclair assets in Chicago."

"What?!" Henny staggered backward, her legs trembling violently.

"Listen carefully, you old fool! Whatever you did, congratulations-it worked perfectly! You just destroyed the Montclair family!"

The matriarch's voice turned ice cold.

"Henny, you're already halfway into the grave. You should stop looking for trouble, shut your mouth, buy your coffin, and start digging."

"Find whoever you offended and beg for forgiveness on your knees. If you don't fix this mess, I swear I'll send someone to end you myself, you worthless bastard."

Henny's face drained of all color.

Her whole body shook uncontrollably as she watched Sophia and Alex calmly walking away, disappearing through the door.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 367[1,190 words]

Henny was growing older, her authority fading fast since her daughter Laura— Montclair's last reigning matriarch and one of Chicago's powerful lords—was thrown behind bars.

With Laura's downfall, Henny's once iron grip on Montclair weakened drastically.

Now, one of the elders who had long opposed Laura temporarily filled the void, becoming the acting matriarch until the family officially named Sophia as the new leader.

Just days ago, everyone bowed and listened when Henny spoke.

Now, she found herself forced to kneel, humiliated and scorned.

It was unbearable.

"Florence!" Henny barked, eyes blazing with fury.

"Is this how you raise your child? Your daughter doesn't even know how to respect her elders-the very people who could lift her to greatness."

"I warned you clearly: bring Sophia back here immediately to beg my forgiveness!"

"Yes, yes, Madam Henny!" Florence stumbled over herself, rushing frantically toward the door.

By the time she reached the gate, Sophia's car was already vanishing in the distance.

"Sophia! Sophia!" Florence shouted desperately, chasing after the car until her voice cracked.

Breathless and panicked, she dialed Sophia's number, but the calls wouldn't connect.

Returning with dread, she faced Henny.

"Madam Henny, Sophia already left. Maybe she had something urgent. But I promise, the moment I reach her, I'll have her return and apologize. She always listens to me."

Madam Henny seethed, enraged by the disrespect Alex and Sophia had shown her.

Her pride had been crushed.

"Tomorrow," she hissed, standing tall, "Sophia will return to Montclair and apologize personally. If she refuses, she will never become the matriarch."

With that threat hanging in the air, Henny turned and walked away, Clarissa trailing her closely, leaving Florence and Jack bowing in shame.

Meanwhile, Alex and Sophia drove silently toward the clinic.

"You sure about this?" Alex asked gently. He knew Sophia too well; what she'd done wasn't typical of her.

"Why not?" Sophia responded firmly, eyes fixed on the road ahead.

"Because you're not the type to strike first. You're usually..."

"Always hesitating?"

"Something like that," Alex conceded softly.

"People change, Alex. I've got to be strong now. If I don't, everyone will walk all over me."

"I'm glad you changed," Alex said softly, a faint smile breaking the tension.

A tender silence filled the car, unspoken words drifting gently between them all the way to the clinic.

Before stepping out, Alex lingered a moment, feeling the soft tension of things left unsaid.

They both knew there was something they needed to discuss, yet neither was brave enough to break the fragile quiet first.

"Alex," Sophia started, eyes locked onto his, filled with raw longing. "Can't we go back to how things were?"

"It's not the right time," Alex replied.

"People still see you as Gilbert Guise's widow. Maybe once you have full control of Paris and things settle down, we can talk about it again."

"I don't care about ruling Paris," Sophia said fiercely. "All I care about is us."

Alex forced a gentle smile, masking the ache in his heart.

"Don't worry. True opportunities don't vanish so easily. Finish what you started first. You'll be too busy to worry about us anyway. I'm not going anywhere." "You're right," Sophia admitted, reluctantly accepting the reality. It would be scandalous if she moved on so quickly after Gilbert's death.

Alex loved Sophia deeply, but true love meant setting her free to chase her dreams.

He stepped from the car, watching her drive away with bittersweet resolve.

As Sophia headed back toward Paris, Florence's name lit up her phone.

"Sophia," Florence's voice trembled urgently. "I begged Madam Henny not to hold a grudge against you—"

"Don't bother, Mom. I don't regret a thing."

"Sophia, this is Montclair. Even if you despise her, keep those feelings to yourself"

"Cut to the chase, Mom," Sophia snapped. "Why are you calling?"

"I need you to return to Montclair and apologize to Madam Henny immediately."

Without hesitation, Sophia ended the call, determined never to revisit that conversation again.

Florence stood frozen, phone still clutched in her hand, utterly stunned. "Jack, can you believe it? Your sister just hung up on me!"

Jack's eyes narrowed instantly. "Sophia's never done something like that. It's got

to be because of Alex-that uneducated fool is clearly influencing her in all the wrong ways."

Florence nodded sharply. "You're right. All of this is Alex's doing."

Meanwhile, Sophia had flown back to Paris on her private jet.

As soon as she landed, she dove straight into work, her secretary rushing to assist her. She worked late into the night until another phone call interrupted her focus.

She'd already ignored over twenty calls from her mother, but this one came from her grandmother, Betty.

"Yes, Grandma?" Sophia answered, sounding exhausted.

Betty's voice was firm but kind. "Sophia, Montclair is under pressure from Lyra Thompson. We've finally agreed to support your claim as Montclair's matriarch and back you fully for Governor of Paris.

Sophia hesitated, suspicion creeping in.

She knew Montclair was only supporting her to solidify their influence over her governorship.

"Thank you, Grandma," she said cautiously, unsure if gratitude was even warranted.

"Sophia, Montclair is family. It's

better for everyone if we stay united

without any conflicts. There's

resistance about your appointment from Henny's old faction, but we can

win them over easily if you just

make a small gesture of peace."

Sophia sighed, dreading the request she knew was coming. "What exactly do you

need me to do?"

"Tomorrow, meet Grandma Henny and apologize for today's incident. Just a few simple words and it's done. Trust me, it's better to have her as a friend than an enemy. You'll be an excellent governor, Sophia."

Sophia rubbed her forehead, tense. "Grandma, I don't think that's a good idea."

"Please, Sophia," Betty begged gently. "Consider it my birthday wish. Just

apologize, then walk away. It's all for family harmony."

Sophia hesitated again. "Grandma-"

"Please, Sophia. Just this once."

"Fine," Sophia finally conceded. "I'll say sorry, but that's it. Whether she accepts it

or not is her choice."

"That's all we need," Betty replied, relieved.

The next day, Sophia appeared at Alex's clinic again. "Alex, you need to come with me to Montclair. I'm going to apologize, and I want you there with me."

"Do I really have to?" Alex asked, confused. He couldn't understand why Sophia had flown all this way just to bring him along.

"Yes," Sophia insisted, unwilling to admit she just wanted him close by. Two hours later, they arrived at the Montclair mansion. Alex stopped at the gate.

"I'm not going inside. After yesterday, I doubt Henny wants to see my face again."

"That's fine," Sophia reassured him with a confident nod. "Just wait here. I'll be right back."

Sophia marched into the mansion alone. The butler, already expecting her, quickly led her straight to Henny's chambers.

"Madam, Sophia requests an audience," an elderly servant announced respectfully.

Henny calmly placed her teacup down. "Let her in."

"Yes, Madam," the servant nodded, leading Sophia into the lavishly decorated room.

As soon as Sophia stepped inside, two guards swiftly shut the doors behind her, blocking any escape.

"I came to apologize," Sophia said clearly, keeping her voice steady. "I'm sorry for what happened yesterday."

"Apologize?" Henny sneered coldly. "This is how you choose to do it?"

She waved her hand sharply.

"Guards, make her kneel and slap her ten times. It's time this girl learned some respect for her elders."

But before she could react further, a guard kicked her legs out from under her.

Sophia collapsed painfully to the floor, and as she tried to rise, the guards held her firmly, delivering the first brutal slap across her face.

"One!"

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 368[1,022 words]

Sophia hit the ground hard, her head spinning.

For a moment, everything blurred as she fought to steady her breathing.

"You dare disrespect me, you insolent brat?" Henny's voice trembled with rage. "Know your place! If you want my forgiveness, get on your knees and lick my shoes."

Sophia tasted blood on her lips, the metallic tang sharpening her senses. Her vision cleared, and a fire sparked within her.

"That's it," she whispered fiercely to herself, determination flooding her veins.

"Guard," Henny barked. "Slap her again. Keep going until she learns how to respect her elders."

The guard smirked cruelly as he approached Sophia, grabbing a fistful of her hair and jerking her head back.

"Sorry, sweetheart. Orders are orders."

Sophia locked eyes with him, fury blazing in her gaze. "I'm warning you let go of me or you're a dead man."

"Little bitch-" His hand shot up, ready to strike.

But before his palm could connect, a deafening gunshot shattered the room.

Blood sprayed as the bullet pierced his chin and exited through the top of his skull.

The guard crumpled lifelessly to the ground, a pool of crimson spreading rapidly beneath him.

Silence blanketed the room. Henny and Clarissa stared in shock, mouths open, unable to process what they'd just witnessed.

Sophia rose slowly, the smoking gun firm in her hand, eyes ice-cold and murderous.

"I warned you," she hissed, voice shaking with rage. "But you didn't listen. Now you are dead!"

She turned the weapon towards Henny and Clarissa, her expression merciless. No longer would she be the girl who cried and endured abuse in silence.

After Guise's violence, she vowed never to be helpless again, learned to shoot, and carried this gun, hidden away until now.

"I'm not going to be anyone's punching bag anymore," Sophia said, her voice firm as the weight of her first kill pressed heavy on her chest. "This ends now."

"You murderer!" Henny's voice shook with hatred. "You'll pay for this! You'll rot in hell!"

"Kneel!" Sophia stepped closer, the gun unwavering. "Kneel just like you wanted me to. Apologize."

Henny's face contorted with humiliation and fury, her elderly pride crushed beneath Sophia's defiance.

"How dare you, you insolent child!"

"Go to hell!" Clarissa suddenly lunged forward, desperate to wrestle the gun from Sophia's grip.

Sophia reacted swiftly, smashing the gun's grip into Clarissa's face with brutal force.

Clarissa flew backward, landing heavily several feet away, her face bloodied and teeth shattered, features twisted by the savage blow.

"You filthy animal!" Henny shrieked, her rage flaring like wildfire. She lunged,

hurling the ashtray at Sophia with reckless fury.

Younger and faster, Sophia moved with precision.

"Get out of my sight!" Sophia shouted, slapping Henny hard across the face-the crack echoed through the room.

Henny stumbled, lost her balance, and crashed to the floor.

"How dare you touch my grandmother! You've crossed a line you'll regret!" Clarissa spat through broken teeth.

Henny struggled shakily to her feet, her eyes blazing with venomous hatred.

"Sophia Lancaster, you've sealed your fate! You'll never become the Montclair Matriarch. You've killed our guard, and you'll rot in prison forever!"

Sophia inhaled sharply, pointing the gun at Henny. "Can you shut your mouth for once? I've had enough of your damn arrogance."

"I'll say whatever I want!" Henny roared, defiant to the last. "The Montclair family will hunt you down!"

Sophia's patience snapped. Her finger tightened on the trigger, and a gunshot rang out.

The bullet tore into Henny's thigh, sending the elderly woman collapsing to the ground, screaming in agony like a wounded animal.

"Maybe you should stop provoking someone holding a loaded gun," Sophia said coldly, lowering the pistol slightly.

Clarissa rushed to her grandmother's side, panic flooding her face as she saw blood streaming from Henny's wound.

"You heartless monster! You're finished! Your whole family is finished! You'll pay for hurting my grandmother!"

"Whatever," Sophia said dismissively, turning away.

She had no intention of lingering. She headed for the door, eager to leave the madness behind.

But when she swung it open, she froze in shock. Alex stood there, tall and grim-faced.

Behind him, several Montclair guards lay unconscious or worse, sprawled out across the hallway.

"I heard gunshots and thought you

might need some help," Alex said calmly, his eyes scanning her injuries. "Looks like you handled yourself pretty well."

"Let's get out of here," Sophia urged, stepping past him.

"You're hurt," Alex said sharply, noticing her bruised and swollen face.

"It's nothing," she said, forcing a brave smile.

Alex's expression hardened, protective anger rising in his eyes.

"This isn't 'nothing', Sophia. They had no right to lay a finger on you."

"Let's just get out of here, Alex," she murmured. "I've had enough of them."

Alex glanced back, seeing Henny and Clarissa glaring hatefully at Sophia. Alex's fury surged.

Without hesitation, he unleashed his power, using his aura to fling a nearby sofa straight into the two women.

The heavy piece of furniture crashed
into them like a speeding car,
knocking them violently to the floor, their once-proud faces instantly battered and broken.
Satisfied with his vengeance, Alex turned and escorted Sophia out.

Hours later, they arrived at Chicago airport, heading to their private jet bound for Paris.

"I think it's best if I return to Vancouver from here," Alex said quietly. Sophia paused, turning to him. "Don't you want to come with me to Paris? I could give you a job. You'd make a perfect head of security."

"Maybe," Alex murmured thoughtfully. He reached out gently, touching her swollen cheek.

Their eyes met, a silent understanding passing between them. "You're strong now, Sophia."

"I had to be," she whispered. "Otherwise, they'd never stop hurting me."

In the distance, Kelly stepped down from her private jet, fresh from Vermont and ready to meet Lyra to finalize the Chicago-Vermont agreement.

But her attention was instantly captured by the sight of Alex and Sophia standing closely together.

Jealousy flared violently within Kelly's heart.

She knew she'd made a mistake by reporting Alex to the king, costing him his position in Kingswell.

Yet she refused to believe that her decision was entirely wrong.

To her, Alex choosing Sophia was the root cause of everything.

Unable to control the turmoil inside her, Kelly strode quickly toward them.

Alex dropped his hand from Sophia's cheek, noticing Kelly's determined approach.

Before either of them could react, Kelly reached out, wrapped her arms around

Alex's neck, and pulled him into a passionate, shocking kiss.

Alex stood frozen, stunned.

And so did Sophia.

The Almighty Dominance

Chapter 369[939 words]

"You-!" Sophia's eyes widened in shock and fury.

She lunged forward, yanking Alex away from Kelly as if protecting a child from a predator.

Humiliation and rage surged through her veins, and she snapped fiercely, "Kelly Kingston! What the hell do you think you're doing?"

Kelly tilted her head, her red lips curving into a taunting smile as she eyed Alex hungrily.

"Sophia Lancaster, shouldn't I be asking you that? We were just enjoying ourselves. Why'd you spoil our fun?"

Sophia hesitated, suddenly aware she had no right to intervene.

Alex wasn't hers-at least, not anymore.

"We were still talking before you interrupted," Sophia retorted, refusing to back down. "And Alex didn't seem very thrilled."

"Oh?" Kelly's eyes flashed dangerously. "From what I felt, Alex seemed pretty enthusiastic."

"Kelly," Alex started cautiously.

But Kelly cut him off, spinning back to face him, her voice dripping with seductive bitterness.

"Fine, Alex, play your games. But you know you're hurting me. Someday soon, you'll have to tell Sophia exactly what we have between us."

With a final smirk, she turned sharply, striding confidently toward a sleek luxury car waiting silently by the curb.

The chauffeur held the door open as she slid inside without another glance.

"That shameless witch!" Sophia hissed, stomping her foot angrily. She whirled around to face Alex, her eyes blazing with frustration.

"Alex, you owe me an explanation. What exactly is going on between you and Kelly Kingston?"

Alex sighed deeply, running a hand through his hair.

Kelly, once predictable and loyal, had become impossible to read, and he felt trapped by the complications.

"It's complicated," he muttered.

Sophia felt a sharp ache burn through her chest.

"Fine. Keep your secrets," she snapped. "But in exchange, you're coming with me to Paris."

"But-" Alex tried to protest.

"No 'buts,' Alex. You're helping me at the office, and afterward, we'll fly back to Vancouver tonight," Sophia demanded firmly, her expression warning him against any resistance.

Alex surrendered, knowing any argument was futile.

Secretly, though, he couldn't suppress the joy swelling inside him at the thought of spending time alone with Sophia-the very thing he'd dreamed of for so long.

As darkness fell, chaos erupted at the entrance of the Lancaster Mansion in Vancouver.

The front doors exploded inward, shattering wood splinters across the marble floor.

Henny, flanked by Clarissa and an imposing force of Montclair bodyguards, stormed inside with ruthless determination.

Nearly two dozen towering men filled the entrance hall, each one built like a fortress, their sculpted muscles straining against tailored suits.

They radiated menace, casting shadows of dread across the grand foyer.

"Sophia Lancaster!" Henny roared from her wheelchair, her voice raw with fury, eyes blazing like coals.

The pain in her injured knee fueled an uncontrollable rage, propelling her forward. "Show yourself right now!"

Florence hurried out from the living room, stopping dead in her tracks at the terrifying sight.

She paled instantly. "Madam Henny! W-what brings you here?"

"Where is Sophia?" Henny snarled through clenched teeth, her voice dangerously low.

Tonight, she came with guards the best money could buy-and nothing, no one, would save Sophia Lancaster now.

Florence trembled, her voice barely

holding together. "They haven't

come back since this morning.... I

thought they were meeting you-to apologize in person."

"Ask forgiveness? Are you blind? Sophia came and shot my knee!" Henny screamed.

Florence recoiled in shock.

"Impossible! Sophia is gentle, she'd never harm anyone. You must be mistaken!"

"Never harm anyone?" Henny's face turned crimson with rage. "Look at what she did to me and Clarissa!"

Florence glanced behind Henny and saw Clarissa's battered face, bandaged nose, and swollen lips, clearly the result of a brutal beating.

"Sophia did this to you?" Florence gasped, eyes wide with disbelief.

"No... that can't be. Sophia would never hurt anyone."

"How dare you question us!" Clarissa hissed, her eyes blazing with resentment.

"Sophia showed up with a gun. She shot grandmother and bashed me in the face with the gun handle. Your daughter is a vicious animal!"

Clarissa, who had always relied on her striking beauty to mask her lack of talent, seethed with humiliation.

Sophia had shattered her perfect image, knocking out three of her teeth. Her rage was palpable.

"What?" Florence's voice cracked. "Sophia shot Madam Henny and assaulted you? That can't be true!"

"Florence," Henny snapped impatiently, her voice ice-cold. "If you don't produce Sophia right now, you'll regret ever giving birth to her!"

"Madam Henny, please! I swear I don't know where Sophia is!" Florence pleaded desperately, her voice trembling.

"My daughter is innocent and gentle.

This must be Alex's fault-ever since

he appeared, Sophia changed! Just

find Alex and punish him, but spare my daughter, please!"

"You dare beg mercy for Sophia?" Henny snarled. Her fury erupted, raw and uncontrollable. "Guards, break her nose!"

"Yes, Madam!" Four towering guards instantly grabbed Florence, forcing her to her knees.

The largest guard raised his massive hand and struck Florence's face hard, sending blood pouring from her broken nose.

"Don't you dare touch my mother!" Jack shouted, rushing from his room in a blind rage.

Two other guards intercepted him effortlessly, gripping him by the arms and hoisting him into the air as if he weighed nothing.

Jack gasped for breath, his face turning purple as he struggled in vain.

Henny leaned forward coldly. "Florence, tell me Sophia's whereabouts right now, or your son dies here and now."

"I told you, I don't know!" Florence sobbed hysterically, terrified.

Henny shook her head slowly, her eyes merciless. "You never learn, do you? Stab him."

"Yes, Madam." Without hesitation, one guard drew a military knife, its blade glinting ominously under the lights.

He approached Jack, who hung helplessly in the air, panic etched into his face.

"No! Stop!" Florence screamed desperately.

But it was too late. With cold

precision,

the guard plunged the knife deep into Jack's stomach. Blood burst forth, spilling onto the polished marble floor.

"Today," Henny declared, her voice chillingly calm, eyes glinting with savage

intent, "every last Lancaster will pay with their lives!"

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 370[1,225 words]

"How dare you hurt my son!" Florence screamed, lunging toward Jack's limp body.

But before she could reach him, Henny's bodyguard grabbed a fistful of her hair and brutally kicked the back of her knees.

Florence crashed to the floor, kneeling painfully, her head twisted back, hair clutched tight in the guard's hand.

"Listen carefully, Florence." Henny glared down at her coldly.

"Your son won't die just yet. But with that kind of bleeding, I'd say he's got maybe half an hour left. Call Sophia right now. If she arrives quickly enough, maybe I'll let Jack live."

"Please, have mercy!" Florence pleaded desperately. "I'll call her immediately!"

Henny gestured to her thug, who released Florence's hair roughly, strands tearing loose and scattering across the floor.

Florence scrambled frantically for her phone, dialing Sophia's number with trembling fingers.

"Sophia! Where are you? Come home now-it's an emergency!" Florence's voice shook with panic.

"Jack's hurt badly, we need you here right away!"

She ended the call and turned fearfully back to Henny. "Madam Henny, they're on their way. Please, let me help my son!"

Henny sneered cruelly. "If you're so confident they'll arrive soon, you have nothing to worry about. Your precious Jack will survive, right?"

"Please!" Florence pleaded again, her voice trembling with terror. Jack was fading fast — he might not survive before Sophia returned.

Henny narrowed his eyes, sneering. "Then call her again. This time, sound serious. Convince me she'll come running."

Hands shaking, Florence redialed. Her voice cracked with urgency. "Sophia, please — I'm begging you. Jack is dying. If you don't come now... it'll be too late."

"Alright, alright, I'll be there in five minutes! What's wrong?" Sophia asked urgently.

"Just hurry! I'll explain everything when you get here," Florence said and hung up.

She turned pleadingly to Henny. "Five minutes, she'll be here in five minutes. Please, can I help Jack now?"

Henny's eyes glinted maliciously. "Of course you can. You can start by experiencing Jack's pain firsthand." She nodded sharply.

The bodyguard stepped forward swiftly and plunged a knife deep into Florence's stomach.

Florence let out an agonized scream, her thoughts spinning wildly.

All she'd ever done was try to be kind-why was this happening?

"You've got about ten minutes before Sophia arrives," Henny laughed cruelly. "Then you'll watch her die right before your eyes. And once she's dead, all of you will follow."

"We... we never did anything to you!" Florence gasped, tears mixing with blood spilling from her wound.

"Why are you so full of hate toward us? We've never harmed you!"

"No harm?!" Henny exploded furiously.

"You think Betty flaunting Sophia around Montclair and positioning her as matriarch has nothing to do with you? Your family belongs hidden away in the sewers, yet you dared crawl into Montclair territory!"

"That family is mine!" she raged. "How dare your pathetic excuse for a family try to take what rightfully belongs to me!"

Suddenly, there was a loud knock at the front door. Henny smirked bitterly. "That was quick. Someone open the door and drag Sophia inside."

The guard swung open the door but froze instantly. Two police officers stood waiting, alert and ready.

"We received a call about a disturbance," one officer said firmly. "Sophia Lancaster asked us to check things out."

The second officer peered inside, immediately spotting Jack and Florence bleeding on the floor. He drew his gun swiftly, shouting, "Don't move!"

Henny's irritation flickered across her face briefly before she waved dismissively. "Deal with them."

"With pleasure, Madam!" the guard laughed viciously, charging at the officers.

"Stay back or I'll shoot!" the officer barked again, but the guard barreled into him, slamming him brutally to the ground.

The other policeman struggled, grappling with another thug, but within moments, both officers lay pinned and subdued.

"What now, Madam?" one guard asked, breathing heavily from the struggle.

"What else?" Henny said coldly. "Shoot them. We'll blame their deaths on Sophia Lancaster. Let her family burn for this."

"Wait a minute—we can talk this out!" the officer shouted desperately.

But his plea ended abruptly as muffled gunshots tore through the room. Both officers collapsed instantly, bullet holes perfectly centered in their foreheads.

Silence hung heavy in the air as their lifeless bodies sprawled across the floor. "You murdered the police!" Jack gasped, shock and horror etched on his pale face.

"Oh no," Henny sneered coldly, "you've got it completely wrong. You two killed these officers. Later, you'll both conveniently commit suicide, and this house will burn to ashes."

Jack and Florence's faces turned ghostly pale, realizing Henny had meticulously planned everything—there would be no mercy.

"I'm tired of waiting," Henny said impatiently, pulling out a handgun.

"Maybe I'll just kill one of you now. Remember, if you want someone to blame, look no further than your Grandma Betty and Sophia. They brought this on themselves by meddling in Montclaire's affairs."

"Stop right there!" A powerful, commanding voice echoed through the entrance. Henny spun around sharply, glaring at Sophia and Alex standing defiantly in the doorway.

"Ah, the real guests of honor," Henny snarled venomously.

"You sick old hag," Sophia growled, eyes blazing. In one swift motion, she pulled a handgun from her bag and aimed it squarely at Henny. "Don't even think about trying anything. Let go of my mother and Jack - now."

"Oh, look-Paris' arrogant new governor," Henny sneered mockingly.

"You think becoming Guise's widow gives you the right to take what's mine?" She pressed her pistol brutally against Florence's temple.

"Sophia, I'll give you a choice. Either you shoot Alex right here and now, or I blow your mother's brains out. Decide quickly."

"What did you just say?" Sophia's voice trembled with anger.

"Was that not clear enough? Let me

repeat myself," Henny's smile

vanished, replaced by chilling

menace. "Shoot Alex, or I kill

Florence and Jack. I'll give you to the

count of three to decide."

"Madam Henny, we've never wronged you!" Sophia said fiercely. "Why are you

doing this?"

"No grudges?" Henny laughed bitterly, eyes wild with rage. "Ask the people around you about grudges! Don't you know what your dear grandmother has done?"

Suddenly, she shot Florence viciously in the thigh.

Florence screamed in agony, blood staining her clothes.

"How dare your grandmother look down on me just because you've become governor! She's nothing-a disgraceful outcast! How dare she!" Henny roared furiously.

"Take your revenge on Betty or on me!" Sophia shouted desperately. "Leave my family out of this!"

"Oh, I intend to," Henny hissed cruelly.

"But first, you'll watch everyone you love suffer and die. I want to see the pain, despair, and anguish in your eyes. You'll learn what true grief feels like."

Henny was beyond reason now.

Having lost everything, she had nothing left to lose. She wanted to drag everyone down into hell with her.

"Now make your choice, or I'll shoot your mother!" Henny screamed, finger tightening on the trigger. "Three..."

"Henny, don't!" Sophia shouted, eyes filling with tears.

"Two! Make your choice-your mother's life is slipping away!"

Sophia's hand trembled uncontrollably as she stared at Florence's terrified, pleading face.

"Help me," Florence begged.

"One!" Henny screamed, eyes filled with murderous intent.

"Sophia..." Alex whispered softly.

Suddenly, Sophia raised her trembling hand, aiming her gun straight at Alex's head.

Her voice was barely audible, choked with pain, "I'm sorry." "Sophia..." Alex's voice faltered, his eyes wide with disbelief and heartbreak.

She pulled the trigger. A thunderous gunshot echoed through the room.

Shock and betrayal flashed across Alex's face as the bullet slammed into his forehead.

His expression froze-stunned, shattered-before his body collapsed to the ground, blood spreading fast beneath him.

In that final moment, his soul seemed torn in two-half by the searing pain of the bullet, half by the devastation of betrayal.

No one could tell which would kill him first.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 371[1,197 words]

Sophia aimed her gun squarely at Henny, her voice trembling but firm.

"I did everything you asked. I killed Alex. Now let my mother and brother go."

Henny clapped mockingly, a twisted smile spreading across her face.

"I like your spirit, girl! A real woman has to be cunning and ruthless. You know, I killed my own husband because he stood in my way."

Her eyes narrowed with cruel amusement.

"If only you weren't Betty's granddaughter, if only we weren't enemies, I might've actually liked you. But sadly, we are on opposite sides."

Without warning, Henny turned and struck Florence hard across the face.

"Stop it!" Sophia screamed, desperation cracking her voice. "You promised me!"

"Promises!" Henny laughed bitterly. "You're still just a cub, aren't you? Hasn't your idiot grandmother taught you never to trust your enemy!"

Sophia's face drained of all color, realization crashing down on her.

She'd been naive-painfully, dangerously naive.

Henny's voice turned smooth, almost tender.

"Alright then. This time, I'll give you a real promise... from one Montclair to

another. I'll even think of you as family."

She leaned in, her words like poison wrapped in silk.

"Put that gun to your head and pull the trigger. Do that—and I swear, your mother and Jack walk out alive."

