

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 401[1,247 words]

"Kelly," Alex sighed, his voice low, almost weary.

"Don't be so stubborn, alright? I never once thought about having a threesome."

"Really?" Kelly's eyes lit up, hope flickering.

"Yeah," Alex said with a faint smirk.

"If I were to go down that road, a threesome wouldn't even scratch the surface. Ten women? Minimal. A hundred? Now that would be a legend."

"Imagine it—me lying in the middle of my bed with a hundred naked women surrounding me. That's how you carve your name into history."

Kelly's expression hardened, her eyes burning with fury.

"Don't you see? That's worth fighting for. A man who can pull that off has already lived a life worth living—that's the ultimate dream of every man."

"You're going to die, Alex," she snapped.

"Yeah, I know." He grinned darkly. "Sleeping with a hundred women would kill me. But a man has to chase his dream."

Kelly's hand shot to the bedside table.

She grabbed a piece of fruit and hurled it at him with murderous intent. The whole basket tumbled, crashing against Alex.

But Alex caught the basket with ease, unfazed. He stared at her.

"Why are you so angry?"

"You bastard!" Kelly's voice cracked. "You dare to ask me that?"

Alex plucked an apple from the basket and took a slow, deliberate bite. "I can see

it in you—you're possessive, controlling. You want to break me, to own me. All I

feel from you is poison, nothing but negative emotion."

"How dare you!" Kelly's voice rose, but her body betrayed her. The wound had weakened her too much to move.

Alex stepped closer, his hand grazing her cheek.

"Don't touch me," she growled.

"I once knew a woman," Alex said softly.

"Cold on the surface, but her heart was warm-loving, protective. Arms that shielded me when I was small. I loved her once, in a memory I can't forget."

His sigh was heavy. "But now, all that heart holds is anger and a hunger to hurt."

"This is all because of you!" Kelly screamed, her voice ragged. "All your fault! You made me like this!"

"When you cast nothing but hatred at me, when all you give is blame and rage, do you really think love can grow in that wasteland?" Alex's eyes locked on hers.

"You killed the love inside me!" Kelly's voice broke into a raw howl. "You turned me into a monster-it's you, Alex! You!"

"Do you want me to kneel? To drown in guilt so you can chain me with my own self-blame?" His voice was sharp as steel.

"That's not love, Kelly-that's possession. You don't love me. You love control. And I'm not your toy. I'm a human being, just like you."

He felt it then—the love he once held for Kelly slipping from him, piece by piece, leaving only emptiness. The pain cut deep, but there was no turning back.

"Alex, I'll become a monster because of you," she whispered, her voice shaking. For a moment, Josephine's face flashed in his memory—a woman who chose love above all, who gave more and received more in return.

Kelly had chosen the opposite: hatred, fury, venom. And her choice threatened to drag him into the same abyss.

"I'm sorry, but I won't be your toy," Alex said coldly. "I've done nothing wrong—except choosing my own life."

"You have to take responsibility for the damage you've done to me!" she screamed, her voice raw with desperation.

"I'm responsible for nothing you've chosen. Don't drag me into the hell you built for yourself. I still want heaven in my life. "

"Alex, I helped you when you were just a boy! My father helped you too!" Kelly's voice trembled with rage and pride.

Alex shook his head slowly. "So because you helped me once, I'm supposed to be your slave forever?"

"Yes," Kelly hissed, her eyes sharp as blades. "You owe me. You always will."

"Then you invested your time and kindness in the wrong person." Alex's voice was firm, cutting.

"If I'd known you would use it to

chain me, I would've never accepted it. Now I see it clearly-you've

wasted yourself on me. I'm selfish, unwilling to let a woman like you bind me with her poison. Man is condemned to be free." FindNovels

Tears welled in Kelly's eyes. "You'll do everything for Sophia, even though she

hates you. Why can't you love me the way you love her?"

"Because I can't

love a woman who

bleeds nothing but anger and hatred.

Love only knows love. Hatred only

knows hatred Your hatred

awakened mine and now we're torn

apart because of the Co

made."

FindNovels

"I loved you once, Alex-but you betrayed me!" Kelly's voice cracked.

"I never betrayed you, Kelly," Alex sighed. "If you'd kept loving me, I would've always cared for you. Men aren't rocks or mountains-we feel, we understand when someone loves us. But when all you gives hate and anger, what do you expect me to return?"

FindNovels

Alex turned and walked out of the hospital, his footsteps echoing in the sterile hallway.

It was painful, because some believed the heart was made to be broken, not to stay happy forever-so they shattered it without mercy.

"When I recover," Kelly whispered behind him, her voice cold as death, "I'll kill Sophia. Remember that, Alex. It's all because of you."

Evening fell. Alex sat in the clinic, papers scattered across the desk, his mind consumed with decisions that would shape the future of the country.

Just as he leaned back, Josephine burst through the door, her face flushed with urgency.

"Alex! I need your help with something urgent. Will you come with me?" she asked, lowering her voice as though it were a secret.

"Where are we going?" Alex asked, suspicion sharpening his tone.

"It's a surprise. You'll see when we get there." Josephine's playful smile danced on her lips.

"If you won't tell me, I'm not going." Alex folded his arms, unmoved.

Her face fell. "Fine. If I tell you, will you come?"

"That depends."

Josephine exhaled sharply. "Alright. My best friend from the orphanage just became a successful actress."

"She's celebrating her birthday tonight, and I promised I'd go." Her smile turned mischievous.

"Then go. Why drag me along?" Alex frowned.

"Hey! You're breaking your word! You told me you'd help me."

"I said it depends. I never promised."

"Alex, please. All I need is for you to come with me. That's it."

"You're hiding something."

Josephine's lips curved into a pout. "Fine... there are always two or three men who bother me at these parties. If you come, I can tell them I already have a boyfriend, and they'll back off."

Alex studied her face. Josephine's kindness was pure, but she struggled to reject people. That flaw made her too vulnerable.

"Still, I hate parties. I'd rather stay in my room than waste a night pretending to have fun." His voice was weary, weighed down by years of endless invitations.

"Alex, I'm giving you an opportunity! My friend is a celebrity-gorgeous, famous. You'll regret it if you don't come."

"I've seen plenty of beautiful women. I'm not impressed." Alex shook his head. Her eyes narrowed. "Are you even a man? You don't care about women at all?" Alex's lips curved into a sly smile. "I care about one." His eyes locked on hers. "You."

Josephine rolled her eyes, though a faint blush colored her cheeks.

"What a shameless playboy. Fine. If you help me this time, I'll grant you one wish. Anything you want."

"Anything?" Alex asked carefully, weighing the promise. He could think of countless ways to use it.

"Anything," she said firmly, unafraid, her purity shining through.

Alex couldn't help but admire her. She believed in sincerity, even in a world that

rarely returned it. That faith didn't make her weak-it made her untouchable.

Too innocent, too lovely-hating her would feel like hating sunlight itself. "Fine," Alex said at last. "I'll go with you."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 402[1,396 words]

One hour later, Alex and Josephine stepped onto the rooftop lounge.

The city stretched out around them, glittering like spilled diamonds.

The place was sleek, stylish-soft music in the air, groups of friends sipping drinks, laughing, pretending to live in a dream.

"Josephine! Over here!"

A man shot to his feet the moment they entered, waving with far too much eagerness.

His eyes clung to Josephine like a starving dog to a bone, the kind of hunger so raw it made everyone in the lounge turn and notice.

Alex traced the sound through the crowd, his gaze sharp, weighing each face.

Then one figure cut through the noise of strangers, impossible to ignore-she glowed like a peacock flaunting its feathers in full display.

She was stunning.

Youthful, delicate, her oval face shaped like fine porcelain, her features so refined they seemed sculpted by careful hands.

She wore innocence like a crown, polished and flawless, a purity so perfect it almost blinded.

One glance from her could hook a man's soul and drag him under.

But Alex wasn't fooled. He saw the truth flicker in her eyes.

The sweetness was nothing but a mask, a role she had mastered long ago. She didn't just attract attention-she hunted it, fed on it, lived for it.

Things are not always what they seem; the first appearance deceives many.

But not the few who know where to look.

"Sorry we're late," Josephine said brightly, though her body stiffened under the stares.

She plastered on a smile, forcing warmth where discomfort hid. Then, with deliberate boldness, she hooked her arm through Alex's.

"Everyone, this is Alex." Her lips curved into a mischievous grin. "My boyfriend."

The word dropped like a stone in a glass pond. Silence rippled across the group. Several men's faces twisted, their eyes hard with envy, hostility flickering like flames.

Josephine ignored them. She tugged Alex forward, guiding him straight to the radiant girl.

Her voice lowered to a conspiratorial whisper. "That's Giselle. She grew up with me in the orphanage, but a wealthy family adopted her. Even back then, she was too beautiful to be ignored."

Facing the girl, Josephine's smile widened. "Alex, this is Giselle Laurent. The country's rising star. Millions already adore her."

"Jo, don't exaggerate." Giselle pouted, feigning humility. "I'm just a beginner. Still a long way from fame."

"Don't be silly," Josephine countered, slipping an arm over her shoulder like an old friend.

"Your voice is angelic, and your beauty matches it-like something unearthly. As a newcomer, you've already taken home the top awards, winning hearts everywhere."

"It's only a matter of time before you rise even higher-you'll be a star faster than anyone dares to imagine."

"You've always been my supporter, Jo. My bestie since we were kids!" Giselle hugged her with practiced sweetness.

"Josephine," Martin's voice cut sharp, dripping disdain, "why bring an outsider here? This place is reserved for people close to Giselle."

"Yeah," Amanda cut in, her lips curling with disdain.

"It's Giselle's birthday, and you bring a stranger? What if he's some obsessed fan who starts snapping pictures and splashes them all over social media? One slip like that could wreck Giselle's career."

"It's fine," Giselle replied smoothly, not a crack in her smile. "If he's Josephine's boyfriend, I trust him."

Martin's expression soured. "I don't. He doesn't belong here."

Josephine's eyes flashed. "Careful, Martin. My boyfriend fights better than you ever could. Don't test him."

Martin barked a laugh. "And what does that make him? A thug? A bodyguard? Fighting means nothing today. Wealth. Connections. That's power. That's what matters."

His bitterness was sharp, his resentment plain for all to see.

He had once set his sights on Giselle, but she soared too high, always out of reach, her world closed off to him.

So he turned to Josephine-just as beautiful, just as angelic, but far quieter, easier to approach.

He had chased her for years, only to be shut out at every turn too.

And now, seeing her openly claim another man before his eyes-it burned through him like acid.

Amanda smirked, piling on. "Martin's right. This stranger doesn't fit in. Giselle's too kind to tolerate someone like him."

"Josephine's always had a soft heart," another voice mocked.

"Even if she picked up a stray dog off the street, she'd treat it like gold. Maybe that's all this man is-a mutt she dragged in A street dog in borrowed clothes." fo FindNovels

Some of the men were already glaring at Alex, itching to stir up trouble. Their smirks and narrowed eyes carried the unspoken threat.

"Alright, enough of that," Josephine cut in quickly, her tone sharp but smooth, desperate to steer the tension away.

"Since we're all here, let Giselle sing for us."

The predators froze. Even they knew better than to push further when Giselle was the centerpiece.

Her name carried weight, and no one wanted to risk being cast out of her circle. Reluctantly, they pulled back, forcing fake smiles and muttering as they settled down.

"It's been ages since I've heard Giselle sing," one man said, sucking up fast. "We're in for a real treat tonight."

"Yes, Giselle, hurry up! Don't keep us waiting," another called out, voice dripping with eagerness.

The cheers spread, and Giselle stepped forward with a soft smile. "Alright, I'll do my best."

She glided onto the stage, the rooftop lights catching her flawless skin, her slim figure swaying like she belonged there.

Heads turned from every corner of the lounge. Even strangers-powerful-looking VIPs nursing expensive whiskey in the far corner-paused their conversations to watch her.

"Oh, this young beauty is stealing the spotlight," one of them muttered with greedy amusement.

The moment Giselle stood beneath the lights, the room shifted.

Every man who had a drink in him leaned forward, eyes hungry. And when she opened her mouth to sing, her voice cut through the night like liquid silver.

It was so pure, so entrancing, it froze the crowd in place. Even Alex, who'd heard the finest singers in the world, had to admit: this woman could truly sing.

When the final note faded, the rooftop exploded in applause.

People whistled, cheered, and clapped until the air itself shook.

Then, suddenly, a man swaggered onto the stage, his cheap cologne and arrogance arriving before him.

"Hey, pretty thing," he drawled, leering. "Lucky night for you. My boss likes what

he sees. Come sit with him. You'll get everything you've ever dreamed of."

Giselle's smile faltered. "I'm sorry, I can't do that."

The man barked out a laugh, loud and crude. "Come on, sweetheart. You're just a singer. Everyone's got a price. Name it. My boss is loaded You should be grateful thank your guardian angel for putting you in his sights." FindNovels

He grabbed for her arm, yanking her down from the stage like she was merchandise on display.

Giselle's cheeks flushed hot with,

shame. She slapped his hand away, her voice trembling but firm

"Everything might but

have a price

not me. I told you, I don't sel

myself." FindNovels

"I don't care." His grin twisted into something darker. "My boss already called for

you. If you refuse, you're insulting him. And trust me, that's dangerous."

"Hey! What the hell do you think you're doing?" Martin shot to his feet, voice booming with false bravery, finally tasting a chance to play the hero.

"She said no! Can't you understand simple words? What are you, a dog that can't comprehend human language?"

"Exactly!" Amanda added, hands on her hips. "Forcing her like this? Do you even hear yourself? It's disgusting."

The man sneered at their outrage. "Quit pretending you're saints. She should feel lucky. My boss is willing to pay her more than she's worth."

Martin's eyes flashed with contempt. He let out a cold laugh. "Pay her? Really? How much?"

"Ten thousand dollars," the man spat. "One hour with my boss."

The crowd sucked in a breath, whispers buzzing. Ten thousand for an hour.

But Martin only smirked, slipping a wad of cash from his pocket.

He peeled off bills with exaggerated slowness, then slapped twenty thousand across the man's face so hard the notes scattered like confetti.

"Here's twenty thousand," Martin mocked, his voice cutting like steel. "You bark like a dog for one hour. How's that sound, lapdog?"

The man's face flushed crimson, rage twisting his features as the lounge erupted in gasps and laughter.

Every eye turned toward the stage. In the VIP corner, the true power-the bosses, men who owned more than money-watched closely, their expressions darkening.

One of them rose, his presence alone enough to silence half the room.

He strolled forward, each step heavy with authority, then pulled a thick pack of bills from his coat.

"How about this?" His voice dripped poison. He flung the cash at Martin's face, the notes exploding in the air.

"One hundred thousand dollars. Now bark for me."

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The lounge fell silent, then erupted in disbelief.

"Holy hell! A hundred grand just to make someone bark? That guy must be drowning in money!"

Another man shook his head with a bitter laugh.

"I can't even wrap my head around rich folks. A hundred grand is my whole year's salary. If someone offered me that, I'd bark like a dog for an hour and take the rest of the year off."

Voices rose from the crowd-some in shock, others in envy, amusement, or raw jealousy.

"Start barking!"

"Bark! Bark!"

And in the bark of a dog, they saw their freedom for sale.

One of the smug businessmen leaned forward, his tone sharp and mocking.

"What's wrong, kid? Cat got your tongue? Don't tell me you've never even seen a hundred thousand in cash. Get down on all fours. Bark for it, and it's yours."

Martin's expression darkened instantly. "You dare mock me? You think you can flaunt your wealth in my face?"

He snapped his fingers. His driver, waiting quietly in the corner, stepped forward carrying a sleek black suitcase.

Martin popped it open, revealing stacks of cash.

Without hesitation, he peeled off a bundle, then another, slapping the money across the businessman's face.

Again and again—until the total hit two hundred thousand.

He shoved the last stack at the man. "Two hundred thousand. Double your cheap offer. Now bark, dog."

The lounge gasped. The stakes had doubled.

Martin wasn't about to back down, not with two beautiful women watching. His pride was on the line.

Amanda, one of his companions, raised her voice above the noise.

"Old man, do you even know who you're dealing with? This is Martin! You're humiliating yourself. He's money itself—you can't outbid him."

A young man chimed in quickly, puffed up with arrogance. "Hah! Martin's family has hundreds of millions. You think you can beat him? Keep dreaming."

"Exactly!" another echoed. "Two hundred grand is pocket change to him. Let's see if you can top that, old man!"

The younger crowd erupted in taunts and laughter, their egos blazing, fueling the tension.

The older businessman didn't flinch.

"Foolish brats," he muttered. His eyes narrowed on Martin's suitcase he could tell there was still at least four hundred thousand left inside.

He raised his hand, and one of his workers brought over a heavy leather bag.

He pulled out three hundred thousand in crisp bills and hurled it at Martin's face with a sneer.

Each slap of money was a thunderclap of arrogance.

"I have added three hundred thousand," the old man said with an icy sneer. "Bark three times—and you're my dog. Come on, doggy... start barking for your daddy."

The room froze, every eye locked on Martin.

His face went crimson, shame and rage boiling under his skin. In front of his friends-and worse, in front of the woman he loved-he could not lose. He would

not.

With trembling hands, he ripped out the last four hundred thousand from the suitcase.

One by one, he smashed the stacks against the old man's face, the sound like thunder cracking in the silent lounge.

"I added four fucking hundred thousand!" Martin bellowed, spit flying with his fury. "Now bark, you rotten old dog bastard-bark three times for me!"

The businessman suddenly broke into a smile, sweet and mocking.

Then, without hesitation, he barked loudly in the middle of the lounge.

"Woof. Woof. Woof."

Amanda burst out laughing, her voice sharp as glass. "Look at you, old man. You're not a businessman-you're a dog. And now you're barking. How dare you think you could compete with Martin in money? Look at the disgrace you've become."

The businessman's lackey scrambled forward, bending low to snatch the bills off the floor. His hands swept greedily across the carpet as gasps rippled through the lounge.

The old man grinned as his lackey handed him the money.