Silence choked the room, heavy as a tomb. Sophia stared in disbelief, her heart thundering in her chest.

Across the room, Clarissa lounged on a velvet sofa, casually sipping from Florence's prized bottle of vintage wine—decades old, saved for some special day that would never come.

Now it was just another trinket spoiled by cruelty.

"Kill yourself!" Henny shouted viciously, grabbing Florence's chin and jerking her head roughly.

"Don't you love your mother? Didn't you kill your worthless ex-husband for her already? Why stop now? Pull the trigger, and I'll spare them both. This time, you have my word."

The world tilted violently around Sophia.

Nausea surged through her, and suddenly she dropped to her knees, retching violently onto the floor.

All her innocence, all her illusions spilled out with it.

Once, she'd been sheltered, never knowing pain. But each day in this hellish life taught her the same brutal lesson: the world was cruel, and mercy was just another weakness.

She'd thought Guise was the cruelest creature alive, believed she needed to become hard like him to survive.

Yet here she was, guilt tearing her apart for wounding Henny earlier-a guilt worthless to monsters like them.

She'd been raised believing people were kind, good-hearted by nature. She never imagined the world was so filled with darkness.

Sophia's trembling hand brought the gun slowly to her temple, tears streaming unchecked down her cheeks.

"I'll do it," she whispered hoarsely. "But remember your promise-let my family go."

"Oh, of course," Henny sneered, eyes glittering cruelly. "God, you're pathetic. I never met anyone as stupid as you."

Sophia closed her eyes, her finger tightening on the trigger.

Just as she was about to pull it, a strong hand snatched the gun away from her.

One of the guards behind Sophia looked sharply at Henny. "You promised us too, boss. If she's dead, you can't fulfill your word."

Henny sighed dramatically, rolling her eyes.

"Relax. You'll get your prize. I let her think she could shoot herself because it amused me. Honestly, did anyone really believe I'd spare her family after she killed herself?"

"We're here to wipe them all out! Her stupidity is infuriating."

Her voice rose sharply, turning venomous. "All of you guards-I promised you'd

get to have fun with Vancouver's beloved model, Sophia."

"She's all yours. Take her. Do whatever you want for the next 24 hours... then end her. Find your own room and make it count."

Sophia's vision blurred with rage, her heart hammering painfully.

Everything Alex had ever warned her about crashed down, painfully true. She stared at Henny, her voice ice-cold and broken.

"Alex was right about you-about all of it."

An hour earlier, they were flying back from Paris to Vancouver on private jet.

Alex suddenly broke the silence. "Sophia, I saw your hands shaking till now after you shot Henny. You're pretending to be tough, but I know it eats you alive."

"Hurting someone for the first time leaves scars, I get it. But trust me if you stay weak, others will take advantage and drain you dry. You have to stop feeling guilty and learn to protect yourself."

Sophia looked away, whispering softly, "Alex, I understand you've lived your life

on a battlefield. To you, anyone who isn't a friend is an enemy."

"But life here isn't always war. People have different reasons-we can't justify

hurting everyone who crosses us. We're civilized people."

Alex sighed deeply, gazing out the window.

"I pray that people like you stay pure, Sophia. I wish your heart never gets stained by this cruel world. But the

truth is,

some of us have to dive into

the darkness-to destroy it-so

people like you can stay in the light."

"Life is always bright, Alex," Sophia said firmly. "It was my anger that made me

shoot Henny. I owe her an apology, and I'll call her later."

Later, when they finally came face-to-face with Henny and Florence.

Moments before Sophia shot Alex, he leaned close and whispered urgently, "Sophia, just shoot me. I know you can't choose between your mother and me. But if you have to choose now, pick me."

Sophia's eyes widened in shock, speechless.

"Aim for my forehead. I'll survive," Alex whispered quickly.

"In the war, I got injured there. Doctors put an iron plate in my skull. The bullet

won't penetrate-it'll just stun me. I'll bleed, but I won't die."

"Are you sure?" Sophia whispered back anxiously.

"Absolutely," Alex reassured her. He knew there was no iron plate, just his aura strong enough to deflect the bullet.

But to sell the lie, there needed to be blood. Just enough to make it real for Henny.

He whispered again, testing her resolve. "Do you have the courage to shot me, Sophia? Your heart is gentle, but sometimes you must be ruthless to survive."

Sophia raised the gun, eyes burning with a sudden fury.

"How dare you let Kelly kiss you!"

"What?" Alex stammered, completely taken aback.

But Sophia didn't hesitate.

She fired.

Alex fell back, feigning a realistic wound. Yet, beneath his act, genuine pain struck him deeply.

Sophia didn't flinch—she pulled the trigger without a second thought, and her aim was deadly.

The fire in her eyes—pure rage, jealousy, and betrayal—wasn't just for show. It was real. Brutally real.

Damn, Alex thought bitterly. That hurt worse than the bullet.

Unbelievable.

Damn woman.

Was there a book out there any book—that could finally teach him how the hell women work?

As Alex lay there, he watched Henny torment Sophia, teaching her the harsh lessons needed to govern in a merciless world.

Maybe Sophia needed this—to harden, to survive.

But now, enough was enough.

With a sharp snap of his fingers, Alex unleashed a silent wave of energy—Jack, Margareth, and Sophia collapsed where they stood, their bodies gently falling unconscious like marionettes with cut strings.

Then, slowly, Alex rose from the ground.

ve

His body lifted effortlessly into the air, hovering above the chaos. Gasps rippled through the room. Even the bravest froze in place.

Bathed in cold, unearthly light, Alex looked down at them all. His voice rang out—calm, commanding, and laced with steel.

"I chose to walk into the dark... so the pure could stay in the light."

His eyes burned with a furious glow, scanning every soul in the room. The weight of his fury was suffocating.

"Now it's your turn," he said, voice like a blade.

"Your cruelty... your sins... your judgment begins now."

The Almighty Dominance

Chapter 372[1,354 words]

"Judge me?" Henny scoffed, shaking her head with a sneer.

"You think you're qualified to do that?"

"Everyone, shoot him! He's alone—we're forty!"

Gunfire erupted like a thunderstorm. Bullets tore through the air, all aimed at Alex.

"Die, you arrogant freak!" Henny screamed with laughter, convinced this was the end of him.

But the laughter turned to gasps.

The bullets froze—suspended mid-air—just a meter from Alex's body, caught in an invisible wall of force.

"He's a superhuman!" one guard cried out, pale and trembling.

He fired again—more bullets.

Yet, every single shot hung lifeless in the air, powerless.

Panic rippled through the room.

In a flash of desperation, Henny yanked out her pistol and pressed it to Florence's head.

"Stop this or I'll blow her brains out!"

Alex didn't flinch. He smirked, eyes locked on her.

"Oh, please. Do it. You'd be doing the world a favor. One less parasite like you.

And if you're running low on bullets, I'll gladly hand you more."

Snarling, Henny turned her weapon on him and emptied the entire clip.

Bang. Bang. Bang.

But every round stopped cold-frozen in the air, circling him like useless insects. Not one touched him.

Alex stepped forward, slow and unstoppable.

Henny's grip on the gun trembled. Her voice cracked, raw with fear.

"I made a mistake! I'm just a weak old woman—please, stay away from me!"

"Playing the innocent now, huh?" Alex growled.

Suddenly, the front doors burst open. Two guards made a break for it, bolting toward freedom.

They didn't get far.

Their bodies froze mid-step, stiff like statues.

A voice echoed behind them.

"Final judgment hasn't been delivered. No one leaves."

Several guards dropped to their knees.

"Please, Superhuman!" one begged, eyes wet. "I'm just a hired gun! I never hurt anyone! I needed the money for my daughter's surgery!"

"Same here," another cried. "I've got two wives, five kids! I'm the only one feeding them. Please! If you kill me, they will die too!"

Voices rose in desperation, a symphony of guilt and fear.

Tears flowed.

They all knew the truth-when you stand before a high-ranking superhuman, mercy is not guaranteed.

For the first time, Henny's mask cracked. Her voice trembled.

"If you care about justice, then call the police! I'll face court-I'll prove myself there!"

Alex's eyes burned with fury.

"Justice?" he scoffed. "When the poor steal a chicken, they rot in a cell."

"But when people like you murder and destroy, you walk free. The only ones who end up behind bars are the corpses you leave behind."

Henny's hands shook. "W-What are you going to do to me...?"

Alex stepped right in front of her.

"True justice is simple-eye for eye, tooth for tooth. What you wanted to do to others... will now happen to you."

He grabbed her by the neck and lifted her effortlessly off the ground. But she wasn't alone—every single one of the forty guards rose with her, suspended by his unseen force, choking.

"I won't kill you," Alex said, his voice vibrating with power. "But everything you planned to do to Sophia... will now return to you."

"Let me go!" Henny gasped, clawing at his hand.

He threw her across the floor like trash.

The spell broke. The guards dropped to the ground, coughing and trembling.

Then Alex turned to the guards.

"All of you-whatever you were ordered to do to Sophia, I want you to do it... to Henny and Clarissa. Perfectly. If you follow through, I'll let you live."

"I'll do it!" one gasped, clutching his throat.

"Me too!" another cried. Others quickly followed, desperate to cling to life.

"Then what are you waiting for?" Alex barked. "Do it."

The guards moved. Without hesitation, they surged toward Henny and Clarissa.

"Get your hands off me!" Henny screamed. "I PAID you!"

One guard punched her across the face.

"You can't pay for my life!" he shouted.

Another grabbed Clarissa, ignoring her kicks and screams.

"You two are poison. If I have to hurt you to survive, I won't lose sleep over it."

"Stop it!" Henny shrieked.

"Really, Henny? Would you have stopped if Sophia begged you while you held the power?"

"I... I..." Henny stuttered, lips trembling, unable to answer.

"That's what I thought," Alex said, cold as death. "Now live with it."

One of the guards turned to Alex, voice shaking.

"Sir... Can I borrow the largest room in the house?"

Alex didn't even look at him.

"Don't ask me. Just do exactly what she ordered you to do to Sophia. Every detail.

Or none of you walk out alive."

"Yes, sir!" they all echoed in unison and scrambled toward the hallway.

Two of them stopped just long enough to unpack a recording camera.

Alex narrowed his eyes. "What the hell is that for?"

One guard answered, almost ashamed.

"The old woman... she told us to film it. She wanted it streamed live-to destroy Sophia's reputation and ruin her chances of becoming Governor of Paris."

Alex's jaw tightened. He could already see the full picture.

Henny had no intention of just winning-she wanted to erase her. And if she couldn't have the Monclaire seat, no one could.

Another guard pulled out a bottle of pills and held it up nervously.

"And what the hell is that?" Alex asked.

toet

The man swallowed. "Viagra. She gave it to us. Told us we'd need to last for 48 hours-nonstop. Said we'd keep going until Sophia was... broken."

Alex's stomach twisted. He closed his eyes, his voice flat and cold.

"That's enough. I don't want to hear another word. Just do what she told you to do. Let her taste the nightmare she created for others."

He stood there, watching as the last guard disappeared into the large room.

Forty mercenaries. Two wicked women. And now, they were going to face the very fate they once forced onto others.

Suddenly, the sound of sirens broke the silence.

An ambulance arrived. Four doctors rushed inside-part of a private hospital team

Alex had called.

They took Sophia, Florence, and Jack on stretchers, moving quickly and professionally.

They also handled the bodies of the two dead police officers.

Alex scribbled a note and placed it on the hallway table.

"When you're done, burn this house to the ground."

Without another word, he turned and walked out into the night. His mind burned with questions.

Was this justice? Or had he become something worse?

His phone buzzed. Jasmine.

"Alex, can we meet tomorrow?" she asked, her voice soft.

"Of course," he replied. Then paused. Something stirred inside him.

"Jasmine... if someone tried to hurt you-deeply, truly hurt you-what would you do?"

There was a beat of silence, then her voice came back-sweet, but sharp.

"Simple. I'd erase them. Return the pain tenfold. And bury them alive."

"You sure?" he asked.

"Absolutely. No hesitation. That's how I've always lived."

"Alright," Alex said. "See you tomorrow."

He ended the call just as he reached his clinic.

Josephine was inside, feeding the last of the city's homeless with her usual warm smile. When she saw him, her face lit up.

"Alex! You're here."

They sat together on the clinic steps after the last guest had gone. The air was still, the stars spread wide above them.

Alex turned to her.

"Josephine... Can I ask you something?"

"Of course." Her eyes met his, calm as ever.

"What would you do if someone wanted to hurt you? I mean... truly do something evil to you?"

She paused, breathing in slowly.

"That's a hard question. But... I'd still be kind. I don't believe anyone is born with a bad heart."

Alex stared at her, trying to see if she meant it.

"Even if they wanted to hurt you?" he pressed. "If it meant you could die?"

Josephine nodded, slowly.

"Then maybe it's just my bad luck. But I wouldn't return evil with evil. That's not who I am. I would still choose kindness."

"Even if it kills you?"

She smiled. A calm, unshakable smile.

"Yes. I chose this life, Alex. No matter what happens, I won't touch hatred. I will love until the very end."

Alex leaned forward. His voice was quiet.

"What if I told you... I was the one planning to hurt you?"

Josephine laughed softly, reaching out and touching his cheek. Her eyes held no fear-only truth.

"You?" she whispered. "No matter do to me, I'll never

you. still care for you. I'll stilet

You de no

That's just my way."

Alex had never met anyone like her.

A woman so full of light, it made his darkness feel small.

"Are you really going to hurt me?" Josephine asked gently, gazing into him with eyes that had no shadows.

Alex didn't answer. He just whispered, "Yes."

And then-without knowing how it happened.

Their lips met beneath the millions of stars and the soft glow of the clinic's porch

light.

For the first time in a long time, Alex felt... peace.

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 373[1,420 words]

Their lips met and the world went silent.

It wasn't just a kiss-it was the kind of kiss that stripped away every defense, every mask.

Soft, deep, and achingly pure... it tasted of something Alex had never felt before.

Sweet like the first rush of young love, dangerous like a fire you couldn't stop. His breath quickened, his heart hammered so hard it hurt.

And he knew he knew-Josephine was kissing him back.

For a few intoxicating seconds, the space between them ceased to exist. Until... it stopped.

Her palm came to his cheek, warm and tender, but there was a quiet strength in it as she pushed him back.

"You really are a playboy, Alex," she said, her voice low, almost teasing-but her flushed cheeks betrayed her. Her eyes, wide and luminous, were so pure it made him ache.

"Josephine..." he whispered, his voice rough with something he couldn't name.

She pressed a finger to his lips, silencing him.

"What you're doing is wrong, Alex," she murmured, her tone almost scolding but laced with concern.

"You should only kiss the woman you love. And you... you already have so many -Jasmine, Sophia, Lyra... who knows how many more."

Her hand slid through his hair, smoothing it back, lingering just a moment too long.

"You're dangerously handsome, Alex. And when you kiss a woman like that, she'll believe you mean it. She'll believe she's the only one. And when she's not... you'll shatter her."

The weight of her gaze-so unguarded, so fiercely kind-hit him like a punch to the chest. Without even thinking, he nodded.

"Good." She gave a faint, almost wistful smile and stepped into his arms, resting her head against his chest.

"I forgive you, Alex... for what you just did. But don't do it again, okay?"

He wrapped his arms around her, holding her as if letting go would break something fragile.

And in that moment, something shifted. This wasn't lust. It wasn't conquest.

It was something rarer-peace, in its purest form. A quiet, unshakable care. He'd never felt it before. And it scared him.

Minutes passed, slow and heavy, their bodies warm against each other.

Then Josephine's voice broke the silence. "Alex... I think it's time to let go." He didn't move.

"Alex?" she said again, tilting her face up.

"Are you... asleep?"

Her eyes widened. The man who had stolen a kiss from her was now sleeping soundly against her, breathing like he'd found his safe place.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," she muttered under her breath.

"Now you're making me do all the work." Her annoyance was real, but her lips betrayed her with the faintest smile.

Her gaze lingered on his face... then dropped to his lips. Heat rose to her cheeks all over again.

"You're lucky, Alex," she whispered. "I've been strong enough for heavy lifting since I was a kid. I'll help you to bed... but you'd better thank me. And maybe give me a raise."

She hooked her arms under his and half-dragged, half-carried him toward his room.

With a firm kick, she opened the door and dropped him onto the bed-only to find his arms locked around her, pulling her down with him.

"You are impossible," she sighed, bracing herself to push away-until his hand found hers and held it, tight, almost desperate.

"Jo... please don't leave me... Jo..." he mumbled in his sleep.

The words froze her. Her eyes fell to his face-still beautiful in rest-and there, just at the corner of his closed eyes, a tear traced its way down. Something inside her broke.

Slowly, she sank down beside him. "What are you dreaming, handsome... that could hurt you this much?" she whispered.

Her voice trembled as she smiled faintly. This was the closest she'd ever been to a man.

She'd never allowed herself to feel like a woman-always the strong one, the one no one could move.

But lying here beside Alex, she found a softness in herself she didn't recognize.

Her fingers brushed back his hair. She traced the line of his jaw, memorizing him in the quiet.

And then, without thinking, she began to sing-a low, tender lullaby meant only for him, her voice trembling with something she couldn't quite name.

Rest now, my sweetest wonder,

Let your world melt into mine,
Lay your head where my heartbeat lives,
And feel our souls align.
You are my moon, my morning sun,
My laughter in the rain,
Each breath I take is wrapped in you,
Through joy, through ache, through pain.
The night will keep your dreams, my love,
The stars will guard your rest,
And I will be the arms you know-
Your safest, softest nest.
So close your eyes, my precious one,
Let every worry go,
For my love will hold you endlessly-
More than you can ever know.

Alex was falling- not through air, but into a memory so old and buried he'd almost convinced himself it wasn't real.

He was five again, small enough to disappear in his mother's arms.

Her warmth wrapped around him like a fortress against the world. Her voice was a soft, steady lullaby each note weaving into the fabric of his heartbeat.

He could feel the slow rise and fall of her breathing, the weightless safety of belonging.

Then-gone.

The warmth vanished, the light drained away, and the world turned cold.

He was alone.

A windless silence pressed in from all sides, the kind of emptiness that made a child's tears fall harder.

The scene shifted. He was eight now, back in the orphanage.

The bruises on his body didn't hurt as much as the ones in his chest.

The older boys had shoved him again, mocked him until he felt smaller than the bed he cried into that night.

Then a shadow slipped in.

Small. Quiet. Familiar.

Josephine.

She climbed onto his bed without a word, wrapping her thin arms around him like a shield.

"Don't cry," she whispered into the dark. "Everything's okay."

They were the same age-maybe she was even younger-but she was fierce.

Leader of the orphanage kids.

A fighter when she had to be.

That night, and so many others, her hug was the safest place he knew. When she tried to leave, he'd grip her hand with desperate fingers.

"Please, Jo... don't leave me. Jo..."

And she'd stay. Always. Patting his head.

Humming the same lullaby his mother once sang. Staying until the weight on his chest eased enough for him to sleep.

He hadn't let himself touch that memory in years.

But now it returned, wrapping around him like the embrace of heaven itself— warm, weightless, and perfect, as if the world beyond it no longer mattered.

Morning came like a gentle hand, sunlight spilling across Alex's face in golden stripes.

His eyes opened slowly. For the first time in forever, the heaviness in his chest was... gone.

Or maybe not gone just lighter, like someone had taken half of it away in the

night.

He thought about the things he'd done-to Guise, to Henny.

Moments of cruelty sharp enough to cut him when he remembered. Guilt that no apology could wash clean.

Yet somehow, this morning felt like grace. Like mercy he hadn't earned.

"This... is my room..." he murmured, realizing he was lying in his bed-but Josephine was there beside him.

She was still asleep, her arm draped over him in a loose, natural claim.

Her breathing was soft, steady.

Her face, inches from his, was unpainted, unguarded-beautiful in the way sunlight is beautiful when it

slips in through a crack you didn't notice before.

Maybe, with a little care and comfort, she could stand beside Sophia or Jasmine without losing by a hair.

But that wasn't what struck him most.

It was the way she loved-pure, steady, and without conditions.

The way she cared for people like it was the most natural thing in the world.

He imagined marrying Josephine-this woman who moved through life like an angel, always giving, never asking.

As his queen, she wouldn't need power or grand speeches to win hearts.

She would rule through kindness alone, touching every soul she met until the whole kingdom loved her simply for who she was.

And she'd love their children.

He could see that in her eyes, even now.

The thought softened him until he smiled. He let his eyes close again, letting her warmth pull him under.

For a moment, the world was perfect.

Outside the clinic, Sophia's car pulled up. She'd just come from the hospital.

She had a thousand questions for Alex-urgent ones. About his mother and Jack, and Madam Henny.

But when she couldn't find him on hospital, she drove straight to Alex's clinic.

The place wasn't open yet, but the door was unlocked. She stepped inside and walked to Alex's room.

"Alex, I want to ask-"

The words died in her throat.

The door was ajar. And through the narrow gap, she saw them-Alex and Josephine, tangled in the embrace

bed her arm over his chest, his hand loosely holding hers.

Both of them asleep, faces close, breathing in sync.

Sophia froze. The world outside that doorway ceased to exist.

Then Alex's lashes fluttered. His eyes opened slowly, finding hers in the doorway.

"...Sophia?"

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 374[949 words]

Josephine stretched with a lazy yawn, arms high over her head.

"Good morning, Miss Sophia."

When she noticed Alex was awake, her face lit up. "And good morning to you, Alex."

"Morning, Josephine," Alex replied, unsure what else to say under Sophia's sharp, burning stare.

Josephine swung her legs off the bed, cracking her neck like nothing unusual had happened.

"I'll make breakfast for the three of us, okay?" She started toward the door as if it were any other day.

Sophia stepped in her path, eyes narrowing. "How can you two be sleeping together?"

Josephine met her gaze without a flicker of guilt. Growing up in the cramped orphanage, sharing a bed had never been a scandal.

"Oh, Alex fainted in front of the clinic, so I brought him to his bed," she said through another yawn.

"But then he got all teary and didn't want to let go. Maybe he needed a friend, so I stayed. I was tired too, so I fell asleep there. That's all."

With that, Josephine turned and headed off to make breakfast, leaving them alone in the room.

Sophia's eyes flicked between them-both fully clothed, nothing looking out of place.

She wanted to scold Alex, but Josephine's words pulled her up short.

Alex... fainted? And teary-eyed?

Could that have been because she had shot a bullet to his forehead yesterday?

"What are you doing here?" Alex asked from the bed.

Sophia moved to his side, her warm fingers brushing his forehead before she could think better of it.

"Did that little stunt I pulled yesterday-shooting the bullet to you-make you faint? Did it hurt so bad you almost died?"

Alex's eyes sharpened. This wasn't the Sophia he knew the one who lashed out first and thought later.

This was softer. Concerned. It threw him.

"No," he said. "It's just... lately, there's been too much to deal with."

Sophia bit her lip. "You're right. For both of us."

A long, awkward silence stretched between them before Sophia drew a deep breath.

"Alex... what do you think about us?"

"Us?" Alex searched her face-beautiful, but hesitant, almost shy.

She clasped her hands together tightly, panic flickering in her eyes.

"You know I'm a widow now... and if you don't mind..."

Alex understood instantly where she was headed. In the past, he might have answered without hesitation-yes, let's remarry.

But with Josephine slowly weaving her way into his life, everything felt tangled and out of control.

He couldn't give her an answer.

Before he could speak, Sophia's phone shrilled. She glanced at the screen. "I need to take this."

She turned away. "Mother? What happened?"

Her mother's voice came through, frantic. "Our neighbor just called-Our mansion is on fire!"

"What?"

Thirty minutes later, fire engines roared in front of the blazing estate.

Sophia and Alex stood side by side, watching orange flames devour the sprawling mansion.

Moments later, Florence and Jack pulled up in a taxi, still wearing their hospital patient clothes, eyes wide at the sight of their home burning.

Florence's face twisted in panic as she lurched toward the burning mansion. "My money! My jewelry-my gold!"

"Mother! Stop! Do you want to die?" Sophia yanked her back hard, her voice sharp with fear.

"Sophia! My money and jewelry are still inside! I have to get them!"

"Mom, the fire's out of control! The money's probably already gone, but the gold and jewelry won't burn."

"Wait until the flames are out! If you go in now, you're running straight to your death!"

Sophia clamped her arms around her mother, holding her in place with unyielding strength.

"What do we do? This is our home-our property! How can it be burning like this?!"

Florence's voice cracked, tears streaming down her face as she stared at the inferno devouring everything.

Alex, keeping his expression unreadable, had already given the order-forty guards to deal with Henny and Clarissa, then burn the place to the ground.

And it looked like they'd done exactly that.

The mansion was already swallowed by flames, its walls groaning before collapsing into the fire.

With any luck, it would take Henny and Clarissa down with it.

A deafening explosion tore through the air, the ground shuddering beneath their feet.

The blast blew the Mansion apart, reducing it to a heap of smoking rubble, while a wave of black smoke and scorching heat rolled across the yard.

It must have been the gas-or something just as deadly-going up in flames.

Florence's scream was raw and furious. "My mansion! Oh my God!"

Her grief twisted into rage. "Henny, you bitch! You stabbed me, you stabbed my son, and now you destroy my mansion?! This is unforgivable!"

Jack jumped in quickly, his mind already scheming.

"Mom, this all started because of Alex. Remember? He slapped Madam Henny the first time she came here. She's been looking for

revenge ever since. We can make

him pay for this."

Florence's eyes lit with vindictive clarity. "You're right!" She seized Alex's sleeve in a death grip.

"Alex, this is all your fault! You're going to pay for my mansion!"

"Mom, Alex had nothing to do with the fire," Sophia cut in, her tone firm.

"You can't seriously expect him to compensate you for this."

"Why not? He brought this trouble to our doorstep! Don't even think about walking away if you don't pay up!" Florence's voice rose as she shook Alex by the collar. fo FindNovel

"You owe me my home! You've been nothing but bad luck since the day you showed up!"

Alex felt the weight of bitter regret.

Why had he even bothered to save Florence and Jack? This was his thanks— being hounded like a criminal.

"Fine," he said, voice flat. "How much?"

"Two million..." Florence paused, calculating, then greed glinted in her eyes. "No.

Five."

"Mom! We bought this place for one million! Now you're just trying to scam Alex!" Sophia's patience was fraying fast.

"That was then! Prices have

é

skyrocketed! If I don't get five million, I'm not letting this go!" Florence planted her hands on her hips, her stance daring anyone to challenge her. s̄wnovel

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 375[1,241 words]

Florence stormed up to Alex, her face twisted with rage, voice trembling on the edge of a scream.

"You hit Madam Henny first, you idiot! You handed her the perfect excuse to come after us! This all started because of you!"

She stabbed her finger toward the inferno raging outside, the flames painting her

face in violent orange.

"Look at that mansion—burning to the ground! Why is this happening to us? Because of you!"

"We got stabbed because of you! Ever since you walked into our lives, nothing good has happened to us-nothing!"

Alex lifted an eyebrow, calm in the face of her fury. The truth was, if he hadn't stepped in, Florence and Jack would already be dead.

And as for "nothing good"... well, thanks to him, Sophia now wore the title of Governor of Paris.

But she wasn't entirely wrong-Henny had plenty of reasons to want revenge, and yes, one of them was him.

Florence's glare was like a blade. "Now our mansion is gone. You'd better give me that money, or I swear I'll chase you to my last breath. I'll trade my life if that's what it takes to hunt every dollar down."

Alex studied her in silence.

This wasn't just about greed-this was obsession.

Florence would pursue him until one of them was dead, willing to gamble her own life if it meant getting her hands on the money.

"Mom," Sophia stepped in.

"Alex doesn't have that kind of money. You know who he is. Where's he supposed to get five million dollars? Be reasonable."

"Reasonable?" Jack limped in, bandages wrapping half his body. He smirked through the pain.

"This man's the famous boy toy of Jasmine Kingston. How can you say he's broke? He's got everything Kingston has."

"Watch your mouth, Jack," Sophia snapped.

"Oh, come on, Sophia," Florence cut in, eyes glinting.

"Everyone knows. He's Kingston's kept man. No need to hide it. Now hand over the money."

Alex had been considering giving Florence the golden mansion he rarely used— worth a hundred times more than the one she'd lost.