"Shame?" he said, his voice thick with mockery. "Yes... I'm so ashamed." Every word dripped with biting sarcasm.

It was obvious to everyone: he didn't give a damn about the barking. All that mattered was the money.

Martin's chest tightened. Rage boiled inside him. Six hundred thousand gone, and the old man was laughing-laughing as he pocketed it without shame.

The lounge turned on him.

"What a fool! He's the real tycoon here an idiot tycoon!" one man sneered.

"Six hundred grand for three barks? That's a house, wasted just like that!" another shouted.

"Rich? Maybe. Stupid? Definitely."

Martin's ears rang with their jeers. His face burned.

Josephine crossed her arms, lips curling.

"I know he was rich, but this? Blowing six hundred thousand dollars just to make an old man bark?"

"Damn, if he'd given that to an orphanage, I'd have called him a prince-hell, I might've even wanted to be his girlfriend. But no... turns out he's nothing but a stupid asshole."

Whispers spread like wildfire. All of them mocking him.

Then Giselle's voice cut through the noise like a knife. "Martin, if I'm not mistaken, wasn't that money meant for charity? For my birthday gift? The donation I asked for?"

Her words hit harder than a slap. Martin bit his lip until it bled.

For a moment, he wanted to puff his chest, flaunt his arrogance. But the weight of shame was heavier.

He snapped, storming toward the old man.

"Hey! You played me, didn't you? Give me my money back!" His voice cracked with fury.

The old man turned, cold eyes fixed on him. Six burly men closed in at his side.

"What did you say?" he growled. "You paid me to bark. I barked three times. The deal is done. You want to call that a scam? You made the offer yourself."

Martin shouted back, spittle flying. "I don't care! You scammed me! I want my money back!"

Five of Martin's closest friends rushed to his side, standing shoulder to shoulder. "What if I don't give it back?" the old man said, his tone like steel.

Humiliation and rage collided inside Martin. He couldn't bear the stares, the whispers, the laughter aimed at him. With a furious roar, he lunged and yanked the bag from the old man's grip.

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That was the spark.

In an instant, the old man's men moved. Martin's friends countered. Fists flew.

Chairs crashed.

The young ones, hot-blooded and reckless, fought with raw emotion.

The lounge erupted into chaos. Customers toppled.

Tables splintered. Strangers, caught in the frenzy, swung back just to defend themselves.

Within seconds, the entire room was a battlefield—people shouting, punching, throwing bottles. The chaos spread like fire, until no one knew who was hitting who.

The lounge erupted into chaos. Shouts turned to screams, bottles shattered, tables crashed to the floor.

What began as a night of drinks and music had spiraled into a violent bar fight. Giselle's face went pale. Josephine clutched Alex's arm in desperation.

"Alex, we have to protect her! If reporters see Giselle caught up in this, her career will be destroyed."

Alex scanned the room—men brawling, glass flying, fists swinging. It was no place for women.

"Fine. Grab her. I'll clear the way. We're leaving."

They moved quickly, but in the chaos some drunkards lunged, reaching for the two women.

Alex struck fast. His fists landed like hammers—one man dropped instantly, another collapsed after a brutal jab to the ribs. No one dared block their path again.

They pushed into the crush of people surging toward the elevators and joined the flood spilling into the lobby.

On the ground floor, Josephine noticed Giselle's expression.

Her eyes were clouded with sadness, her birthday ruined by chaos and violence.

"Alex," Josephine pleaded, tugging his sleeve.

"Please... do something for her. It's her birthday. I only have two hundred dollars-can you make it special somehow?" She pulled the bills from her pocket and pressed them into his hand FindNovels

Alex glanced at the money, then at

Giselle. A faint smile crossed his face. "I'll double it. We'll throw a party in Vancouver City Park. Something simple, but meaningful.

What do you think?"

belongs to FindNovels

Josephine's eyes lit up. "The park! We used to play there all the time. She'll love it. Let me tell her!"

While Josephine spoke to Giselle, Alex stepped aside and pulled out his phone.

His voice dropped into a cold command. "Vancouver City Park. Set up something special for a birthday event. Name: Giselle Laurent. You have twenty minutes- make it perfect."

He hung up and rejoined them.

"So," he asked casually, "how about a party at Vancouver City Park?"

"Yes!" Josephine clapped, her face glowing with excitement. "What do you think, Giselle?"

Giselle hesitated, then gave a small smile. "I'm fine with it. My schedule's clear tonight... I've got nothing else."

As they walked out onto the street, she glanced at Alex. "Do you have a car?"

Alex grinned with boyish arrogance. "Don't worry about that. I own plenty of cars in this city. I'll find one that suits you."

"Really?" Giselle's eyes narrowed slightly. She studied him, wondering if he was secretly far wealthier than he appeared.

"I never lie," Alex said with a smirk. He raised his hand high. "Taxi!"

A cab screeched to a halt beside them. Alex gestured toward it with a triumphant grin.

"See? I can stop any car I want."

Josephine laughed, and even Giselle cracked a reluctant smile.

Still, she forced herself to lower her expectations. An improvised birthday party, thrown together by two broke friends—what could it really be?

All she hoped was that it wouldn't turn out hollow.

But when they arrived at Vancouver City Park, Giselle and Josephine froze in place. Their eyes widened in shock.

What they saw waiting for them was beyond anything they could have ever imagined.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 404[2,947 words]

The Vancouver City Park was usually open to anyone, but tonight it was different tonight, it was transformed.

The gates stood wide, glowing with strings of lights that made the park look like a wonderland.

Normally, the park at night was quiet, a place for a few joggers, some drunk wanderers, or couples seeking hidden corners.

But not tonight.

The park didn't just open—it awakened, as if wonder itself had been waiting for her arrival.

Twenty food trucks lined the paths, toy vendors set up shop, and at the entrance, a massive neon sign blazed in bright letters:

'Happy Birthday Giselle Laurent.'

What met her eyes wasn't just a birthday—it was a miracle draped in light.

"Did you... did you guys do this?" Giselle whispered, stunned. They had left the lounge only thirty minutes ago. Something like this couldn't have been prepared in such a short time.

Josephine stole a quick glance at Alex, searching for an answer.

Before either of them spoke, a woman in a Vancouver Park uniform appeared, her posture straight and professional.

She stepped forward with a warm smile.

"Miss Giselle, I presume? This is your birthday celebration, arranged by Miss Josephine and Mr. Alex. Please, come inside. I'm Silvia, your guide for tonight."

Giselle stared at Josephine and Alex with wide, disbelieving eyes, then followed Silvia through the gates.

Inside, the neon lights lit the grounds so brightly it felt like midday.

"All of the food trucks are free tonight for you and everyone here," Silvia explained as they strolled past the mouthwatering aromas drifting through the park, stopping now and then to sample the food.

While Giselle and Josephine waited at one of the trucks for their order, Silvia stepped closer and carefully set a glittering birthday crown on Giselle's head.

"Forgive me, Miss Giselle. This belongs to you."

"Wow..." Giselle whispered, her voice catching. The crown shimmered like real diamonds, dazzling in the light.

Suddenly, the sound of engines rumbled. Several buses pulled into the park.

The doors opened, and children poured out in waves, laughter spilling into the night.

Silvia leaned close to Giselle and lowered her voice. "They're all orphans. We invited them tonight to join your celebration."

The children ran toward the food trucks, giddy with excitement.

But when they noticed Giselle, they paused, straightened, and greeted her with surprising formality.

"Happy birthday, Miss Giselle! We wish you all the best—and thank you for inviting us. The free food is amazing!"

Their voices overlapped, a chorus of gratitude that nearly drowned her.

Giselle stood frozen, overwhelmed by the wave of well-wishes.

One by one, the children broke away, rushing toward the food trucks. Yet some stayed.

A few little girls gathered around Giselle, their faces shy but glowing. One of them held something small in her hands.

"This... this is my present. I made it as fast as I could. Please accept it."

Giselle took the gift carefully. It was a delicate origami cat, folded with care, with a tiny handwritten note inside: Best wishes.

Her throat tightened.

Surrounded by lights, laughter, and children who had so little but gave so much, Giselle realized this wasn't just a birthday party.

It was the most meaningful gift she had ever received.

Some of the smallest children tugged at Giselle's clothes, their little voices trembling with sincerity.

"Thank you for inviting us. My little brother never ate from a food truck before. You made his dream come true."

Every word came straight from their hearts-raw, unfiltered, pure.

Giselle froze. She too had once lived in an orphanage.

Their eyes, so bright and innocent, mirrored the girl she used to be. Warmth spread through her chest, overwhelming her.

This wasn't just a party. It was something she had always longed for-not

grandeur, not luxury, but for someone to whisper, you matter.

Josephine clutched Alex's arm and leaned close, her voice low and urgent. "How the hell did you pull this off? You told me you had no money!"

Alex kept his gaze forward.

"I didn't. You had two hundred. I added mine-another two hundred. I gave the four hundred to a man I know. He said he'd take care of it. I never imagined it would turn out this big."

Josephine's eyes narrowed. "Who is he?"

"Once... a patient of mine," Alex lied smoothly.

"Patient or not, this must've cost a fortune." Josephine frowned deeply, scanning the trucks and the hundreds of children flooding the park.

"This isn't four hundred dollars. This looks like fifty thousand at least. There are kids here from every orphanage in Vancouver."

Alex only shrugged. "He told me he'd handle it. I believed him."

Just then, the final bus rolled in. The doors opened, and another tide of children rushed out-straight toward Josephine.

"Sister Jo! Sister Jo! Thank you for inviting us! We've always wanted to come here!"

"Sister Jo, is it true? All the food is free? For real?"

Their voices overlapped in a storm of excitement.

"Wait, wait," Josephine said, raising her hands to calm them.

Her voice softened as she pointed toward Giselle. "Before anything else, you must meet Sister Giselle. She once stayed in our orphanage before she was adopted. Today is her special day. Let's all wish her a bright and happy birthday."

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"Were you always an artist?"

"Sister Giselle, Sister Giselle!"

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Within minutes, the children had scattered across the park.

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She and Josephine ran among the kids, tasting food, joining games, and for the first time in years, they felt like children again-wild, free, unburdened. From the sidelines, Alex watched them closely.

For once, he saw not two grown women polished by the world, but the little girls

still alive inside them-girls who had never truly disappeared.

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Silvia suddenly approached Giselle. "Miss Giselle, the stage for singing is ready. Would you like to sing a few songs for the children?"

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Singing was her life, the very core of who she was.

She walked toward the stage, but the sight waiting for her made her stop short.

A full band stood ready, instruments in hand. Not just any band-famous musicians she had only dreamed of performing with.

Her breath caught.

"Are you... really willing to play for me?" she asked, her voice trembling.

One of the musicians chuckled warmly. "You're the star tonight. We've already been paid well. Just sing, and let us follow."

Gratitude swelled inside her. "Thank you. It's my greatest joy to sing with all of you."

The drummer counted off, and the music exploded to life-her most famous song. Giselle's voice rose, pure and commanding, leading the musicians as if she had been born for this very moment.

Children filled the seats, their wide eyes fixed on her.

The sound wrapped around them-powerful, emotional, and so moving it lifted

her own voice higher, richer.

For the first time in her life, singing felt effortless, transcendent.

Off to the side, Silvia recorded everything and streamed it live across social

media.

Within minutes, thousands were watching. Giselle's voice spread like wildfire, her name shooting through the internet.

She had become a sensation in the time it took to sing a handful of songs.

Then the night shattered.

"Damn all of you!" A group of twenty thugs stormed into the park, one of them kicking a trash can so hard it clattered across the ground.

Their eyes burned with menace, baseball bats swinging in their hands. "Who gave you permission to sing here? Who said you could throw a party on our turf?" one of them barked, his voice echoing through the stunned crowd. Another sneered and pointed at the stage. "Hey, beautiful! My boss says if you sleep with him, he'll forget you threw this party without his permission. Otherwise..."

He slammed his bat into another trash can, metal shrieking under the blow. "You'll regret it."

Gasps rippled through the children.

Then, one small boy stood, fists clenched, voice trembling but fierce. "You bad people! Don't ruin Sister Giselle's birthday!"

The nearest thug turned on him with a snarl and slapped the boy across the face.

"Shut your mouth or I'll kill you!"

The crowd froze.

Alex rose slowly, his eyes locked on the thugs. He stepped forward with deadly calm, ready to stop them from taking another step toward the children.

But Josephine moved faster.

Fury lit her eyes as she sprinted straight at the man who had struck the boy.

Her kick landed with explosive force. The thug was sent flying nearly twenty meters, rolling across the ground like a broken doll.

The entire park went silent. Every eye widened in shock. Josephine's eyes blazed crimson, burning with unbridled fury.

Her voice thundered through the park as she roared, "How dare you lay a hand on the children!"

'And though she be but little, she is fierce.'

The Vancouver City Park was usually open to anyone, but tonight it was different tonight, it was transformed.

The gates stood wide, glowing with strings of lights that made the park look like a wonderland.

Normally, the park at night was quiet, a place for a few joggers, some drunk wanderers, or couples seeking hidden corners.

But not tonight.

The park didn't just open-it awakened, as if wonder itself had been waiting for her arrival.

Twenty food trucks lined the paths, toy vendors set up shop, and at the entrance, a massive neon sign blazed in bright letters:

'Happy Birthday Giselle Laurent.'

What met her eyes wasn't just a birthday—it was a miracle draped in light.

"Did you... did you guys do this?" Giselle whispered, stunned. They had left the

lounge only thirty minutes ago. Something like this couldn't have been prepared in such a short time.

Josephine stole a quick glance at Alex, searching for an answer.

Before either of them spoke, a woman in a Vancouver Park uniform appeared, her posture straight and professional.

She stepped forward with a warm smile.

"Miss Giselle, I presume? This is your birthday celebration, arranged by Miss

Josephine and Mr. Alex. Please, come inside. I'm Silvia, your guide for tonight."

Giselle stared at Josephine and Alex with wide, disbelieving eyes, then followed Silvia through the gates.

Inside, the neon lights lit the grounds so brightly it felt like midday.

"All of the food trucks are free tonight for you and everyone here," Silvia explained as they strolled past the mouthwatering aromas drifting through the park, stopping now and then to sample the food. FindNovels

While Giselle and Josephine waited at one of the trucks for their order, Silvia

stepped closer and carefully set a glittering birthday crown on Giselle's head. "Forgive me, Miss Giselle. This belongs to you."

"Wow..." Giselle whispered, her voice catching. The crown shimmered like real diamonds, dazzling in the light.

Suddenly, the sound of engines rumbled. Several buses pulled into the park.

The doors opened, and children poured out in waves, laughter spilling into the night.

Silvia leaned close to Giselle and lowered her voice. "They're all orphans. We invited them tonight to join your celebration."

The children ran toward the food trucks, giddy with excitement.

But when they noticed Giselle, they paused, straightened, and greeted her with surprising formality.

"Happy birthday, Miss Giselle! We wish you all the best-and thank you for inviting us. The free food is amazing!"

Their voices overlapped, a chorus of gratitude that nearly drowned her. Giselle stood frozen, overwhelmed by the wave of well-wishes.

One by one, the children broke away, rushing toward the food trucks. Yet some stayed.

A few little girls gathered around Giselle, their faces shy but glowing. One of them held something small in her hands.

"This... this is my present. I made it as fast as I could. Please accept it."

Giselle took the gift carefully. It was a delicate origami cat, folded with care, with a tiny handwritten note inside: Best wishes.

Her throat tightened.

Surrounded by lights, laughter, and children who had so little but gave so much,

Giselle realized this wasn't just a birthday party.

It was the most meaningful gift she had ever received.

Some of the smallest children tugged at Giselle's clothes, their little voices trembling with sincerity.

"Thank you for inviting us. My little brother never ate from a food truck before. You made his dream come true."

Every word came straight from their hearts-raw, unfiltered, pure.

Giselle froze. She too had once lived in an orphanage.

Their eyes, so bright and innocent, mirrored the girl she used to be. Warmth spread through her chest, overwhelming her.

This wasn't just a party. It was something she had always longed for-not

grandeur, not luxury, but for someone to whisper, you matter. Josephine clutched Alex's arm and leaned close, her voice low and urgent. "How

the hell did you pull this off? You told me you had no money!"

Alex kept his gaze forward.

"I didn't. You had two hundred. I added mine-another two hundred. I gave the four hundred to a man I know. He said he'd take care of it. I

never imagined it would turn out this big" FindNovels

Josephine's eyes narrowed. "Who is he?"

"Once... a patient of mine," Alex lied smoothly.

"Patient or not, this must've cost a fortune." Josephine frowned deeply, scanning the trucks and the hundreds of children flooding the park.

"This isn't four hundred dollars. This looks like fifty thousand at least. There are kids here from every orphanage in Vancouver."

Alex only shrugged. "He told me he'd handle it. I believed him."

Just then, the final bus rolled in. The doors opened, and another tide of children rushed out-straight toward Josephine.

"Sister Jo! Sister Jo! Thank you for inviting us! We've always wanted to come

here!"

"Sister Jo, is it true? All the food is free? For real?"

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'And though she be but little, she is fierce.'

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 405[1,373 words]

"You woman," one of the thugs sneered as he stepped forward, his eyes crawling over her.

"Pretty face, but I didn't know you had claws. Makes me wonder how wild you'd be in bed-"

He didn't get to finish. Josephine's kick slammed into his groin, folding him in half with a strangled cry.

"Don't you dare say filth like that in front of children," she snapped.

"You bitch!" another thug barked, lunging to grab her arm.

But Josephine wasn't the same girl she used to be.

She had spent countless nights forging her body in silence, mastering the flow of inner energy Alex had passed down to her.

The world seemed to slow down in her eyes. She saw every twitch, every step before it came.

Her palm cracked across the man's face with a thunderclap.

He crumpled to the ground, unconscious before he even hit the pavement.

"Get her!" their leader roared.

Josephine didn't hesitate.

She had always loved fighting back against bullies, but this—this was different.

Power surged inside her like an endless storm.

Josephine couldn't help but smile.