But looking at these two-faces twisted with greed-he changed his mind in an instant.

Fine. Let them have what they really wanted.

Five million dollars? That was pocket change to him-worth less than a single miracle pill.

Still, they'd just lost their chance at a golden mansion because they couldn't keep their greed in check.

"Mother, enough," Sophia said, her patience fraying.

"I'm moving to Paris. It's closer to my work. You should all just follow me."

"Fine," Florence said coldly, "but not until I get my five million."

"Mom-" Sophia began, but Alex cut her off.

"Whatever. Five million it is. I'll transfer it to your account tomorrow."

The three of them froze, stunned.

"What? Why are you shocked?" Alex asked, almost bored.

"Do you really have that kind of money?" Sophia asked carefully.

"Of course," Jack sneered before Alex could answer. "He gets paid every time he sleeps with Jasmine."

Alex ignored him. "Lyra owes me that much."

"Lyra?"

"You remember the Guise fights I entered? I placed a winning bet, and Lyra's holding my payout. Tell her I want five million from it."

Alex knew Lyra had already taken the money from the Guise family-they were the house in those fights.

Even though the family was gone, the corporation managing their debts had either already paid her or was under her control.

And Alex knew one thing for certain about Lyra-she never swallowed a loss.

Jack barked a laugh. "Betting fight? You mean you fought Lyra in bed too, and she's gotta pay you for that? Damn, Alex, I didn't know you were such a hit with the upper class."

Alex's gaze sharpened, but before he could speak, Florence sneered.

"I don't care where you get the

money. As long as I have my five million we'll call it even for the house. But after this-" she leaned in, her tone venomous- "you stay away from my daughter."

"Whatever just ask Lyra. She'll pay you," Alex said flatly.

Sophia's eyes burned with fury. "So it's true. First Jasmine Kingston, now Lyra-

my best friend? You really are nothing but a boy toy."

Alex frowned, genuinely confused, "Sophia, we're just business partners. She's helping me sell some of my medicine, that's all. How the hell can you call me that?"

"Hmph. Seems like you've slept with everyone-maybe even Kelly, right after Josephine. I really don't understand you."

She spun on her heel, refusing to hear another word. On her way out, she brought

her heel down hard on his foot, making him flinch from the sharp jolt of pain.

And just like that, the brutal, ugly encounter came to an end.

When the firefighters combed through the smoldering ruins, they found no trace of Madam Henny or Clarissa's bodies.

But then the internet exploded with something far worse—a nonstop, 24-hour video of Henny and Clarissa locked in a grotesque sex party with dozens of men.

It went viral instantly, dragging the Montclair name through the mud across Chicago.

At the Montclair's meeting hall, Betty slammed her palm on the table so hard the sound cracked through the room.

"You Montclairs work harder than anyone I know-at destroying what's left of our family name."

"Do you plan to deal with this only after it's turned to ash? Where are Henny and Clarissa? Why can't we even reach them?"

One of the older elders pressed a hand to her forehead.

"After what they've done? A sex party with forty men, streamed to the whole world? They'll never have the face to return."

"Maybe they've already run. And if they have... it won't save them. We'll kill them to wipe away this shame."

"Yes!" another voice barked. "Send people to hunt them down and finish it!"

"This is beyond disgraceful. They've ruined the Montclair name," a third elder spat.

The meeting turned into a storm of voices—outrage, condemnation, and pure fury toward Henny.

Those who had once backed her fell silent, cornered, forced to pick a side.

Finally, Betty rose to her feet, her gaze sweeping the room like a blade.

"So, Montclairs... do you want to drag this humiliation out any longer? Or will you finally name my granddaughter Sophia as the matriarch of this family?"

The elders exchanged tense glances.

Lyra Thompson was on a warpath, hunting down every debt owed to her.

Henny-the leader of the opposition—was now disgraced beyond repair. No one could stop what was coming.

"I agree," one elder said at last. Then another. Then another. One by one, they voiced their support.

"This is the only way to save the Montclair family," an elder muttered.

In the end, all agreed—except for one.

"I don't agree," Betty said, shattering her own earlier stance.

The room froze. Shock rippled across the table.

"Before, some of you stood with Henny and treated me like garbage," Betty said coldly.

"Now I'll give you two choices. One: leave the Montclair family forever. Two: get on your knees and beg me for forgiveness."

Five of the twelve elders turned pale. They were the ones who had openly opposed her before.

"Betty, don't push your luck," one elder warned.

"Push my luck?" Betty's lip curled in a sneer.

"I could just tell my granddaughter Sophia to walk away from this sinking ship altogether. She's already acting Governor of Paris. And some states are ready to push her to become the real Governor."

Everyone knew Sophia was the only one who could keep this sinking ship afloat.

And every Montclaire elder in the room knew the truth-no one ever simply walked away from the family.

The only way out was in a coffin. Walking away meant being hunted until death.

Betty's eyes gleamed with cold cruelty. "Now... get on your knees and kiss my feet."

In that moment, they understood-Betty Montclair was not a woman to be trifled with.

She was ruthless to the bone.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 376[1,211 words]

That night, in Vancouver's slum district, Alex sat on the clinic's crumbling front steps, the cold concrete pressing through his coat as he watched the street come alive in its own quiet way.

A line of homeless men and women stretched along the cracked sidewalk, waiting for a simple gift-a steaming bowl of porridge.

Josephine ladled it out with a wide, warm smile, just like she did every day.

The wind cut sharper than usual, icy enough to bite through coats, yet it couldn't wash away the warmth flowing here.

Laughter rose from the line-genuine, unshaken, immune to the cold.

This place had nothing compared to a rich man's banquet.

Here, a day's worth of free porridge cost barely fifty dollars, enough to feed a hundred-sometimes a hundred and fifty-people.

A banquet for the wealthy? Five to ten thousand for the same headcount, and most of it drowned in false smiles.

But here, every smile was real.

Alex felt something shift inside him, a truth pressing against his ribs.

His advisors, his people, always asked: As our king, where will you steer this nation?

His country was the weakest in the world-the poorest by every measure, a place others overlooked or pitied.

Should he turn his nation into a military giant?

Push it into a technological race?

Force every citizen to master martial arts on a national scale?

Alex exhaled slowly, his eyes narrowing.

No. None of that.

At last, he knew exactly what he wanted.

He pulled out his phone, the cold metal heavy in his palm.

This call could mark him as the worst king in the nation's history—and he knew some would never forgive him for it.

"Prime Minister Robert Trudeau," Alex said, his voice steady but edged with steel. "I'm ready to issue my first command since taking the throne."

"Yes, my King," came Robert's calm reply. "I'm listening. What is your order?"

"I want all military spending stopped-immediately. Every cent redirected into building our nation's food production. No citizen should ever go hungry."

"I want farms expanded, food-processing centers built, and a full transport network from the smallest village to the capital so food prices stay within reach."

Silence crackled on the line.

Then, "Pardon me, my King?" Robert's voice wavered, as if he couldn't believe what he'd just heard.

Did the king really just order the nation to abandon its military ambitions... and turn it into a country of farmers?

"If we stop military expenses for just one year and invest it all into food production," Alex said firmly, "we can end hunger in our country-forever."

"Yes, my King," Robert replied cautiously, "but without our military strength, we'll be vulnerable. Others may attack us."

Alex's gaze hardened. "I became king through my own power. I will handle any threat that dares to come. Meanwhile, you will actively pursue peace treaties with other nations. And under no circumstances will we meddle in foreign conflicts."

Robert hesitated. "We have thirteen states, sire. Some depend on income from weapons manufacturing and military contracts."

"Then have them produce farming robots, machinery, and cheap public transport instead-tools that save lives, not take them."

"The governors won't like it," Robert warned.

"I don't care if they like it. I am their king. It is my approval they should seek, not the other way around."

"It will come at a price, my King."

Alex's eyes lifted to the night sky. Stars glimmered cold and indifferent, offering no answers.

"And I am willing to pay it."

In the end, every choice brings both praise and resentment.

A man cannot live by measuring how many like him or hate him.

What matters is to keep moving forward-through any storm, under any weight- without ever turning back.

"Then, my King," Robert said carefully, "I will make the announcement. It will be the nation's top priority this year, and it will be official. Do I have your approval?"

"Yes, Robert." Alex's eyes sharpened.

"And add this-justice will be equal for everyone, rich or poor. Every citizen will have food to eat and work to support their family."

"That will be our priority. And if anyone dares to rebel against it—including the governors-I'll be knocking on their door myself."

"You will be remembered as a wise

king, my lord," Robert replied, though in his mind the thought was

big-many would call t

king a

fool.

Abandon the future to go backward into farming?

Madness.

Utter madness.

"I wish the best for our people," Alex said quietly, then ended the call.

He leaned back, gazing up at the night sky. Stars burned above, silent witnesses

to his vow. He prayed he would be a good king for this fragile country.

Time slipped by unnoticed until Josephine came running, breathless, clutching her cracked smartphone.

"Alex, you need to see this!" she said, almost tripping over herself.

"What is it?" he asked.

She shoved the screen in front of him.

"The new king-our king-who took the throne just a year ago has finally made his first order. The whole country's been waiting for this." Her

eyes sparkled.

"And you know what?"

"What?"

"He's prioritizing food production! Feeding his people before anything else! Not

the military, not politics-just the people! He's a godsend!"

Josephine laughed so hard her teeth flashed in the dim light, spinning in little circles on the street like a child.

"Alex, there will be no more hunger in this country. Finally-our prayers are answered!"

"Are you happy?" Alex asked.

"Of course! Look around-see all the homeless? They're smiling, Alex. Really smiling."

Alex's gaze swept the street. Old, frail faces lit up with genuine joy.

"Jo," he said quietly, "do you think the king is wrong? Feeding people like them— the weak and useless?"

Josephine froze, then met his eyes. "Alex, they're human. Someone strong has to protect them."

"Even in a pack of wolves, the alpha looks after the old and the weak. Our king must be something extraordinary to think like that."

Alex stepped forward and took her hands in his.

"Maybe the king's just a man... a man who decided to act after seeing your two small hands keep working to help people who can't help themselves." "Maybe you're the one who moved his heart-a heart that's been filled with revenge for far too long."

Josephine narrowed her eyes in mock suspicion. "Are you drunk?"

"No."

"How could a nobody from the slums move the king of an entire country?" she laughed, shaking her head, then hugged him.

"But... you make me feel special saying that. You're such a sweet talker."

He hugged her back, his voice low.

"You're the amazing one, Josephine.

Your kindness... your actions... they've sparked a change big enough to save this entire country. Because of you, every homeless soul in this land will have a chance to live."

Josephine giggled softly.

"It's all the True Source's Love, Alex. We humans are just specks of dust. I'm nothing just someone who keeps trying to be light... and love."

That night, under Prime Minister Robert Trudeau's direction, the king's first order sent shockwaves through all thirteen states.

Just as Robert predicted, not everyone welcomed it.

In one of the states, a governor slammed his desk so hard it rattled

"So the king wants to humiliate us-demanding our factories stop making weapons and start building farming robots and cheap transportation?!"

He stood, fury in his voice. "I'll use those same guns to hunt him down. Who's with me in taking this king out?"

The governor's words were broadcast live to six other states—states that had once sworn loyalty to the old king.

It was clear now. The greed and power of the elite had drawn a battle line.

The king stood with the people.

The elites stood with their profits.

And the country was headed for civil war.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 377[1,276 words]

The State of Colombia, under Governor Pablo Falcao, was in a live conference with six other state governors.

"Four new governors in just one year-Vancouver, Los Angeles, Chicago, and Paris... unbelievable," Pablo muttered, his voice thick with contempt.

"They must have been handpicked by the king himself," he added, leaning forward.

"We, the old guard, can't just sit here and let that boy do whatever he wants. If we don't act now, we'll be replaced too."

"We can't let that stupid, brainless king—who spends his days chasing women— lead this country into ruin!"

One of the governors raised an eyebrow. "Pablo, don't you think the new king is better than the old one?"

"He's too young to be our king-and far too foolish!" Pablo snapped.

His palm slammed against the table with a crack that echoed through the call. "If he stops us from making weapons, where the hell will our profits come from?"

"Oh, come on, Pablo. We're the weakest country out there. Any weapon we make means nothing to the others."

"Honestly, I think the king made a wise move-shutting down weapon production and focusing on farming," one governor said.

"That's because your Vinland State only has farms!" Pablo roared, his face flushing with anger.

"Can't you see? He's turning this proud nation into a weak, weaponless, coward's land!"

"I'm done with this conversation," the Vinland governor shot back before cutting his camera feed and leaving the meeting.

"Get out, you coward!" Pablo barked after him. Then he glared at the others.

"And what about you? Are you with me or not? Our king is a coward. He's weak and he will lead this country to ruin!"

Pablo began cursing loudly, rallying the others to his side-when something happened.

The five remaining governors saw it first: a man suddenly appeared behind Pablo, landing lightly as if he had dropped from the air.

"So, Pablo," the man said, voice calm yet deadly, "you want to rebel against your king?"

Pablo's blood turned to ice. He twisted around and his face went pale.

"I heard everything," the man continued, stepping closer.

"And I'll give you one chance. Take one hit from my palm. If you can stand after it, you'll be king."

Alex stood there-King Alexander Leonhart himself.

"What... what are you doing here?" Pablo's voice cracked.

"I have eyes and ears everywhere," Alex said coldly.

"When I make a decision, do you think I don't know who will use it to fan rebellion? Do you take me for a fool?"

"I... I..." Pablo had always believed the young king had strength but no cunning.

But now, seeing Alex here-knowing he had set a trap and sprung it personally- shattered that belief.

"You here to kill me?" Pablo asked.

"No," Alex replied. "I'm giving you the chance to take my place, under the old law."

"Only the most powerful in the country can be king. I defeated the old king with my power. If you want the throne, defeat me the same way."

Alex closed the distance, stopping barely a meter from Pablo. His eyes were cold, unblinking.

"Don't make others fight and bleed for you. Take one of my strikes yourself. If you survive, the throne is yours-today."

Sweat streamed down Pablo's face. He had wanted rebellion through armies and politics, not a duel of raw power. Still, pride forced him to answer.

"If I block one of your attacks, I'll be king?"

"No," Alex said, his voice like steel. "If you survive one of my attacks, you're king."

Pablo barked out a laugh. "I'm a superhuman too. You think you can kill me with one hit? You are really stupid!"

"Here I come." Alex's voice was final, like the slam of a coffin lid.

In a blur, his palm shot forward.

The impact was like a thunderclap from the heavens-air shattered, the ground trembled.

Pablo was blasted backward with such force that the wall behind him vanished in an instant, reduced to dust and flying debris.

Stone and wood exploded outward, leaving a gaping hole that opened straight to the outside.

When the smoke cleared, the only thing beyond that ragged hole was open air. Pablo was gone utterly gone.

The five other governors stared in shock, unable to comprehend what had just happened.

Alex turned his glare on them. "I heard Pablo's nonsense, challenging my authority. So I gave him an honorable duel."

"And the five of you-listen well. If I

ever hear that any of you want my throne, come to your doorstep myself... and we'll settle it in an honorable fight. Do you understand me?"

The five governors froze. A chill ran down their spines, their throats tightening as they answered in unison.

"Yes, my King."

"Starting today," Alex said, his voice dropping low, "the entire Falcao family will be erased from this country."

He drew in a deep breath, his expression shadowed with something between sorrow and cold resolve. "Do you know why?"

"No, my King," the others replied quickly.

"One small spark can burn a leaf... then the tree... then the entire forest."

"That's what Governor Pablo wanted-rebellion. He would've stirred the people of Colombia and their military into war against our nation's army."

"That kind of war would have left thousands-tens of thousands-dead. Families without fathers. Children without parents."

He looked them dead in the eyes.

"Today I killed the entire Falcao line so no one will start a civil war to avenge him.

A new governor will be chosen by the people of Colombia State."

Alex stepped closer to the camera feed, his gaze hard as iron.

"Remember my words. Rebellion against your king is death—not just for you, but for your whole family."

"I've tried to ignore your whispers

this past year, but hear me now: every wall you speak near has my ears. If I hear you slander me again, don't point at me and call me cruel when I act."

The five governors nodded frantically.

"We are truly sorry, my King. Please, forgive us!" they blurted out, terrified he

might appear in their homes next.

"I forgive you... this time," Alex said.

"But focus on your duty. Serve your people. Earn your place at the top through Loyalty—not greed for my crown. And if you truly want it, then face me one-on-one, as tradition demands."

"Yes, my King. We wouldn't dare," they stammered.

The live connection cut.

Within hours, the news erupted across the country: Governor Pablo Falcao of Colombia had openly defied the king's orders and conspired to lead a rebellion.

The military moved swiftly, capturing Pablo and every member of his family. They were sentenced to death.

One state governor sat watching the broadcast, his hand trembling.

For a year after the young king's rise, nothing had happened—so certain states began to speak louder, mock him openly, belittle him month after month.

But the loudest voice among them had just been silenced.

"He's been watching us the whole time," the governor whispered. "Waiting for the

right moment... just for a reason. He's smart. He's hunting us."

"Secretary!" the governor barked into the phone.

"Yes, Governor?" a man answered, stepping in.

"Everything we've been preparing to drag the king's name down—erase it now. All of it. Every line, every plan. From now on, we follow him."

"Are you sure, Governor? We've worked hard for a year—"

"Do what I told you! Now!"

"Yes..."

The governor wiped sweat from his forehead—then his phone buzzed with a message.

"Good move, Governor. You just missed your death sentence."

A cold weight dropped into his stomach. This was supposed to be his secure line.

He grabbed another phone and called his closest ally, his voice shaking. "You told me the king was an idiot-strong but brainless. Always chasing women, ignoring the government. How the hell does he know everything about us?"

On the other end, the man sighed heavily. "Because the king told me to spread that image of him... to you and everyone else."

And in that moment, the governor realized the truth: for a year, they thought they were hunters... but they'd been prey, watched by the real hunter all along.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 378[1,182 words]

In the state of Mexica, Governor Benito Diaz sat in his office, the weight of recent events still pounding in his head.

Hours ago, he'd watched the new king execute the Governor of Colombia.

The image wouldn't leave his mind.

Since the king's decree just a few hours ago, the government offices were swarming with officials, their voices clashing in heated debates over how to respond.

Papers piled high, phones rang without pause, and the tension was thick enough to choke on.

It was clear they were in for a long night-every light in the building would burn until dawn, because by tomorrow morning, the press would demand an answer.

"Sir Governor," a secretary stepped in, voice tight.

"The people are waiting for your decision. Will we keep producing weapons like we have for the last two hundred years... or stop and switch to farming?"

Benito's eyes hardened. "Call everyone here. I'll speak to them directly." Moments later, about ten of his most trusted officials filed into the room.

Benito rose from his chair, cigar unlit in hand.

"The Diaz family has been making weapons for generations," he said, voice low but firm.

"That doesn't end with me not now, not ever."

He knew the profits were too great to abandon.

He wasn't about to throw them away just because a young king thought he could command him.

But open defiance would mean sharing the Colombian governor's fate-public execution.

"But, sir... the king's order?" the secretary pressed.

Benito's tone sharpened.

"We'll still make weapons. We'll sell them outside the country, and to the gangs within. Colombia's stopped production, and soon all the other states will follow."

"We'll have the market to ourselves."

He leaned forward, a thin smile curling on his lips. "While others are too afraid, we'll be the ones to strike. If you want the tiger, you go into the tiger's den."

A senior advisor frowned. "And the king's inspection?"

"We'll make farming equipment too-just enough to keep up appearances."

The secretary hesitated. "Sir, are you sure this is wise?"

Benito lit his cigar, the flame reflecting in his eyes.

"We have to change the people's minds. The king's turning this country into herbivores-farmers. We'll remind them we're carnivores."

"A great nation. We'll wake them from this hypnosis."

"What should we do?" the secretary asked.

Benito exhaled smoke. "We'll flood the state and national news with propaganda. We'll say the king's plan will weaken the country and drag it backward."

"Day by day, we'll shift public opinion until they believe us."

He looked around the room. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir," they answered in unison.

"Good. If we play this right, we could be the number one state-and maybe, just maybe, take the king's place." He laughed, a dark, satisfied sound.

"But keep this between us. No one else can know."

"Yes, Governor."

Benito turned toward the window, staring at the night sky. "Tomorrow, Mexica leads this country."

The next morning, Alex walked into the kitchen and found Josephine already serving breakfast, her eyes glued to the news.

"Something interesting?" Alex pulled out a chair. "You look locked in."

"Alex, you need to see this." She turned the screen toward him.

The anchor's voice filled the room:

"The Governor of Mexica, Benito Diaz, was arrested last night after ordering continued weapon production in defiance of the royal decree."

"He also planned to spread false information about the king to incite rebellion. He now faces a death sentence, along with several of his highest-ranking officials."

The broadcast continued coldly:

"His entire family, the Diaz line, will be exiled from the country. All property and assets will be seized by the crown."

"And for this troubled state," the news anchor's voice rolled through the room, the king and his ministers have appointed Alfred Kingston to gover Mexica for the next five years, before returning control to its own people. This measure is to ensure no rebellion rises from Mexica."

Josephine frowned at the screen.

"What's with the look, Jo?" Alex asked, setting plates on the table.

fet

She sighed. "I don't know much about politics... but don't you think the king's being cruel? First the mbian governor gets executed, now the Mexica governor too."

Alex handed her a plate of scrambled eggs. "Between the Colombian governor's family and Benito Diaz's people, that's about forty dead. You think that's a lot?"

"Of course forty's a lot," she said, stabbing her fork into her food.

Alex leaned back. "In the last thousand years, our civil wars and state wars have cost this country around fifty million lives."

"The last civil war alone claimed two million. And the lowest death toll in all that bloody history was still a hundred thousand."

He sighed.

"The new king just wants peace. But some governors don't. Without war, they can't profit from the weapons they make."

"They keep the blood flowing so their weapon factories keep running. Every civil war in this country? Triggered by them."

Josephine's eyes widened. "Really?"

"Why do you think the wars never stop? You think people just... can't get along?"

"No. Three states keep fanning the flames because they're the biggest arms dealers. Two of them are Colombia and Mexica."

Alex smirked. "The king saw it coming before he even gave his first order."

"He knew some states would fight him on it, so he put eyes and ears so close on them he could hear them breathe at night."

Josephine froze. "You mean...?"

"He set the trap. Made them jump. Then cleaned them out before they could rally

their armies, bribe the people, and spark rebellion."

"In a thousand years of history, this might be the most efficient civil war ever- stopped before it could even begin."

"Fewer than fifty people killed, and that was all it took to prevent what could have become the largest civil war in our history, one that might have claimed millions of lives. I think the king's doing the right thing."

"Still," Josephine muttered, "killing is never good."

Alex paused, nodding slowly. "Maybe you're right. Letting them live out their days in prison, rotting away behind bars, might've been the better punishment."

The phone rang, slicing through the moment. Alex picked up. "Yes, Lyra?"

"Sophia just asked me to transfer five million dollars. Are you approving it?" "Yes. Has all of our winnings been taken over?"

"I've seized every Guise company, including the banks they owned, and everything else they had to cover the winnings. Except for one thing."

"What?"

"The Bitcoin. Digital currency Guise owned-it's vanished."

"You got a lead?"

"Do you know someone named Charles Kingston?"

Alex frowned. "Charles... the son of Alfred Kingston."

"He was the last person seen with Gilbert. I'd bet my neck Gilbert gave him the Bitcoin as a last stash."

"Do you have him?"

"I did," Lyra replied. "But I had to let him go. No proof he's holding Guise's Bitcoin.

From what I've heard, it's a lot of money."

"Any rumors?"

"One rumor says that when Charles and Gilbert met, they got close-like brothers. So close that Gilbert might've trusted Charles with his Bitcoin stash."

"Another rumor? Guise asked Charles to kidnap his own sister, Jasmine, and pay

for it with that Bitcoin."

Alex's stomach tightened. Jasmine had called him just yesterday, saying she needed to meet about something important.

She hadn't called since.

He cut the call with Lyra and immediately dialed Jasmine's number.

"The phone you are trying to reach is not active."

Alex's face went pale. In all the years he'd known her, Jasmine's phone had never been off—unless something had happened to her.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 379[980 words]

When Lyra ended the call, another phone rang.

"Alex," an elderly man's voice came through, warm but formal.

"You promised you'd come check on our health. When will I have that honor?"

Alex leaned back. "Well, I can come right now-if you know where to find me and send someone to pick me up."

"Of course! How could I not know where the God's Hand doctor is? We've been waiting patiently for our turn to be honored by your visit."

"I'll send my people for you immediately. Will that be acceptable?"

Alex glanced at Josephine, a sly smile forming. "Fine-but I'll be bringing a young woman with me. Is that alright?"

"Certainly, certainly. Bring anyone you like. We will treat them with the same highest hospitality we give you."

"No need for special treatment. Just treat her like usual," Alex chuckled, then hung up.

He turned to Josephine. "Pack your clothes. We're going to Vinland."

Josephine's eyes widened.

"Vinland State? That's the most beautiful place in the country! Lakes, forests, everything untouched. It's been my dream to see it!"

"Yeah, but this isn't a vacation. We're going to check on an elderly couple." "Something serious?"

"No. Just a regular check-up."

A few minutes later, a long, black limousine rolled up to the curb.

Josephine froze, eyes wide. "I've never even touched a car like this, let alone ridden in one. You think I'm not gonna mess it up just by sitting in it?"

Alex smirked. "Relax. They've already paid for it just enjoy the ride. You could probably scratch the seats and they wouldn't even blink."

Inside, Josephine couldn't stop herself from touching everything.

Her fingers traced the polished wood, the soft leather. Her eyes darted from detail

to detail, drinking it all in. It felt like stepping into another world.

Alex took the chance to make a call.

"Yes, Sir Alex," Alfred Kingston answered with deep respect.

"Alfred, is Jasmine—your daughter—alright?"

"I haven't spoken to her for a couple of days. Work's kept me busy. Is there a problem, Sir?"

Alex's eyes drifted to the passing scenery outside the tinted window.

"She called me two days ago, wanted to meet. But I haven't heard from her since. Can you check on her for me?"

"Yes, sir. I'll find her and report back to you."

"Thank you, Alfred."

"My pleasure, sir."

Of all the governors and allies Alex knew, Alfred was perhaps the most loyal.

When they reached the airport, Josephine's jaw dropped.

"A private jet?" She clutched Alex's arm. "Alex... are we even allowed to use something like this? It looks so expensive."

"Relax. Our patient is very rich," Alex said casually, as if this kind of travel was nothing new.

Josephine moved like a nervous mouse stepping into a five-star restaurant for the first time.

The stewardesses greeted them with practiced elegance, making Josephine smile shyly and fidget in her seat. She clearly felt she didn't belong in such luxury.

When they settled in, the jet began to taxi and lift into the sky. Josephine leaned toward Alex and whispered, eyes fixed on the attendants.

"They're... really beautiful, aren't they?"

Alex glanced at the stewardess, then turned to Josephine with a half-smile. "To me, you're a thousand times more beautiful."

"Hush!" Josephine laughed, glancing at the attendants.

"They're stewardesses. They fly everywhere. Me? This is my first flight." She leaned closer, eyes sparkling with curiosity.

"Alex, do you think they always wear new clothes?"

Alex frowned slightly. "Why?"

"Their uniforms... the colors are so bright, so fresh. I bet they don't wear something that's been washed a hundred times until it fades." She

glanced down at her own simple outfit.

"You could always buy new clothes, you know."

Josephine gave a soft sigh. "Yeah, but... there are still so many children who need food. I can be happy in my simple clothes and use the money so they can eat better."

"Jo, you should start thinking about yourself once in a while."

"Maybe," she said with a warm smile.

"If the new king's program works, and no one around me-no child-ever goes hungry again... then maybe I'll finally buy something new for myself."

Alex smiled back.

"Alright, we've got four hours before we reach Vinland. I'm going to teach you some massage techniques. It'll help you ease people's pain."

Josephine's eyes lit up. "I'd love that."

Alex chuckled. She could never master a single thing he taught about fighting, but when it came to healing, to helping, she soaked it up like a sponge.

Half a day later, they arrived at a small urban village just as the sun was dipping low. The car pulled up to a modest villa with a neat little garden.

Josephine's mouth fell open. "Wow... this isn't what I expected."