'I am the tempest, I am the flame.'

Every strike exploded with force. Her fists, her kicks, even her elbows sent grown

men flying as if they'd been hit by speeding trucks.

The children nearby watched wide-eyed, then burst into cheers.

"Sister Josephine, you're amazing!"

"Beat those bad men! You're our hero!"

"You're my idol, Sister Jo!"

She fought through twenty men without slowing, her movements sharp, brutal, unstoppable.

In minutes, the ground was littered with groaning bodies.

Security finally arrived with the park staff.

One officer stepped forward. "Miss, we'll take it from here."

"They're all yours," Josephine said, brushing hair from her face with a faint smile.

But before the thugs could be hauled away, one man staggered up, hate burning in his eyes. "Go to hell!" he roared, pulling a pistol from his waistband.

The gunshot cracked through the air. Children screamed. Josephine froze-too slow this time.

But Alex was faster. He appeared in front of her, his hand snapping up.

The bullet stopped against his palm, crushed between his fingers. In the same motion, he flicked it back like a pebble.

It smashed into the thug's hand, sending the gun clattering to the ground as he howled in pain.

"How dare you touch us!" the thug spat, clutching his mangled hand.

"Do you even know who we are? We're with the Chicago Outfit! My name's Max Capone. My eldest brother is Al Capone-the legend of Chicago!"

The crowd gasped.

"What? Al Capone? The Chicago Outfit?"

Everyone froze. The guards, the staff, even the security team turned pale at the name.

Everyone knew it. The Chicago Outfit. A mafia empire that hid behind "security firms" while running every illegal racket under the sun.

They were infamous for their brutality, their reach, and their absolute disregard for law or life.

Al Capone-the name alone was enough to paralyze most men.

He had built the Outfit into a ruthless machine, a criminal dynasty spreading far beyond Chicago, swallowing city after city.

Even Vancouver had fallen under their shadow.

One of the guards stepped forward, "Sir, they've rented the entire park. You're not allowed to be here."

Max sneered through the blood dripping from his hand.

"So what if they rented out this park for their little party? They still need permission from the Chicago Outfit. We own this area! No celebration happens without us approving it!"

The guards shifted uneasily, knowing full well what that meant. Nobody crossed the Outfit without paying a price.

Alex and Josephine stood in silence, their expressions unreadable.

Max smirked, his arrogance undimmed. "What's wrong? Scared now? You know who I am. You know what comes next, don't you?"

"Of course," Alex said flatly.

Then his boot shot forward, cracking across Max's face. The thug flew backward, his entire body rolling across the ground.

Blood gushed from Max's nose as he roared in outrage. "Do you have any idea what you're doing? You're challenging the Chicago Outfit right now!"

Alex stepped toward him, his voice sharp.

"So because you wear that name, you think you can bully us and we're not allowed to fight back? Who gave you that authority? The King of the world?" His open palm struck again, snapping Max's head sideways. FindNovels

Max trembled with fury, his pride burning hotter than the pain.

Never in his life had he been treated like this.

Normally, the moment he revealed who he was, men dropped to their knees, begging for mercy. But this man-this Alex-dared to humiliate him.

"You bastard!" Max screamed, spitting blood.

"Nobody disrespects the Chicago Outfit without paying the price! You've slapped me again and again. I swear I'll make you pay with your legs. You'll crawl for the rest of your life!"

Alex closed the distance, calm and unshaken. "So you're saying anyone who defies the Chicago Outfit must pay the price?"

Max hesitated. Fear flickered in his eyes, but he forced himself to sneer.

"That's right," Max snarled. "Kneel now. Beg for your life before my people arrive, and maybe I'll let you live."

Alex laughed, his eyes cold. "You think you're untouchable? Remember this saying-man is not what he thinks he is, he is what he hides."

His boot crashed into Max's face again, sending him sprawling.

"You bastard!" Max spat blood, clutching his jaw. "My people are coming for you!"

When they get here, you'll be shaking in your own piss!"

"So your people are coming here? Good," Alex said coldly, his hand clamping down on Max's shoulder like an iron vice.

"Then we'll finish this outside the park. No need to frighten the children."

"Alex..." Josephine's voice trembled as she stepped forward.

Fear edged her tone. She knew the name-everyone did.

The Chicago Outfit wasn't just another gang. Their reputation was carved in blood, feared across entire states.

"Don't worry," Alex said with an easy smile.

"I'm only going to have a little chat

with him and his people. A gentleman's conversation, with attitude, morals, and honor Like civilized people do. Now enjoy

Giselle's birthday-make it

unforgettable." FindNovels

'We are always civilized against those weaker than us.'

He motioned for security to drag Max and the other thugs out of the park.

The children didn't need to see what was coming.

Max let out a harsh laugh, blood staining his teeth. "So that's it? You're going to kneel outside, away from your pretty girlfriend's eyes? I won't allow it. You kneel here, now!"

Alex's smile didn't falter.

He grabbed Max's hand and, with barely any effort, bent his pinky backward until it snapped.

The bone tore loose. Max screamed, the sound raw and animal, echoing across the park.

"Quiet," Alex said coldly, his voice a knife. "We're civilized men. We don't use violence. That would be... immoral."

Still howling, Max was dragged out of the park gates.

Once outside, Alex forced every thug to kneel in the street.

"Now," he said, "call your people from the Chicago Outfit. For every ten minutes they're late, one of your finger bones will be broken. Make the call. Now." Sweat poured down Max's face. His voice trembled, but his pride pushed through.

"You'll regret this. Once I call them, hundreds will come. Thousands if I want. You'll be crushed!"

"Wonderful," Alex said with a low laugh. "I'm counting on it. Now, pick up the phone. You've got ten minutes, or bones start breaking."

Max roared at his men.

"Call them! Call everyone! Let this bastard see what it means to defy the Chicago Outfit! We may just be the Vancouver branch, but no one touches us without paying in blood. Make the damn call!"

Alex nodded approvingly. "Good. Call them all. The more that come, the better. It'll save your fingers."

He stepped aside, pulling out his own phone, his voice calm and commanding when the line connected.

"Carlos, it's time to clean up the underworld. Come to Vancouver City Park. I've got twenty bait fish here waiting. You handle the net."

"Yes, sir," Carlos replied. His voice carried absolute loyalty. "We'll be there in ten minutes."

Alex let out a long, heavy sigh.

He had seen it too many times-streets ruled by men like this, thugs and gangsters who thrived on extortion, breaking shopkeepers for protection money, dragging kids into crime, and silencing anyone who dared resist. FindNovels

They spread terror like a disease, crushing the weak day by day.

And the weak, abandoned by law and ignored by those in power, had no choice

but to hide, bow their heads, and bleed quietly under the weight of fear.

"Justice without force is powerless," he murmured. "But force without justice is tyranny."

"So I will become both the force and the justice."

Lifting his head, he whispered a quiet prayer.

"May the True Source grant me strength in this."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 406[1,493 words]

Ten minutes slid past.

The street stayed empty except for the twenty men huddled by the curb, eyes fixed on the dark mouth of the road as if a friend might step out of the shadows.

Alex walked up to them with the calm of someone already decided.

"Ten minutes," he said. "No friends showed. Like I promised - every pinky gets broken. So bear the pain."

"Don't you dare!" Max bellowed, panic cutting through his bravado.

"We've called the Chicago Outfit — a thousand of our men are on their way. You'd better run while you can, or we'll turn you into mince."

"Really?" Alex stepped closer until Max could feel his breath. "I don't see your thousand."

Color drained from Max's face. He tried to force menace into his voice. "You'll regret this. You'll regret everything."

Alex didn't warn. He grabbed Max's other pinky and snapped it like a twig.

Max howled. The sound ripped into the night and seemed to pull the darkness apart.

Engines answered the cry: trucks, pickups, motorcycles roaring down the avenue, lights cutting through the fog.

Men poured out of beds and from behind doors, clutching iron pipes, nailed bats, chains — anything that could smash bone and split skin.

The number swelled fast - easily hundreds.

"Who the hell touched one of ours?" someone yelled. "Who wants to die tonight?"

Normal people fled. Couples, joggers, late commuters - they scattered like leaves.

The thugs surged into the road, swinging weapons in lazy, dangerous arcs.

Most were kids with too much venom and too little sense; manipulated, impatient, hungry for violence.

They'd grown up trusting numbers more than skill.

They'd never tasted defeat.

Park staff and security guards watched, faces gone ashen. These men were used

to chasing drunks and scooping up pickpockets, not facing a street army.

"Everyone inside the park — now! Close the gates. Keep the children safe. Say nothing to anyone," Alex ordered.

"Are you sure?" one of the guards stammered. "They're too many."

"Trust me," Alex called over the growing din. "I'm more than enough. Move!"

The guards exchanged looks, then ran. The gate slammed shut, bolts clanking as they locked them from the inside.

Alex stood alone in the center of a hundred raised faces and crude weapons. They spat at him, lungs full of threat.

"You're dead, asshole!" one screamed.

"You hear us? You're begging for death!"

"Hurting the Chicago Outfit? You'll pay!"

The mob tightened like a fist ready to close. Men lifted bats, chains glinted, and for a heartbeat the world held its breath.

Then twenty figures stepped from the darkness behind Alex, the sound of boots and quiet authority.

Carlos led them, his expression flat and businesslike.

"Sire, we're here," he said.

Alex didn't look back. "New Kingswell recruits?"

"Like you ordered, sire. Just brought them from training."

"Good," Alex said. He turned his head just enough to let the word cut through.

"Each of you will face twenty. Win, and you're Kingswell."

Carlos turned to the group. "You heard the boss. Move."

Twenty men and women - jeans, shirts crumpled like they'd just left a late party - fell in behind him.

They walked past Alex with the calm of people who'd been waiting for this exact moment.

No hesitation.

"You twenty wanna face hundreds?" Max roared, trying to reclaim the night. "Show no mercy. Kill them—show what the Chicago Outfit does to rats."

The Kingswell didn't answer.

They spread out, eyes flat, then exploded forward as one.

They ran like moths to a flame - not blind, but hungry.

At first, the thugs also surged forward like they owned the night.

They came with cocky grins, swinging bats and chains like trophies, shouting over one another with curses and promises of blood.

The road shook with their confidence, the kind born from always being the predators — from always having the numbers, from never once being challenged. But the Kingswell moved faster.

Where a thug's swing was wild, clumsy, and loud, a Kingswell's strike was sharp, quiet, and final.

An elbow crushed a windpipe, a knee shattered a ribcage, a knife slid between bone and muscle with surgical precision.

The first few thugs went down screaming, clutching broken jaws and twisted limbs.

Their friends laughed at them at first.

They thought it was luck, a mistake, that their buddies had just been sloppy.

But when the next wave charged, they too dropped, gasping for breath with bones bent at unnatural angles.

The swagger began to crack. The laughter turned brittle.

Each body hitting the pavement made the next thug hesitate.

They had always believed in numbers. Numbers had always been their shield. Ten against one, twenty against one it was how they ruled the streets.

But against these twenty, numbers meant nothing.

Fear crept into their eyes. They swung harder, faster, trying to bury their rising panic beneath violence, but each desperate attack was punished with ruthless efficiency. FindNovels

A bat swung wide — countered by a wrist lock and a snapping elbow.

A chain lashed out — caught, yanked, and turned into a noose against its wielder's throat.

Their arrogance once a roaring fire burned out into the cold stink of terror.

Bones snapped like dry sticks. Blood sprayed across the asphalt. Ragged breaths turned into screams. The ones who had sworn to kill now stumbled, backing away, tripping over the fallen as their own lines collapsed.

Some of the Outfit pulled handguns, their hands shaking, firing wild into the chaos.

The cracks of gunfire split the night like thunder.

But the Kingswell flowed between the muzzle flashes, weaving through death with terrifying calm.

One snatched up a fallen blade and hurled it across the melee.

The steel buried itself into a shooter's skull with a dull, sickening thunk. He dropped, eyes wide, mouth frozen mid-curse.

That was the breaking point. Panic spread like disease.

The math that had always worked for them—we outnumber them, we can't lose - shattered.

Now they saw their numbers shrinking, their friends dying, their confidence bleeding out into the gutter.

They bolted. Tough guys who had strutted in with threats now screamed like children.

One tried to run, but a Kingswell

caught him by the hair, yanked him back, and smashed his skull into the pavement until bone gave way with a crack that silenced everything around it. FindNovels

Another thug swung a nail-studded bat, missed, and took a fist to the throat so deep it collapsed his windpipe.

Another gasped once, blood bubbling from his mouth, before crumpling.

The predators had become prey. The hunters had become meat.

And in the space of minutes, the Chicago Outfit learned what it felt like to fear.

On the sidewalks, citizens stood frozen at first, afraid the storm would swallow them too.

For years these streets had belonged to the Outfit.

Every shopkeeper, every passerby, every mother with a child had learned to lower their eyes when the thugs came swaggering through.

Extortion had been the tax of survival.

A word spoken out of line, a payment delayed, and bones were broken-sometimes worse.

Fear had been the only law.

Now that fear cracked. Faces wet

with tears stared at the sight they'd never dared imagine the Chicago Outfit being slaughtered in the very streets they once owned. FindNovels

A shopkeeper pressed his trembling hands against the glass of his storefront, voice shaking with awe.

"You snapped my boy's arms and legs for refusing to bow when you passed. Now someone breaks yours. This-this is justice."

A woman in her sixties wept openly, clutching her rosary to her chest.

"They bled us dry for years. Stole every coin. Threatened to burn my home. And now... now the fire takes them."

Others clenched fists, not in fear, but in righteous fury.

Relief spread like wildfire, braided with vengeance, the kind that had been bottled up for too long. Some shouted through tears, their voices cracking:

"They robbed my shop every week-look at them now!"

"They beat my brother half to death. Now they taste their own medicine!"

"Finally! Finally, we are free from these parasites!"

One man, his face scarred from an old beating, dropped to his knees and sobbed.

"I thought no one would ever stand for us. But tonight-tonight justice walks."

The Kingswell moved among the chaos like wolves thinning a herd.

They weren't savage for the sake of blood; they were exact, deliberate, cold. A pack of hunters culling diseased animals.

And when the last thug fell — some moaning, most silent — the night air shifted. The street that had known only fear exhaled in raw, ragged relief.

The citizens stood taller, their chains broken not by their own hands, but by the twenty who had come to do what no one else dared.

For the first time in years, the people of that block felt the taste of justice. And it was sweet.

'The debt of cruelty is repaid by the same harsh currency.'

Alex stepped forward, looked at the broken heap of men around Max.

"Ten minutes, call your Chicago Outfit now. If no one shows, I'll take a limb from each of you - ten minutes apiece."

Max's face went white. He'd seen iron before; today he'd felt it.

Some of the Kingswell used the lighters off their belts.

They lit fuel, one by one, setting motorcycles and pickup beds alight. Flames

licked the night sky, orange and hungry, and the parked vehicles burned like torches.

Alex stood in that ring of smoke and heat and watched the city breathe again. "We're going to kill the cancer eating this city tonight. Leave no one alive."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 407[1,087 words]

Alex stood over the shattered thugs, his eyes cold as stone.

Hundreds of men knelt on the street, some trembling, others slumped lifeless against the asphalt.

The air stank of blood, sweat, and fear.

They had tasted hell. And heaven-heaven never gave entry to thugs, extortionists, or parasites.

No visas for their kind.

"Carlos," Alex said, his voice sharp as steel. "Wipe the Chicago Outfit out of Vancouver. After tonight, their name dies with them."

"Yes, sir," Carlos answered without hesitation.

"Make sure no one ever rises again to bully the weak. Let this be the last time- ever. The weak have bled enough, their tears have soaked this earth long enough."

"Every cry, every wound, every shattered life is a stain on us all. We should tremble with shame before the Almighty, who placed strength and authority in our hands to protect His people-yet we failed them, leaving them to suffer in silence for far too long."

"No more. Not tonight. It ends here."

"Never again, sir," Carlos answered, his voice steady, his eyes burning with resolve.

Thirty Kingswell men stepped from the shadows, silent and disciplined. They moved with the purpose of executioners.

Carlos turned to his men, voice carrying like steel. "Begin the execution."

A Kingswell soldier stepped forward, papers in his hand.

His eyes scanned the crowd, cold and unflinching, until they locked on a thug with a lip ring and ink crawling up his neck.

He pointed. "That one."

Two men surged forward, dragging the thug to the front by his arms. He fought against their grip, spitting on the ground.

"Get your filthy hands off me, you dogs!" he roared, thrashing against their grip.

"You think you can drag me like some rat? I'll cut your throats the second I'm free! You hear me? You're already dead men!"

The thug crowd shifted uneasily, eyes darting, but silence held.

Still, a ripple of defiance sparked among them. A few sneered, baring yellow teeth, lifting their chins as if to remind the world who they were.

They had lived too long without fear, feeding off the city like wolves.

To them, pain was for others, never for themselves.

Even now, with chains of dread coiling around their necks, some still clung to their arrogance-faces carved with the stubborn pride of men who thought they were untouchable.

"Pieter Sullivan," the soldier said, voice ringing with authority.

"You murdered three homeless men, assaulted four women, shattered bones of shopkeepers, and led gang wars that tore families apart. You turned this city into a pit of fear."

"So what?" Pieter sneered, chin high. "Lock me up if I did wrong. That's the law." "The Chicago Outfit paid cops to keep you untouchable. Prison's a joke when the police serve your wallet. But here's the truth-unfortunately for you, we're not the police."

Steel flashed.

With a single brutal swing, Pieter's right arm was severed.

His scream ripped through the night as he writhed on the ground.

Blood welled, but the Kingswell pressed his nerves, cutting the flow, forcing the pain to linger.

"You still owe us your left arm," the soldier said coldly. "Go beg your brothers. If one of them gives their limb, we'll let you walk."

For the first time, Pieter understood terror.

He had been the predator, the man who made others crawl.

Tonight, he faced monsters far darker than himself.

His eyes wild, he stumbled to the kneeling mob-men he had once called brothers, men he had sworn to die beside.

"Brother!" he screamed, clutching one man's shoulder. "You promised—life and death together. Help me! Lend me your arm!"

Silence.

No one moved.

He turned to another.

But the men only lowered their eyes. Pieter, once feared, stood stripped bare- alone, desperate, broken.

"Bob! I saved you, remember? I gave you money for you and your mother! Just give me your arm damn you His voice cracked rage tangled with desperation. FindNovels

Bob looked at Pieter-looked at the bleeding stump where his right arm used to be-and turned his face away in disgust.

"Bastard! After all I did-you won't bleed for me?!" That rejection ignited Pieter's fury.

He lashed out with his only remaining arm, seizing Bob's collar with trembling fingers.

"You bastard! How dare you refuse me? When this is over, you'll be the one rotting in the dirt!"

The words had barely left his mouth when a Kingswell soldier moved like a shadow.

Steel flashed—and Pieter's left arm dropped to the floor with a wet thud.

Blood sprayed across the pavement. His scream split the night.

"You had one arm left," the Kingswell said coldly, pressing the stump to stem the blood and still you used it for evil. You've proven you have no place in this world. You're finished." FindNovels

The soldier's eyes hardened. "Now it's your head. Go beg your brothers-see if

one of them will trade their limb for your neck."

Pieter's bravado shattered. He had never known fear like this.

For years, the Chicago Outfit paid cops to protect him, to make him untouchable.

He had lived like a ghost above the law.

But here, before these men, he was nothing. Less than nothing.

"Help me!" he cried, staggering, both arms gone, blood soaking his shirt.

He stumbled from man to man, his eyes wide, tears cutting through the dirt on his

face. "We're brothers, aren't we? Please... help me!"

The men stared back in silence. These were the same predators who once strutted through the streets untouchable, but now their

nightmares stood over them. FindNovels

They knew, in their bones, what it felt like to be prey.

And it was unbearable. Their bodies trembled. Their courage bled out.

"Please!" Pieter sobbed, running from one thug to the next. "Somebody— anybody!"

A Kingswell voice cut through the night like a blade. "Pieter... when the homeless

you butchered begged you for mercy-what did you do?"

"I... I—" His stammer died in his throat as steel carved through flesh.

His head toppled to the asphalt, blood jetting from the stump like a fountain.

The crowd broke. Some thugs screamed. Others vomited in the gutter.

Tears streamed down hardened faces as regret devoured them. Why had they ever joined the Outfit?

Why had they thought themselves invincible?

Another Kingswell with a ledger stepped forward.

His voice was cold, methodical. "James. Gabe. Fox..." Each name was a death sentence.

One by one, men were dragged forward.

One by one, limbs were taken, necks split, bodies collapsed in rivers of blood.

Hundreds of gangsters realized the truth too late: regret always comes after. Death always comes on time.

"Stop this madness!"

The shout boomed down the street. Sirens wailed. A flood of red and blue lights washed over the blood-soaked pavement.

Dozens of police cars screeched to a halt, doors flying open.

Armed officers spilled out, weapons raised. "This is the Vancouver Police Department!" a commander barked through a megaphone.

"Drop your weapons! You are committing criminal acts-killing and maiming people. Stop immediately!"

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 408[1,343 words]

The police were already flooding the street, circling the Kingsley and the hundreds of thugs on their knees.

And still the sirens wailed, growing louder, closer-it felt like the entire Vancouver force was descending on that street.

The night of reckoning had drawn every badge in the city.

Max Capone shouted in panic, his voice cracking with desperation.

"Please help us! These people are insane, killing and hurting innocent men like us! Please, good officers, save us!"

From the sidelines, the citizens watching spat their fury.

"Again? Those fucking cops coming to save their asses?" one growled.

"I filed reports-nothing ever happened. The cops just sat with the thugs, counting our money together."

Another citizen shook his head bitterly.

"We pay taxes to feed the police... then we pay extortion to feed the thugs. In the end, we're nothing but livestock for them both."

Alex smiled wide, his voice thundering across the night, cutting through the cries of the crowd.

"So, the police finally crawl out from their holes-to stand beside their sugar daddies."

His glare burned into their uniforms.

"You should hang your heads in shame. That badge you wear was meant to guard the innocent, but you've used it to shield criminals."

"You shut your eyes to drug deals, to extortion, to blood spilled on these streets. You opened prison doors for men who should have rotted away in chains, and you left the weak to cry alone."

His voice grew sharper, deeper, each word landing like a hammer.

"You don't serve justice-you auction it to the highest bidder. You betrayed the very hands that lifted you into power. For silver and comfort, you sold your oath. For money, you damned this city and let it bleed."

"Shut up, you criminal!" the lead officer shouted, and instantly every gun was raised, barrels locked on the Kingswell. The air grew thick, bristling with gunmetal tension.

Across the shattered pavement, the Chicago Outfit grinned like jackals in the dark.

Their protectors had arrived-nothing to fear now. These strange men who dared defy them would rot in jail, and soon enough, die there.

Max burst into laughter, loud and giddy, his face twisting with cruel delight.

"You're finished, Alex! You hear me? Dead! Every last one of you! The police are here, and they're ours. Once you're thrown behind bars, we'll be waiting for you every damn day-teaching you what real fear tastes like."

"You think you can fight them? The cops are our dogs! Do you know how many guns are aimed at you right now? You're already dead, Alex. Dead! Mark my words!"

"Hands up!" the lead officer barked through a megaphone. "Do it now, or we open fire!"

Carlos stepped forward, calm in his tailored suit, his voice rich with conviction.

"We are the eyes and the hands of the King. We have sworn our oath. Beneath the sky, beneath the heavens-though hell itself should rise-we bow to no one but the Creator."

"We fear no man, no beast, no devil. Let the world remember-the demon should fear us."

The commander sneered. "Not tonight. Tonight you bow to me!"

Before the echo faded, Alex released a surge of raw force.

An unseen pressure crushed the air, and in a heartbeat, every officer was driven to their knees.

Their guns quaked in their hands, barrels twisting upward to press against their own foreheads, as if unseen fingers had curled around the triggers-ready to end them with a single pull.

The weight was unbearable, suffocating-the taste of death sat on their tongues. Five Kingswell men strode forward, each holding documents.

One knelt beside a young officer, resting a steady hand on his trembling shoulder.

"You don't belong here," he said firmly. "You've chosen justice before, and justice now protects you. Go home to your family. Leave this place of damnation."

The crushing weight vanished from the officer's chest. His arm fell free, and he staggered to his feet, gasping for breath like a drowning man breaking the surface at last.

"But... you're " the officer began, until his eyes caught the insignia on the man's jacket. His breath faltered. The mark was unmistakable.

"The Kingswell," he whispered. A hush rippled through the line of cops.

They knew the symbol. It meant one thing: stand down.

No one outranked them.

One by one, the honest officers holstered their weapons, exchanged knowing looks, and backed away.

Engines roared as patrol cars pulled from the scene.

They were police.

They knew which of their brothers still stood true and which had long ago sold their souls.

That left the corrupt, the ones everyone had waited too long to see purged, the ones who had dragged the badge into shame.

Even among the police, relief stirred. Some felt their eyes sting with tears.

Because of them, the honest ones carried the weight of a bad name-blamed for sins they never committed.

"Finally," one whispered, voice breaking, "someone has come to cleanse the parasites that disgraced us. At last... we can breathe again."

The crooked officers, faces pale and slick with sweat, now stood exposed. Their karma had come to collect, and there was no shield left.

Alex's voice was ice.

"Strip them. Fire them from their posts. They chose money over justice, betrayal over duty. They belong to the Outfit now. And like the Outfit-they will die with it."

"Yes, sir," Carlos said.

Alex turned toward the Vancouver park. The gates stood wide open now.

The head of park security bowed low. "Welcome back, sir."

"How are the children?" Alex asked.

"They know nothing," the guard replied softly.

"They're still eating, playing with toys, laughing with their friends, singing karaoke on the stage."

"Good." Alex nodded and started forward.

He walked only a few steps before his eyes found the children.

He forced

et smile-big, wide, almost

exaggerated. He needed them to see

jay

s face, even if he had to fake

his

it. FindNovels

The moment Giselle and Josephine spotted him, they rushed to his side.

"What happened out there? The staff won't let us leave," they asked together, their voices edged with worry.

"The police came," Alex said gently. "It's over. Everything's finished."

"Thank God," Giselle whispered, relief flooding her voice. A child tugged at her sleeve.

"Sister Giselle, come play with us!"

"Yes, yes," Giselle said, smiling as she turned back to them.

"Sister Josephine too!" another child called.

"I'll join in a minute," Josephine promised, but her eyes stayed locked on Alex.

He gave her a grin, trying to make it look easy.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

Without a word, Josephine stepped forward and wrapped her arms around him.

Her embrace was steady, warm, unshaken—a quiet defiance against the storm burning inside him.

"Your face is smiling," she

นาง

whispered, her breath trembling against his ear, "but your heart is g Please

FindNovels

The words struck like lightning.

Alex froze.

stop furting

His throat locked tight, his chest caved as though crushed by an unseen weight.

For a heartbeat he tried to hold it back, but the dam broke his eyes filled, tears carving down his face.

He clung to her, clutching her small frame as though she was the last flicker of light left in a collapsing world.

Humans are born of light.

Made to love, to protect, to share warmth.

But when they hurt one another-whatever the reason-the wound cuts both ways.

Alex had never once tasted joy in killing.

Not once. Every blow, every life he ended, carved him open deeper.

His soul bled with theirs.

Yet he bore that pain willingly-better his heart bleed than the innocent.

If that meant becoming a monster, then he would wear the mask.

If that meant falling into darkness so others could stay in the light, then let him fall.

He knew the truth-he could never walk in love again.

He would never live in happiness.

He could only pretend.

Pretend to smile so children could laugh.

Pretend to carry light so the weak would feel safe.

Pretend... until the end.

He would drag every monster into the pit with him, and die with them all-so long as the children could live

in heaven,

FindNovels

If the price was hell itself, he would pay it.

'May the True Source have mercy on my damned soul,' he thought, and the words cut deeper every time.

For sinners like him, there was no redemption.

His hands were too stained.

His path too dark.

But as long as the children of light lived free-in happiness, in love—he would remember.

He would remember that once, long ago, he too had come from the light.

But now it was too late. He had stepped beyond the point of return.

He had chosen damnation.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 409[1,972 words]

The next morning, the Kingston family mansion was anything but quiet.

Alfred Kingston had called an emergency family meeting, summoning everyone back to the old estate.

And one by one, every Kingston arrived-none dared to be absent.

As the eldest, Alfred had always been the pillar, but today his eyes carried something different-steel and fire.

His brothers David and Samuel, and his younger sister Sarah, all married with families of their own, filled the long table, their children sitting quietly nearby.

David leaned back, irritation plain on his face. "Alfred, I was in the middle of business when your emergency message came through. What's going on?"

Sarah scoffed, flashing her diamond bracelets.

"Big brother, the money you send isn't enough for me to live the way I deserve. When you summon us like this, we drop everything. So when this circus is over, you'd better transfer more into my account."

Samuel's eyes narrowed, his voice edged with challenge. "What's this about, Alfred? Don't tell me you've finally decided to step down."

The words were barely out when Alfred's palm slammed the table like thunder.

The polished oak cracked under the force, five deep grooves splitting its surface, and silence bowed.

No one had ever seen Alfred like this.

He was the brother who always smiled, who gave without limit, who seemed untouchable by anger.

But now, rage burned in his eyes, and the weight of it made even his nephews and nieces lower their heads.

Alfred's voice came low, "The Kingston family is one step from destruction. And you—each of you play like spoiled children while our house crumbles. Enough is enough."

David bristled. "What are you talking about? The Kingston family is the most powerful in the country. We own Los Angeles, Vancouver, Vermont soon Paris will be on our pocket. We're untouchable."

"Untouchable?" Alfred's growl was a blade.

"Next time, turn on the damn news before you open your mouth. Vermont's already gone-Kelly lost it. Jericho Kane, our sworn enemy, has it back in his grasp."

"And Vancouver? It's hanging by a thread, ready to fall straight into the hands of the Kings."

Shock rippled around the table.

"How the hell could this happen?" David's voice cracked.

"This isn't possible!" Sarah gasped, the glitter in her eyes fading into fear.

Samuel's fists clenched tight, "Explain yourself, Alfred! What the hell have you done?"

"At the last meeting, we all agreed-we'd throw everything we had into taking Paris. With that win, we'd control four states. We were one move away from being crowned kings of this entire country!"

"Kelly!" Sarah turned on Kelly, her eyes wide and frantic. "You're the governor of Vermont-tell me you didn't screw this up!"

Kelly stayed silent. Though adopted, she'd been in this family long enough to understand her place and Sarah's.

With Sarah, words were weapons, and once she started, she never stopped. No one ever won an argument with her.

'Silence is the true friend that never betrays.'

Sarah's hand slammed down on the table with a crack. "Kelly! Why the hell are you sitting there in silence? Where's your responsibility?"

"If you'd done your damn job as Vermont's governor, no one would've stolen that position."

"This mess is on you. And if my allowance gets cut because of your failure, you'll regret the day you were born! You hear me, you daughter of a bitch!"

"Enough!" Alfred's voice roared across the room. "We don't have time for your petty blaming. We talk about what matters now."

David's voice cut in. "Then tell us, Alfred-what the hell could be more important than losing Vermont? All because of your adopted daughter. You should've never taken her in the first place!"

Samuel sneered. "Yeah, you should've just let her die in the street. Next time, Alfred, adopt a dog or a cat instead of a human."

Alfred chose to ignore the jab. "Did any of you hear what happened in Vancouver last night?"

"Yeah." David nodded. "The Chicago outfit got rolled up along with the corrupt cops. The media can't stop talking about it everywhere."

"Looks like the Kings are showing off, proving Kingswell's muscle works better than the government. The governor there? Couldn't even lift a finger."

Samuel spat bitterly, his tone laced with contempt. "That new King's nothing but a show-off. All he does is waste time with women and burn through money."

"And damn him for not even inviting me into his harem. Anyway, Alfred-what's it got to do with us? You're always speaking around the bush."

Alfred pressed his fingers to his temple, the throb of a headache building. How did he end up with brothers this damn foolish?

"Like you just said—the governor of Vancouver can't do a damn thing. And in case you've forgotten, the governor of Vancouver is your niece. The Prime Minister's already put us on notice: if she doesn't show her face in public and start doing her job, she'll be replaced."

Sarah tossed her hair back with a sharp scoff. "Then it's simple. Just send Jasmine to handle it. Why make a mountain out of a molehill?"

Alfred replied coldly, "Jasmine is under house arrest. We cannot allow her to take the governor's seat back."

David frowned, confusion twisting across his face. "And why the hell not?"

Alfred leaned forward, "Because we already agreed to back Charles for the Paris governor position. That was decided at the last meeting. Don't pretend you've forgotten."

Sarah rolled her eyes, voice shrill with frustration. "Yes, yes, we all know that. Just say what you mean, Alfred, and stop circling around. I don't care about your politics-all I care about is that my allowance doesn't shrink."

Alfred's gaze hardened. "To gain Paris legally, we have only one path. Gilbert's last will. It states his inheritance will pass to whoever avenges his murder."

"Yes," David shot back. "We all agreed-the only way to lock down the Paris governor's seat is through Gilbert's last will."

"Even if Sophia has the will that names her as heir to Paris, if we tie her to Alex as the cause of Gilbert's death, we'll win in court. Then Charles takes the position."

"The path is very simple. Kill Alexander Kingsley. He's no longer with Kingswell. Killing a man stripped of power, a beggar with nothing, should've been easy, right?"

Samuel glared at Alfred. "We agreed to send a hundred assassins after Alex last meeting, with Charles ready to claim the glory. So why the hell is he still alive? Don't tell me you didn't send them."

Alfred's jaw tightened. "We sent them. Every one of them. But Jasmine—" his voice cracked like steel—"Jasmine betrayed us. She's obsessed with that man."

"She used Vancouver's elite guard to wipe out every assassin we sent. She made sure none of them touched him. So I had no choice but asked Charles to lock her up in her room. She's grounded."

Sarah blinked, politics was never her strength. "What do you mean, Alfred? Explain it clearly."

Alfred's voice dropped, dark and heavy. "The Prime Minister has made it clear-if we don't put Jasmine back in her post, the government will strip Vancouver from

us. But if we release her, she'll tear apart Charles' path to Paris."

Samuel slammed his fist against the table.

"Then have both! Order Jasmine to keep her mouth shut about Paris. Let her focus only on Vancouver. She's your daughter, Alfred-damn it, control her! And if you can't, then let me control her."

Alfred's face flushed red with fury.

"Shut your fucking mouth, Samuel!

Do you think my daughter is like your useless brat-only good for begging money and burning down every business handed to her? She can't do anything right! Control your own daughter-and control your damn mouth!" FindNovels

David slammed his hand down so hard the table rattled, the echo shaking through

the room.

It seemed the entire family had developed a habit of slamming the table just to claim the right to speak.

"Alfred! Don't forget how you became governor in the first place! We gave you our money, every damn coin, to fuel your campaign. We made you head of this family. You owe us."

"Everything you have comes from us. Don't you dare forget it. And your daughter —she was chosen by you. We paid for her seat too. She belongs to the family's will, not her own!"

Sarah bared her teeth, slamming the table with her jeweled hand. "If we tell her to move right, she moves right! If we say left, she goes left! We cannot tolerate her defiance!"

The room erupted like a wildfire. Voices overlapped, anger flaring from every corner.

Even Alfred's nieces and nephews jumped into the fray, shouting across the table.

"You should've never put Jasmine in that seat! You should've chosen me!"

"Yeah! How could you hand that weak woman the governorship? I'd do a thousand times better!"

One by one, the words grew harsher, sharper, like knives thrown across the room.

What began as argument turned into chaos, the Kingston family tearing itself apart with every sentence.

Alfred finally had enough his voice cut through the chaos like a blade.

"It seems all of you enjoy stabbing each other in the back. Do you want me to cut off every last one of your allowances?"