"What?" Alex asked, catching her surprise.

ol

"Well, after they sent us here in the most luxurious way possible, I figured their house would be some massive, elite estate. But... it's small, warm, cozy. I actually love it."

The front door swung open, and an elderly man in simple, well-worn clothes stepped out.

"Alex, you've arrived," he greeted warmly.

"Old man Jose," Alex grinned, giving his shoulder a friendly pat. "You're looking better."

Jose chuckled. "I'm just getting older... waiting for my time to go."

"Jose, this is my friend, Josephine."

She looked at the old man and instantly felt drawn to his humble, gentle smile.

"Hello, sir. I'm Josephine."

Jose froze, staring at her as if he'd just seen a ghost.

His voice trembled. "Lucia... Lucia!"

He turned toward the house, shouting, "Quickly, look who Alex brought home!"

A woman's voice grumbled from inside, "Why are you yelling at your age—" but the moment she stepped into the doorway and saw Josephine, her words died.

Her eyes widened, filling with tears.

"Ma... Maria." Her voice shook, and her hands began to tremble. Josephine, confused but still smiling politely, spoke softly. "I'm... Josephine?"

But the woman didn't seem to hear her.

With trembling hands, she reached out and suddenly pulled Josephine into a fierce, almost desperate embrace.

"You... you finally came home. My baby... you're finally home..." Her voice broke on the last words, heavy with years of longing.

The old man stood nearby, his chin quivering, powerless to stop the hot tears that streamed silently down his face.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 380[1,328 words]

The night grew heavy. Shadows stretched long across the small house as Alex sat quietly by the crackling fireplace, the flames painting his face in flickering gold.

Across from him, old José sat hunched in his worn wooden chair.

Neither spoke. The only sound was the faint crackle of the flames.

Josephine stepped softly from the back room, her voice gentle.

"Lucia's asleep." She moved closer and sat down beside Alex, the glow of the fire warming her face.

For a long moment, silence hung over them.

Then José stirred suddenly, rising to his feet. "How could I forget? I haven't served you a drink."

"I'll help," Josephine said quickly, springing up before he could refuse.

He glanced at her, sighing as though carrying the weight of unspoken words.

"You... ah, never mind." Shaking his head, he pointed her toward the tea.

José lowered himself back into the chair, his tired eyes watching Josephine prepare the tea.

Something in them shimmered-age, memory, sorrow. The shine of unshed tears.

Josephine returned with three cups, setting them down gently.

"Josephine," José asked suddenly, "do you have a family?"

She paused, the question touching a hidden ache. "I'm an orphan. I never had a real family, but... I had a mother. The woman who ran the orphanage. She raised me as her own."

José leaned in, questioning her again and again, as if he longed to gather every piece of her story.

Then he turned sharply toward Alex.

"Alex! Look at me. I've been so caught up in talking, I forgot to ask-have you eaten? Wait here. I'll make something."

He hurried into the kitchen, his frail hands still steady with purpose.

"Grandpa," Josephine called, rushing after him, "let me help."

José gave her a grateful nod, and together they began preparing a simple dinner.

But before the warmth of the kitchen could settle, screeching tires shattered the quiet.

A car skidded to a stop outside. Moments later, the door slammed open with a thunderous bang.

A man stormed inside, his voice a whip crack.

"Father! How many times have I told you? Get out of this broken-down shack! My girlfriend is ashamed every time I bring her here!"

"Then don't bring them here," José answered calmly from the kitchen. "We're not leaving this house."

The man's eyes swept the room until they landed on Alex. "And who the hell are you? Who let you in?"

Alex turned to face him. The man was dressed in a sharp business suit, mid- thirties, his face twisted with contempt.

"I'm talking to you! Are you mute?"

"I'm the doctor," Alex said flatly.

The man's lip curled. "A doctor? Why don't you just let them die, and I'll pay you ten times what you make?"

Alex's voice was cold. "I'm a doctor, not a hitman."

He turned away, refusing to give the man his full attention.

The intruder scoffed, dropping into a chair. "Boring. Father, why won't you listen? This stinking house isn't worth rotting in."

"Maria will never come back. You've wasted decades waiting for her-she's dead!"

"Shut your mouth, William!" José roared from the kitchen. His voice cracked with fury.

"You're breaking your mother's heart!"

William leaned forward, sneering. "I'm waking you up from your delusion. If you want to see Maria so badly, why don't you just die and meet her in the grave?"

Josephine saw José's eyes glisten with tears.

Her chest tightened. She couldn't hold back-she stepped forward, facing William head-on.

"How dare you speak to your father like that?" she snapped.

William stood, frowning darkly. "And who the hell are you?"

"I came here with Doctor Alex to help your parents," Josephine shot back.

"So keep your filthy mouth shut about death. It's taboo."

William's gaze raked over her, slow and calculating. His sneer twisted into something uglier.

"You're a beautiful woman. How about you quit working for this doctor? I'll pay you ten times more. Follow me, and we'll have fun all day long."

William's hand twitched as if to touch Josephine in a way no decent man should. But before he could, she struck first-her palm cracked across his face with a sharp, echoing slap.

"You-how dare you hit me!" William's eyes blazed with shock and fury.

"That's for your filthy mouth," Josephine spat, her voice trembling with rage, "for cursing your own parents."

William's face twisted red.

"You think you're better than me?" He lunged at her, fists curled.

"Enough, William." José stepped forward, his old voice carrying surprising steel. "What do you want?"

William's gaze lingered on Josephine, dripping with both anger and something fouler.

"If you try to hurt her," José warned, standing between them, "you'll get nothing from me."

William snarled, then threw up his hands.

"Fine. I don't have time for this. I'm heading out with friends later. Just give me money." He shoved his palm toward José, demanding.

"I gave you a million dollars last month," José said, frowning.

"I started a business," William snapped.

"It failed, so I shut it down."

"You can't keep doing this! I won't give you another cent if you waste it all again,"

the old man barked, his voice trembling with anger.

William leaned back, a wicked grin spreading across his face.

"Oh, come on, old man. You're going to die soon anyway. What good's your money to you?" he sneered, each word dripping with cruelty.

"My money is none of your concern," José muttered.

"Oh, I know what this is." William's laugh was bitter

"You're hoarding it for Maria, your precious foster daughter. Pathetic. She's gone, dead! You should be

pampering me. I'm your only

son the only one left to take care of you."

José's jaw tightened. "Shut your mouth. You're nothing but an adopted son."

William rolled his eyes and bellowed mockingly. "Mother! Mother, Father's bullying me!"

"Keep your mother out of this," José snapped. "She needs her rest."

"Then hand me the damn money. Do you think I'd ever set foot in this dump if it wasn't for that?"

José sighed, heavy and defeated. He pulled out his phone. "I've transferred a hundred thousand dollars."

William's glare could have cut glass. "Are you mocking me, old man? A hundred thousand? That won't even pay for one night's party!"

"Then don't have the party," José shot back.

Rage exploded in William's face. He charged forward, fist cocked, his shadow looming over José.

"Do you want me to hit you again?

How long until you learn it's neveret

enoun

Should I break your teeth time? Maybe I'll kill you instead!"

Josephine rushed in, planting herself in front of José. "Fight someone your own

age, you coward! If you're so desperate, fight me!"

José's chest clenched. He had only just met this young woman, yet she was

willing to risk everything for him.

William sneered. "If you want to die, I'll gladly grant your wish." He moved to strike

her.

"Enough!" José's voice cracked like thunder. "I've sent you a million dollars. This will be the last time. Do not ask me again."

William's smirk twisted darker. "You

|

don't decide that, old man. My wallet does. When it's empty, I'll be back. And I keep coming back. So prepare the money-I'll take it

whenever I want."

He turned and stormed out, slamming the door behind him.

"What a bastard," Josephine muttered.

José could only sigh. "When he was young, he was polite. Honest. That's why we

adopted him. But somewhere along the way, everything changed."

From the bedroom, a frail voice called out, trembling. "Maria... Maria....."

The door creaked open and Lucia appeared, eyes clouded with confusion. She

shuffled until she found Josephine and clung to her desperately.

"Don't leave me again, Maria. Don't go."

Josephine's heart ached. She held the old woman tightly. "I'm not going anywhere. Please, lie down and rest."

"Yes... yes..." Lucia whispered, nodding like a child. "I am hungry."

Together, they sat down for dinner. Josephine served the table with care, cleaning every dish afterward.

She carried the trash out the back door into the night air.

William suddenly emerged from the shadows, swinging a baseball bat.

It smashed into her back with a sickening thud. Her gasp caught in her throat, and the world spun as she crumpled to the ground.

"You dare slap me?" William growled, his voice low and cruel. "Fine. You'll pay.

Tonight, you're mine. We will have fun!"

He hoisted her limp body and dragged her to his car.

Without a glance back at the house, he threw her into the back seat, slammed the door, and roared off into the darkness.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 381[1,343 words]

Jose shot up from his chair the instant he heard the rumble of a car speeding down the street.

"It's William's car."

He rushed to the back door, hoping to find Josephine, but all that greeted him was a pile of garbage she had been about to throw out.

His stomach dropped.

"That fucking bastard! He took her!" Jose's rage shook his voice.

He stormed into the house, heading straight for the keys to his truck.

"Where are you going?" Lucia asked, alarm flashing in her eyes.

"William kidnapped Josephine. That bastard's gone too far!"

"Don't be too harsh with him," Lucia warned softly.

Jose spun on her, eyes burning.

"Harsh? This is on you!" Jose roared.

"You spoiled him, coddled him, sheltered him from every damn consequence. Look at what you've made-he's no man, he's a goddamn monster! I warned you -one day he'll kill you, and he'll take the rest of us down with him!"

He yanked the drawer open, ripped out his gun, and slammed the cylinder full of bullets, his hands shaking with rage.

"I'm done cleaning up his messes. He's not my adopted son anymore!"

Lucia stood frozen. "Jose... he's still young. He's our only son."

Jose's gaze cut into her. "Listen to me. He wanted to kill Josephine! Do you want to let him? Do you want her dead? Now choose-Josephine or William!"

The words hit her like a blade.

She opened her mouth, but nothing came out-only silence and the weight of a truth she couldn't speak.

"You've known this for a long time, Lucia," Jose pressed, his voice low and hard.

"We can't let this monster grow any larger. Josephine's protected me from him twice-and we've only just met her."

Jose marched toward the door.

"Even if he's not our son anymore," Lucia finally cried, her voice breaking, "don't kill him. Let him live, Jose. Please."

Jose's hand tightened on the doorknob. He didn't look back. "That depends on what he does to me."

He strode out, climbed into his truck, and turned the key. Just then Alex slid into the passenger seat.

"Doctor, you don't need to come. Josephine will be safe," Jose growled.

Alex's eyes burned with rage. "She comes with me. I'm going to save her. Do you know where he's taken her?"

Jose sneered. "That fool's predictable. I know exactly where he is."

Meanwhile, Josephine stirred awake.

Her head throbbed. She blinked to find herself inside a luxurious mansion lit by flashing lights, bodies swaying to pounding music.

Men and women were draped in drugs, liquor, and sex.

She tried to stand, but a hand yanked her hair back hard. William grinned down at her. "Finally awake."

"You bastard," she spat, eyes scanning the debauchery around her.

William chuckled, eyes glinting with malice. "I'm going to fuck you tonight-and film it. I'll post it online for the whole world to watch."

He lunged, ripping at her clothes-but Josephine's hand darted faster.

She grabbed a glass bottle and smashed it across his face. Blood sprayed.

William staggered, cursing, clutching his cheek.

"I am not your whore," Josephine hissed, standing tall.

William's roar cut through the music. "Grab her! Hold her down! We'll gang bang her!"

Six men lurched forward, their eyes glazed, teeth flashing in cruel grins.

"Pretty little thing," one slurred.

"Tonight, you're our party," another sneered, backing her into the corner.

"Stop!" A thunderous voice split the chaos. Jose stood in the doorway, gun at his side, face carved in stone.

"The party's over. Get out of my house."

The young men turned, sneering at the older man. "Who the hell are you, old man? You think you can stop us? The night's just getting started."

Jose lifted his gun and fired a single shot into the ceiling.

The crack of gunfire silenced the music, froze the laughter, and shattered the haze of drugs.

Everyone went still.

"Leave now," Jose said coldly, his voice carrying like a death sentence. "Or you'll never walk out of here alive."

Panic rippled. Partygoers bolted, grabbing bottles and bags as they scrambled for the door. Even the young men scattered, muttering curses under their breath.

William, face streaked with blood, glared at Jose. "What the hell are you doing here?"

"You kidnapped this woman. You've crossed every line there is," Jose said, stepping closer.

William sneered, blood dripping from his chin. "That bitch hit me. Don't you think she owes me an apology?"

Jose's voice cut like steel. "Starting tonight, William, I don't want to hear another word of your bullshit."

"You're no son of mine. Not by blood, not by law, not by anything. You're nothing to me. Now get the hell out of my house."

William laughed, his voice sharp and cruel. "So here you are again, trying to play the big man, old man? Keep

bal call Mom and let's see

what she does to you."

"Go ahead, call her," Jose said flatly, his hand steady on the gun. "She's sick of your pathetic whining anyway."

William jabbed his phone, sneering. "Mom, the old bastard just kicked me out. Do something! Teach this fool a lesson-"

Lucia's voice came through the speaker, tired and heavy.

"Son... we're finished. We've covered for you long enough-your lies, your fights,

the people you've hurt. I can't protect you anymore. This is the end."

The line went dead.

William's face drained of color, then twisted with fury.

His eyes went cold, dangerous. He snatched up a bottle from the table and hurled it at Jose.

"You rotten bastard! How many times do I have to smash your skull before you finally stay down and die?"

Jose sidestepped, the bottle shattering against the wall. His gun barked, a shot cracking into the floor inches from William's feet.

"I promised Lucia I wouldn't kill you," Jose growled, his eyes like steel.

"That's your one mercy. Test me again and I swear I'll put you in the ground."

For the first time, William saw the truth in his eyes. Jose wasn't bluffing.

"You're a real bastard," William spat, his voice trembling with rage.

"You'd kill your own son. No wonder your daughter never came back-who would want a father like you?"

Jose fired again, closer this time, the bullet burning the air beside William's leg.

His voice thundered.

"Push me one more step and there'll be no mercy."

William froze, then slowly lifted his hands.

"Fine. You think I'm grateful? For being adopted by trash like you?"

His lip curled into a snarl. "Everyone says the great governor of Vinland is kind, humble. But you're nothing but a fraud. A bastard who tortures his own son." Jose leveled the gun at his chest. That was enough to shut William up.

He backed away, muttering curses, then stormed out of the house.

Jose's shoulders sagged. He let out a bitter sigh. "That monster... I should've ended him here. But ne

Lucia-she loved him too much, coddled him until he grew into this."

Josephine, watching from the side, saw the pain carved deep into the old man's eyes.

She stepped closer, her voice soft. "Sir... thank you. Thank you for saving me."

Meanwhile, back at the house, Lucia heard the crunch of tires on gravel. Her heart leapt as she hurried to the door.

She barely had it open before William shoved his way in. His hands shot out like claws, wrapping around her throat.

"You!" he roared, his face contorting, spit spraying with every word.

"You should've stopped him! You should've kept that bastard from throwing me out! The governor's seat is mine—it's all I've ever dreamed of! You promised it to me!

And now you dare let him ripot

ripit away

from me?"

Lucia's face went white. She clawed at his hands, gasping for breath, slapping at him with trembling palms. "Let me speak... please..."

William loosened one hand, his grip still crushing. Killing her would be effortless, and he knew it. His voice dripped arrogance.

"So, are you finally ready to beg for my forgiveness? Ready to crawl back and take me in again?"

Lucia's eyes brimmed with tears. Her voice trembled, but it carried a strange strength.

"I only want one answer. One thing I've carried in my heart for years. Tell me the truth, and I'll give you everything you want."

William's sneer curled into a grin. "Now we're talking."

Lucia looked into his eyes, her own filled with hurt. "Did you kill Maria?"

For a heartbeat William froze.

Then, slowly, a dark smile spread across his lips. His eyes gleamed with cruel satisfaction.

"She should've never come back. She tried to take what was mine. And I made

sure she paid for it."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 382[1,012 words]

Everyone carries some regret in life.

For Lucia, the regret went back twenty years-when she failed to stop her only daughter from giving her heart to a man with no honor, a poor peasant with nothing to his name.

"Maria," Lucia said, her voice sharp with authority.

"You must remember, we come from the family of the Governor of Vinland. You cannot marry a man with no identity, no honor."

"Mother!" Maria cried, tears streaming down her face.

"I don't care about titles or standing. I love him. And he loves me. Why can't we be together?"

Lucia's tone hardened. "You're still young. Love fades. Men like him cling to women like you only for power, only for position. He is using you!"

Maria's eyes flared with defiance.

"You adopted William as your son! He's the one you always praise, the perfect man in your eyes-and I'm nothing compared to him."

"Then give him the governor's seat! I don't want any of it. All I want is to be with the man I love."

"That is impossible!" Lucia thundered.

And so, in a moment that shook the household twenty years ago, Maria fled with her lover.

She vanished, beyond the reach of guards, trackers, or family influence. She was never found.

In her absence, Lucia and her husband Jose turned to William, grooming him to be the next governor.

Jose believed William would grow into a good governor, the kind of man he once pretended to be.

But Jose was wrong.

With Maria gone forever, William lost all restraint. Knowing the seat would one day be his, the darkness inside him finally clawed its way out-and there was no turning back.

Now, years later, Lucia's voice trembled as her eyes welled with tears. "Ten years ago, I found Maria's pendant on the sofa. Tell me, William... tell me what you did to her."

William laughed, cold and cruel. "Maria? Don't worry. I'll tell you everything-since you and Jose are about to die anyway."

He had already called the gangsters, men who owed him favors, to kill Jose. Even now, they were closing in.

Lucia's heart knew the truth before the words left his mouth. She had always suspected something dark.

William stepped closer, his smile twisting. "She came back fifteen years ago. While you were away. Broken. Abandoned by her man. She wanted to return home."

He laughed again, louder, harsher. "Do you know what that meant? It meant she would inherit the governor's seat. Mine! She was nothing but a threat."

Lucia's voice cracked, her body shaking. "You killed her?"

"Of course," William said, his eyes burning red with rage.

"I was promised that position. And then she dared to come back? It was her mistake. So I erased her from this world."

His voice grew venomous, every word a blade.

"You should have seen her eyes—still clinging to hope, begging me to spare her. But it was already too late. She died staring at me in disbelief... and I made damn sure she would never stand in my way again."

On the other side, Jose caught the thunder of engines before the headlights cut through the night.

Ten cars skidded to a stop outside the estate. Doors slammed, boots pounded against gravel, and twenty armed men poured out like a pack of wolves closing in on their kill.

Under the harsh glow of the party lights, their weapons gleamed, cold and merciless, as they advanced toward the hall.

The leader pushed through the crowd, a scar running across his cheek. He found

Jose, Alex, and Josephine standing inside the grand room.

"Governor Jose," the gangster

sneered. "Can you believe the irony? Your own adopted son paid us a

million dollars to put you in the.

ground And that's not all-he

promised us a million more every

year once he takes your seat."

Jose's hands shook with rage. He had feared this day, dreaded the betrayal of the

boy he had raised as his own.

And now, here it was the nightmare come to life.

"You've crossed the line," Jose spat, pulling his pistol and leveling it at the gangsters.

Twenty barrels immediately turned on him. The leader laughed cold and loud.

"You shoot me, old man, and twenty bullets tear through your chest. You can't win. But maybe I'll keep that fine woman for myself before the fun ends."

"As for you and the young man there-we'll kill you quick. William promised we'll be his personal guard when he takes power."

Josephine stepped forward, standing between Jose and the guns. Her voice cracked like a whip.

|

"You bastard! Do you realize what you're doing? This is murder. You' face prison-no, the death

penalty-for this. Lay a hand on

Jose, and you'll hang for it

Jose's heart swelled with pride at her courage. For the first time that night, he felt the warmth of loyalty.

"Josephine," he said, his voice heavy with age and sorrow, "I've lived my years. You're still young. Don't waste your life on me."

He moved forward, raising his hands. "Take me, kill me if you must. But spare them."

"No!" Josephine cried, grabbing his arm.

The gangster fired a shot into the ceiling. The thunder shook the hall. "Shut up! None of you walk out of here alive!"

Then, in a shocking instant, both Jose and Josephine collapsed to the floor, fainting.

Alex stepped forward, his eyes blazing.

"If you want them," he growled, "you'll have to go through me. And I swear on my life-none of you bastards leave this place alive."

The gang leader snarled. "Another arrogant fool. Kill him first!"

Gunfire exploded. But then—the impossible.

Bullets froze midair, suspended like raindrops caught in glass. The gangsters stared, eyes wide with terror.

"S-superhuman," one stammered, his voice breaking.

Meanwhile, in the shadows of the house, William had slipped away.

He found a baseball bat propped in the corner. His fingers curled around the wood, and he swung it lazily, smirking.

"Mom, do you want to know how I killed Maria?" His voice was a hiss, dripping with venom.

He swung again, harder this time, the air splitting with the crack. "The same way I'll kill you."

His eyes gleamed with madness.

"Don't worry-I'll bury you right

beside her. And then I'll drop

body in the same grave. The whole family together, rotting in the dirt."

William's laughter echoed through the hall, chilling and merciless. "No need to thank me. This is the reward for making me your son."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 383[1,174 words]

"Don't call me mother. I never had a son like you. You're evil incarnate!"

Lucia's voice cracked, tears spilling down her face, her chest aching as if her heart itself were being torn apart.

"Whatever," William said coldly.

"I'll always be your son. Even when you're dead, I'll still be your son-the one who inherits everything you own."

With a vicious swing, the baseball bat smashed against Lucia's head.

The sickening thud echoed through the room.

Her body crumpled to the floor.

A jagged wound split open on her scalp, blood seeping fast, pooling across the floor, soaking into her clothes, staining his.

"Wait..." Lucia gasped, her voice trembling.

"What?" William sneered, his eyes blazing with contempt.

"Want to beg for forgiveness? You're already old. What's the point of living longer? You drove your own daughter away. If you need someone to blame, blame yourself!"

"Where... where did you bury Maria's body?" Lucia whispered, her voice broken with tears and pain.

William's smile twisted into something cruel.

"For years, you sat on that bench, staring at the farm gate, waiting for Maria to come back."

He leaned in, savoring the words.

"So I gave you what you wanted. I buried her beneath that very bench. While you sat there, day after day, she was always right under your feet."

"You thought you were waiting for her return-when in truth, you were sitting on her grave."

His laugh cracked like a whip, sharp and mocking.

"Irony, isn't it? Almost funny. Sometimes it makes me want to laugh until I choke."

Lucia's sob tore through the air. "You're a monster!"

"I'm the monster you raised," William hissed. "Remember—it all started with you. You're the one who drove your daughter away!"

The words carved straight into her soul. Regret crushed her.

She had always thought—if only she'd let her daughter marry the man she loved, none of this would have happened.

"Now die," William spat. He raised the bat again, higher this time, rage burning through him, and swung with everything he had.

On the road, Alex gripped the wheel, driving fast through the night.

Jose was the first to wake. "Where are we?"

"On the way back home," Alex answered.

Jose blinked at the road ahead, then glanced at Josephine, still asleep in the back.

A sudden thought struck him. "What happened to those bastards?"

"The police came. They heard the sirens. All of them ran," Alex said flatly, his eyes locked on the road.

"Really?" Jose frowned.

"Yeah." Alex didn't tell him the truth—that every one of them was already dead, killed by the very bullets they had fired.

"That bastard," Jose muttered, William's face burning in his mind.

"I never imagined the boy I adopted would grow into such a monster. If I'd known,

I'd have left him to fate. No—I should never have adopted anyone at all!"

"Old man," Alex said firmly.

"You can't generalize like that. A good person is good, adopted or not. A bad person is bad, even if he's your own flesh and blood. Some adopted sons turn out better than real ones. William... he's just rotten."

"I'll find him," Jose growled. "And I'll drive him out of this state! How dare he order people to kill us!"

Not long after, the car pulled up to Jose's house.

His face went pale. It was already dark, but the front door stood wide open.

"Something's wrong."

He threw open the door and rushed out of the car.

Josephine stirred awake, dazed, just as Jose disappeared inside.

Moments later, a terrible cry ripped through the night.

"Noooo!" The anguish in Jose's voice shook the walls.

Josephine and Alex bolted inside, their hearts pounding, bracing for what waited beyond the door.

Inside the house, the sight was chilling. Lucia lay sprawled on the floor, motionless, blood pooling beneath her head.

Beside her, William's body was crumpled, face down, a baseball bat still clenched in his hand.

Alex knelt and rolled William over.

His breath caught-three bullet wounds gaped in the young man's chest.

William's eyes were wide open, frozen in shock, as if he had never believed his victim would strike back.

Lucia's pistol had slipped from her hand, lying inches from her fingers.

Meanwhile, blood streamed from the wound on her head, darkening the floor beneath her.

"Damn it," Alex muttered, rushing to her side. He lifted her gently, pressing his hand against her wound.

"She's lost a lot of blood. I don't have transfusion equipment with me. If we can get her to a hospital

fast get her a transfusion she has a chance."

"There's a hospital about three minutes away," Jose barked, snatching his minivan keys.

Josephine was already kneeling, pressing cloth to Lucia's wound, her hands trembling but determined.

Together, they carried her out, piling into the van, speeding into the night.

The emergency room doors burst open. Doctors and nurses rushed forward as Jose shouted for help.

They wheeled Lucia into a bay, stripping bloodied cloth away, their voices urgent and clipped.

"Severe blood loss," the lead doctor ordered. "Get her blood type. Now."

The words cut deeper when the doctor realized exactly who his patient was.

"That's the governor's wife," he muttered sharply. "Move faster!"

Within minutes, a nurse rushed back with the results, her face pale. "Doctor-we don't have this type in stock."

Jose's face darkened, his brows furrowing deep.

"What do you mean you don't have it? How can a hospital this size not keep donor blood on hand?"

"What type is my wife's blood? Tell me now!" Jose's voice thundered through the room, raw with fury and fear.

"I'll summon every doctor, every nurse, the military, the police-every government worker in this state if I have to. Someone will give her blood!"

The doctor forced a bitter smile, though his voice was grave. "Mr. Governor, she has Rh-null blood... known as Golden Blood."

"So what?" Jose snapped.

The doctor exhaled, steady but grim.

"It's the rarest blood in the world. Only sixty, maybe seventy people on the planet carry it. Even if we search the entire country, finding a match will take at least three hours."

Jose's fists clenched. "And?"

The doctor's eyes lowered. "Mrs. Lucia won't last that long. Thirty minutes is already the limit."

Jose staggered back, grief twisting into fury. "Do something! For God's sake, do something! Go find them!"

The doctor barked fresh orders, his nurses scattering, calling every registry, every possible contact.

But his tone told the truth-time was slipping away.

Jose walked to the bedside, his old body shaking. He took Lucia's frail hand in both of his, bowing his head against it.

"Please..... please stay with me, Lucia. Don't leave me. Please..."

Her eyelids fluttered. Slowly, her eyes opened, weak but filled with light. "Jose..."

He bent close, voice breaking. "I'm here. I'm right here. The doctors are helping you. Hold on..."

Her lips curved into the faintest smile. "I met Maria."

Jose's heart lurched. "Yes, yes..." he said quickly, though the words puzzled him.

"No..." Her voice was clear, almost radiant. "I met her already. She told

me she's happy. She has a

She asked us to care for here daughter."

Jose's eyes widened, confusion flooding him. He thought it was the blood loss, a

hallucination.

"Yes, yes... we'll take care of her daughter..." he whispered, just to calm her.

But Lucia's gaze sharpened, brimming with tears of joy.

With the last of her strength, her trembling finger rose and pointed toward

Josephine.

Her lips parted, a whisper breaking free.

"Our granddaughter..."

Her hand fell limp. Her eyes closed.

And the room went still.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 384[1,433 words]

Alex froze at Lucia's fading voice.

"Doctor!" he barked, shoving Josephine toward him. "Test her blood-now! Maybe we still have a chance!"

The doctor's brow furrowed, hesitation flickering in his eyes. "Are you certain?"

"No," Alex shot back. "But if they're related, there's hope. A miracle, maybe. Unless you've got something better to offer?"