The hall fell into dead silence.

"Alfred-" Sarah tried to speak.

"Shut up," Alfred snapped, his glare pinning her in place.

Sarah's face burned red with rage. "How dare you silence me, Alfred? You always act like you don't need us."

"But the moment you're in trouble, suddenly you demand our support! You can't keep bossing us around—we're adults, not your servants. You're nothing but a fucking tyrant!"

"Then keep it that way forever!" Alfred roared back. "This was never a damn democracy!"

"Listen carefully, everyone. Jasmine will be released. If we don't, we'll lose Vancouver entirely. But understand this once she's free, she'll try to sabotage our plan to kill Alex and take Paris."

"I'll handle her by forcing her into marriage with Logan. And you-" he

jabbed a finger at each of them, sharp as a dagger will move faster Kill Alex before Jasmine can interfere. Keep it hidden from her. That is the only way we take Paris." FindNovels

The family stared at him.

As always, the weight of his presence crushed resistance. He was the patriarch-

smarter, sharper, stronger. Even in anger, he commanded them. And like sheep, they bowed.

"We agree," they answered in unison.

Alfred straightened. "The Kingston family must remain at the top. We began with

one state. We still hold two. And we will take a third. But this time, every ounce of our power must be used."

"Yes," the others replied, their voices trembling with loyalty and fear.

Alfred's gaze snapped to Kelly, sharp as a blade. "And you, Kelly. We trusted you

with Vermont, and you lost it. You've damaged this family's interests. You are

nothing but a disappointment."

Kelly's throat tightened. She wanted to scream, to remind them it wasn't Alfred

who placed her there, it is the king.

But in the Kingston family, nothing belonged to the individual. Everything belonged

to the family.

"I took you in," Alfred continued

coldly. "we accepted you as a Kingston. You've sat at this table because of me. But now? You've lost

the governorship. You lost even the Kingwell position fought to place you in. You are worth nothing anymore." FindNovels

The words shattered her. Kelly had feared this judgment since she was a child—

that she was useless.

That she would never be enough.

Alfred didn't soften. He delivered the final blow with brutal clarity.

"You will marry Charles. Not as his wife-no. As his mistress. You will serve him, protect him, and lead on his behalf. You are smarter and stronger than him. That is your role now-his shield, his slave. You will live for him."

Kelly's heart turned to stone. She understood what it meant: her life was no longer hers.

Every coin they gave her now came back as a shackle.

She would be chained to Charles, forced to carry his incompetence on her back-

shielding the family, the business, and everything they had from the disasters his stupidity could unleash-while he enjoyed an easy life with his wife.

Her own will stripped away, turned into nothing more than the perfect slave.

And as she sat in silence, rage burning beneath her fear, one thought consumed

her-

It all began because of Alex.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 410[1,374 words]

A few days passed, and Alex had already slipped back into his routine-only now there was something new.

He had taken Josephine under his wing, training her with a seriousness he reserved for only the most promising.

That woman was a monster in the making.

No wonder she had been so strong since childhood, defeating people twice her size with raw instinct.

She had everything it took to be superhuman-maybe even more talent than Alex himself.

He gave her everything he had, holding nothing back.

He trusted her.

He believed she would use his techniques for good.

No matter how angry Josephine got, she never crossed the line—she hit, regretted, and stopped.

She could never truly hurt someone, let alone kill.

Alex poured everything into her, as if passing down his legacy could somehow pay back the world for his sins.

Josephine threw herself into cultivation, training harder than ever in her room.

She stopped helping him in the clinic, not that it mattered. Few people came anyway.

Alex carried on, his focus split between his patients and the girl who might one day surpass him.

As usual, Alex was distributing food and vitamins to the homeless inside the clinic when a sleek black limousine glided to a stop at the entrance.

The sight alone was enough to freeze the crowd.

Then the door opened, and a woman stepped out—stunning, radiant, out of place in the filth of the slums.

The homeless stared, wide-eyed, their whispers spilling out.

"Isn't it strange?" one muttered. "Why do beautiful women keep coming to this place?"

"First Governor Jasmine, then the model Sophia," another added with awe.

"Fools," an older man snapped, shaking his head. "The real angel here is Josephine. Her beauty matches theirs, but her heart—her heart is pure."

"Yes," another voice chimed in, "I agree completely!"

"Her kindness was the only currency we could trust in this broken world."

The woman paused, her sharp eyes cutting toward them as though she'd overheard every word.

Her smile was dangerous, laced with venom. She stepped closer, her voice cold and mocking.

"You old men... you worthless rats. How dare you claim to know who the most beautiful and kind woman is—in front of me? Now speak. Tell me, who is the most beautiful, the kindest, the perfect girl you know?"

The crowd froze, the silence pressing down on them like a heavy shroud.

One of the men, eager to speak, lifted his head with a shaky smile. "Of course... the most beautiful is-

But his words caught in his throat.

He froze as the woman reached into her bag and pulled out something deadly.

The glint of the weapon in her hand sent terror rushing through every spine.

"My name is Bella Kane," she said, swinging the weapon lightly, as if daring them to breathe wrong.

Her eyes blazed with fury as she demanded, "Now tell me who is the most beautiful, the kindest, the one perfect for Mister Alex?"

All the homeless froze, eyes locked on the weapon in Bella's hand.

Their bodies trembled, fear rippling through them until they could no longer stand. One by one, they dropped to their knees on the cracked pavement.

"Please," one stammered, his voice shaking, "you are the most beautiful... the kindest person we've ever seen."

"Yes, Miss Bella," another begged, bowing his head. one. Please, show us your mercy."

are the

ost beautiful

An old man bent low, his forehead almost touching the ground. "Miss... we had eyes, but we could not see. Now I see the truth-you are the most perfect woman I have ever witnessed in my life."

Bella threw her head back and laughed, a hard, ringing sound. "Excellent. Since you're all such honest men, I'll accept it."

With a sudden flourish, she hurled the "dangerous weapon" into the air.

The crowd gasped-then roared in shock.

It wasn't a blade or a gun at all, but a thick bundle of hundred-dollar bills. The

stack burst apart, raining cash across the courtyard like a storm.

The homeless broke, scrambling after the flying bills, their hands clawing at the air, their cries filling the street.

Bella walked straight through the chaos with her chin high and her steps slow, moving with the grace of royalty.

She was born to be a queen, and they followed her like beggars worshiping their monarch.

Even those inside the clinic, who had been watching from the windows, couldn't resist.

The moment they saw the rain of money, they surged outside, shoving each other aside to grab whatever they could.

The noise dragged Alex from his work.

He stepped out of the clinic, frowning, only to see Bella Kane striding toward him, looking every inch the queen.

But the instant her eyes met his, everything about her shifted.

The cold mask, the regal poise-they crumbled.

Her face flushed red, her proud walk faltered, and she suddenly looked like a timid girl caught sneaking out at night.

She bit her lip, her hands twisting nervously as she approached him.

"Hey, Alex," she said softly, almost shy. "How are you?"

"Me?" Alex raised an eyebrow, studying her. "I'm fine. How about you?"

"Me?" Bella stammered, biting harder at her lip. Her fingers curled together, fidgeting like a child.

"I... I miss you. Ever since the last time you came to help me, I've wanted to see you again. Not for anything else..." Her cheeks burned red. "I just wanted to say thank you."

Alex gave a small nod. "So you came here to thank me? Don't worry about that. I already got the payment."

"No." Bella's eyes widened as if she'd just remembered something dire.

In a heartbeat, the shy act vanished. Panic flooded her face. She lunged forward, clutching Alex's chest.

"Please help me, Alex! Something's happened to my father!" Her voice cracked with desperation.

"I think my dad is going to die. Please... you're the only one I could think of. You saved my life once-I need you to save his now."

"Calm down. Tell me slowly." Alex tried to push Bella away, but she clung to him with desperate strength, burying her face against his chest.

"A few days ago," she gasped, "my father returned to his position as hosted

governor of Vermont

grand welcome party but

something went wrong. The morning, he collapsed! He swore

someone had poisoned him."

FindNovels

Her eyes brimmed with tears, spilling down her cheeks.

"Alex, you have to help him," she pleaded. "I'll do anything for you. If you cure my

father-I'll become your wife."

"What?" Alex's brows knit tight.

Bella lifted her head, forcing a smile through her tears.

"I know you can cure him. That's why I came. You know who I am, Alex-I'm Jericho Kane's only daughter. I'll inherit Vermont's governorship one day. If you s him he'll give me to you as a reward.

magine it-marriage to me his heir

It's the perfect alliance."

belongs to FindNovels

She winked playfully, as if her beauty, wealth, and power were reason enough for

him to say yes.

"Sorry," Alex said firmly. "I can't do that."

"Healing my father?" Bella's face twisted in disbelief, then shifted into a chilling smile.

"Well... that's fine too. Every man

dies eventually. If my father goes sooner, l't become governor-and That works just as well. He's lived long enough already. Don't worry, Alex... I @gree with you." FindNovels

you'll be my band and

"I'll cure your father," Alex said firmly. "But I won't take marriage as payment.

That's wrong."

Bella's cheeks burned red. She gave a soft, nervous laugh.

"Oh, Alex. I never realized you were the shy type. Truth is I am too. But in

moments like this, we both have to be brave, take a step forward. Don't worry. My

father will agree when you ask for my hand."

"I don't believe he will," Alex said sharply, trying to end her fantasy.

But Bella only smiled wider, her face flushed with heat.

"Alex! Hold fast to dreams, for if dreams die, life is a broken-winged bird that

cannot fly."

"If Father refuses, I have another way. You can put your baby in my belly first.

Then he'll have no choice but to accept us—without condition. What do you think?"

Alex cut her off, "That's enough, Bella. First let me see your father. I need to check his condition."

"You're right, please follow me," she said, nodding quickly, her cheeks glowing with a fierce blush as they began walking toward the limousine. "I've already prepared the private jet."

Then Bella glanced at Alex with wide, innocent eyes. "About... baby making?

Could we try it on the plane? Can you show me how? People say it's... fun." Alex froze, shocked beyond belief.

This was Bella—the bold, dangerous Bella who feared nothing, who dared anything—yet she didn't even know the first thing about making a baby?

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 411[1,878 words]

At noon, their private jet touched down at the Kane estate.

The Kane family was one of Vermont's oldest ruling lineages, and their headquarters reflected centuries of power.

The mansion rose like a fortress of wealth, its sprawling gardens and ponds arranged by the most renowned feng shui masters.

Every tree, every stone, every ripple of water was placed to channel fortune endlessly toward the Kane bloodline.

Hundreds of guards patrolled the perimeter, their eyes sharp, rifles steady.

Bella walked at Alex's side, her fingers clutching the back of his shirt as if it were her lifeline.

She stayed close, almost sheltered in his shadow, her steps timid but steady.

She longed to pull him nearer, but shyness held her back, stealing her courage—

yet the fear of losing him kept her grip unbreakable.

"Alex, you're finally here. Please, help us check on Jericho-something's happened to him."

At the entrance, Lidia stood with her butler, her face pale and frantic.

"I'll check him," Alex said firmly. "Lead the way."

Lidia's eyes flickered with doubt. "Are you sure you can cure him?" Her voice cracked with panic.

"I can't promise anything," Alex answered. "I need to examine him first. If it's just an ordinary illness, it will be simple. But if it's rare, the outcome depends on the severity. Some things aren't easy to cure."

"Please-quickly. Follow me."

Lidia spun on her heels, frowning, and hurried inside.

Alex and Bella followed close behind until they reached a lavish ward filled with state-of-the-art medical equipment.

Specialists clustered together, whispering anxiously as they tried to devise a treatment.

On the bed lay Jericho Kane. The once-charismatic governor was now unrecognizable. His skin carried a bluish tinge, his lips darkened to a dreadful purple.

Alex stepped forward. He placed his fingers on Jericho's wrist, feeling his pulse, then checked his eyes and mouth. His expression hardened.

Jericho had been poisoned. Not by something ordinary, but by a venom so rare and vicious that only one name surfaced in Alex's mind-the Kingswell.

This poison was a secret weapon, forged by the Kingswell under the king's command-crafted to bring down the most dangerous of enemies.

And now, that same toxin had been unleashed on Jericho Kane.

But the king had given no such order. Which meant only two people could have released it-Kelly or Alfred Kington, former Kingswell.

They had dared to use the poison without permission.

"Alex... how is my father? Can you save him?" Bella's voice trembled, fragile as glass.

Alex's eyes lingered on Jericho before he spoke. "It's complicated. But I'll try." Because this poison wasn't just deadly-it was cunning.

It could splinter into one hundred and eight variations, each more insidious than the last, shifting form depending on how it entered the body and how much time had passed.

The poison changed automatically with the flow of time, twisting itself into deadlier versions at every turn.

And Alex knew he was facing one of the deadliest puzzles of all.

This poison was designed with no cure. Once it took hold, the victim was left to wait for death.

"Try?" Scarlet's voice cut through the room as she stormed forward.

Her eyes blazed with fury. "This is my uncle's life we're talking about, and all you can say is you'll try? Are you out of your mind?"

"If you don't have the ability, just admit it! Why play games with his life—do you think my uncle is your laboratory rabbit?"

"Enough, Scarlet!" Lidia stopped her.

"But, Aunt—"

"Let's hear from him first." Lidia's trembling gaze locked on Alex. "Please... tell me what you think of my husband's condition."

Alex straightened.

"Mrs. Kane, your husband has been struck with a poison unlike any other. Every thirty minutes to an hour, its properties shift-it mutates into a new form."

"This toxin wasn't made to be cured. It was created for one purpose only: to kill. If we want even a chance of saving him, we'll have to gamble. His life hangs on a knife's edge."

Lidia's face crumpled. "That's not what I want to hear! I want my husband to recover-completely!"

Panic swallowed her reason, making her forget that Alex had once cured Bella of an illness that no one else could.

In her fear, she no longer wanted the truth-only hope.

Scarlet pressed her advantage. "Aunt, no one's perfect. Maybe he saved Bella, but every sickness demands a different cure. Poison is another world entirely. My mother already brought the best doctor for this. He's a true specialist. Please, let him treat Uncle."

"Who?" Lidia asked.

"It's me," a calm voice answered. "Doctor Kevin Witherspoon."

Through the open door, a group of figures in white coats filed into the ward.

At the front strode a thin, sharp-featured man, his eyes gleaming with cold confidence and calculation.

Beside him walked a plump, middle-aged woman.

"Mother," Scarlet called, rushing toward her.

"Beatrice Kane?" Lidia gasped, stunned.

The Kane family had always been ruled by men.

Though Beatrice was the elder sibling and Jericho the younger, tradition had denied her any claim to leadership.

Jericho had carried the patriarch's torch, leaving Beatrice with nothing.

"I heard Jericho had fallen gravely ill," Beatrice said smoothly.

"This is Dr. Kevin," Beatrice announced, smiling with cool triumph.

"One of the finest doctors in the world, a professor at Oxford Medical School. His expertise in rare and deadly illnesses is unmatched. With him here, Jericho's life is in safe hands."

"A professor at Oxford?" Lidia's face lit up, her voice trembling with hope.

To her, that title alone meant excellence beyond question. If Kevin could teach at

the world's most prestigious medical school, surely he was more skilled than any doctor in the country.

She thought of Alex, the man beside her.

Yes, he had performed miracles before he had saved Bella when no one else could but wasn't he just a doctor from some small clinic in the slums?

Maybe she'd been desperate, maybe even reckless, to let him treat Bella. But this was different. This was her husband, the governor.

Jericho Kane could not die.

Dr. Kevin cleared his throat. "Let me be clear. I don't allow anyone to touch my patient. I despise being compared. If you want this young man to meddle, then I'll leave. You can only choose one of us."

Scarlet's lips curled into a sneer. "Alex, what are you waiting for? Step aside! There's no way your pitiful skills can compete with Dr. Kevin's."

Alex shook his head. "I'm not underestimating him. But he can't cure this. The poison in Jericho isn't ordinary it's a fusion of lethal

Zit's a

toxins. This isn't something a university professor can hope to handle." FindNovels

"What a fool," Beatrice snapped, her eyes sharp with contempt.

"Don't think I don't know who you are. A doctor from a shabby little clinic in the slums. Just because you pulled off a miracle once doesn't make you a savior."

"Don't stand there like you're equal to Dr. Kevin. Get out of the way before you waste more time and kill my brother!"

"Lidia, how could you put Jericho's life in the hands of a quack? Look at him-he's young, inexperienced."

"Maybe he got lucky once. But this? This is something else entirely. What happens if Jericho die? Who will bear that responsibility? You?" "Mother!" Bella cried out. "I believe in Alex. Please, let him save Father."

"Bella," Scarlet shot back coldly, "you're blinded by your feelings. Just because you like him doesn't mean he can save your father. Supporting him will only get him killed."

"You're right." Lidia finally made her decision. She turned to Alex. "Alex, step aside. Let Dr. Kevin take over."

Alex's gaze hardened. "Mrs. Kane, this poison is unlike anything you've ever heard of. I can say with ninety percent certainty I can cure Jericho."

"But if anyone else makes even a single mistake, it will mean instant death. No antidote. No second chances. Nothing."

He turned his eyes on Dr. Kevin. "I'm warning you this poison isn't for the arrogant to toy with."

Beatrice let out a sharp laugh, dripping with scorn.

"Don't tell me you think you're better than Dr. Kevin. What a ridiculous joke. He's a world-renowned professor of medicine, respected in every country."

"And you? You don't even hold a proper license. What gives you the courage to

challenge him? The only contest you could win against Dr. Kevin is one in bragging."

"I don't care if you look down on me," Alex said.

"But don't you dare look down on the poison. Only ignorant fools speak so arrogantly when they don't even understand how dangerous this is. We're talking about a human life."

Kevin smirked, lifting his hand as if it were proof of his superiority.

"These hands have saved hundreds of thousands of people. If you doubt me, then let's settle it. A competition. You treat him, treat him Whoever Cures him faster wins. The loser admits he's a fraud and bowed." FindNovels

Alex shook his head slowly. "You just revealed how clueless you are. Jericho only has one chance. If you fail, he dies. There's no second try. This isn't a game—it's a death sentence."