The doctor's eyes flicked to Jose, trembling with tears, then to Lucia, already slipping into unconsciousness.

Time was running out.

A gamble, but one worth taking.

"All right," he said quickly, pulling Josephine toward the lab. "Better to try than do nothing."

Alex knelt beside Lucia, taking her frail hand in his.

He poured his inner energy into her, helping her heart to hold on. Jose stood silent at her other side, tears streaming down his face, powerless.

Minutes crawled by.

Then the doors burst open-doctor and nurses rushing in, their faces glowing with relief.

They shoved Alex aside like a storm and worked at lightning speed, pumping fresh blood into Lucia's veins.

Jose gasped, stunned, watching the impossible unfold.

"Doctor..." His lips trembled. "Please... tell me."

The doctor's voice was firm, confident. "We found a match. Mrs. Governor will live."

Jose broke down, sobbing with relief, clutching Lucia's hand as if he'd never let go again.

Alex stepped out into the hall. Josephine was standing there, pale and shaken. "What are you doing out here?" he asked.

She lifted her eyes to him. "It's my blood. It matched with hers. She... she called me her granddaughter."

Silence hung heavy between them. Josephine swallowed hard, her voice trembling as she forced out the words.

"Does that mean something?"

Hope flickered in her eyes—small, fragile, yet burning bright.

Every orphan knew that feeling.

The dream.

One day, a real family would come.

They'd smile and say, I'm sorry I left you alone.

I should've come sooner.

The child would forgive any excuse, no matter how pathetic, and cry out, Take me home.

Love me like other parents love their children.

But for most, the dream faded—day after day, month after month, year after year —until nothing was left.

Some grew bitter, vowing, If you forgot me, I'll forget you too.

Others searched for their parents, only to uncover cruelty—parents who were irresponsible, heartless bastards, or something even worse.

They were simply unwanted.

And the children who once believed the world was kind learned instead that life was harsh, filled with betrayal, and they swore not to become the monsters their parents were.

Josephine stared at Alex, her lips quivering, eyes wet.

She wanted to ask the question out loud but couldn't.

Can I believe in this dream?

If it's not true, will it break me?

Alex's heart ached. He stepped forward, pulled her into his arms.

"Silly girl," he whispered, holding her tight.

In that moment, he remembered the orphanage, when they were small, when dreams were all they had.

Josephine's smile was always bright, wild, and full of life.

"Hey, Alex-who do you think your parents are?"

It was the orphans' favorite game.

Pretending, imagining, weaving stories about who their parents might be. A game of dreams, colorful and fun.

Back then, Alex was small, sickly, thin as a reed.

His voice wavered. "I... I don't remember anything..."

"Oh, come on, Alex. You're so dull sometimes." Josephine smacked his back lightly, teasing but sharp.

"That's why people pick on you. You've got to dream big. Imagination makes you strong-strong in mind, strong in body."

"I... I don't know," Alex stammered, his little frame trembling.

Josephine dragged him out to the wide green lawn.

They sat together on the grass, looking up at clothes flapping on the line under the bright blue sky.

She leaned close, her eyes glowing with mischief.

"I'll tell you a secret I've never told anyone. But you've got to keep it between us. Deal?"

Alex nodded.

"I remember my mother," she whispered, her smile soft and radiant. "She was beautiful. Gentle. She loved me so much."

Alex listened quietly, nodding again.

"And do you know who my father was?"

Alex shook his head.

"You really swear to keep this secret?" she pressed, eyes narrowing with mock seriousness.

Alex nodded harder, nervously.

Josephine straightened proudly. "My mom told me my father was a king. From another country!"

Her eyes sparkled. "That's what she always said to me."

"No!" a mocking voice cut in from behind.

A group of bullies had overheard.

One sneered, "Your father's no king. He was just a farmer who sold you off because you ate too much."

Another chimed in. "My father's a king too—he rules in heaven."

"My father's the king of this whole country!" shouted another.

Before long, the orphanage yard rang with voices.

Children screaming out their parents were kings, queens, rulers of Mars, the moon, the heavens—anything that sounded grand and untouchable.

Now, back in the hospital's hallway, Alex guided Josephine to sit on the bench against the wall.

"Josephine... I don't know what to say. This is a shock to me too. Honestly—I knew nothing. Pure chance brought this up."

"But let me tell you what I do know about Jose and Lucia. Will you listen?" Josephine nodded.

"Jose is the governor of Vinland. But people call him the 'Poorest Governor.' He and Lucia chose to live in a small farmhouse instead of a mansion."

Josephine frowned. "If even the governor lives on a farm, does that mean Vinland is a poor state?"

"Yes... and no," Alex explained.

"About forty years ago, Vinland was

the poorest place. The governor back then was a tyrant, bleeding the

people dry. Farmers finally rose up, rebelled, and won."

He paused, his eyes narrowing with respect.

"Jose and Lucia were part of that rebellion. When the tyrant fell, the people chose

Jose as governor."

"And instead of hoarding wealth, he used government money to lift the farmers, to raise up the poor. That's who they are."

"In this country, Vinland had risen from poverty to power. Once broken and starving, now it was the richest state, feeding the entire nation."

"Its people were proud, hardworking, and, by all accounts, the happiest citizens in the land."

Alex exhaled slowly. "But even the brightest families carry tragedy. Jose and Lucia's daughter, Maria... she fell in love with a man who had no name, no past, no background."

Josephine's eyes flickered.

"At that time, the country was at war. Anyone without identity could be accused of being a spy, and not just them-whole families executed the king's command. Lucia only wanted to protect Maria. She refused the marriage."

Alex's voice lowered. "But Maria chose love. She ran away with that nameless man."

Before Josephine could respond, a sudden commotion erupted in the hospital's front hall.

Heavy boots echoed. A police inspector marched in with four officers at his back.

They stopped directly in front of Josephine.

"Are you Miss Josephine?" the inspector demanded.

"Yes," she answered, her face confused and pale.

"You'll come with us to the station."

Alex shot to his feet. "What the hell is this about?"

The inspector's voice was cold, clipped. "She's the prime suspect in the murder of William and the assault on Madam Lucia. Officers, seize her."

The policemen moved in fast.

"Stop right there."

The voice was sharp, commanding. Jose stepped out of Lucia's hospital room, his presence filling the hallway.

"Governor..." The inspector forced a smile, but his eyes held no warmth. "We're only doing our duty."

"That young woman is my granddaughter," Jose said, his tone hard as iron. "You will not take her."

The inspector sneered. "With respect, sir, you may be governor, but you are not above the law."

Jose's old eyes narrowed, cutting like steel. "Sounds to me like you're listening more to Bernard than to justice."

"No, sir," the inspector replied mockingly. "I follow the law. This girl killed William and injured Madam Lucia. I'm taking her in for questioning."

Jose stepped in front of Josephine, his frail frame standing like a wall.

"Then tell Bernard to come here himself. Only then will I let anyone lay a hand on her. Until he comes, she stays with me."

The officers hesitated, glancing at each other, unwilling to move against the governor.

At that moment, a portly, middle-aged man with a round belly came rushing down the hall, his face flushed.

"Governor Jose! I heard William is dead, and Madam Lucia hurt-what is going on here?"

Jose's voice thundered.

"Bernard. should have stopped you
you

the moment I sensed your hand in William's schemes. And now send police to drag away my granddaughter? Do you think I'm too old and senile to see through you?"

Bernard's lip curled, his words dripping with contempt.

"You are senile, old Jose. And blind. This girl isn't your granddaughter. She's a scammer like the rest-an impostor trying to steal her way into your family." "Worse, she's William's killer and the one who harmed Lucia. I'm protecting you, as I always have. You should thank me."

Jose's hand trembled but not with weakness. With fury.

"Then help me now."

Before anyone could react, Jose moved like a man half his age. He ripped the inspector's handgun from its holster, turned, and pressed the barrel against Bernard's forehead.

Gasps tore through the hall. Officers froze in shock.

Jose's voice roared, echoing down the sterile white corridor. "Stay. Away. From.

My. Granddaughter."

And then he pulled the trigger.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 385[1,198 words]

Bernard F. Peterson was the Vice Governor of Vinland State.

At fifty, he was still considered young for a politician, and his ambition burned hotter than ever-he wanted the Governor's seat.

But that dream never found its flame.

Jose, the old but unshakable Governor, still held the people's hearts.

Every time Bernard tried to convince the public that Vinland needed a younger, stronger leader to carry it into a modern era of weapons and technology instead of clinging to outdated agriculture, the people ignored him.

Only the restless younger generation listened.

"William, you'd make a fine Governor," Bernard told him again and again. "Your father is old. You should ask him to retire early."

He never missed a chance to feed William's ambition, whispering poison into his ear, urging him toward the throne.

But Bernard knew the truth-William was useless.

Ambitious, yes, but stupid, a fool with no brains.

That made William the perfect fool-a pawn Bernard could use to strike against his own father.

He worked from every angle-pressuring William through friends, planting a woman as his fake lover, feeding him poisonous ideas, even whispering that Jose might have to be killed.

So William could take the Governor's seat faster.

The plan was simple: if William killed Jose, Bernard would accuse him of murdering his own father and use it as the perfect excuse to eliminate him.

Then Bernard would rise as the rightful Governor.

He had been sharpening this scheme for years.

But fate twisted the game. William died first.

For Bernard, this wasn't a loss—it was an opening.

With William gone, Jose stood without an heir.

And now, the path to power finally looked clear.

But the news from his bribed nurse at Jose's station crushed that fantasy.

Jose had a granddaughter.

Real or not, it didn't matter-she stood in his way. And so, Bernard made his move.

He called the Chief of Police.

"Find the girl. Bring her to me. Before she even thinks of succeeding Jose, she must be eliminated."

Bernard knew Jose would rage, but what could the old man do?

He was frail, diminished, a shadow of his former self.

Bernard had even seen William beat Jose bloody once, the old Jose unable to fight back, only firing warning shots to scare people.

The mighty Governor had grown weak-a lion with no teeth, capable only of roaring.

Now, Bernard stood before him, staring into those weary old eyes.

Angry and desperate, Jose snatched the Chief's pistol and leveled it at Bernard's forehead.

Just as Bernard expected, Jose pulled the trigger-but he didn't aim to kill.

The bullet only grazed Bernard's temple, proof that the old man no longer had the courage to finish the job.

"Jose," Bernard sneered, grinning wide.

"You're finished. Too old, too broken. It's time to retire. Let me take the burden off your shoulders."

"I am still your Governor, Bernard!" Jose roared, his voice raw with fury.

"Not anymore." Bernard's laugh rang out, sharp and cruel. He turned to the Chief.

"You saw it. He pointed a gun at me, interfered with the police in their duty. Tell me, what does the law say?"

The Chief Police gave a sly smile, professional but poisoned.

"Sir Jose, even as Governor, you are not above the law. You took a police weapon, attempted to shoot your Vice Governor. This raises serious questions about your fitness to lead the State. By law, you are subject to detainment."

Bernard jabbed his finger toward Jose's granddaughter. "And don't forget the girl. She killed William and wounded Lucia. That blood is on her hands."

The Chief of Police barked his command, voice sharp and cold.

"Officers, take that young woman away."

"Stop right there!" Jose roared, raising his pistol, his frail frame shielding Josephine with what strength he had left.

Bernard's laugh split the tension. "Just take her! That old man is all bark and no bite. He's nothing but an obstacle to law enforcement."

Then it happened.

A crack echoed through the hall-louder than any gunshot.

Bernard staggered, blood spraying from his nose as he crashed to the floor.

Every eye turned. The silence was absolute.

Alex stood there, his hand still raised. He had slapped the Vice Governor across the face.

"How dare you strike the Vice Governor!" the Chief of Police shouted, fury burning.

Before anyone could react, Alex turned and delivered another open-handed blow -this time across the Chief's face.

The man stumbled back, humiliated and stunned.

"I am the Chief of Police!" he sputtered, clutching his cheek. "How dare—"

Another slap cut him off, snapping his head sideways.

The four officers drew back, enraged, and rushed him.

Alex moved like a storm, his hands striking faster than they could breathe. Each man caught a slap so brutal it dropped him flat.

One after another, they collapsed, unconscious, sprawled on the floor like broken dolls.

Only Bernard and the Chief remained upright, both staring in disbelief.

"You bastard!" Bernard spat.

Alex silenced him with another strike, the slap ringing out like thunder.

Every time Bernard or the Chief tried to speak, Alex's hand answered.

Slap after slap, their noses broke, their teeth spilled onto the floor, blood smeared their faces.

When they tried to rise, he knocked them back down.

Soon they were crawling, bruised and beaten, forced to their knees, staring at him with swollen faces.

They had never faced a man who refused to argue, who gave no speeches, who dealt only in merciless silence and slaps.

Finally, Alex turned to Jose.

"Jose... you can't protect Josephine. I'm taking her with me. And you'll never see her again. You're not worthy."

He seized Josephine's hand, dragging her past the Governor without a glance.

"Wait!" Jose cried, voice breaking. "I can protect her!"

Alex didn't slow. "You can't even protect yourself. If you want to die, indie alone. Don't drag a into your grave."

The words hit harder than any bullet.

Jose's heart clenched-because Alex was right.

He was old, worn down, a man who dreamed only of retiring quietly to some farm.

But if Josephine stayed with him, she'd inherit his enemies. Men with kady at his back would turn them on her. She would die for his weakness.

As Alex's figure vanished around the corner, Bernard rose, blood still running from his nose. His fury boiled over.

"Old bastard Jose!" he spat, shaking with rage.

"Who the hell was that? Who dares、 to slap

ene like this? I swear I'll

him, make my men slap hin" ind

he's

s dead!" Content belon

sto

He fumbled for his phone, rage dripping from every word as he waited for the call to connect.

"Put the phone down, Bernard," Jose warned, his gun held steady.

Bernard sneered, blood staining his teeth. "No, Jose. Someone needs to teach that animal a lesson after what he did to me."

"I said... put it down," Jose growled, his finger curling tighter on the trigger.

Bernard laughed, not believing a word.

The line connected. "Send all our people to the hospital now! I'm going to kill—"

The shot cracked through the hallway.

Bernard froze, eyes wide. He looked down to see blood blooming across his chest, soaking his shirt.

His lips trembled. "You... you..."

He never finished. His body toppled forward, dead before it hit the floor.

"Old man!" the Chief of Police shouted, horror twisting his face. "You're under arrest!"

The barrel of Jose's gun pressed cold and hard against the Chief's forehead.

Jose's eyes burned with the fire of a man who had nothing left to lose.

"Tell me," he said, his voice low and lethal, "do you think I have the courage to pull this trigger-or not?"

The Chief of Police's face went pale.

Jose's eyes never wavered. "Choose your words carefully. One wrong answer, and you die."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 386[1,108 words]

The Chief of Police's face drained of color.

"No, I mean... yes. Yes, you dare to pull the trigger."

"No," Jose exhaled slowly, almost tired. "I don't dare to pull the trigger. Do you know why?"

"I... I don't know, Governor. Please, tell me."

"The last time I killed a man was during the rebellion, forty years ago. That man was the Governor before me. I swore to the people his blood would be the last I shed, so Vinland could finally know peace."

The Chief of Police nodded rapidly, desperate to cling to his words. "Yes, yes, Governor. You're right. Killing is useless. Especially killing me—"

"But I was wrong," Jose cut him off, his voice low and heavy.

"People whisper that I'm weak because I let the mockery slide. Because I don't punish fools who act like I'm blind, like I'm some impotent governor sitting on a crumbling throne. And truthfully..."

His eyes narrowed, his tone dropped to a growl. "I never cared about their little games."

But then Jose's face twisted, rage boiling over. His hand shook with fury as the barrel of his gun pressed harder against the Chief's forehead.

"But you crossed the line. You tried to touch my family."

"Sir-I swear-I didn't know about this! Please—"

,

"You speak of justice, but all you do is obey Bernard. How can a man like you sit at the top of law enforcement?"

"Governor—"

The shot cracked like thunder. The Chief's eyes went wide with disbelief.

Regret flickered for the briefest second—if only—but then his head hit the floor, blood spilling fast across the tiles.

Jose pulled out his phone and dialed. "Lee, I killed Bernard. And the Chief of Police."

There was silence on the other end before Lee, the head of Vinland Security, spoke. "For real?"

"For real."

Lee burst out laughing. "Damn, Jose. About time you put those bastards down. You want help finishing off the rest? Plenty of them are already aiming for your neck—or your retirement."

"For now, just clean up these two first," Jose sighed.

"Fine. Our people will take care of it," Lee replied. Then his tone shifted. "Anything else I should know?"

"I have a granddaughter. They're aiming for her."

Lee coughed into the phone, his tone turning grave. "If you're planning to make her your successor, then you'll have to clear out a mountain of enemies inside your own government first."

Jose already knew the storm he had unleashed.

"Then we've got a lot of work ahead of us. Let's start by separating friend from foe."

The Vinland state was about to undergo a brutal reformation—from the inside. Back at a small clinic in the Vancouver slums, Alex lay on his bed when he heard a knock at the door. He opened it to find Josephine standing there, awkward in her pajamas.

"What's up?" Alex asked.

"Um... can I come in?" she murmured.

"Sure." Alex stepped aside, and she sat on the edge of his bed.

"I don't even know how to ask this," Josephine said softly. "But do you think the old man Jose and Lucia will be okay?"

"They will," Alex said, taking a seat across from her. "They still have plenty of loyalists from the old days. All they need is time to rearrange everything. Including..." He paused, the words hanging in the air.

"Including what?" Josephine asked quickly.

"Your connection to them," Alex replied at last. "They'll want to test your blood, your DNA. Don't pin too much hope on it."

"I'm not," Josephine whispered. Her voice trembled. "I just... I just want them to be safe."

She turned to him, her eyes searching. "Alex, there's something I really need to ask you."

"What?"

"At that time, when twenty people were shooting at you and the bullets just froze in the air around you... how did you do that?" Josephine asked, her eyes shining with curiosity.

"Didn't you faint back then?" Alex frowned, certain she shouldn't have witnessed that.

"I was awake." Josephine grinned proudly. "So tell me how do you do it?" "Ever heard of a superhuman? That's what I am," Alex replied with a calm shrug.

Josephine leaned closer, excitement sparking in her voice. "Can you teach me to be superhuman?"

"You want me to take you as my disciple?" Alex arched a brow.

"Yes!" she said, her smile wide and eager.

Alex chuckled softly. "Fine. If you really want to learn my techniques, you need a strong foundation first. Without it, everything else is useless. That means you'll have to start by cultivating internal energy

Josephine blinked. "What's internal energy?"

"It's an unseen power," Alex explained, his tone turning serious. "You cultivate it by breathing, drawing from the energy of the air

itself. But listen carefully-it takes more than effort."

"You need real talent. Some people are born for this. They understand it instinctively. Others... will never succeed, no matter how hard they try."

Josephine's hands tightened into fists. "Then tell me do I have that talent?" "Give me your hand."

She placed her hand in his without hesitation.

"I'll pass a trace of my inner energy into you. If you feel it, you've got potential. If not..." Alex's voice dropped, "then you're not cut out for it."

He pressed his palm against her wrist, channeling a pulse of energy into her.

Josephine gasped, her eyes lighting up. "I feel it! It's warm-it's tingling all over!" Alex's eyes narrowed. "Not bad. You passed the first test."

But before he could speak further, his expression hardened. Something was wrong.

The energy he sent into her didn't just flow through-it vanished, swallowed whole.

He sent another burst into her body. Again, it was instantly absorbed.

"Wow!" Josephine exclaimed, almost glowing. "I feel like my body's... alive again. Rejuvenated!"

Alex stared at her, stunned. Her body responded to energy in a way he had never seen before. It wasn't normal. It was extraordinary.

Josephine tilted her head. "What's wrong? Is something the matter?"

"It's nothing." Alex forced a thin smile. "I'll give you the beginner's training method. Whether you succeed or not depends entirely on you."

He pulled out his smartphone, tapped a few commands, and transferred a file to Josephine.

"Study this in your room. Once you've mastered the basics, come back to me. And remember no one else can see this technique. It's meant to be passed only from teacher to disciple."

"Okay!" Josephine lit up, checking the file on her phone before hurrying off, nearly skipping with excitement.

Alex leaned back, watching her leave, a smirk tugging at his lips. "Interesting body she has. She can absorb inner energy without resistance at all."

Her gift was far beyond ordinary. A body that sensitive to energy was almost unheard of-something usually seen only in children rigorously nurtured since birth. Yet Josephine had it naturally.

He folded his arms, thoughtful. There was more to her than she even realized.

And now, Alex found himself growing very curious-about Josephine's mother... or perhaps her real father.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 387[1,258 words]

The next morning, Alex sat watching the news, his eyes narrowing as the anchor reported on the unrest shaking Vinland State.

Everyone was talking about Jose.

They said he had changed after his son's death and his wife's injury.

Now he was cleaning house, rooting out the corrupt officials who had been trying to undermine him.

Speculation spread like wildfire.

To answer Jose's call, his old loyalists-men who once fought beside him in the rebellion that toppled the tyrant governor-were rising again.

Vinland was witnessing a storm, Jose tightening his grip on power.

"Alex! Alex-something happened!"

Josephine's voice rang out, sharp and urgent, as she rushed down the stairs.

It was already noon, yet she was just now emerging from her room. She had never slept so late before.

"What's wrong?" Alex asked, his gut tightening.

"There's... something inside me." She pointed at her stomach, her face pale with panic.

Alex froze. "What do you mean, something inside? Are you pregnant?"

"God, are you stupid? I'm still a virgin!" she snapped, rolling her eyes. But her cheeks burned crimson.

"Then what the hell are you talking about?" Alex pressed, thrown completely off balance.

She hesitated, then burst out, her voice trembling with excitement.

"Didn't you teach me that cultivation technique last night? Well... I did it. I actually did it! There's this warmth, this... seed in my stomach-the core energy you told me about!"

Alex's eyes widened. "What? That fast?"

His voice was sharp with disbelief. If cultivating inner energy were this easy, every martial artist in the world would already be a superhuman.

Normally, it took at least a year of relentless training just to glimpse the first sparks of inner energy.

Even geniuses needed months to form the faintest core. But Josephine was claiming she had succeeded overnight.

Suspicion flickered across Alex's face. He reached for her wrist, fingers steady as he searched her pulse.

His eyes narrowed. There it was—a faint but unmistakable current flowing through her core. Subtle, yes, but real.

And it wasn't just the beginning. What pulsed within her was the kind of energy most people spent a year, sometimes more, struggling to collect.

In one night, Josephine had achieved what countless martial artists bled, sweated, and suffered for over years.

Her talent was beyond extraordinary. It was terrifying.

Hard work was nothing compared to raw, natural talent.

"So? What do you think? I did it, didn't I? I told you I wasn't lying!" Josephine bragged, her voice sharp with triumph.

Alex studied her, a rare smile tugging at his lips.

"I can't deny it. Your talent is remarkable. You're a prodigy. If you keep this up, you'll become superhuman before the year's out."

"Hah! I knew it!" Josephine burst into laughter, grinning wide. "Even if I'm not the sharpest mind on the class, I've never lost a fight!"

Alex arched a brow. "So you're admitting you're stupid?"

"Pffft, no way! You're the stupid one!" she shot back, her eyes narrowing.

"I mean, I'm not great at books or studying, but when it comes to fighting-I shine. There's a saying, right? Everyone's born to succeed, they just need to find their path. Well, mine has always been in combat."

Alex smirked. "So, what-you plan to sell your fists for money?"

Josephine froze, the future he painted hanging over her like a shadow.

She scratched the back of her head and muttered, "Forget it. I don't even like fighting. Let's not go down that road."

Alex chuckled. "Don't worry. Martial arts isn't just about fighting. I can teach you healing techniques too. That requires inner energy as well. With cultivation, you can protect yourself and others."

Josephine's eyes lit up, her voice bursting with excitement. "Yes! That's exactly what I want!"

"Good," Alex said. "Keep training. Keep cultivating. I'll teach you everything you need."

Before he could say more, his phone buzzed.

A call from an unknown number. He answered. "Who is this?"

A cold voice slithered through the line. "I have Jasmine Kingston. If you want her back alive, follow the address I'll send. Come alone. If you call for help... she'll be dead before they even arrive."

The line went dead.

Alex glanced at the address and his jaw tightened.

The ghost town.

Two hours later, Alex stood at the edge of that cursed place. Towering, abandoned buildings and crumbling factories loomed over him.

Thirty years ago, the town had died overnight-industries collapsed, families vanished, and the streets emptied.

No one dared live here anymore.

It had become a breeding ground for gangs and mercenaries, rebels and killers for hire-men willing to shed blood for the right price.

A lone figure stepped out of the shadows and approached him, boots echoing against the cracked pavement.

The man gave a slight bow and said, his voice smooth but mocking, "Welcome, Mr. Alex. This way, please."

Alex eyed the rat-faced man coldly, gave a short nod, and walked straight inside. The stadium swallowed him whole. Once a football arena, now it was a den of wolves.

Hundreds of gang elites filled the stands and the field-hulking men with scarred faces, tattoos crawling over their skin, guns gleaming under the floodlights, blades strapped to their backs and belts.

Their eyes locked onto him the moment he stepped through the gate. Every glare was a knife.

He was prey walking into the slaughter.

One of the giants in the crowd barked out a laugh. "You're either the dumbest bastard alive... or the bravest."

"I got a call," Alex said, his voice sharp, steady. His gaze cut across the mob. "It said you know where Jasmine Kingston is. Is she here?"

The thugs roared with laughter, their voices bouncing around the empty stands. Alex tilted his head, unflinching. "Something funny?"

A man shoved his way to the front, a cruel grin splitting his face. "Yeah, it's funny. You know why? Because you're already dead—and yet here you are, asking questions about your girlfriend."

He pressed a cold pistol to Alex's forehead. "Tell me don't you think that's hilarious?"

Alex chuckled. The sound was low, dangerous. "Yeah. Hilarious."

In a blink, his hand shot up. He tore the pistol from the thug's grip, spun it, and rammed the barrel between the man's teeth. "Now... is it still funny?"

A hundred weapons instantly leveled at him-muzzles glowing in the dim light, blades unsheathed. The entire stadium bristled with killing intent.

Alex smiled, sharp and fearless. "Now this... this is funny."

From a shadowed room above, Charles Kingston watched through the glass with the other leaders. Around them sat men in expensive suits, eyes glittering with greed.

One leaned forward, bored. "That's the guy? He doesn't look like much. Why the hell would you pay a hundred million dollars to kill him? Give me ten and I'll do it myself."

Charles adjusted the golden watch on his wrist, his fingers heavy with diamond rings.

He looked like wealth itself, though everyone knew he'd been broke not long ago.

His voice was bitter, seething. "This isn't about money. This is Gilbert Guise's last will-whoever killed him will have to pay painfully for it. His wealth, his legacy, all of it is bound to revenge."

"The killer's family, his friends-every last one of them will suffer. Alex is the one who murdered Gilbert, and I'm just fulfilling the dead man's command."

Another leader laughed cruelly. "Then let's start the show."

He tapped the control and the stadium's loudspeakers came alive, echoing across the field.

"All of you! Kill him now! Payment comes when he's dead-one hundred million dollars!"

The order ripped through the air.

The mob moved as one, fingers tightening on triggers.

Up in the box, Charles's face twisted, a mixture of rage and unholy glee. He slammed his fist against the glass, eyes burning.

"Alex! You'll die by my hand!"

And then Alex moved.

He exploded into motion, his body blurring like a phantom in the storm of gunfire.

Bullets screamed through the air, but he was already gone, weaving between the killers, striking like lightning.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 388[1,235 words]

"Shoot him!" Voices erupted, weapons raised in every direction.

"Whoever kills him takes the money!"

Dozens of guns swung toward Alex. But the moment bullets flew, chaos ripped through the crowd.

"Stop shooting! You're hitting your own men!" someone screamed—right before a stray bullet tore through his chest.

Gunfire roared from every direction, bullets ripping into the wrong targets.

Alex moved like a phantom, weaving through the storm.

Every slash, every sidestep turned their fury back on themselves.

Blades missed him and cut down allies. Bullets tore through bodies meant to be comrades.

The more they fought, the more they destroyed each other.

Men dropped where they stood, some clutching wounds, others falling lifeless with clean shots to the head.

The scene spiraled into pure chaos-blood, screams, and friendly fire turning the battlefield into a slaughterhouse.

From his vantage point, Charles watched in disbelief. To him, Alex wasn't battling—he was toying with them.

"Pathetic," Charles spat, his voice dripping with scorn. "Hundreds of you, and you can't kill one man."

Shame burned across his face.

He turned away, disgusted, as Alex began dropping fighters one by one.

Every strike sent another man crashing to the ground, unconscious. The faster Alex moved, the higher the bodies piled.

One of the leaders rushed to him, desperate. "Sir Charles, wait! We still have more men. Give us time. We'll finish him."

Charles' tone was ice. "If you kill him, I'll pay as promised."

"But, you'll never win against that monster."

With that, he left the carnage behind, striding toward the highest floor of the arena.

A private jet waited, its engines humming in readiness.

"As long as I hold Gilbert's fortune and Jasmine in my grasp, I can control Alex," Charles muttered as he climbed aboard. His jaw tightened with regret.

"Damn fools. It was a mistake trusting them. Maybe I searched for the wrong kind of killer. I need more than brutes—I need a superhuman killer."

Two bodyguards dragged Jasmine onto the jet, forcing her into a seat. She struggled, eyes burning with rage.

"Charles, I'm your little sister! How dare you do this? Father will never forgive you."

Charles studied her, a sigh heavy on his lips. "Listen, Jasmine. I swore I'd never kill you. I only need you to lure Alex to me. Once he comes, I'll end him myself."

"He'll kill you, Charles. You're disgusting."

The jet rumbled, preparing for takeoff. Alex was still down in the stadium, tearing through wave after wave of attackers.

"I haven't found a man alive who can kill him," Charles said, half to himself.

"But everyone has a weakness. The people he loves, the ones he protects- someone will make him bleed. Someone will make him destroy himself. That would be the sweetest victory."

"You're sick," Jasmine spat, hatred lacing every word.

Charles' eyes hardened. "No, sister. Since you and Father cut off my funds, this is the only way to get Gilbert's inheritance. I'll have what's mine."

Meanwhile, back in the arena, ten minutes had passed.

Over a hundred men already lay scattered across the floor, groaning or unconscious.

Alex strode deeper into the stadium, only to find another chamber filled with hardened killers. Their blades gleamed, their eyes feral.

The leader stepped forward, lips curling into a cold smile. "Outside were the fodder. In here, you face the elite. Kill him."

His hand dropped to signal the attack-

But before anyone could move, the air shifted. Alex blurred, faster than sight.

In a heartbeat, his hand clamped around the leader's throat. The room froze in stunned silence.

"I don't have time for games," Alex growled, his voice like thunder shaking the room. "Tell me where Jasmine Kingston is."

A hundred men froze in disbelief as Alex's hand clamped tight around their leader's throat.

"Attack him!" the leader croaked.

But Alex didn't even need to swing his blade. He unleashed his overwhelming aura, and one by one, every thug's eyes rolled back as they collapsed to the floor, unconscious.

In the silence that followed, only the leader remained, pale and trembling.

"A... a superhuman..." he stammered, legs shaking.

Alex's eyes blazed with fury as his grip tightened around the man's throat, knuckles white with pressure. The leader gagged, his face turning red, sweat pouring down his temples.

"Now talk," Alex growled, his voice low and deadly.

"Tell me everything... before I snap your neck."

The leader's body betrayed him, wetting himself as he broke. "Yes! Yes, I'll tell you!"

Hours later, Alex sat in the passenger seat of a black sedan.

Behind the wheel, the gang leader gripped the steering wheel with trembling hands, driving like a lamb led to slaughter.

Words tumbled out of his mouth in a frantic stream, fear cracking his voice as he babbled every secret he knew, desperate to stay alive.

"Charles... he's got Jasmine

Kingston. And Gilbert's money, too. No one knows where he's hiding, but-there's a connection. One of Gilbert's former attorneys, a man stiffin contact with Charles

"Because..." the leader's voice

cracked, "the revenge has a

deadline. Charles doesn't kill you

al.ne

within three months, Gilbert's fortune becomes open bounty. Every hired gun in the world will be after your head."

"Who's the attorney?" Alex demanded.

"The attorney-his name is Mike. He spends his nights here with women," the

leader said quickly.

He pulled up outside a glowing nightclub, bass thundering from inside. "Find Mike, and you'll find Charles,"

Alex stepped out without a word.

Inside, the club was a haze of neon lights and perfume. Bodies writhed on the dance floor, champagne sprayed, bills rained down on waitresses.

One of the women leaned close to Alex and pointed discreetly toward the VIP section.

"You'll find Mike in there."

As Alex entered, chaos was already unfolding. A group of thugs surrounded a

heavysset man-Mike-who was trying to talk his way out.

"Wait!" Mike shouted, sweat rolling down his forehead.

"I'm warning you! This place belongs to Lord Morettie, one of my biggest clients. If

you touch me, you're dead!"

A sharp crack echoed as an old man in a fine suit slapped Mike so hard he crashed to the floor.

"You dare threaten me?" the old man sneered, voice booming. He towered above them, rage burning in his eyes.

"You work for him? Do you even know who I am before you tried to steal my woman? I'm Leo, Lord Morettie's father, you worthless insect!"

The room erupted in gasps.

"Lord Morettie's father?" The words spread like fire through the crowd.

Faces drained of color. Mike's especially he looked like a ghost. His so-called client was nothing compared to the man standing over him now. He was finished. Earlier that night, Mike had seen a beautiful woman in the old man's arms. Arrogant and greedy, he had ordered his thugs to snatch her. He never imagined she belonged to Morettie's father.

"Weren't you so bold just now?" The old man's voice dripped venom as he kicked Mike hard across the face. Mike spat blood onto the carpet.

"How dare you steal from me? You want death? I'll give it to you!"

Three more savage kicks drove the breath from Mike's lungs. He groaned, but not a word escaped his lips.

"You worthless dogs!" the old man

roared, pulling a pistol from his jacket. "Do you really think you can

stand against me? Get on your knees! Break the legs of anyone who refuses!"

"On your knees!" Leo's lackeys barked, swords flashing as they pressed steel against Mike and his bodyguards' throats.

Terrified, they dropped, kneeling in panic, faces pressed to the floor.

One lackey's eyes flicked to Alex, who stood watching silently. "Hey! Why aren't you kneeling?"

Alex raised a brow, voice calm. "You've got this wrong. I don't know them. I'm just here to watch."

"Doesn't matter," the man snarled, lifting his blade to Alex's throat. "In this room, everyone kneels. Or you die where you stand. Choose."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 389[1,438 words]

Alex could've killed the thugs without breaking a sweat, but he wasn't here for them.

He needed Mike, and there were still things he didn't know. So instead of rising to the bait, he sat down on the floor, legs stretched out, calm as stone.

The thugs glanced his way, sizing him up, then dismissed him.

Their attention turned to Mike's other companions-bodyguards, clients, whoever they were.

Seven of them were forced to their knees. Alex stayed in the corner, silent, watching.

The old man shifted his gaze to Mike, his lips curling into a cruel grin.

"Hey, punk. Weren't you acting real arrogant just now? Stealing my woman? Threatening to break my arms?"

He tossed his baton to the floor in front of Mike. "Well, here's your chance. Do it. Break my arm."

Mike forced a weak smile. "That was a misunderstanding. She caught my eye for a second and I forgot who she was with. I was stupid."

"How about this—I'll cover all your expenses here tonight as an apology."

"Fuck you." The man's hand cracked across Mike's face.

"You think I pay for anything in this club? I eat, drink, and take whatever I want. You think I'm some cheap bastard you can buy off? I'd rather cut one of your arms."

Mike winced, still kneeling. "Please, I need my arms for work. How about a new car? I just bought the latest model. It's outside. I'll give it to you."

Leo drove his boot into Mike's face. "Who the hell do you think I am? Everyone knows my son-Lord Moretti. I don't need your hand-me-down car. I can walk into any dealership and take what I want. Your arms still look perfect to me."

Desperation broke Mike. He slammed his forehead against the floor and clutched at Leo's feet. "Please, don't take my hands!"

"Pathetic." Leo spat, slapping him again. "Get me the machete. Tonight, I'm taking an arm home."

One of the thugs handed Leo a machete. Leo gripped it, raised it high, and swung down with savage force.

The machete hissed through the air-then stopped dead. A single hand gripped the steel, holding it still. No matter how Leo strained, it wouldn't move an inch.

"That's enough," Alex said. His voice was low, commanding.

Leo's face twisted in shock. "How dare you stop me!"

"I don't care if you kill the rest," Alex said coldly. "But you don't touch Mike. I still need him."

Leo narrowed his eyes. "And what if I decide I want him dead?"

"Then don't blame me for breaking you."

Leo let out a harsh, mocking laugh. "Break me? Don't make me laugh. Look around you, punk-twenty of my men, armed and ready. You touch me, and they'll carve you into pieces right here on the floor."

Alex sneered. "Touch you, you say?"

Before anyone could blink, his hand shot out. A deafening crack echoed through the club as his palm slammed across Leo's face, snapping his head sideways.

"I just touched you," Alex said coldly. "So what?"

The entire room went silent. Not a breath, not a whisper-only the stunned stillness of men who couldn't believe what they had just witnessed.

Leo staggered back, clutching his cheek, eyes wide in disbelief. Never in his life had anyone dared lay a hand on him. Shock and humiliation burned in his chest.

The gangsters stood frozen, eyes wide with disbelief.

None of them had ever witnessed anything like it-Lord Moretti, the feared leader of the Ouroboros Gang, a name whispered in fear across the city.

The man whose empire thrived on drugs, guns, and bloodshed, who commanded hundreds of ruthless killers

And now his own father had been slapped like some common fool.

"How the hell could he hit Lord Moretti's father? Is he insane?"

"Offending Lord Moretti's father means offending the Lord Moretti and the entire Ouroboros Gang. He's a dead man walking!"

"What a fool... he doesn't even know who he just crossed."

Every eye in the nightclub turned to Alex, expecting to watch him die.

Leo staggered to his feet, one side of his face grotesquely swollen. Blood dripped from his lips as two teeth clattered onto the floor. His voice shook with rage.

"H-how dare you hit me!"

Alex's tone was calm, almost bored. "Didn't I already warn you? If you touched Mike, I'd beat you down. Why the hell don't you listen?"

"You're dead meat!" Leo screeched. Spittle flew from his mouth. "What are you idiots waiting for? He hit me! Get him!"

"Let's go!"

A wave of thugs surged forward, machetes and iron batons flashing in the neon lights.

Chairs scraped back, glasses shattered, and panicked patrons scattered toward the corners of the club.

The pounding bass from the speakers made the chaos even worse-then the DJ, half-drunk and grinning, actually cranked up the music, turning the fight into a spectacle.

Some drunkards cheered from the sidelines, screaming for blood. Others laughed like it was the best entertainment of the night.

The gangsters rushed Alex in a frenzy. Instead of retreating, he walked into them -calm, steady, unstoppable.

His hands moved like lightning, every strike precise and devastating. A whirlwind

of strikes, and brutal throws cut through the mob.

Bones cracked. Batons flew. Men screamed.

In minutes, thirty men-including the club's hired security-lay groaning on the floor. Limbs bent at wrong angles, faces bloodied, the stench of fear heavy in the air.

The crowd fell silent.

"What the...?" Someone whispered.

elme

Dozens of eyes stared wide at Alex, speechless. He had fought them barehanded. No weapons, no hesitation. And he hadn't just won-he had annihilated them.

"Holy shit," a man muttered. "Is he even human?"

A group of young women broke the silence, squealing and shouting over the wreckage.

"Who knew that pretty boy could fight like that?"

"He's hot and he can fight? God, I wish he was my boyfriend!"

"Go on, handsome! Show them who's boss!"

Their voices rose above the stunned crowd, cheering Alex like a hero.

Leo stumbled backward, his face pale with terror.

His men were hardened fighters, veterans of street wars. And Alex had torn through them like they were nothing.

"W-w-who the fuck are you?" Leo stammered, his bravado stripped away.

Alex's eyes stayed cold, his voice steady. "It doesn't matter who I am. I'm taking Mike with me. If you want to stay alive, don't get in my way."

"You'd better not think too highly of yourself!" Leo shouted, blood and spit flying from his swollen lips.

"My son is Lord Moretti of the

Ouro ang! You lay a hand on

me,

You've already made yourself his

I called him-he's on his way

right now!"

Even as fear lingered in his eyes, Leo's confidence crept back when he remembered his son's name.

Alex didn't waste a second. His hand cracked across Leo's face again.

"Arrogant, aren't you?" Slap.

"Ouroboros Gang, you say?" Smack.

"And Lord Moretti?" Whack.

"I'm hitting you right now. What's he going to do about it?"

Each strike landed harder than the last, Alex's questions punctuated by the sound of flesh meeting flesh.

Leo's face ballooned grotesquely, his cheeks split and raw.

By the time Alex stopped, the old man was barely recognizable, his pride

shattered into the floor he knelt on.

The women watching gasped, hands over their lips, their hearts racing.

Leo had always been known for harassing young women in bars, hiding behind his son's name.

None of them had ever dared fight back. Tonight, they watched someone finally give him the punishment he deserved-and they couldn't look away.

"Who the hell dares touch my father?!" a thunderous voice roared.

The crowd parted instantly. A towering figure strode into the club, the air shifting with his presence.

"Lord Moretti..." someone whispered in terror.

Panic rippled through the room. People shoved back against the walls, not wanting to breathe too loud in front of the infamous gang leader.

Moretti, the man who ruled the Ouroboros Gang with an iron grip, commanded hundreds of men and feared no law.

"It's over, brat!" Leo cackled through his battered mouth, blood staining his teeth. "My son is here. You're finished!"

"Oh, shit... even Lord Moretti himself showed up?" a man muttered.

"I hope nothing happens to that hot guy," one of the girls whispered, eyes darting to Alex.

Leo wasted no time. "You came just in time, Son! This bastard hit me. You need to make him pay!"

Lord Moretti's eyes narrowed. "Did you tell him who I am?"

"Of course I did! But he just hit me harder. He even insulted you!" Leo's whining voice fanned the flames of his son's fury.

Moretti's face twisted dark. "Who the fuck dares lay a hand on my father? Doesn't he know who I-"

Then he saw Alex.

Alex smiled at him, calm and amused.

The words died in Moretti's throat. His face drained of color, then flushed red as shame clawed at him.

"You," Alex said, his tone flat, cold. "Didn't I tell you to keep the car ready?"

The room went still.

Lord Moretti's jaw clenched. His chest burned with humiliation. Why him? Of all people... why did my father have to provoke this monster?

The Almighty Dominance

Chapter 390[1,114 words]

Lord Moretti didn't answer Alex.

He acted as if he hadn't even seen him. With a flick of his hand, he declared, "Tonight's business is over. Everyone out-unless you want to die here."

The room froze. Customers turned pale.

Everyone knew the stories-when Lord Moretti cleared a club, it wasn't just an order.

It was a warning. Too often, people left in body bags simply because they didn't move fast enough.

The crowd broke into a rush, scrambling for the exits.

Panic echoed in their footsteps, every face certain Alex had just stepped into hell.

Within minutes, the place was empty. Surveillance cameras clicked off one by one, leaving nothing but silence and danger in the room.

In a corner, Mike and his friends huddled together, trembling. None dared move. They knew this had gone beyond a joke.

Lord Moretti turned toward his father.

"Father, leave this to me. What I'm about to do will be brutal, and I don't want you to see the blood. Take the others and go."

Leo's face was tight with rage. "Son, he's hit me more than once. Give him a lesson, son. I want one of his arms."

"Of course, Father. Of course," Moretti replied, his eyes dark. "Now go."

Leo sneered at Alex as he backed away. "My son is here now. You should be pissing yourself. You'll see hell tonight."

"Father, quickly-out!" Moretti barked, shoving him toward the door, afraid Alex might snap at any moment.

Mike and the others were already ashen, sweat dripping down their temples.

They all knew what it meant to be left alone with Lord Moretti-the man took pleasure in torment.

As he advanced, several of them fell to their knees.

"Lord Moretti, I did nothing wrong! Please, let me go!"

"We were only having fun! We didn't know Mike was stirring up trouble!"

"Please, sir, forgive us. Take Mike's arm if you must, but leave us out of it. We'll

even hold him down for you!" one added desperately.

Moretti's voice cracked like a whip. "All of you—except Mike get out!"

They hesitated, stunned. One stammered, "Are... are you sure, sir?"

Moretti's eyes narrowed, his tone turning cold. "You know, maybe I should keep you here instead. Take all your arms together."

Faces blanched to the color of death.

"Now get the hell out!"

They didn't wait for another word. They bolted so fast they nearly tripped over each other, desperate to escape intact.

But as Mike made for the door, Moretti's hand shot out like a snake, clamping around his wrist.

"You stay, Mike," he said, his voice low and dangerous. "We need to talk."

Mike's legs buckled. His scream tore through the silence. "Please! Please, Lord Moretti-I'm your lawyer! Don't take my arm, I beg you!"

Mike's friends had already bolted, leaving the grand nightclub stripped to silence and shadows.

What had been a lively night turned into an empty battlefield. Only three men remained-Lord Moretti, Alex, and Mike.

"You. Sit down," Moretti ordered.

"Yes-yes," Mike stammered, nodding frantically, his body trembling like a trapped rabbit.

Moretti turned to Alex and gave a slight bow. "Sir, I've secured Mike for you. You may question him here, or I can deliver him anywhere you wish."

Mike's jaw dropped. The man who feared no one, the butcher of the underworld- bowing?

To Alex? Something was horribly wrong.

Alex walked over, his gaze cold and sharp. "I hear you were once Gilbert's attorney. And now you manage his fortune?"

Mike's face went ghost-white the moment his eyes locked on Alex. Terror ripped through him like ice in his veins.

He knew that face-there was no mistaking it. This was the man who had slaughtered Gilbert Guise.

"Mike, answer him," Moretti growled, stepping closer.

His hand lashed out, cracking against Mike's cheek. The sound echoed through the empty hall.

"If you want to cling to your so-called attorney's code, do it with your life. I'll strip you of that life piece by piece."

"Please! Please!" Mike cried out, his voice breaking like a beaten dog. "I'll talk I'll tell you everything!"

"Let's start simple." Alex's voice was ice. "How much money did Guise put up to have me killed?"

Moretti poured a glass of wine for Alex, every movement slow and deliberate, the ruthless lord of the underworld now moving with the humility of a servant before him.

Mike stared at the sight, horror

twisting in his gut. Lord Moretti-the monster every child feared by, the

executioner of underworkame,

pouring wine for Alex like a servant.

If Moretti bowed to him, then Alex must be something far worse.

"Ten billion dollars," Mike blurted.

Alex frowned, his voice sharp. "That much? How could he get his hands on ten billion?"

"He... he launders money for other states," Mike confessed.

"I want it," Alex said coldly. "All of it. Tell me how to take it."

Mike's lips trembled. This was a secret he had sworn to guard with his life.

But one look at Moretti's murderous eyes told him the choice was already made.

"The money's in Bitcoin," he whispered.

"Locked by a code. Three people

a code.

must approve to release it. I'm one

of them. But I don't know the other two-only Gilbert did. They'll release the money when they believe

revenge has been taken on Gilbert's killer."

IMS

Mike's eyes lifted, trembling as they landed on Alex. "That means you."

"So I can't access it now?" Alex asked, his tone like steel.

Mike shook his head. "No. Until all three approve, or... or until you're dead. Only then will they release it to whoever kills you."

Alex's lips curled into a thin smile. "Gilbert never made things easy. Now give

me Charles Kingston's number."

Mike's face blanched further.

He pulled out his phone with shaking hands. "Charles calls me always from different numbers. He never uses the same one."

Alex snatched his smartphone and, with a swift motion, pressed it against Mike's own phone, setting up a duplicate copy.

"Whenever Charles calls, keep him talking," Alex ordered, his voice sharp as a blade.

"The longer the call, the easier it'll be for me to trace him. Do you understand?" "Yes," Mike whispered, nodding quickly.

Meanwhile thousands of miles away-Charles Kingston's private jet touched down on one of the largest estates in the country.

As the hatch opened, ten thousand soldiers stood at attention, saluting their patron. Charles descended the stairs with practiced calm, greeted by thunderous discipline.

A decorated general stepped forward to meet him.

"Sir. Logan," Charles said, shaking his hand firmly. "I know you've admired my

sister for a long time. I've come to approve your marriage with her."

Logan let out a booming laugh. "Good! Good! I've long admired her beauty, but never thought this day would come."

"But you should know," Charles warned quietly, "my father may not agree."

"Alfred Kingston?" Logan scoffed. "If I demand to marry Jasmine, he won't refuse."

He knows I could crush his state whenever I please."

Charles's eyes narrowed. "And what of the King?"

Logan's grin widened, fierce and unshakable. "Even the King won't touch me. I command the largest military reserve in the country."

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 391

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 392[1,132 words]

Alfred Kingston shook his head slowly, his voice edged with disdain.

"Alex, I'll admit you have courage. But the line between bravery and stupidity is razor-thin."

"And right now, you're nothing but a fool who doesn't even know his own limits. You're nothing-worthless. You're not even qualified to be our enemy."

Alex's gaze was unflinching. "Mr. Kingston, a man is meant to be destroyed, not defeated."

Alfred's lips curled into a bitter smile. He exhaled sharply, then barked, "Fine! Very well! You're fearless, I'll give you that. If you want to be destroyed, so be it."

"But for the sake of our past ties, I'll give you one chance. Stop seeing Jasmine. Cut all ties with her, and I won't hold this against you. But if you persist, you'll face the consequences. We will crush you. Now get out."

He rose from his chair, his body language final-conversation over.

Alex rose to his feet and walked toward the door. After a few steps, he stopped and turned. His voice was calm, deliberate.

"Mr. Kingston."

Alfred's eyes narrowed. "What? Have you changed your mind?"

Alex shook his head. "I will never change my mind. But because of our past connection, I'll say this. Your health is failing. I doubt you'll last another week."

The words hit like a hammer. Alfred's brow furrowed, his voice harsh. "What the hell are you talking about?"

Alex's gaze hardened, cutting like a blade. "Your skin is dark, your pupils clouded with a sickly hue. If I'm not mistaken, you've been poisoned."

Alfred snapped back, fury and disbelief flaring.

"Nonsense! You think you can scare me with cheap tricks? Just because you're a doctor, you want me to beg for my life? You underestimate me!"

"Mr. Kingston," Alex's voice was grave, steady. "I'm not joking. This isn't a normal poison. Within a week, it will flare up, and when it does... it will kill you."

"Enough!" Alfred roared, refusing to hear more. "Get out of my sight."

"I've done all I can," Alex said quietly, then walked toward the exit. But as he opened the door, he froze. Charles Kingston stood in the doorway.

Alex's eyes flicked between father and son. A dry smile touched his lips. "So... father and son are back on the same side?"

Charles sneered. "We are family. We never separate."

"There may have been misunderstandings because of outsiders like you, but blood is thicker than water. My father finally realized the truth-you misled him."

Alex brushed past, his tone dismissive. "Whatever. I won't get involved in your family's mess."

But Charles blocked his path.

His eyes burned with venom. "I want you to deliver a warning to Sophia. Tell her to stop reaching for what doesn't belong to her."

Alex frowned. "What are you talking about?"

"The state of Paris," Charles hissed. "She has no right to sit in that governor's chair."

Alex shot back, "She has documents showing the Guise family gave her everything. It's her rightful claim."

Charles's lip curled into a snarl. "And I have information she caused Guise's death. A murderer doesn't deserve to be governor."

Alex laughed coldly. "So if she's unfit to be governor... who's more fitting? You?"

Charles sneered, his voice sharp with venom.

"You guessed it right. When I kill you and finish Guise's revenge, his last will gives me the right to be governor of Paris State."

Alex almost laughed at the absurdity. He turned to Alfred and Kelly, his expression dark.

"Charles? Governor of Paris? And you two support this madness? You actually back him?"

Alfred shrugged, cold and dismissive.

"He's my son. He has every right to become governor. And I warn you, Alex-this has nothing to do with you."

Alex's eyes hardened. "He wants to kill me, Alfred. That makes it my business."

His gaze shifted to Kelly. "And you? You stand with him too?"

Kelly met Alex's eyes without flinching. Her voice was icy, deliberate.

"If it means Sophia goes down, then yes, I'll support him. He's a Kingston, and so am I. We Kingstons protect each other."

A deep disappointment carved itself into Alex's chest. He stared at her, then shook his head.

"I expected more from you," he said quietly, and walked out, leaving them behind. Hours later, Alex stepped into the dim light outside the clinic.

The night sky stretched above him, stars scattered like distant fires, but none of them gave him direction.

He stood alone, his mind heavy with betrayal.

His dream was simple once: Jasmine Kingston, Alfred Kingston, Kelly Kingston, Lyra Thompson, and Sophia Lancaster-all allies, building states together, a united force strong enough to guide the country.

But now that dream was crumbling.

Alfred and Kelly, both state governors, had chosen to side with Charles in his claim for Paris. Sophia would stand her ground, supported by Lyra, her closest friend.

And Jasmine? She was already under Alfred's control, her fate tangled in his schemes-her marriage promised to Logan, heir of Manhattan State, a man who commanded a vast private military force.

Alex clenched his fists. The dream he once held slipped through his fingers like sand, scattering into nothing.

All that remained was disappointment, sharp and bitter.

"Alex."

A voice broke through the silence. He turned and saw Josephine walking toward him, her figure soft against the cold night.

"Josephine?" He was caught off guard. "What are you doing here?"

She smiled gently. "I could ask you the same. You've been standing here in the cold for a long time."

"I..." Alex struggled to explain, but before he could, Josephine stepped closer and wrapped her arms around him.

"What-" Alex froze, shocked.

"You," Josephine whispered, her voice trembling with emotion. "You looked like you wanted to cry. There's so much sadness in your eyes."

Alex stilled, her words cutting deep.

Was he truly wearing his grief so openly?

"Everything will be alright," Josephine said softly, her embrace warm against the night.

"You've carried too much for too long. Don't force yourself. I'll always be here for you. Whatever you need, just tell me."

For the first time in hours, Alex's lips curved into a faint smile. He held her close, whispering, "Thank you."

And in that moment, he felt something he hadn't felt in years-home.

Not in power, not in glory, but in the quiet strength of someone who chose to stand beside him.

For a man who bore the weight of the world, sometimes that was all it took to keep fighting.

In the dimly lit living room, Charles leaned back on the sofa, his voice sharp and hungry.

"Wouldn't it be faster if we just kill Sophia? That way, the governorship falls to me immediately."

Across from him, Kelly sat with her arms crossed, her eyes cold and calculating. "There's another way," she said, her tone smooth as a blade.

"Marry her. If you do, you'll still end up governor-and with less blood on your hands. It's cleaner."

Charles's eyes widened, sudden clarity flashing across his face. He leaned forward, almost grinning.

"Yes... perfect. A win-win. Either way, I become governor. But I'll need your help."

Kelly's lips curled into a sneer, her voice dripping with venom.

"To destroy Sophia, I'll do anything."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 393[1,540 words]

In the Prescott family's estate in Lexington, the air was thick with dread.

On the grand bed lay Samuel Prescott, the bald, aging patriarch. His once- commanding frame had withered, his skin pale as parchment, his breath shallow and labored.

Around him, the Prescott bloodline gathered in tense silence, their faces shadowed with worry.

"Benjamin!" Henry's voice cracked as he paced the floor, his nerves unraveling. "Father was fine yesterday. How could he collapse so suddenly?"

Benjamin's jaw tightened. "Don't start pointing fingers at me," he snapped.

"Father brought this on himself. Trying to break past level one hundred at his age —it was madness. No one's ever done it, and now look where it's gotten him."

Henry stopped in his tracks, fists clenched, his face twisted with helpless anger. "Why does he keep pushing himself like this?"

A sudden cry split the air. "Grandfather's coughing up blood!" Frederick Prescott, Benjamin's broad-shouldered son, lurched forward, eyes wide with shock.

"We need Dr. Owen," Benjamin cut in sharply. "He's the only one who can stabilize him. So why isn't he here yet?"

"Uncle!" Lawrence forced his way to the front, his hands trembling as he held out a small pill in an open box. "I have a healing pill-please, let Grandfather take it!"

Frederick's eyes narrowed at the pill. "That thing looks dangerous. Where the hell did you get it?"