Kevin laughed dismissively. "Absurd. How is it possible I've never even heard of this so-called poison?"

"Because everyone who's come into contact with it is already dead," Alex replied.

Kevin's eyes narrowed. "Then how could you possibly know about it? Unless..." He leaned forward, his voice dripping with contempt. "You're a fraud. A scammer, pretending to be something you're not."

"Enough." Lidia's voice cracked as she made her decision. "Dr. Kevin will treat my

husband first. Alex, you can stay here if you keep your mouth shut-or you can leave right now."

Alex glanced around the room. No one met his eyes, no one except Bella, whose gaze burned with desperate faith.

"Then I'll walk out. But remember this-I have a ninety percent chance of saving Jericho Kane. That man he pointed at Kevin "-couldn't cure poison on his own arm. Put Jericho

in his hands, and you'll be signing his death warrant. One hundred percent." FindNovels

Kevin's face darkened, and he snapped at Beatrice. "You hired me to save a life, not to be insulted. If this charlatan stays, I'm leaving. Throw him out, or I walk."

"Alex!" Beatrice barked. "Get out of this house!"

Alex turned, stepping out of the room without another word.

Behind him, Bella's voice rang out like a gunshot.

"You're all deaf! I said Alex is the only one who can save my father. If you ignore me-then hear this: if my father dies today, none of you will leave this mansion alive."

"Bella!" Lidia shouted in disbelief. "What nonsense are you saying?"

"Guards!" Bella commanded, her voice steady, cold. "What did my father tell you last night?"

Twenty armed men straightened at once.

Their leader answered, "Governor Kane said if anything happens to him, you are his rightful successor to the family and to Vermont itself." "Good." Bella's lips curled into a cruel smile. "Then hear my command. If my

father dies in this room, kill every single person here and bury them with him."

"Yes, Miss!" The guards raised their rifles, the room instantly filling with the weight of death.

Beatrice staggered back, her face drained of color. "Bella... how could you say that to your own aunt?"

Bella snatched a gun from the guard. In one swift motion, she pulled the trigger.

The shot thundered through the room, and Beatrice shrieked as the bullet

shattered the marble floor, carving the ground just inches from her feet. "Don't forget who I am," Bella snarled, her voice wild, her eyes merciless.

"I'm Bella Kane. Killing means nothing to me. If you want to live, you better make damn sure my father survives."

Meanwhile, Alex had already stepped outside the mansion.

He looked up at the sky, his voice low and bitter. "It's impossible to save him."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 412[1,222 words]

"Lidia!" Beatrice shouted. "How can you even call yourself a mother? Your daughter is out of control."

"You've failed-utterly failed. You're a disgrace as a mother; you should be ashamed."

Lidia turned on her. "Beatrice, I'll warn you only once. Bella is Jericho's daughter. She already carries the authority of the Kane family and the governor himself."

"If she decides to kill me, no one will stop her. So you'd better make damn sure the doctor you brought here saves Jericho-he's the only one who can keep Bella under control."

Beatrice's face twisted in outrage.

"I'm trying to do what's best for my brother! How dare you let her threaten me? I should teach my niece how to show respect to her aunt!" She spun on her heel to storm out.

A Kane guard raised his pistol and fired.

The shot cracked, and Beatrice screamed as the bullet tore into her leg. Blood gushed down her skirt, pooling on the floor.

"Holy God! You shot me?!" Beatrice wailed, clutching her leg.

"You're dead! Do you hear me? You're all dead!" Never in her life had anyone dared to threaten her like this.

The guard's voice was cold. "Miss Bella has given the order. No one leaves until Master Kane wakes up. If he dies, every last one of you dies with him."

"This is insane!" one of the junior doctors barked, his face pale. "I don't care what you do—I'm leaving!"

He made a move toward the door.

The guard didn't hesitate. One shot to the head.

The man dropped lifeless to the floor. The room froze in horror.

"Now he can leave," the guard captain said with chilling calm.

He gestured, and two guards dragged the corpse out by the arms, the body leaving a smear of blood across the marble.

"Only a dead man passes this door. Anyone else want to try?"

All eyes turned, one by one, to Doctor Kevin. The air was thick with fear.

Beatrice hissed, "You'd better cure Jericho Kane. Our lives are in your hands." Kevin's lips trembled. "I-I want out. But, I don't think I can cure Governor Kane." The guard captain stepped forward, pressing the barrel of his gun against Kevin's temple.

"Doctor, don't forget-you stole this chance from Mister Alex. You swore you could heal our master. You'd better do it... or I'll blow your head off."

Kevin's face blanched, his knees shaking.

"I... I am a professor at Oxford. You can't kill me," he stammered, clinging to the title as if it could save him.

"If you can't heal my master," the guard growled, shoving the barrel harder against his temple, "then you're already a corpse. One bullet, one body bag—that's all you're worth."

"Doctor Kevin stop talking, heal him now!" Beatrice screamed.

Kevin snapped back, his face twisted in anger. "That wasn't our agreement!"

Beatrice's eyes blazed. "Do you want to die here? Heal him now! We'll talk about the agreement later!"

Lidia's head whipped around, suspicion flashing in her eyes. "What do you mean, agreement?"

Beatrice faltered, her voice trembling. "There's no time for that. Let Kevin treat Jericho first. We'll talk after."

Kevin barked at his medical team. "Check his vitals. Run the blood again. Move!"

The doctors scrambled, drawing blood, checking monitors, their hands trembling as sweat beaded on their brows.

Kevin stared at the results, his face draining of color.

"This... this can't be real."

"What can't be real?" Beatrice demanded.

"The poison," Kevin muttered, his voice cracking.

"The active agent shifts every thirty minutes. It mutates into something new each time. I've only ever heard of such a thing in whispers."

"A toxin that transforms into one hundred and eight variations-no cure, no antidote. One wrong move and the reaction will explode inside him."

Kevin staggered back, his face ghost-white, sweat pouring down his temples. "Beatrice... I can't do this anymore. I'm telling you the truth-I can't cure him. It's impossible."

"For God's sake, Kevin!" Beatrice screamed, grabbing his coat. "Do your damn job! Our lives depend on this!"

Kevin shouted back, "I can't! This poison was made to kill without mercy. It was designed to be untreatable."

"I've never seen anything like it. I've only heard the legend its name whispered like a curse. This is that poison!"

Beatrice's eyes narrowed with fury. "You're a professor at Oxford! Even that slum doctor claimed he had a ninety percent chance of saving Jericho!"

Kevin's temper snapped. His voice thundered through the room.

"Don't you dare compare me to that lowlife! I came here because you promised me fifty million dollars-not to cure Jericho, but to sabotage anyone who tried."

"You swore you'd pay me whether I healed him or not-that was our agreement! You also said if Master Kane dies, you'll seize control of the Kane family and take the governor's seat for yourself!"
FindNovels

The words hit the room like a bomb.

"What?" Lidia's voice cracked, her body shaking as the truth sank in.

Her eyes flooded with rage and betrayal.

She pointed at Beatrice, her voice a scream. "You... you and Kevin! I trusted you!

How dare you conspire to kill my husband!"

"Shut up, Lidia," Beatrice snapped, her words cutting like a blade.

"You chose Doctor Kevin yourself and drove out that young man. Don't

you dare put this on us-this disaster is yours. You made the

choice, now bear the risk, damn you."

FindNovels

"Tell me everything, Beatrice," Lidia demanded, her voice shaking with fury.

Beatrice threw her hands up, her composure breaking.

"What do you want me to say? That Kingston called me? That if I wanted the Vermont governorship, I had to bring Kevin in?"

"That my job was to block some so-called miracle doctor-make sure no one with the title 'God's Hand' got near Jericho?"

"You" Kevin's face drained of color. "You never told me that. You never said a damn word about Kingston and a doctor with the title 'God's Hand'."

Lidia's mind raced. Memories crashed back.

"That young man who cured Bella... Jericho called him the 'God's Hand,' didn't he? I remember now-he said it once."

Kevin's eyes widened in shock. "Is he the legendary doctor-the one who never failed? No wonder he claimed

a ninety percent chance of curing Master Kane's poison." FindNovels

"Get him here—if anyone can do it, it's him. He can save Jericho. He can save all of us."

Beatrice's face lit with sudden, frantic hope. "Yes-call him!"

"It is too late!" One of Kevin's assistants-Eddie was already holding a syringe, the needle hovering inches from Jericho's neck.

"Eddie, what the hell are you doing?" Kevin barked.

Eddie's hands shook, his eyes red with tears.

"You don't understand, Kevin. I got a call this morning-an anonymous voice. They've taken my wife. My three kids. They told me if Jericho lives, my family dies."

"They ordered me to kill Jericho if you can't kill him. And now... now I see Kingston's shadow in all of this. If Jericho survives, they'll slaughter my family." "Don't do it, Eddie!" Beatrice and Kevin screamed together, their voices colliding in desperation.

The room froze around that single moment-the point where all their lives hung by a thread.

When Jericho dies, no one will be left alive.

Lidia stood rigid, her heart pounding like war drums, but in her chest a cold clarity took hold.

This nightmare was hers.

If only she had listened to Bella.

If only she had chosen Alex.

The doctor from the slums who had saved her daughter. Not the Oxford professor

with his polished name and empty prestige.

She had chosen power.

She had chosen appearances.

And now the price had come due.

One mistake, and the whole world came crashing down, crushing her in the most merciless, agonizing way imaginable.

There was never a second chance in this world.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 413[1,546 words]

Last week, Samuel Prescott sat across from Jericho Kane in a private study thick with the scent of oak and old leather.

The table between them gleamed with crystal glasses and an unopened bottle of wine.

"Samuel," Jericho said. "I don't understand you. You want me back in the governor's seat? You don't have the power to make that happen."

Jericho uncorked his finest bottle, pouring deep red into Samuel's glass.

"I don't," Samuel admitted, accepting the pour. "But the king does. He could put you back."

Jericho laughed, sharp and bitter. "You know where I stand. I am always on the old king's side. Thee new king? He despises me. He gave Kelly Kingston the governorship just to keep me out."

"The king sees more than you think, Kane." Samuel swirled the wine, took a sip, and let his eyes widen. "Remarkable vintage."

Jericho smirked faintly.

"He's been watching you," Samuel continued. "You've done nothing. You've stayed in the shadows. To him, that means you're teachable-maybe even useful again."

Jericho's smile wavered. He sipped his wine, the weight of it heavy on his tongue, and let out a tired sigh.

"When a man has only a few years left, Samuel, he stops looking for wars. He searches for peace."

Samuel's eyes narrowed. "So it's catching up to you. How long? Ten years?"

Jericho shook his head, slow and grim.

"You know the old king. His greed had no limits. My father-in-law drained forty years of my life's core to strengthen himself. I feel it slipping from me every day. At best, I've got a year-maybe two."

He set the glass down with care, voice dropping to a whisper. "For now, all I want is peace."

"Is that truly what you want?" Samuel asked, his voice calm but cutting.

Jericho turned his gaze to the blue sky beyond the window.

"When I was young, giving up my life span for power and authority felt like a fair trade. But now? No. Time is not something you sell. It's priceless."

"I'd give anything to see my daughter marry, to hold a grandchild. But that's impossible now. All I can hope for is a brighter future for Bella."

Samuel studied him carefully. "Then will you take the king's offer?"

Jericho leaned back, his face unreadable. "First-if it means Bella has a chance

to be governor, then yes. But second-what happens to Kelly Kingston? She's the governor now."

"She'll be stripped," Samuel said flatly. "Stripped of her position and her place in the Kingswell."

Jericho chuckled, a low, weary sound. "Fallen from the king's grace. That's no small punishment."

He tilted his glass again, smiling thinly. "Fine. No problem. But tell me, Samuel- what was her mistake? What line did she cross? I want to know, so I and Bella never step on the same land mine."

Samuel pushed back his chair and stood. "Every eye in Vermont reports to you, Kane. Tell me did you see anything different about Kelly in her last term?"

Jericho's face hardened. "She became obsessed with killing Sophia Lancaster. And worse-she started helping Charles Kingston plot against Alex."

"I could see it-rage and jealousy controlled her every move. She was slipping into the dark side, and that path only leads to destruction. She was destroying herself by giving in to her own poisoned emotions."

Samuel nodded once, lips tightening. "Good. Then don't make the same mistakes. Keep clear of that filth, and your position will be safe."

Jericho pushed back his chair and stood. "Tell me, Samuel-have you met the king? Is he worth loyalty?"

Samuel laughed, harsh and loud, the sound echoing off the walls as he walked toward the door.

"You've met him too, Kane. And your daughter-her eyes are sharper than yours. The king will never put you back in the governor's seat unless he met you himself."

"I have met him and My daughter sharp eyes?" Jericho muttered, his mind already turning. He was a calculating man-one hint was enough, and a name came to him.

The next night, he summoned Bella.

"Bella," Jericho said, studying her face, "what would you think if I took the governor's seat again?"

Bella didn't even pause.

"Father, you work twice as hard as Kelly, earn twice the respect, and deliver better results than she ever has."

"Compared to her inexperience, it's only natural the king would put you back." She popped a snack into her mouth, chewing like it was the simplest truth in the world. Jericho leaned forward. "And how do you know the king will choose me?"

Bella smirked. "Because if he really is the king, then he must be smart. And a smart man doesn't waste an opportunity like this. You've been lying low, showing no hunger for power. That makes you look safe, stable-the obvious choice. Safer than Kelly."

Jericho's eyes narrowed. "Why is the king losing favor with Kelly?"

He loved these talks with Bella. His daughter wasn't just clever-she was a genius, sharper than anyone else he knew.

"She's too emotional," Bella continued.

"She makes reckless choices. She never should've gone after Sophia Lancaster. The king clearly favors Sophia, yet Kelly dared to strike at her. That wasn't courage that was stupidity."

Jericho's eyes glinted. "If Kelly falls, what happens to the Kingstons?"

Bella leaned forward. "They'll mark you as their enemy. Alfred Kingston will believe that if you die, he can shove Kelly back into power. He won't stop until he tries."

Jericho's gaze hardened. "And in your opinion?"

"If he comes after you, he's poking a tiger. If Alfred dares lay a hand on you, give me two months-I'll take Los Angeles for us."

Jericho arched a brow. "And how exactly will you do that?"

Bella waved her hand like the whole thing bored her.

"Alfred forgets who put him in power. The king placed him there. Half the city hates him as governor. They've already built their underground, waiting for the right strike."

"If we slip them money, Los Angeles will bleed from Alfred's grip. And if he comes at us first, that gives us the excuse to crack his skull and throw him out."

Jericho worked the plan through in his head, then smiled. He stepped to Bella, pulling her into his arms.

"You're my precious girl. I forget sometimes you were reading men like open books at ten years old. With an IQ of two-fifty, this world is too dull for you."

"I'm not smart," Bella said coldly. "Everyone else is just too stupid."

Jericho chuckled. "True enough. The world's full of fools."

Bella's mouth curved into a sly smile. "But Alex is different. He's sharp, like me.

His eyes are always calculating what people think."

Jericho studied her. "You're certain?"

"Father, when have I ever lied to you?" she shot back, eyes sharp.

"I can smell my own kind. Alex is the first-he's different. Smart, yes. But too soft too sentimental to be a real man. Maybe that's his weakness... or maybe that's his charm. A gentleman." FindNovels

"Good," Jericho said, voice low and

satisfied. When I take the

governor's seat, I'll give you everything Everything. But he hesitated, then leaned close don't trust your mother." FindNovels

Bella tilted her head. "Why? You think she'll steal my life energy to stay young?"

Jericho froze. His father-in-law had mastered the forbidden art-stealing years of

life to strengthen himself.

Even at lower levels, the ritual worked on family. He'd always feared his wife would take from Bella.

"You know?" Jericho whispered.

Bella's eyes glittered. "Mother has already taken years from me while I slept. I've counted-ten years, gone. I learned the art in secret, Father. I know when she drains me She, keeps her youth by bleeding me dry." FindNovels

Jericho's face twisted with shock. "Bella-"

"Father." She locked her gaze with his. "Grandfather and Mother never taught you

the art. But I can. I'll teach you how to take years. Take mine. Live longer, Father."

Jericho burst into rough, guttural laughter, though his eyes burned with tears as he crushed her against his chest.

"Don't ever say that again," he growled. "It's a father's duty to give his life to his daughter-never the other way around."

"I don't mind, Father," Bella whispered.

"I do mind," Jericho shot back, his voice breaking.

"I mind more than anything. You are my daughter. You are my life. And I will do everything everything for you."

Back to now.

Eddie shoved the syringe home, chemicals flooding Jericho Kane's veins.

Jericho's body convulsed, muscles seizing as the toxins ripped through him. His chest arched, black veins crawling under his skin.

Then-clarity.

For a handful of seconds, strength surged back.

He forced his eyes open and saw them-his sister, his wife-their faces twisted in panic.

"Jericho, you have to save us!" Beatrice screamed.

His wife's voice broke through the chaos. "Bella is out of control!"

Jericho saw it all, and he knew—the plan was working.

"Guards," Jericho rasped, voice rough but steady. "What command did Bella give?"

One of the guards straightened. "If the doctor they chose cannot heal you, Master, everyone here will be executed."

"Good," Jericho growled. "Then kill them all."

Black blood poured from his eyes, ears, and mouth like a floodgate bursting.

The guards didn't hesitate.

Gunfire roared.

Bullets ripped through his sister, the doctor, everyone in the room. Jericho's body collapsed with them, blood pouring from every opening.

Yet on his lips, a faint smile remained.

Bella, my daughter... I've carried all the weight that threatened your future.

You are free now. Live as you were meant to. This is my last gift for you.

My daughter. Live happily.

Gunshots thundered, the room drowning in smoke and screams.

Outside the door, Bella pressed her back against the wall. Her shield hung limp at her side, her face streaked with silent tears.