"From Lyra Thompson, the governor of Chicago," Lawrence replied, "This is a miracle pill."

Frederick let out a harsh laugh. "That scheming woman is selling miracle pills now? More like poison wrapped in a pretty shell."

"Grandfather is dying before our eyes!" Lawrence's voice rose, desperate.

"I paid everything I had-borrowed money even-to get this. I can't just watch him fade away without trying!"

"I said no!" Frederick's roar shook the chamber.

He slapped the pill from Lawrence's hand, the tiny bead clattering to the marble floor.

Before Lawrence could reach for it, Frederick ground it beneath his heel, crushing it to dust.

"We don't need your poison. You're not even worthy to stand here."

"You-" Lawrence's face flushed with fury, his hands curling into fists.

"What?" Frederick stepped forward, chest swelling, fists raised. His thick arms bulged with barely restrained violence. "You want to fight me over this?"

The room stilled. Everyone knew the truth.

The Prescotts were a family forged in war, their legacy carved by martial strength. Frederick, powerful and proud, embodied that heritage.

Lawrence, slight and bookish, did not.

One punch from Frederick would break him in half. In the family's eyes, Lawrence was a shadow, tolerated only because he kept quiet.

"Frederick, you've gone too far!" Lawrence's voice shook, but not with fear-with rage. He had nothing of the heir's swagger, no hope of standing tall in the contest for succession.

All he wanted was to save the old man who had once carried him on his shoulders, who had been more than a patriarch—he had been his world.

Lawrence had sacrificed everything, emptied his pockets, begged and borrowed, for that single pill.

And now Frederick had destroyed it before his eyes.

"Nonsense!" Benjamin barked, puffing up with arrogance. "My son only cares about his grandfather's safety. Who knows what poison you tried to sneak in here?"

"That's right," Frederick added smugly, folding his arms with his father's backing.

"What if you're plotting to harm Grandfather? That pill of yours looked more like poison than medicine."

"Enough!" Henry's tone cracked like a whip. His authority silenced the room. "Father is dying, and you're bickering like children. What do you think you're doing?"

The tense silence broke when the butler rushed in, breathless. "They're here! Dr. Jonathan Owen has arrived!"

At once, Benjamin hurried forward. "Doctor Owen, thank God. Please, you must save my father."

He ushered the physician to the bedside.

"Remain calm, all of you," Jonathan said.

He set down his bag, took Samuel's wrist with practiced care, and placed his instruments against the old man's fading pulse.

The room held its breath.

Minutes passed before Jonathan finally spoke, his brow furrowed deep with concern. "His nerves... they're shattered. He pushed himself far beyond his limits in pursuit of advancement. I'm afraid..."

He exhaled, grim and final. "With my skills, there is little I can do."

"What?" Henry's face drained of color. "Doctor Owen, you are the best physician in the country. If even you can't help him, then who can?"

"I am sorry." Jonathan's voice was low, steady, and filled with regret.

He shook his head, rose from the bedside, and began to gather his things.

"Wait." He stopped suddenly, his nose twitching. His head turned slowly as he inhaled.

"What is this...? Such a strong medicinal scent. Tell me do you have a miracle healing pill here?"

"What miracle healing pill?" Frederick sneered, his tone sharp with mockery. "If we had such a thing, do you think we'd just stand around? Don't waste our time."

But Jonathan ignored him. He scanned the room, eyes sharp, until they landed on the crushed remnants on the floor. His face froze, then twisted with anguish. "No..." His voice cracked. "What have you done?"

In a heartbeat, the dignified doctor dropped to his knees. He scraped the powder off the marble with his bare hands, frantic, desperate, as though each grain of dust were life itself.

His composure shattered, he didn't care how he looked. "What a waste! What a terrible, unforgivable waste!"

The Prescott family stared, stunned into silence. To see the most respected physician in the nation groveling on the floor for a handful of dust—was this madness?

"Dr. Owen... what is going on?" Benjamin finally asked, baffled.

Jonathan's head snapped up, his eyes blazing with fury. "What's going on? How dare you ask me that? You destroyed a miracle pill!" His voice thundered with outrage.

"Do you have any idea what you've done? This isn't just medicine—it's a treasure beyond price. Rare, priceless, and blessed by fate itself! And you fools—" he jabbed a trembling finger at them—"you crushed it into dirt! Who is the idiot responsible for this crime?"

Frederick sneered, pointing at the crumbled dust on the floor. "Mr. Owen, are you serious? How could that white, broken thing be a miracle pill? It looks more like poison than medicine."

Jonathan's head snapped toward him, his eyes burning with contempt. "If your grandfather had taken this pill, his life could have been saved!"

"What?" The word fell from every mouth at once. Faces drained of color.

Shock rippled through the room like a thunderclap.

None of them truly understood what a miracle pill was, but Jonathan's fury and reverence made one thing clear—this was no ordinary medicine.

"You wastrels!" Jonathan roared, his voice trembling with rage. "Do you realize what you've done? That pill was priceless! A rare treasure that could turn back death itself—and you crushed it underfoot like garbage!"

His heart ached as he scraped together the remaining dust, his fingers trembling. The powder had scattered across the marble, too little to reform, already tainted and useless.

He clenched it in his palm, his face twisted with grief.

Lawrence's voice broke through, sharp and furious. "Frederick! Look at the disaster you caused! You destroyed the only thing that could save Grandfather. How will you answer for this?"

Frederick marched straight up to Lawrence and slapped him across the face, the sound echoing through the room.

"You worthless coward! If you truly had a miracle pill, you should have given it to Father at once. Instead, you hesitated, and now you dare blame me? Grandfather's suffering is on you!"

Lawrence staggered, his cheek blazing red. Anger shook through him, but his fists hung useless at his sides. He had no strength, no power in this family.

Benjamin pressed on, defending Frederick with venom. "Enough whining! It's just a pill. If it's gone, we'll get another one. Why make such a spectacle?" Lawrence's eyes flared. "Uncle, do you think this is a head of cabbage from the market? Do you think we can simply buy another? That pill was a gift-rare, irreplaceable. Who knows if I'll ever find another one?"

Henry waved a hand dismissively. "Lawrence, don't waste time arguing. Grandfather's life is what matters. Contact Lyra Thompson immediately. Tell her to send more of those pills at once!"

Lawrence bit down hard, swallowing his rage. He pulled out his phone and dialed.

"Lyra," he said urgently when she answered, "it's Lawrence. We gave Grandfather the pill you entrusted to me—but it was destroyed before he could take it. He's critical. Please, I need another, as soon as possible."

On the other end, Lyra's voice softened with regret.

"Lawrence, I'm sorry. The master who refined that pill has stopped making them. What you had might have been the last one in existence. People guard them like treasure."

Lawrence's chest tightened. "Then give me the master's contact. Perhaps he has some left. Anything—I'll beg if I must."

"I'll try to reach him," Lyra replied cautiously. "But don't pin too much hope on it."

Then, after a pause, she switched lines and called Alex.

Her tone shifted, sharper now, urgent and political. "Alex, Sophia and I have forged an alliance, but the Kingstons are pressing us hard—we're losing ground."

"The governor of Lexington-Samuel Prescott-can still be saved. If you help us heal him, he'll be bound to support our cause."

On the other end, Alex's sigh was heavy, reluctant. "Lyra... I've left politics behind.

I don't want to be dragged back into that swamp."

"Alex, listen to me," Lyra pressed, her voice trembling with desperation.

"If you don't help us, the Kingstons will crush us. Sophia and I could end up dead

at their hands! Please, Alex."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 394[1,598 words]

Alex stood in silence, caught between two sides-on one end, the Kingstons, and on the other, Sophia and Lyra.

All he wanted was peace, but they were pulling each other apart, and he didn't know where to place his support.

"Alex," Lyra said urgently, "the Kingstons are attacking us through the media, through the people, every way they can. They want Charles to become Governor of Paris."

"We've done nothing wrong, yet they're striking at us nonstop. Can you help us? You're our only hope."

Her voice cracked with desperation. "If we can't stop them, we'll die, Alex. I'll give you my body if that's what it takes. Just give us the Lexington family's support."

"Fine," Alex finally broke his silence. "I don't have the miracle pill, but I can treat him myself."

Deep down, he knew the truth-this country needed stability above all else.

He would not allow it to collapse into civil war, not now, not when the Kingstons and Sophia with Lyra were already standing on the razor's edge of war.

"Thank you, Alex," Lyra blurted out, almost too quickly. Then, with a sly twist, she added, "I didn't know you wanted my body that badly. I'm always ready for you." "Forget that," Alex snapped. "No one wants your body." He cut the call.

Lyra stared at the phone, her pride stinging.

"That hurt, you bastard," she muttered.

She turned to Sophia, still smarting. "Sophia, don't you think I have a sexy body? How could that stupid man not want me? It hurts!"

Sophia had overheard the entire call.

"Will it be okay to let Alex handle this?" Sophia asked quietly, doubt heavy in her voice. "We'll owe him more than we can repay."

"Damn it, Sophia," Lyra groaned, collapsing onto the sofa with a heavy thud. "Look at us—we're beautiful women. He's a gentleman. Saving two desperate women like us—that's practically written into his job description."

Sophia's frown deepened. "Still... it feels wrong. We're leaning on him too much."

Lyra's laugh cut the air, sharp and bitter. "Wrong? Please. The media will eat it up -a hero rescuing two gorgeous women. And if the price is our bodies? Then so be it."

She shrugged, as if offering herself was nothing. "If he asked for a threesome, I wouldn't say no. It'd be a new experience for him."

Sophia rolled her eyes. "You're insane, Lyra."

"I'm not insane," Lyra shot back, her sneer sharp. "We're governors now. We're rich, envied. If the price is a night of passion, that's still a profit."

"Lyra, you sound like a cheap whore," Sophia said coldly.

Lyra leaned in, her eyes flashing.

"Cheap whores sell themselves for a few bucks. Foolish whores give themselves for love and walk away with nothing. But me? I'm no whore-I'm a lady. When I give my body, it's to secure power, to claim a state. There's nothing cheap about that."

Sophia stared at her, baffled by the twisted logic. "I'd rather give myself to a man I love."

"You? Love?" Lyra burst out laughing, her voice sharp and mocking.

"You've got too much doubt rotting inside you, Sophia. That kind of poison kills love before it even begins."

"Lyra, you talk as if you understand love," Sophia said, her brow furrowed.

"Of course I do," Lyra smirked. "I love gold. I love wealth. If a ninety-year-old man came to me and promised I'd never have to work again, all I'd have to do is love him? I'd do it. That's love, Sophia-real love."

"You're insane," Sophia snapped.

"I'm not insane," Lyra replied with a wide, almost playful smile. "When a man like Alex walks into my life, that's true love. I know it when I see it."

"Don't forget-Alex is poor," Sophia reminded her flatly.

Lyra's smile deepened. Even with Sophia being her closest friend, there were truths better left unspoken-like the fact that Alex was anything but poor.

He was disgustingly rich. But she kept it to herself. "Whatever you believe, Sophia, that's your reality."

Meanwhile, a private jet sliced through the clouds at top speed, racing back to Lexington State.

The moment it landed at the Prescott mansion, a young man hurried forward.

"Are you Master Alex?" Lawrence asked breathlessly, his face lighting up with relief as Alex stepped off the plane Lyra had arranged.

"I've been waiting for you. Please, come this way."

He led Alex with the utmost respect, his every step quick and eager. But before they could reach Samuel's room, a broad figure stepped into their path.

Frederick.

He blocked the way with his bulk, his eyes narrowing as he sized Alex up and down.

"This is the so-called master who made the miracle pill?" he sneered. "Looks like a boy to me. Are you sure you didn't just hire some fraud to cover up your mistakes?"

"Frederick, not now," Lawrence warned sharply. "This master was sent by Governor Lyra herself."

But Frederick ignored him, his eyes fixed on Alex with cold disdain. "He looks like a scammer to me."

"Stop this, Frederick."

Instead, Frederick shoved Lawrence aside with one heavy arm and loomed over Alex. "According to the rules, we frisk anyone who enters. Hands up. Against the wall. Now."

"Frisk me?" Alex's brows drew together, his voice heavy with displeasure.

"Of course," Frederick barked, stepping closer. "Who the hell do you think you are, waltzing straight into the governor's room? You could be carrying a weapon, or poison."

Alex's eyes hardened. "You invite me here to heal your grandfather, yet treat me like a criminal. Is that how the Prescott family shows its gratitude?"

"I didn't invite you," Frederick shot back smugly. "You're a stranger, and strangers get searched. I don't care who you think you are."

"Frederick!" Lawrence's face darkened. "Don't go too far. I can vouch for him. If anything happens, I'll take full responsibility."

"You?" Frederick barked a laugh, then slapped Lawrence across the face so hard

it left a red mark blooming on his cheek.

"The only thing you can take is my handprint."

Something inside Alex snapped. His eyes narrowed, his presence shifting like a storm breaking loose.

In an instant, he released a wave of aura-silent but devastating.

Frederick's body went rigid, his eyes rolled back, and he crumpled to the floor with a heavy thud.

Lawrence froze, one hand still pressed to his stinging cheek. "What... what happened to him?"

"I don't know. Maybe karma caught him," Alex said coolly, his gaze lingering on Frederick's limp body.

He wondered how a man so arrogant could stand tall when, with just a flicker of power, he could have ended him in seconds.

"Alex, don't waste another second on him. Please, come inside," Lawrence urged, his voice tight with urgency. He pulled Alex straight to the room.

"Do you have the miracle pill? Give it to me-now," Benjamin demanded, stepping forward the moment he saw them enter, his eyes burning with impatience.

Alex shook his head. "Making a miracle pill isn't easy. The next batch won't be ready until next year. Right now, there are none."

Benjamin's brows drew together. "If you don't have the pill, then why the hell did you even come?"

"I came to treat the patient," Alex said flatly.

"You?" Benjamin's tone turned icy, his voice cutting like a blade.

"Don't you think you're too young to be trusted with this? Don't blame me if I don't

warn you. You'd better cure my father. If not-there's no way you'll leave this house alive."

Alex stopped dead in his tracks, his gaze cold, his tone casual yet sharp enough to slice through the tension.

"I'm a man who gets offended easily, and I don't handle pressure well. Since you've already tried to push me, my mental state is damaged. I won't treat him—

find someone else."

He turned as if to leave.

"No, no-please! Young man, don't take his words to heart." Henry leapt forward, grabbing Alex's arm, his voice cracking with desperation.

"There's no time left to save our father. We can't afford to drive you away."

Then he spun on his brother, face twisted with fury. "Benjamin, shut your damn mouth if you can't say anything useful!"

Benjamin stiffened, his pride bruised, but he swallowed his words.

Alex looked around the room. "If you truly want me to treat him, you'll need to meet one of my requirements."

Henry frowned. "Requirement? We already promised to Lyra that if you could heal our father, we'd support Governors Sophia and Lyra against the Kingstons." "That was before I was threatened-twice before I even set foot in this room. My mental state has already taken enough damage." Alex's voice was calm, almost mocking. "Now, if you want me to continue, I'll need additional compensation." "Money-grubber!" Benjamin spat, his lip curling in disgust. "How much filthy cash do you want to bleed from us?"

Alex raised his hand, spreading five fingers.

"Five million dollars?" Benjamin scoffed. "Kid, don't you think you're being greedy? How dare you ask for five million?"

"Who said I wanted five million?" Alex's tone was cold, matter-of-fact. "I want fifty million."

The room erupted.

"What?"

"Fifty million dollars?"

Benjamin's face contorted in disbelief. "Are you out of your damn mind? Why don't you just rob a bank while you're at it?"

Alex leaned back slightly, his eyes narrowing with a faint, dangerous smile.

"Now my mental health has been assaulted again. The price just doubled. One hundred million."

He lifted a single finger as if he were asking for nothing more than a cup of tea. From the corner, Frederick, who had just regained consciousness, pushed himself up, his fury boiling over. "Are you joking with us? A hundred million? Do you even want to leave this place alive?"

Alex glanced at him, unfazed. "Your yelling just made it worse. Two hundred million." He raised another finger without even blinking.

Every insult, every shout, sent the price higher.

"You-!" Frederick and Benjamin's rage nearly exploded.

"Enough!" Henry's face had gone pale, his voice thunderous. "Both of you, shut your damn mouths before you kill our father with your stupidity!"

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 395[1,203 words]

"Uncle," Frederick snapped.

"How could you stand on this loser's side? He dares demand two hundred million from us? Why don't we just drag him out and torture him?"

"Loser? Torture me?" Alex let out a low, weary laugh and rubbed his temple as if Frederick's words gave him a headache.

He raised a single finger, his eyes narrowing. "Three hundred million. If not, I'm walking out right now to heal my emotional hurt. Goodbye."

He turned toward the door without hesitation.

"Who allowed you to come and go as you please!"

Frederick lunged for him, but before he could touch Alex, Henry's fist smashed into Frederick's face with a heavy thud that echoed through the room.

Frederick staggered back, crashing to the floor.

His eyes widened in disbelief. "Uncle... why did you hit me?"

"You useless fool!" Henry's voice thundered. His face was dark with fury.

"Every time you open your mouth, filth spills out. Get the hell out if you can't control yourself!"

"Henry, that was too much." Benjamin's voice was low, his brow furrowed with anger at seeing his son struck.

"You shut up too!" Henry's glare cut into him like a blade.

"Our father's life hangs by a thread, and the help we need is right here! Yet you two are squabbling like children. If something happens to Father, can you bear that responsibility?"

Benjamin bristled, but Henry wasn't finished. His voice shook with cold rage.

"This should've been simple. We could've resolved it without spending a dime. But your idiot son provoked him, and now the price has risen to three hundred million."

"If I let him continue, Alex might demand even more. Are you ready to pay that?"

At that, father and son fell silent, shame and fear flickering across their faces.

The Prescott family's pride was martial strength, and at its center stood Samuel Prescott-the governor of Lexington, a martial master at the legendary level ninety-nine.

His very presence kept their enemies at bay and the state secure. If he died, the Prescott family would collapse, and their enemies would come crashing down to destroy them.

Henry turned to Alex, his voice firm and respectful.

"Young man, I apologize. I failed to teach my family proper manners. Please forgive their insults. Three hundred million is nothing compared to my father's life. Save him, and the money is yours."

Alex's lips curved into a faint, cold smile. "Wise choice. For a family as wealthy and powerful as the Prescotts, three hundred million is nothing. And don't forget- your promise to Lyra still stands."

Frederick's eyes burned with barely restrained hatred, a flicker of killing intent flashing before he quickly buried it. He clenched his fists, forcing himself to stay quiet.

"Young man," Henry pressed, his tone tight but polite, "as long as you save Father, we'll honor both conditions. Please... begin."

Alex didn't answer. Instead, he stepped closer, placing his hand gently on Samuel's frail one.

Closing his eyes, he read the old man's body with silent precision.

Samuel had tried to break through to the fabled level one hundred, but without proper technique or guidance, he had nearly torn his body apart from within.

Alex drew in a deep breath. His energy stirred, a tide of power flowing into Samuel's broken channels.

Slowly, carefully, he seized the chaos ravaging the governor's body, redirecting it, forcing the wild energy back into order, guiding it toward the correct meridians.

Since Alex had already surpassed level 100, guiding Samuel's chaotic energy past the final barrier was child's play.

His control was precise, unshakable, like a master musician tuning an instrument.

Within minutes, Samuel's body convulsed, his head snapping back as he spat out a thick mouthful of dark, clotted blood.

His eyes rolled back, and he slumped into unconsciousness again.

The nurse hurried forward, quickly moving to wipe away the blood. Alex calmly withdrew his hand.

"All the dead blood has been expelled. He's out of immediate danger. But his body's still riddled with internal injuries-it'll take time before he fully recovers."

He added, sharp and deliberate, "Do not wake him for at least an hour. His energy is still circulating. Disturb him now, and it could spiral into chaos. If that happens, even I won't be able to save him. That's it. Now, about my payment."

Benjamin stepped forward, his expression cautious. "The matter of payment isn't an issue. But we need to confirm my father's condition first."

He gave a discreet signal with his eyes.

Their family doctor rushed forward, crouched beside Samuel, and quickly activated all the medical equipment attached to him.

His brow furrowed, then his eyes suddenly widened as he stared at the monitor.

He froze in place.

"Well?" Henry demanded, his voice a whip crack. "What's wrong with my father?" The doctor blinked, then broke into a stunned smile.

"No, no—there's nothing wrong. Mr. Prescott's pulse is steady. The stagnant blood has been purged, and even the torn meridians show signs of repairing themselves. It's... it's incredible!"

"Damn it!" Frederick cursed, his face flushing red.

"Can't you finish your sentence without scaring us half to death?" His frustration burned, because deep inside he knew-if Samuel had died, he could've justified killing Alex on the spot.

Alex's voice was cool, detached. "Your doctor has confirmed it. He'll recover. That's all that matters."

Henry stepped forward and bowed his head slightly. "Young man, it's thanks to you that my father still breathes. You have our gratitude."

Alex gave a thin smile. "Save the thanks. You paid me to do a job, and I did it. Just don't forget what you promised Lyra."

Henry nodded. "Of course. Please, go to the living room and rest a while. Benjamin, withdraw the money for him."

Benjamin's jaw clenched, but he nodded. "Yes."

He shot Alex a lingering look before turning on his heel.

Alex followed a servant to the living room. Ten minutes later, Benjamin and

Frederick entered, carrying a black leather bag.

"Young man, here is your reward," Benjamin said coldly, tossing the bag at him.

Alex caught it, set it on the table, and unzipped it.

His eyes hardened instantly. "Did you make a mistake? I asked for three hundred million. This is three hundred thousand."

"Of course not." Frederick's sneer twisted his face.

"I checked into you myself. You're just some back-alley doctor from the slums. The most you've ever charged is thirty bucks, maybe."

"And now you're holding three hundred thousand in your hands. You should be grateful. Hell, I doubt you've ever seen this much money in your pathetic life."

Alex's tone turned to ice. "We agreed on three hundred million. It will be three hundred million-not a penny less."

Frederick's nostrils flared. His glare was venomous. "You little brat! Don't push your luck. You may not leave this place alive."

Alex's eyes narrowed, his voice cutting like steel. "So that's it? You break your word and threaten me? Is this what the Prescott family stands for?" Benjamin stepped closer, his sneer dripping with arrogance. "So what if it is? Look around you. You're in our house. Open your eyes and understand where you stand."

Alex let out a low laugh, shaking his head.

"I never thought the mighty Prescott family would stoop so low. All this prestige, all this power, and yet... you're nothing but liars and cheats. Truly disappointing." Frederick's face twisted in rage. He'd been waiting for this moment, any excuse to strike.

"How dare you insult our family name!" he roared, and with a snarl, he swung his massive fist straight toward Alex's face.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 396[979 words]

"Frederick! You can't hit Alex!" Lawrence rushed in, grabbing Frederick's arm just as it swung toward Alex.

"Shut the hell up!" Frederick snarled.

He seized Lawrence by the collar and flung him aside like trash.

But Lawrence scrambled to his feet and stood in front of Alex again, shielding him with his own body.

"So that's it? You forget your family and protect this bastard?" Frederick's fists clenched, trembling with rage as he raised his arm again.

"He healed Grandfather-don't forget that. If you lay a hand on him, I'll call my father," Lawrence warned, his voice trembling yet firm.

"And you know exactly what will happen then."

The threat cut through Frederick's fury. There were only two men in the family he feared his grandfather, and second, Henry.

"Fine." Frederick spat the word like venom.

"Then tell that fake doctor to get out. We've already paid him. If he doesn't leave in a minute, he won't leave at all."

Alex laughed coldly, picked up the bag of money, and hurled it at Frederick's face. "Use this to buy your coffin. I don't want it."

The bag smacked hard against Frederick's face.

To everyone's shock, he staggered, rolled his eyes back, and collapsed, fainting on the floor.

"You hit my son! You're asking for death!" Benjamin roared, fury blazing in his eyes.

He raised a fist to crush Alex. Their family lived by martial arts-every argument was one step away from bloodshed.

Alex's own blood boiled, his fists twitching, but he knew if he fought back, any fragile diplomacy with the Lyra family would shatter.

"Guards!" Lawrence shouted, desperate but clever. "Uncle Benjamin is about to strike our guest!"

In seconds, armored guards stormed the hall, forming a wall between Benjamin and Alex.

"This fraud dared hit my son and insult our family. Don't stop me from killing him!" Benjamin thundered.

"Uncle, this is happening because you refused to pay him as agreed!" Lawrence shot back.

"I was ready to give him three hundred million! But after his insolence, he won't get a single cent. I'll take his arms instead!" Benjamin's voice shook the walls. He pointed at Alex.

"Guards, seize him. Break both his arms!"

"No! Stop!" Lawrence cried. But the guards hesitated only a moment-Benjamin's authority outweighed Lawrence's weakness.

They moved toward Alex.

Lawrence darted in front of them again, spreading his arms wide.

"Uncle, what are you doing? Alex is a benefactor to the Prescott family! Aren't you afraid of Grandfather's wrath if you harm him?"

"You insolent brat! You protect a man who dares slander us?" Benjamin's rage grew blacker. "Fine. Then I'll discipline you myself-in your father's place!"

Frederick, regaining consciousness, staggered up, face twisted in rage, charging at Alex.

"Stop it, Benjamin!" A voice boomed from the doorway. "I'll be the one to discipline my son."

All eyes turned. Henry stood there, calm yet terrifying.

Benjamin froze. Frederick too. Fear drained the color from their faces.

"What kind of chaos is this," Henry's voice was sharp, "while Father is still recovering?"

Lawrence rushed to him, relief flooding his face. "Father, it's them. They don't want to pay."

Lawrence told Henry everything, slowly but clearly.

Henry let out a long sigh. When he turned, Benjamin and Frederick were already slipping quietly out of the living room.

They knew exactly why they didn't want to pay the three hundred million, and they feared Henry's temper if he pressed the matter.

Henry could only shake his head at the disgrace of his family.

"Young man," Henry said at last, turning to Alex, "I'll order the treasury to prepare the three hundred million. Please wait here."

He looked at Lawrence. "Son, tell Mr. Smith to bring a check for three hundred million."

"Yes, Father." Lawrence bowed his head and left to carry out the order.

Meanwhile, Benjamin and Frederick hurried down the hall toward Samuel's room.

"Did you see Henry?" Frederick hissed. "He's about to hand that bastard three hundred million! Money that should be ours!"

Benjamin's jaw tightened. "Damn waste."

"Father, let's expose the fake doctor's trick," Frederick said suddenly, eyes flashing.

"How?" Benjamin frowned.

"He told us not to wake Grandfather

for an hour. Think about it—he just wants to stall, take the money, and disappear. But what if Grandfather dies in that

disappear our? No? We need to

wake him now." FindNovels

Benjamin hesitated. "But he was clear-Grandfather must not be disturbed."

"Father, do you really believe him?" Frederick snapped.

"He's just a nobody, a small-clinic doctor. He's lying to scam three hundred million and vanish within the hour." He reached for the door and shoved it open, striding Samuel's bed. FindNovels

"What are you doing?" Benjamin asked, still uneasy.

"I'll wake him myself. If he can open his eyes, then he's fine."

"Grandfather." Frederick grabbed Samuel's shoulders and shook him. After a few pushes, Samuel's eyes flicked open.

But something was wrong. Terribly wrong. His eyes were blood-red, veins bursting like fire across them.

At that moment, Alex was still waiting with Henry when a servant ran in, pale and shaking.

"Mr. Henry! Something's wrong! Mr. Prescott-he's gone mad!"

"What?" Henry shot up, his face drained of color.

Without another word, he bolted, guards rushing behind him. Samuel was the pillar of their family. Any disaster involving him could destroy everything.

FindNovels

But as soon as they reached the front room, the world exploded.

Literally exploded.

A deafening blast ripped through half the mansion, tearing it into rubble and leaving a smoking crater.

In the center of the destruction stood Samuel.

His body trembled, his eyes glowing red like burning coals. He swung one hand, and an entire wall of the mansion collapsed in an instant.

The more he moved, the more devastation followed-each strike tearing the mansion apart piece by piece.

Even Henry, a high-level superhuman, stood frozen.

Against Samuel-the living legend, level ninety-nine-they had no chance. All they could do was retreat.

Samuel raged blindly, smashing everything in sight, destroying without thought or mercy.

"What's happening?" Henry's voice cracked with panic. "Alex! You said my grandfather was stable!"

Alex's eyes stayed calm, though his voice was heavy.

"Someone woke him before the hour was up." He looked at Samuel with a sorrowful gaze and sighed.

"Truly unfortunate for the Prescott family. You've just lost your best chance."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 397[1,016 words]

"Is my father's life in danger?" Henry's voice cracked, panic spilling out.

"No," Alex answered firmly.

"Your father isn't in any life-threatening danger. He's as strong as a million bulls. Honestly, I doubt any of you could stop him right now."

"Then what's happening to him?" Henry demanded.

"He tried to break through level one hundred," Alex explained.

"He used an extremely rare elixir-its power is overwhelming. If he had stayed asleep, the energy would have fused safely. But someone woke him early."

"Now that energy is flooding his body. He can't contain it. That's why he's destroying everything in sight. When the elixir burns out, the power will fade, and he'll return to normal."

The mansion, once proud and imposing, now looked like a war zone.

"Explode!" Samuel roared, his eyes bloodshot, his face twisted into a savage mask.

He tore through walls, crushed pillars, splintered trees-anything in his path was reduced to rubble.

"Guards uick! Stop Mr. Prescott!" Benjamin's shout was hoarse with fear.

Guards rushed in, shields raised. Samuel's palm lashed out, and the impact sent them crashing through the air, blood spraying from their mouths.

He bellowed like a wild beast, and with every strike, men were flung like rag dolls. None could stand against him.

Screams filled the courtyard, but Samuel's fury was unstoppable.

"Oh no! Grandfather has gone mad!" Frederick shouted, running to Henry's side.

His eyes darted toward Alex, blazing with suspicion. "Uncle! It's that kid! He's the one who drove Grandfather insane. Capture him!"

"That's right!" Benjamin snarled, his voice trembling with rage.

"I knew this boy had evil intentions. He poisoned Father, and now look at him! He must be punished!"

"Don't accuse Alex without proof!" Lawrence snapped. "I refuse to believe he'd do such a thing."

Henry turned to Alex, his brow furrowed. "Young man, you told me my father was fine. Why has he lost control?"

"I have told you. Someone woke him up before the hour was complete," Alex said coldly.

"No one woke Grandfather!" Frederick shouted back.

Alex's eyes narrowed. "Was it you?"

"Shut your mouth!" Frederick barked, pointing a trembling finger. "You're the one who caused this, and now you dare blame us?"

Samuel slammed his fists into the ground, the impact tearing a massive crater into the earth. Dust and stone exploded into the air.

"Alex, please, do something!" Lawrence begged, desperation cutting through his voice.

"Just wait ten more minutes," Alex replied. "The power will burn out. He'll regain his senses."

"Ten minutes?" Frederick sneered.

"Look at him! My Grandfather could keep this up all day—ten minutes means nothing!" Frederick's voice dripped with venom. He jabbed a finger at Alex, eyes blazing.

"I see right through you. You're guilty, and every word out of your mouth is just another pathetic excuse!"

"Henry!" Benjamin growled, eyes blazing. "This bastard caused Father's condition. Stop wasting time-torture him until he confesses!"

"Enough! Shut your mouths!" Henry's brow knotted tight as he spun toward Alex.

"Young man, you claim to have exceptional medical skills. Tell me straight—can you do anything to help my father regain control?"

"I already told you," Alex said, his voice calm, steady. "All you can do is wait eight more minutes."

"If he doesn't regain consciousness in eight minutes, you're dead," Frederick spat, his face twisted with contempt.

"Fine," Alex replied coolly. "But if he wakes exactly in eight minutes, you'll double my payment. Get six hundred million ready."

"You arrogant bastard!" Benjamin's glare could have frozen steel. "You've failed to heal him, and now you dare demand more money? You're digging your own grave."

"Believe what you want," Alex shot back.

"But when the old man wakes, he'll be far more dangerous for you than for me." He stepped back, putting distance between himself and Samuel's rampaging destruction.

"Guards!" Benjamin barked. "Seize him! If Father isn't awake in eight minutes, kill him where he stands."

And so, under tense silence, they let Samuel rage unchecked, tearing the world around him apart. Then, right on the mark, at the eighth minute, Samuel froze.

Everyone stared. Dust hung in the air. Alex's lips curled into a faint sneer.

"If I were you," he said coldly, "I'd start running. You've just awakened the wounded lion."

Confusion swept through the crowd, but before anyone could speak, Samuel's voice thundered like a storm. "Which bastard woke me!"

His eyes were bloodshot, glowing with fury, and they locked onto Benjamin. With terrifying speed, Samuel charged.

"Run! Grandfather is coming this way!" Frederick screamed, his voice breaking in panic.

Men scattered, tripping over

themselves. But Samuel moved

faster. In a heartbeat, he vaulted

ahead and landed before them

brocking their escape. His face was a mask of wrath. FindNovels

"Tell me!" he roared. "Which one of you dared to wake me from my sleep!"

"F-Father..." Benjamin stammered, his lips trembling. He had never seen Samuel this enraged. "We... we don't understand what you mean."

Samuel's chest heaved, his voice choked with rage.

"I was one step away from breaking through to level one hundred. Just minutes more of sleep, and the elixir's power would have pushed me through! But someone woke me too soon. The energy went wild, and I had no choice but to burn it all off!" Cóntent belongs to FindNovels

He stomped the ground-stone cracked like glass beneath his heel, webbing

outward in jagged lines. The air shook with the force of his fury.

"Do you understand?" Samuel's voice was raw with anguish.

"Now I can't attempt level one hundred again for ten years! All because of one of

you!" His fists clenched so tight his knuckles bled.

"I was a breath away. A single breath! I burned a ten-billion-dollar elixir, and it was working! With level one hundred, I could have risen

evenking!

above all - prime minister even king! And now it's gone!"

to FindNovels

He threw back his head and bellowed, "ARGHHH!" His scream rattled the air.

"Whoever did this-I'll kill you! Even if you are my family!"

Frederick's hand shot out, pointing directly at Alex. "It was him! He's the one who ruined you!"

Samuel's blazing eyes locked onto Alex. "So. You're the one."

His aura exploded outward in a violent surge. The sheer force blasted Benjamin, Henry, and Frederick off their feet, hurling them ten meters back like rag dolls.

With a roar, Samuel lunged at Alex, his fist swinging down with the weight of a mountain. "DIE!"

Alex's eyes sharpened, steel and fire flashing within them.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 398[1,233 words]

Samuel's eyes blazed red as he roared, "Die!"

His fist shot forward, a strike so fierce it seemed to tear the world apart.

The garden exploded into chaos. Trees bent and cracked like dry twigs, plants were ripped from the earth, and a storm of dust swirled upward as if a tornado had been born from his rage.

Then-boom.

The thunderous sound shook the ground as Alex calmly raised a single hand.

His palm met Samuel's earth-shattering punch, and the force vanished like smoke in the wind.

Samuel froze. His strength drained in an instant, leaving him standing there, hollow-eyed, staring at Alex in shock.

The garden fell into a deathly silence. Not a breath, not a whisper—just stunned faces watching the impossible unfold.

No one could believe it. Alex had stopped Samuel Prescott.

Samuel, the grandmaster. Level ninety-nine.

The man whose fists could splinter mountains, whose kicks could carve canyons. Across the nation, there were few—if any—who could take his strike head-on.

And within the Prescott family? No one.

"D... Did he just block it?" Frederick stammered, his eyes stretched wide, his disbelief plain as day.

To him, Samuel wasn't just strong—he was the peak of human power, the mountain no one could climb.

He had once watched his grandfather reduce a mountain peak to rubble with a single punch.

To imagine anyone—let alone a young doctor—standing unscathed after meeting Samuel's full force was madness.

"Oh, my God!" the butler gasped, his jaw slack.

The Prescott guards were no better, staring with mouths open.

They had dismissed Alex as just a genius physician—nothing more. Yet here he was, not only alive, but holding his ground against Samuel's deadliest blow.

"Who... who the hell is this man?" Henry muttered, sweat trickling down his temple.

Only moments ago, he had been certain Alex would be torn apart. Instead, Alex stood firm while his father's strike had collapsed into nothing.

Even Benjamin recoiled, his body trembling. "No... impossible!"

He shook his head as if denial could change what his eyes had seen. If this young stranger was stronger than his father, then death was already clawing at his throat.

"Father's strength must've burned out. He's spent from the rampage. That's the only reason!"

"Yes! That must be it!" Frederick jumped on the excuse, voice loud, desperate.

"Grandfather's been tearing this mansion apart for minutes. His strength is drained. That's why Alex could block it."

The others latched onto the thought like drowning men grabbing driftwood.

Nods spread through the crowd. Yes-Samuel had weakened. Yes-Alex was lucky. Yes there had to be an explanation.

Samuel himself stood trembling, his gaze locked on Alex. "Who... are you?"

His voice cracked with disbelief. He had poured everything into that strike.

Yet hitting Alex felt like striking the ocean-endless, immovable, swallowing his fury without leaving a trace.

Alex's voice was steady, calm. "I'm Alex. The man who saved your life. The doctor they brought here."

Samuel blinked, his bloodshot eyes narrowing. "You... you're the one who awakened me?"

"I told them to let you rest for an hour," Alex said, his voice cold, steady. "But someone ignored my words and forced you awake."

Henry stepped forward quickly. "Father, it wasn't him. He pulled you out of that coma and ordered everyone not to disturb you. I was with him when you woke up. If anyone's to blame, it isn't him."

Samuel's eyes swept across the crowd, hard and cutting like steel. "Then who did it?"

"Yeah!" Frederick barked, his voice breaking with fury. "Who woke my

grandfather? Whoever it was, you're dead once I find you!"

He jabbed a finger at one of the nurses. "It must've been you!"

The nurse flinched, shaking her head wildly. "No! It wasn't me—I wasn't even in the room!"

"Shut up!" Frederick snarled. His hand whipped across her face with a sharp crack.

"If not you, then who? Don't think you'll hide from me. The one who made my grandfather suffer—I'll tear them apart myself!"

Benjamin's eyes blazed with suspicion. "It must be you," he snarled, jabbing a finger at the doctor. Without warning, his boot lashed out.

The crack of bone echoed as the doctor's leg snapped under the force, his scream ripping the silence.

"You're the one who woke him, aren't you?" Benjamin roared, slamming his fist into the man's face.

The doctor's head whipped sideways, limp, his body collapsing like a ragdoll.

No one could tell if he had only fainted—or if Benjamin had beaten him past the edge of life.

"It must be you!" Frederick bellowed next, his fury unchecked. He seized another nurse by the arm, dragging her forward with murder in his eyes.

He raised his fist, ready to strike.

"Calm yourself, Frederick!" Benjamin barked, cutting in sharply.

"But Father-!" Frederick protested, his rage boiling over.

"Shut up," Benjamin snapped. Then he turned to Samuel, lowering his tone into something steadier, respectful.

"Father, I'll handle this. But with the mansion in ruins, the security's finished. Every camera, every drive-gone to ash. There's nothing left for us to see."

He lowered his head, his voice burning with false loyalty. "But I swear, we'll find

the one who dared wake you. And when we do, they'll beg for death."

"Yes, Father!" Frederick echoed fiercely.

Samuel's glare hardened. "Search the ruins. Whatever's left of the cameras, bring it to me."

"Yes, sir!" The Prescott guards and staff bowed and hurried out into the wreckage. Benjamin and Frederick exchanged a quick glance, their faces pale but resolute, then rushed after the others.

They had to destroy the evidence before anyone saw the truth.

When the area emptied, Samuel raised a hand. "Everyone else leave me. I want to speak with this man alone."

"Yes, Father," Henry and Lawrence said at once, bowing before following the others.

Now it was just Samuel and Alex.

Samuel studied him with sharp, knowing eyes. "I know who you are."

Alex tilted his head. "And what do you think you know?"

"You're Alex," Samuel said firmly.

"Once the king's most trusted executive in Kingswell. But you betrayed that trust You used the power of Kingswell to wipe out the Guise family-for a woman named

Sophia."

FindNovels

Alex gave a small shrug, almost careless. "Seems like everyone knows that story."

Samuel's jaw tightened. "You were

cast out, stripped of your rank. They called you the 'God's Hand,' the greatest healer of your age. Now they call you nothing A mans, disgraced. A man forgotten." FindNovels

"You're right," Alex replied evenly.

"I'm nothing more than a doctor

small clinic now, And you, Governor Samuel, would would be wise not to tangfe

Sself with trouble like me."

FindNovels

Samuel's breath trembled in his chest. Then, slowly-he dropped to one knee.

"Thank you," he said solemnly, bowing his head. "For saving my life... My king." Alex's face froze for a moment. Then he barked out a laugh, sharp and mocking. "You're joking. I'm just a small-town doctor."

But Samuel didn't flinch. "I am a level ninety-nine grandmaster. Few in this country can even stand against me. Yet you caught my full strike as if it were nothing." "You've already surpassed the

hundredth level. In this nation, there is only one who could stand above that threshold. And it is you... my king." Alex's voice dropped, steady and cold. "What are you saying, Samuel?"

"I, Samuel Prescott," he said, his voice heavy with oath, "swear loyalty to you. From this day, I am your man. Command me, and all that I am is yours."

Alex took a deep breath, his eyes narrowing.

"Then hear my command, Samuel. I want Kingston destroyed."

Samuel bowed lower, his voice a vow. "Then Kingston will fall."

Alex's eyes narrowed, his tone colder than steel. "Start with Kelly Kingston."

Samuel didn't even flinch. His head dipped in obedience, his voice low and certain.

"Then by tomorrow... she'll draw her last breath."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 399[1,266 words]

The next day, Samuel boarded his private plane and flew straight into Vermont.

As governor, Kelly Kingston had no choice but to greet him in person. She stood tall at the airstrip, forcing a diplomatic smile as the old war legend stepped down from the jet.

"Welcome to Vermont, Governor of Lexington," Kelly said, extending her hand with poise. "It's an honor to host a legend like you, Sir Samuel."

Samuel clasped her hand firmly, his eyes narrowing as he studied her.

"I've been told you're losing control. That the power you've gained is consuming you."

"What do you mean, Sir?"

"Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely."

Kelly's brow furrowed. "What are you suggesting, Sir?"

"You can throw the first punch if you want," Samuel said, his voice icy. "I don't make a habit of striking a woman before she strikes me."

"Excuse me?" Kelly blinked in shock. "I have no intention of attacking anyone."

"Then forgive me. I've got a job to finish," Samuel growled and his fist snapped forward without warning.

He used only a fraction of his strength, yet the strike was blindingly fast and brutally precise.

Kelly barely managed to block, her training snapping into action.

She countered with a swift kick, but Samuel caught her leg effortlessly and flung it aside.

Kelly stumbled back, gasping for breath. "Sir, what are you doing?" she shouted. "I'm going to kill you right here," Samuel declared, unleashing another savage jab. The raw force ripped through the air, making her bones scream as if they were already splintering under the pressure.

Kelly's guards sprang into action, drawing weapons. But Samuel's elite men moved faster, intercepting them.

"Don't even think about it," one of Samuel's guards barked.

"Don't try to stop us!" Kelly's guards roared, charging forward.

But within seconds they were overpowered-disarmed, slammed to the ground, and restrained with brutal efficiency.

Kelly was left alone, struggling to defend herself. Her body screamed in pain, but she refused to back down.

"Sir Samuel, I'm holding back out of respect for you," she warned, her voice trembling with both fury and fear.

"Then stop holding back," Samuel said coldly. "Because you're going to die today."

His fists and kicks came heavier, each one ripping a cry of pain from Kelly as she staggered under the assault.

Finally, she unleashed her full power, every ounce of strength blazing. But Samuel blocked and dodged effortlessly, his movements honed by decades of battle.

Then came his devastating swing. Kelly braced with both arms, but the impact shattered them instantly.

Her chest cracked with a sickening snap as ribs broke under the force.

Blood trickled from her lips as she stumbled back. In front of the legend, she could do nothing.

"Sir Samuel, why?" she coughed, forcing herself upright.

"I told you already," Samuel said, his voice like steel. "You've lost your purpose. You've strayed. And when a dog loses its way, someone has to show it where it belongs."

Kelly's eyes blazed. "I am the Governor of Vermont. How dare you look down on me!"

Samuel's boot slammed into her midsection, launching her thirty meters through the air.

She hit the ground hard, vomiting blood as her body convulsed from the shock.

"Believe me," Samuel said, his shadow looming over her broken body. "You're not the governor anymore."

Kelly gasped through the agony, her organs screaming in pain.

"You're just the governor of Lexington. You have no right to decide who governs Vermont."

"Exactly," Samuel barked, stepping closer, his fist cocked back.

"So tell me why the hell is the new governor of Vermont meddling in Paris state affairs? Why are you stirring up trouble for the entire country when you should be running your own state?"

Samuel sneered, his voice razor-sharp. "Do you really think you're strong enough to play in that league?"

"That's none of your business, Samuel."

Kelly's smartwatch suddenly buzzed.

Samuel halted, folding his arms across his chest. "You'd better take that call."

Her entire body throbbed with pain. All she wanted was a moment to breathe, and

if answering the phone bought her even a second of rest, she would take it.

"Hello?" Kelly rasped, blood still at the corner of her lips.

A cold voice came through. "This is the Home Secretary. I'm calling to inform you that, as of today, you are no longer the governor of Vermont. Jericho Kane has been re-appointed in your place."

Kelly froze, disbelief cutting through the pain.

"What? How can this happen?" She had always believed her position was untouchable.

"Remember," the Home Secretary

the

said flatly, "your authority was granted by the King to stabilize

Vermont But reports show you met

abused that power, using it to

destabilize the states for your own ends."

FindNovels

"Trying to spark a war with Paris and Chicago? You've really started thinking too

highly of yourself, haven't you?"

The line went dead.

Samuel smirked, his voice dripping with contempt. "Looks like someone just got kicked out of the governor's chair."

Kelly wiped her mouth, smearing the blood across her cheek.

"You're scheming behind my back to steal my seat. Don't forget—I'm a Kingswell agent. I'll take this to the King himself!"

She almost felt victorious saying it—until Samuel laughed, a deep, cruel sound.

He lunged forward, his fist hammering into her. The blow sent her body flying thirty meters, bones screaming as she crashed to the ground.

"You don't understand," Samuel said coldly. "You've been fired from Kingswell. Not just you-Alfred Kingston as well."

Kelly's vision swam. The pain was unbearable, but worse than the agony was the shock.

Alfred Kingston too? That could only mean one thing-the King had abandoned them.

"Impossible!" she gasped. "We served Kingswell faithfully. The King would never cast us aside!"

Samuel sneered. "Check your clearance. Your access is gone. All your authority- blocked."

With trembling fingers, Kelly pulled up her smartphone. Her heart sank as the truth appeared before her eyes.

Her clearance was revoked. She was out.

"How... how can this be?" she whispered.

Samuel tilted his head. "I heard you reported your superior, Alexander. Accused

him of misusing Kingswell for private business, didn't you?"

"He used it for Sophia Lancaster!" Kelly shouted, rage breaking through her despair.

"And what did he do?" Samuel snapped.

"He removed Guise's family from power because they were bleeding the people

dry. That was the King's purpose all along-to protect the citizens. Alexander followed the King's will."

"But you? You and Alfred twisted Kingswell to spy on Sophia, just to push Charles Kingston into the governor's seat."

Samuel grabbed a fistful of her hair and yanked her face up. His grip was iron, unshakable.

"You Kingston's twisted Kingswell and the state for your petty

ambitions stealing information and

attacking Sophia. For what? To ruin her? Just to push Charles Kingston into the governor's seat?" Samuel's eyes blazed with fury.

belongs to FindNovels

"Do you really think the Kingston name makes you royalty daring enough to play politics right in front of the King?"

"No..." Kelly struggled, her voice weak, but his grip only tightened.

"What do you mean, no?" Samuel's eyes burned. "The records are clear. You and Alfred are guilty of abuse. Both of you deserve prison."

"I... made no mistake..." she whispered.

Samuel's fist crashed into her stomach. Kelly gagged and vomited blood, her body folding around the blow.

"The King sent me here with one message," Samuel growled.

"Drop your arrogance. The state never belonged to the Kingston family or to you. It has always belonged to the King. Don't you dare start a war over your greed-people will die because of you." FindNovels

His words slashed like blades. "Know your place!"

Kelly's mind spun in chaos.

She remembered it all-how she had wielded her authority as governor and her

Kingswell rank to try and strip Sophia of her position.

And now it was she who had been stripped of everything.

'As you sow, so shall you reap.'

Her body gave out, crumpling to the ground, motionless.

Whether she was unconscious or dead, even she couldn't tell.

But the regret burned on, sharper than any wound-regret was always the most painful.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 400[1,375 words]

Alfred Kingston sat frozen in his office chair, staring at the blank screen in disbelief.

His access to the Kingswell website had been denied-locked out completely.

No matter how many times he refreshed, the result was the same. Every trace of his authority had vanished.

He had been expelled from the Kingswell organization, his authority stripped away as if the King himself had personally cast him aside.

Cold dread spread through his chest. He grabbed his phone and dialed his superior, his voice trembling when the line clicked.

"Sir... can you tell me what's happened to my Kingswell account? Is this some kind of backend error?"

"Alfred Kingston." The voice on the other end was heavy, deliberate, crushing.

"You should count yourself lucky. You've served His Majesty faithfully, and you've done well as governor. But what you've been doing with Kingswell's authority lately is unacceptable."

Alfred swallowed hard. "What do you mean, Sir? I don't understand."

"Kingswell was built to be the King's eyes and hands," the superior said.

"To protect the people. To expose corrupt governors and crooked officials. But you... you've twisted it."

"You used Kingswell to dig into Sophia's affairs. You spread lies to Paris State, smearing her name. Propaganda for your own gain. Using the King's power like it's your private weapon."

Sweat trickled down Alfred's temples. He had never dreamed they'd uncover his moves.

"Sir, I did this for the King—for a greater purpose."

"Really?" The superior's voice carried a bitter edge of amusement. "How exactly is that?"

"Sophia isn't fit to govern Paris," Alfred insisted, his voice rising with desperation.

"She has no experience, no real knowledge. She'll bring ruin. I was doing my duty —making sure she didn't create more trouble."

"Alfred," the man cut him off sharply, "do you take me for a fool? We know everything."

"You've been scheming with Logan Rothwell of Manhattan, trying to force your son into Paris State's seat—believing he could seize Guise's legacy by killing Alex. Don't forget—nothing is hidden from the King's eyes."

Alfred's chest tightened. "Sir, I swear... I only wanted what's best for the country."

A dry laugh echoed through the line. "For the country? Don't insult me. This isn't patriotism. It's greed—and it's eating you alive. And you dare dress it up as service to the realm?"

His laughter cut short, replaced by a voice that chilled Alfred to the bone. "Pathetic."

"Does this mean..." Alfred hesitated, each word dragged out like lead, "the King has taken Sophia's side in the Paris State case?"

"Listen carefully, Alfred. The King doesn't care who governs as long as the people are cared for."

"But you twisted Kingswell's power to strike at Sophia, and now the people believe the King stands behind your personal vendetta. That alone proves you unfit. And that is exactly why you've been stripped of Kingswell."

Alfred's throat tightened. "Do you mean I must stop fighting Paris State? I believe my son, Charles, has the right to govern. Gilbert Guise's last will promised that all —his legacy, even Paris itself—would go to the one who avenged him, to the one who killed his killer."

"Sir, Charles has been under my guidance since childhood. He's stronger, sharper -far more worthy than Sophia to lead Paris State."

"Alfred, you must understand if you act within the law, if you have just cause to move against a state, even to place your son over Paris, and it is done legally, the King will not interfere."

"You may claim Paris State that is the natural order. But if you ignite a war without cause, especially while Charles has not yet secured Gilbert Guise's legacy through blood, the King himself will intervene and crush you, because such recklessness endangers the safety of the country."

Alfred's voice dropped to a whisper. "So... His Majesty has withdrawn his favor from me?"

"Yes." The final word landed like a gavel. "But you're fortunate. You're still governor of Los Angeles. The people like you enough that the King allows you to remain for now."

Alfred clenched his jaw. "Very well. I will accept it." He ended the call with forced politeness.

Five seconds later, rage consumed him.

He shoved his desk over with a violent crash, papers scattering across the floor.

He kicked the overturned table, his voice breaking into a raw scream.

"Damn that King! How dare he tear Kingswell from me and threaten my governorship! Who the hell does he think he is—God Himself, ruler of the heavens? I serve the people, not the King. You arrogant bastard!"

Alfred's secretary burst into the office, breathless. "Sir, I heard commotion-did something happen?"

"Nothing," Alfred snapped, his voice sharp. "Get out."

"Yes, sir..." She hesitated, eyes darting nervously, then blurted, "But-sir, I just received a report. Kelly Kingston has been removed from Vermont. Jericho Kane has been reinstated as governor."

"What?" Alfred's face twisted with fury, his eyes blazing red.

The secretary froze, terrified by the look in his eyes. Without another word, she backed out and shut the door behind her.

Alfred's fury erupted. He slammed his boot into the overturned desk, shattering wood and splintering drawers, the wrecked table crashing violently across the floor.

His voice shook with venom. "Damn you, King! You dare do this to me? If you want an enemy, then congratulations-you've made one!"

"I will remember this cut until my last breath."

Across the city, in a hidden chamber, Alex watched Alfred's outburst on a live feed. Samuel stood beside him, silent until the curses ended.

"My King," Samuel said at last, his voice steady but laced with contempt, "what do we do about him that ungrateful bastard? I remember when he was nothing more than governor of a starving wasteland like Vancouver. FindNovels

"You raised him up, gave him Los Angeles State, let Jasmine Kingston keep Vancouver, and even allowed Kelly Kingston to hold Vermont. And now he dares spit in your face."

"That's the reason, Samuel," Alex

said, his gaze fixed coldly on the screen gave him too much. Fed

his greed until loyalty vanished and

gratitude was forgotten. In the end!

created my own enemy."

belongs to FindNovels

Samuel's jaw tightened. "I knew him when he was humble. But power and money changed him. Now he's hungry for more-his eyes are fixed on Paris State."

"Do you want me to crush him?" Samuel asked bluntly.

"Not yet." Alex shook his head slowly. "He may be ungrateful, but he's still a capable governor. Men like him aren't easy to find."

"Then what do you want from me?"

"Keep him in check," Alex ordered.

His gaze flicked back to the screen, watching Alfred pace like a caged beast.

"Make sure his ambition doesn't bleed into other states."

"I followed your command," Samuel replied.

"Now tell me what about Kelly?"

"As you commanded, she wasn't killed. She's recovering now at Los Angeles Hospital."

"Good," Alex nodded. "As for

you-your body is still broken. With

your nerves damaged, you won't reach Level 100 for at least ten

years But once complete the

Miracle Rill, you'll recover and you' have another chance to break

through." FindNovels

Samuel bowed his head, gratitude sharp in his voice. "Thank you for giving me

that chance, my King."

"Remember," Alex warned, "the elixir needed for the breakthrough isn't cheap.

You'll have to find it yourself."

"I understand, sir."

"Excellent." Alex rose, cloak swirling as he launched into the night sky. The city lights blurred beneath him as he flew, his thoughts dark.

'If loyalty can't be trusted, then I will rule with power and fear. That is the only way

to hold the states together.'

Within minutes, he reached the hospital. Slipping through an open window, he entered a private ward.

There lay Kelly, unconscious on the bed, her face pale and bruised.

For a long moment, Alex just stared. Memories flooded back—the girl who once shielded him like a brother, the woman who had once shared moments with him like a wife.

Now, they were enemies. She hated him for what he had done to Sophia, hated him enough to try to kill Sophia herself.

And yet... Alex couldn't bring himself to hate her.

Not fully. His hand moved almost on its own, brushing gently against her cheek,

as if trying to revive the fragments of what they once were.

There was still love in him. More than he wanted to admit.

'Yet, each man kills the thing he loves.'

Kelly's eyes snapped open, startling him. Her voice was hoarse but sharp as a blade. "If you think you can have both me and Sophia in your bed... in some filthy threesome... you're dead wrong."

Alex froze, stunned into silence.

"That will never happen," Kelly spat. "Not in this life."

And Kelly's words were the dagger Alex could not parry.