"Have a safe journey, Father," she whispered.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 414[1,670 words]

The next day, the headlines screamed across every state:

Jericho Kane, governor of Vermont, his wife Lidia, his sister Beatrice, and five doctors-every one of them dead from poison.

The news tore through the country like wildfire.

Because the poison in their bodies was so lethal, there could be no funeral. No open caskets.

No mourning ceremonies. The bodies were cremated quickly, the ashes carried away, erased from the earth.

Out on one of the family's massive yachts, Bella stood at the bow with Alex beside her.

The sea stretched endless and cold.

She held an urn, her father's ashes swirling in the wind before falling into the dark waves.

Her face was dry, untouched by tears. Her lips moved softly.

"Goodbye, Father."

Alex studied her in silence.

After a long pause, Bella turned, "You're wondering why I don't cry?"

"Maybe," Alex said.

"I cried enough yesterday," she answered flatly.

"And I remember what Father told me... If the day came that he died, he wanted me to smile. To smile at him, and tell him he had been a good father."

Her mouth twisted into a wide, forced grin.

She raised her voice against the wind.

"Thank you for being my father! You were the greatest! Even when I went astray- when I hurt people you stood by me, cheering me on. You were insane, but you were insane with love for me!"

Her chest heaved as she spoke louder, her words thrown into the sea.

"You left me with wealth beyond imagination, with the governor's seat that men would kill for."

"You were the craziest father anyone could ask for, and now I'll take it from here." "Go on your next journey without worry-I'm strong enough to conquer this world. I'll make a legend of my own, and when I die, I'll tell you about it."

"I'll even bring you the grandchild you always wanted to see."

Alex caught the glint of moisture in her eyes. She tried to hide it, but the sea wind betrayed her.

Bella Kane, strong and unshaken, was still her father's daughter-and no smile could mask the storm inside her.

"Father, I promise you this-within two months I'll take Los Angeles from Alfred Kingston's hands. And when I do, I'll build your statue in front of the Governor's Office," Bella said cutting through the sea breeze.

Alex gave her a crooked smile. "That's one hell of a promise."

"I've already started," Bella replied without hesitation.

Alex drew in a long breath. "Tell me, Bella-do you hate the King for choosing your father as Governor? It caused his death faster."

Bella's lips curved into a soft smile. "The night he was sworn in, I saw his face light up like a boy again. He was genuinely happy. It was the best thing that ever happened to him."

"Losing the governorship a year ago was his deepest regret. Even if he only held the seat for a few days, I saw it-the peak of his joy. For that, I thank the King. He gave my father his last, brightest moment before death."

Her voice turned fierce. "My father was the kind of man who'd rather ride a rocket and die in a blaze of glory than live a long life on the ground with nothing to show for it."

'It is not length of life, but depth of life.'

Alex turned his gaze toward the horizon. "The Kingstons are already attacking you in the media. They're saying you'll never be able to govern Vermont. What do you make of that?"

Bella laughed, "I've been helping govern Vermont with my father since I was ten. This isn't new-it's like picking up my old homework again."

"I almost forgot-you, Bella, the girl with the 250 IQ." Alex chuckled. "But they say with your record, you'll destroy Vermont within a month of taking office."

"A month?" Bella laughed. "Please. I could manage that in a week if I stopped trying."

Alex eyes sparkled, "So tell me, Bella-will the wild Bella burn Vermont to the ground?"

Bella smiled softly. She knew her past was pure chaos-reckless, violent, and out of control.

But now... she wasn't a child anymore. She was grown.

"Who hasn't gone wild in their younger days?" Bella laughed.

She gazed out over the land. "This state-Vermont-was my father's heart. He built it for decades, poured everything he had into it. This is his legacy."

"I'll make it stronger, better than before. So when my time comes, I can say I cherished what he cherished. And I want Alexis and Isabella to see their grandfather's legacy with their own eyes."

Alex's brow furrowed. Something felt off. "Who are Alexis and Isabella?"

Bella's hand gripped his arm, firm and sure. Her eyes locked onto his. "Our son and daughter."

"...Our son and daughter?"

"Yes. Don't look so shocked."

"I'm just calculating how long I've been a father without knowing it."

"Long enough to owe them college funds."

Los Angeles. Alfred Kingston's private study.

The air was heavy with cigar smoke and the faint crackle of the fireplace.

Alfred sat at the head of the long oak table, Charles Kingston and Kelly beside him.

"Jericho Kane is dead," Alfred said coldly. "And I don't believe young Bella Kane can govern Vermont. She's reckless. Fragile."

"I've already funneled money to the press and the influencers. Soon every corner of social media will turn against her. Public support will crumble."

He leaned forward, his eyes narrowing on Kelly. "When that moment comes, Kelly, you will strike back and claim the governorship of Vermont. Do you understand?"

Kelly sat silent, her mind trapped elsewhere.

The news reports replayed in her thoughts-Bella on the yacht, scattering Jericho's ashes with Alex by her side.

The reporters asking Bella if she would marry, a thousand suitors from across the states clamoring for her hand.

Bella's answer had echoed across Vermont: "I promised my father-I will only marry Alex. Or I will never marry anyone."

And Kelly remembered.

She remembered her own promise to her father-that she would always protect Alex.

"Kelly!" Alfred's voice snapped like a whip. His frown deepened, lines of fury etching his face.

"Are you even listening? If it comes

Jericho.

|

to it, we'll kill Bella Kane too. We still have the same poison that ended Without her, you will stand as the strongest candidate for governor." FindNovels

Kelly stayed silent, her lips pressed shut.

Charles rose to his feet and swung hard, his palm crashing across her face. The

crack rang out like a gunshot, echoing off the walls.

"You dog," he spat. "My father is speaking, and you dare ignore him?"

Kelly's cheek flared with pain, the sting ripping her back to reality.

She lowered her eyes and whispered, "I'm sorry. I had too much on my mind."

The answer wasn't enough. Charles's hand cracked across her face again.

"Don't think for yourself," he snarled.

"You only do what my father and I tell you. Never forget who raised you when you were nothing. Your life belongs to us. Your loyalty belongs to us. Now stay faithful."

"Yes. I'll do whatever Father says."

"Good." Alfred's tone was ice, his eyes filled with dissatisfaction.

"Tomorrow, you'll go with Charles to Vermont Rally your friends there Build an opposition party. Hit Bella Kane from every side-attack her weaknesses never give her peace Do it without pause."
FindNovels

"Yes, Father," Kelly answered.

"Yes, Father. We'll take care of it immediately," Charles added, then seized Kelly's arm and dragged her out of Alfred's study.

The hall outside was colder, darker, but Charles's grip burned hotter than fire.

He shoved her against the wall and clamped a hand around her neck.

"You're just my mistress," he hissed. "Next time, listen when my father speaks. Don't you dare shame me again. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Kelly gasped.

Charles's eyes gleamed with cruelty.

"I want a party tonight. Bring in ten

of the best models from Los Angeles and Vancouver. Line them up for me. I'll choose my wife from them." Content befongs to

FindNovels

Kelly's voice trembled. "But your allowance from Father is already gone... you've wasted it on parties every single night this month."

Charles's lips curled into a sneer. "Then use your money. You're my mistress- your money is my money."

"I heard you've made a fortune working with Kingswell and as governor. Where the hell else would you spend it, if not on your husband?"

Kelly stayed silent, her face pale under the dim light of the hall.

Charles leaned in, his voice sharp as a knife. "Remember this, Kelly-everything you have, every damn breath, was given to you by my father. You started with nothing."

"Don't forget it. Just do what you're told. Set up the party like always."

Four hours later, the Kingston mansion roared with music.

The air throbbed with bass from the DJ booth, models draped over leather couches, champagne spilling across marble floors.

Charles was deep in the chaos, laughing too loud, forcing himself on a woman as if the world belonged to him.

Kelly stood in the shadows, watching, disgust burning in her chest. Then-screeching brakes. Trucks halted on the street outside. In the next second, fire roared.

WHOOSH—THUMP. An RPG streaked through the night and slammed into the mansion.

"Charles!" Kelly screamed. She dove for him, dragging him to the ground just as another missile hit.

Four detonations shook the estate.

Concrete cracked, glass shattered, the roof caved in. A slab of debris crashed down onto Kelly's leg. Bone snapped.

Blood poured, hot and fast.

The attackers' voices thundered over the fire.

"You filthy governor! While people starve, you waste money on whores and parties! Go back to Vancouver! Los Angeles doesn't need a Kingston!"

Party guests, panicked and furious, shouted back.

"You rebel scum! Just wait till the police get here!" Charles staggered to his feet. His hair was dusted in ash, his shirt torn.

He looked around frantically—not for Kelly, but for the woman he had just met.

He found her crouched in a corner, blood dripping from a shallow cut on her arm.

"Honey, look!" she cried, tears streaking down her face. "I'm bleeding! What do I do?"

Charles wrapped his arm around her. "I'll take you to the hospital." Then, as if suddenly remembering, he spun back to Kelly.

Her body was pinned under concrete, her right leg mangled, twisted meat and shattered bone. She reached for him, breath ragged.

Charles bent down, his face twisted with fury—and slapped her. Hard.

"Next time, you save the women with me too! Look at her hand, it's bleeding! This is your fault. Don't ever fail me like this again!"

Then he left Kelly behind and took the woman to the hospital.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 415[1,572 words]

Alfred Kingston sat at the long dining table with his wife Jessica and their daughter Jasmine.

The weight in the air was heavier than the plates before them.

"Jasmine," Alfred said, "I'm lifting your house arrest. You'll return to Vancouver, and from now on, you'll do exactly as I say."

"Your brother is working with his friend from Los Angeles. You'll open the mining agreement in Vancouver for them."

Jasmine fork slipped from her hand and clattered against the plate.

"Father, this is wrong. If you hand the mine over to those people, Vancouver will lose everything. Our revenues will collapse."

"That isn't our concern," Alfred snapped. "Just follow my orders. They've promised Charles thirty percent of the profits-without us lifting a finger."

"Father," Jasmine pleaded, "without them, Vancouver's government still keeps fifty percent of the profit-money that belongs to the people."

"If you give the mine away, Charles may take thirty, but his friends will steal another twenty. The people will lose everything."

Alfred's voice grew heavy, ruthless.

"We are the people, Jasmine. Your brother is the people. He deserves that thirty percent far more than strangers you've never met. You are the governor—so make it happen. Do it for our family."

Jasmine eyes shimmered with tears. "Father, please. You weren't always like this. You used to be a loving father, a governor who cared for his citizens. When did you change?"

Alfred leaned forward. "I haven't changed. I am still a loving father and a good governor. It's you who has changed, Jasmine. You're blinded by your feelings for Alex. You've stepped onto the wrong path."

Tears filled Jasmine's eyes, her voice breaking with fury. "Father, how can you call yourself a good governor when all you do is strike deals with the elites and stuff your pockets with their money—stealing what rightfully belongs to the people?"

"You won't even meet with the loyalists of the old government. Instead, you pressure them, crush them—and now you're ordering their deaths!"

"If they don't agree with me, then they can leave Los Angeles," Alfred said coldly. "Why should they stay?"

"They are your citizens!" Jasmine shouted.

"You can't slaughter everyone who disagrees with you. That makes you a tyrant. You once taught me that a good governor protects his people."

"Jasmine," Jessica cut in, "Vancouver is a small and poor state. Los Angeles is five times larger, five times richer. It takes a different hand to rule here. You cannot satisfy everyone. As long as the majority is content, that is enough."

"What majority?!" Jasmine's voice breaking. "All I see is you and Father hoarding wealth from a small circle of elites. You compromise with criminals and add to your fortune in the shadows. Everyone knows it!"

"Watch your mouth!" Jessica's voice lashed like a whip. "The statistics show your father is an excellent governor. Everything has improved under his leadership."

Jasmine pushed back her chair and stood.

"Do you think I don't know you pay those so-called statisticians, that you buy the news to polish his image?"

"If people stepped into Los Angeles and saw past the polished lies, they'd find the truth-poverty hidden behind your glittering numbers, the poor sinking deeper into despair. Don't you see how much they suffer?"

Alfred's voice was sharp as a blade. "They're nothing but garbage that needs to be cleared out. Once they're gone, Los Angeles will be clean, safe, and beautiful."

Jasmine froze. "So killing the poor is your solution?" Her voice trembled in disbelief.

Jessica shrugged. "If that's what it takes, why not? They're poor, they're useless, they contribute nothing. Just wasting the air the rest of us breathe. Better they hurry to heaven."

Tears welled in Jasmine's eyes. "Father, Mother... I don't even recognize you anymore. People say money changes people. Now I see it's true. Wealth has destroyed everything good in you."

Jessica leaned forward. "You should take lessons from your brother. He started with nothing, and now he's on his way to fortune-because he made friends with Gilbert. Soon he'll inherit everything Gilbert owns. That's success you'll never achieve in your lifetime."

"Mother," Jasmine's voice breaking with anger, "that money is tainted. Don't you know how the Guise family made their fortune?"

"They stole from the poor, crushed them, ruined lives. Any person with a shred of morality would never touch that blood money. And now my brother is trying to seize it by killing Alex?"

Her eyes blurred with tears.

She couldn't understand when her family had turned into people who worshipped nothing but money, abandoning all decency.

Alfred chuckled darkly. "Do you realize hundreds die in Los Angeles every single day? Car accidents, hospital beds, the streets. They're just statistics. And Alex? He's just another number. If his death brings us billions, why hesitate?"

"Father," Jasmine's steadying her voice, "as your daughter, I warn you don't touch Alex. If you do, you'll bring a disaster on this family that you can't escape."

Alfred slammed his hand down on the table. Plates rattled, glasses trembled, food shook across the cloth. His face twisted with fury.

"Jasmine, I've tolerated your defiance long enough. Every killer we've sent after Alex has been cut down by your soldiers. If you weren't protecting him, do you think he'd still be alive?"

"Do you think your brother would still

be wasting nights in endless

parties? No-he'd be governo

by

now you've ruined your own brother's future! What kind of family betrays their blood like this?"

FindNovels

Jasmine shook her head. "You really don't know anything, do you? Alex faced the Guise family head-on-he didn't stand alone, he stood with Kingswell."

"And what did the King do? He declared the Guise family guilty, Alex innocent. But to keep peace with the governors, Alex was forced to step away from Kingswell."

Her eyes blazed as she locked them on her father. "Do you really think only the Kingstons know about Gilbert Guise's death-about the billion in blood money waiting for

fnet

is the

revenge? Do you think Charle only one trying to kill Alex? And yet, Alex still lives."

FindNovels

"There are hundreds-thousands-who've tried to kill him. Have you ever stopped

to wonder why Alex seems untouchable? It's because every single one of them is

already dead!"

"The King and Kingswell stand behind him. The only reason the King hasn't already crushed you and Charles is because you were once part of Kingswell— and because you still hold the title of governor."

"But hear me now, Father-the King doesn't like you targeting Alex."

Jessica shot to her feet, her face hard with contempt.

"What do you know, Jasmine? You're just a child-you understand nothing about

how this world works. Alex is nothing. He's worthless."

"Mother, I know enough," Jasmine fired back.

"Kelly has already been stripped of Kingswell, stripped of her governorship-for standing with Charles. Father, you've been cut loose too."

"If you keep pushing against Alex, if you keep targeting him, you'll lose everything -including your seat as governor."

Jessica stepped forward and slapped her across the face. The crack echoed through the dining hall. "How dare you speak to your father like that!"

But Jasmine didn't flinch. Her eyes burned, dangerous and unwavering. She turned to Alfred.

"Father, before it's too late, stop this. Stop targeting Alex. The King will not forgive it."

"Shut your mouth!" Alfred roared, rage boiling in his voice. His eyes locked on hers, wild with fury.

"I do not fear the King! I am the governor of Los Angeles! And if the King dares to move against me, I'll rally every governor in this country to rise against him!"

"Father..." Jasmine's breath caught.

She had never heard her father scream at her like this, never imagined he would even dream of rebellion. Now, he was ready to throw the whole world into war.

"You'll say nothing more," Alfred barked. "You'll marry Logan. With him by your side, our position will be unshakable. The King will never dare to touch us again!"

He pressed on, his voice trembling with ambition.

"When Bella

dies and follows her father into the grave, Kelly will reclaim Vermont. Charles will seize Paris With Los Angeles Paris, Vancoont and Logan's state along with his allies, we'll command more than half the country."

FindNovels

His eyes burned with pride. "When I rally them, we'll be stronger than the King himself. Tell me what is there to fear?"

Jasmine shook her head. "Rally them? Father, half of them would rather shoot you just to save the King the trouble."

"Father, please look at reality. Right now, you only hold Los Angeles. Vancouver will never stand with you."

"Bella is already preparing for war against you. Paris and Chicago will never bend. And Alex—Alex is untouchable. Your arrogance blinds you. You're dragging us all into ruin. Please... wake up."

"Jasmine," Alfred growled, his voice low and dangerous. "Remember this-I gave you Vancouver. I can take it back in a heartbeat."

"Then take it!" Jasmine shot back, her voice sharp with defiance.

"I don't want to govern Vancouver under you. And you should remember this too—the King gave you Los Angeles. But you've forgotten that."

"You bite the very hand that feeds you. Even a dog has more loyalty than that."

'And though she be but little, she is fierce.'

"You!" Alfred's fury exploded. He raised his hand and struck her across the face.

The blow was brutal.

Jasmine's head crashed against the heavy table, the wood shuddering under the impact, then she toppled to the floor with a sickening thud.

An old servant who had known Jasmine since she was a child rushed to her side. Panic twisted her face as she cradled the young woman's limp body.

She shook Jasmine desperately, her sobs breaking the silence. After a trembling moment, she pressed her ear to Jasmine's lips, searching for breath.

Her voice cracked as tears streamed down her cheeks. "Sir... Miss Jasmine is dead."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 416[1,457 words]

"Shut your mouth! You're just an old servant-don't speak about things you don't understand!" Jessica's voice exploded through the room.

Her eyes burned with fury as she pointed toward the door. "Go! Call doctor Harris. He should be in the dining room!"

The servant bolted without hesitation.

"Damn it!" Alfred slammed his fist into the table, veins bulging on his forehead.

"She can't die! She still has to marry Logan. She still has to secure Vancouver!" His rage poured out like fire.

Everything he built, everything he planned-gone in an instant. It felt like the entire world was mocking him, daring to block his rise.

He wanted control. He had to win against the King, no matter the cost.

Jessica's face twisted with panic.

"Damn you, Alfred! You knew she was fragile, yet you struck her with the strength of a man trained in martial arts! She's your daughter, not an enemy! Who will control Vancouver now? What are we supposed to tell Logan?"

Alfred's chest heaved with rage, spittle flying as he shouted back.

"This is her fault! She dared to insult me-her own father! She said I was lower than a dog. She deserved this! She was supposed to obey, to say 'yes' to every word I spoke. Since when did she think she had the right to rebel?"

Jessica's eyes narrowed. "Of course since she met Alex. I've known it for a long time. Ever since then, she's changed."

"She no longer listens to us. She fought her own brother. She lost all respect for this family. We should have crushed her defiance from the start."

Her gaze fell to Jasmine's still body on the floor. "What if she's already dead?"

Alfred clutched his head with both hands. "We are not losing Vancouver. I'll have Kelly impersonate Jasmine. She'll take her place and keep control of Vancouver for us."

Jessica's lips curved into a cold smirk. "Good. If Jasmine lives, she'll only betray us. Better she stays gone."

At that moment, the doctor rushed in with two nurses.

They dropped to their knees beside Jasmine, working frantically. The doctor pressed his fingers to her neck, his expression draining of all color.

He looked up, his face grave.

The old servant's voice cracked, tears streaming down his wrinkled cheeks. "Doctor... is she dead?"

"I need to check thoroughly," the doctor said firmly, pulling equipment from his case with steady, practiced hands.

He flicked on a small penlight and pulled open Jasmine's eyelids.

The beam cut across her pupils. If there was life, her eyes would react. If not, the darkness would remain.

The light reflected off glassy eyes. The doctor's breath caught. He snapped into action, his voice sharp, commanding.

"She's alive but not breathing. Possible high cervical spinal cord injury-C1 to C3. That would paralyze her diaphragm and stop her breathing. Prepare bag-valve- mask ventilation. Now!"

The nurses scrambled, snatching up the equipment. One fitted the mask over Jasmine's face while the other began pumping oxygen into her lungs.

"How long has she been like this?" the doctor barked, his voice laced with panic.

"If it's been more than six minutes, brain death may already have set in. Irreversible damage-permanent!"

Alfred and Jessica locked eyes, both lost in the weight of the moment. Neither spoke.

"Five... maybe six minutes," the old servant stammered, voice trembling.

"Then start praying we can still save her," Doctor Harris snapped, already working fast.

The nurses kept pumping oxygen into Jasmine's lungs, their hands moving in rhythm. A neck brace was fitted. A head immobilizer clamped down to keep her spine steady.

"We need to get her to a hospital now," Harris said firmly. "We don't have enough equipment here."

"No." Alfred's voice cut through like steel.

"Sir," Harris pressed, his tone rising with urgency, "Jasmine's neck is broken. If she survives, she may already be paralyzed from the neck down. She needs a ventilator-machines to keep her alive. She's in critical condition. We have only a small window to act."

Jessica leaned in. "Doctor Harris, we've trusted you for decades as our family doctor. This house has everything we need. Just do your best here."

"My best?" Harris snapped, his patience thinning.

"My best requires Los Angeles Prime. They have full trauma facilities, the equipment, the staff. If we wait any longer, we may lose her completely." "Enough!" Alfred's roar thundered through the room.

He slammed his fist into the wall. "I told you to treat her here. You'll treat her here. She's my daughter. I decide where she gets treated. Stop talking and do your damn job!"

Doctor Harris froze. He'd been with the Kingston family for forty years, through every birth, every sickness, every fracture.

He'd watched Jasmine grow from a tiny infant into the young woman lying broken before him.

Now, looking at her bruised face and the fresh mark across her cheek, the truth screamed in his mind. Something was wrong. Something dark.

The Alfred he once knew-the father who cherished his daughter-was gone.

Harris drew in a heavy breath. "Fine," he said coldly. "Get the scoop stretcher. Move her to her room. Bring every piece of medical equipment we have."

"Yes, Doctor!" the nurses responded, moving fast.

For the next two hours, Harris worked relentlessly, sweat running down his temple, his hands trembling only when no one was looking.

He did everything he could, improvising with limited tools, fighting against time itself.

He managed to keep Jasmine barely alive-her breaths shallow, her body limp. But he knew it wasn't enough. Not here. Not with these constraints.

Exhausted, Harris sat back for a moment.

Then he remembered Alex. The boy who had once healed Jasmine when no one else could. They had exchanged numbers back then. His last card to play.

His fingers shook as he typed:

"Jasmine is in critical condition. Neck broken. Paralyzed. Please come if you have time."

Seconds later, a reply flashed back.

"Send me her location."

Harris didn't hesitate. He dropped a pin and hit send.

Another message followed almost instantly:

"Thanks. Delete this conversation. Do not enter the room for the next hour."

Harris stared at the screen, his chest heavy.

He knew what that meant. He deleted the thread without another word, then slipped his phone back into his coat.

The house was silent except for the hiss of oxygen and the faint sound of Jasmine's shallow breaths.

Somewhere deep down, Harris prayed Alex would arrive before it was too late.

One of the guards entered the room, his voice stiff with formality. "Master Alfred is asking for you, Doctor Harris. He's waiting in the study."

Harris straightened his coat and walked to the study.

Inside, Alfred was seated behind his desk, his expression dark, his fingers drumming on the polished wood.

"How is Jasmine?" Alfred asked.

"She's barely alive right now. But, sir... she's permanently paralyzed from the neck down. Even breathing requires a machine to keep her alive."

"So you're saying she can't perform her duties as governor anymore?"

"Very difficult, sir. Almost impossible."

"Tell me, Doctor," he said in a low, steady voice. "Is it possible... to change someone's face? A full reconstruction. Plastic surgery."

Meanwhile, Alex slipped silently through Jasmine's window. His boots landed on the carpet without a sound.

He moved quickly to her side. Jasmine's eyes fluttered open, tears streaking down her pale face.

"Why are you crying?" Alex asked softly.

Without waiting for an answer, he pulled a small pill from his pocket, pressed it past her lips, and held her head gently until she swallowed.

The pill dissolved instantly, turning into a warm liquid that spread through her body.

Alex's hands moved with precision. He adjusted the ventilator, eased some of the machines aside, and pressed his palm to her neck.

Closing his eyes, he channeled his inner force, holding her shattered bones in place while the pill worked its miracle.

Jasmine's lips trembled, her voice so faint it was almost air. "Alex... what is family?"

He paused. The question cut him deeper than he expected.

"I don't know," he admitted, he grew up in an orphanage.

Tears welled again in her eyes.

"Back when we were in Vancouver-the poorest state-we had nothing. But we had happiness. We lived for each other, we kept that happiness alive in our family. Now..." FindNovels

Jasmine's voice cracked, "...I still want that happiness for everyone. But my father chases power. My mother chases wealth. Charles only wants his name to rise if we all walk name, to rise if we differths, can

we still call it family?"

FindNovels

Alex brushed the tears from her cheek with his finger. "Don't think too much. Rest."

But Jasmine shook her head weakly, her words spilling out in a broken whisper.

"Alex... my parents want me dead. What should I do? Should I die so they can be happy? Or should kill innocent people to satisfy their hunger for power and wealth?" FindNovels

"I don't know anymore... why am I still alive? Maybe it would be better if I were gone."

Her sobs turned into shallow breaths. Alex touched her forehead gently, and her eyes closed, slipping into a deep sleep.

Alex rose slowly, his expression hard

"Alfred Kingston, I have given you chance after chance. But now it seems your call is for death."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 417[1,408 words]

Inside the study, Alfred was deep in conversation with Doctor Harris when his phone suddenly buzzed against the polished desk.

"Father," Charles's voice came through the loudspeaker, ragged, breathless. "The rebels opened fire on us. I'm hit."

Alfred shot up from his chair, panic cutting through his usual iron composure. "Son! Are you alright? Tell me where you're hurt!"

Charles gave a short, shaky laugh.

"It's nothing-just bruises on my arms. Kelly shoved me too hard when she pushed me down. She still needs to be taught a lesson-you should punish her later. But my girlfriend... she's bleeding bad."

His eyes dropped to the tiny, bloody cut running down her arm. Honestly, most villagers would just spit on it, slap some dirt over, and call it "Done."

But the way she carried on, you'd think she was nine months pregnant and about to deliver triplets in the middle of the street.

Suddenly this little scratch had become a full-blown emergency, complete with "rush me to the hospital, I'm dying" theatrics.

"Where are you now?" Alfred demanded.

"I'm taking her to Los Angeles Prime Hospital. We're already on the way."

"Good. Stay there. I'll send men to guard you." Alfred's relief was sharp, almost bitter, but Charles wasn't done.

"Father," Charles said suddenly with anger, "it's time that we waiting for so long."

"We need to retaliate by launching 'that' plan. No more waiting. No more holding back. It's time to wipe out the rebels - and cleanse our Los Angeles of all the filth and worthless maggots once and for all."

Alfred's eyes narrowed. "What are you suggesting?"

Charles didn't hesitate.

"My contact's already confirmed. They'll buy everything - young women sold as slaves, some children and strong men trained as assassins, others thrown into blood games for the dark ring."

"Every adult we send brings top dollar. And the poor? Their organs fetch a fortune. Just say it's revenge for their attack, and that we're doing all of this for the safety of Los Angeles."

His voice grew sharper, almost fevered.

"The money will flood in. And when it's done, your name will blaze in history as the governor who erased poverty itself."

"No beggars, no outcasts, no vermin dragging down the streets. On paper-zero poor."

"In reality-none alive to stain the records. Los Angeles reborn as a shining fortress for the elite alone. A city purified, perfect, untouchable."

His voice climbed, bright with a savage kind of glee. "And it won't stop there. Elites from every nation will flood in. We'll build casinos, temples of pleasure, arenas that never close."

"Endless entertainment! They'll throw fortunes at this city and the money will never dry up. They'll chase every appetite, every forbidden thrill. Los Angeles becomes their paradise-our paradise."

Alfred leaned back, breath even but thoughts racing. A slow smile split his face like a blade.

"Fine. They started this war. We'll finish it-completely. No one will protest. We're doing it for the citizens."

He snapped the call shut and sat a beat, fingers tapping the desk. Then he dialed another number.

"General Mark," he said, voice smooth as lacquer. "You heard about rebels attacking my mansion?"

"We received the report, sir."

"They've armed themselves. Weapons in their hands now-dangerous for the women and children of Los Angeles," Alfred said, almost reasonable.

"They threaten the city's security. It's time. Launch the operation we planned last month. Begin the cleaning."

"How thorough, sir?" Mark asked.

"Thorough," Alfred said, smile tightening. "Anyone with a record, the homeless, migrants with no one to claim them, anyone labeled worthless-we treat them as rebels. Sweep them out. Purge the rot. Los Angeles cannot carry the burden of poverty."

"Understood," Mark replied. "We'll make Los Angeles great again. So our children can walk the streets without fear."

Alfred's voice softened. "Yes. We're doing this for our children. And remember- one thousand dollars per head. The elites will pay. They want safe streets for their children; they'll bankroll it. Their money will make this happen."

'All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others.'

Mark's laugh rolled over the line, low and dangerous. "Understood. They're harmless people-easy to clean. But how do we spin this to the press? They'll swarm."

"Simple," Alfred said, cold and precise

"If anyone praises us, we claim it. If anyone protests, we pin it on the King. Tell them this: the King wanted a perfect country-so he ordered a cleanse. He's the kind of ruler who only knows how to waste time with women and pleasure while

neglecting his duties."

belongs to FindNovels

"He gave the perfect command by choosing erasure over education, a decree no

one could refuse. Make it sound inevitable. We've already bought the right reporters. They'll turn our line into the truth."

"Got it." Mark's chuckle was a dry rumble. "So it's all under the King's name. Killings, kidnappings-everything. We've already got eight thousand names on the list. Want them all gone from Los Angeles?"

"Every last one," Alfred said without blinking.

"Totally." Alfred didn't hesitate.

"Wipe them out. Los Angeles has no room for trash. Let the King take the blame. When the city turns on him, we'll step in as saviors. The people will lose faith- and we'll be ready to take his place."

He cut the call and leaned back, a crooked smile carving across his face. The war he'd been building for months had finally been set in motion.

Meanwhile Alex paused at the doorway, about to step out to kill Alfred, when Jasmine's voice drifted-thin, raw, half-drowned in sleep.

when Jasmine's voice slipped from the bed-muddled, scared, half-dreaming.

"Please... don't kill my father. Please... I'll do anything. Just-please don't kill him. Kill me instead."

Her words trembled into the dark like a child's prayer. Alex froze at the threshold, heartbeat loud in his ears.

For a heartbeat he pictured the King — himself. If he killed the governor, the streets would call him a bully. He let out a slow, bitter breath.

"Lucky bastard," he muttered - part cruelty, part pity- "you try to kill your daughter and she still begs for you."

He crossed the room in two strides, dropped to his knees, and gathered Jasmine into his arms. Her body was thin and light, fever-warm against his chest. For a beat he watched her sleep-pale, trembling, trusting.

Without a second thought, he hauled her toward the open window.

The military rolled out like a black tide. Trucks filled the avenues, hulks of steel and canvas bristling with rifles and cold men.

They fanned through the streets, systematic and patient, hunting.

Homeless camps were the first to feel it. Men who'd slept on cardboard rose to faces framed by muzzles. Some tried to run; some tried to fight. Bullets answered both.

Then the city went dead online.

No feeds, no frantic clips, no warning posts-just a quiet blackout while the boots moved. No one could call the world to tell it what was burning.

The rebels, watching their city go dark, scrambled a satellite line and called their weapons sponsor: Bella.

"Miss Bella," the voice crackled urgent. "Alfred Kingston's forces just hit us. What's your order?"

Bella sat in a glass-walled command room, a battered map of Los Angeles spread under her palms.

Twenty aides hovered like satellites around her desk. She'd been waiting for this moment.

"Listen," she

said, her voice clean

and cold. "In Los Angeles, out of

every thousand people, four are soldiers, ten are the elite rich, about

a hundred and ten are poor.

The i

rest

scrape by Meaning you poopfolk.

outnumber the elite and the military

combined."

FindNovels

She didn't hesitate. "Issue every weapon we have to the poor. Give them guns, ammo-everything."

"Tell them to strike the soldiers and the elite. Seize the cash, burn the banks, wreck their boutiques. Turn their wealth into the people's arms."

"Our Vermont unit is already in position inside the city, targeting military leaders. Don't worry-we're on you."

The rebel captains listened, some with relief, some with bitter pride.

They knew they'd been used-sacrificed by others' schemes-but they weren't going down quiet.

Corner a rat and it will bite; hunt a desperate man with gun and he'll pull the trigger.

This was no neat revolution. It was survival.

Night in Los Angeles was filled with

a new kind of weather-gunfire and the flare of explosions, the harsh light of burning cars, the staccato percussion of mortars and shouts, Concrete bled sparks Windows became toothy mouths of flame. FindNovels

The governor sipped wine in a warm, gilded room, untouched by the chaos outside. The elite danced in safety, blind to the screams.

On the streets, soldiers pulled their triggers through tears, killing because orders demanded it. People cried out in rage, groaned in pain, and death spread across the pavement like a shadow that would never lift.

In the command room, Bella smiled-small, fierce.

"Father, these are your fireworks. Let Los Angeles burn."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 418[1,278 words]

Bella sat in the command room like a queen on a high throne.

Around her, twenty secretaries waited-each one a machine with a name and a job. Their eyes tracked every screen; their fingers hovered over keyboards.

They waited for Bella's next order.

"The Los Angeles internet is down," Bella said.

"Alfred ordered a blackout-no feeds, no leaks. He wants this city blind while he does what he's doing."

Outside the blackout, the military, police, and the truly connected elite still got updates through satellite links.

They weren't going blind. Only the masses were.

"I want every line severed. Cut the city off from the world-land, cellular, and satellite. Six hours. Absolute blackout."

She looked at two secretaries. "You two, make that happen?"

"Roger. We'll link to the hackers and fire up the jammers-sweep starts now," one replied immediate.

"Good." Bella nodded and the two moved to the console, fingers already dialing, voices already routing contacts.

"Last week we set the special comms for our people and the rebel leaders," Bella added.

"Keep that channel secure. We will move them to the target on my mark."

"We're linking with the rebels, Vermont's elite soldiers, the homeless leaders, LA gangsters, and VIPs," another five secretaries said as they slid into their stations and took over the logistics feed.

They were now responsible for every connection.

Bella began issuing orders-sharp and exact-directing thousands like a conductor bringing an orchestra to a single, brutal note.

Her commands were small, clean bullets: one instruction, then the next, no wasted breath.

The field answered in rhythm.

Up on a famous Los Angeles rooftop, a different kind of storm was unfolding.

LA's rich and bored gathered to watch the city burn. They stood with champagne, smoke and light painting their faces.

"This is the best party ever," one young adult shouted, voice thin with inherited arrogance, raising a glass.

"After this purge, Charles Kingston promised me fifty young women," another slurred, grinning like a wolf. "Imagine what we can do with that many."

"He promised me one hundred twenty strong people to play the life-and-death game," someone else said, eyes glittering with excitement.

"We should stream the real squid game live. We could bet money while they bet their lives. Now that's entertainment."

"The Los Angeles governor's the best," a voice crowed, pride and cruelty braided together.

A harsh laugh cut the rooftop.

"He's pure greed," the man said, voice flat with contempt. "Came from poor Vancouver and now money's his god-he's lost both heart and head."

"Promise him cash and power and he'll become your lapdog," another said, eyes cold. "I've heard he'd sell his only daughter for the price."

"Perfect," the first replied, a slow smile. "No conscience, no restraint. We can do whatever we want."

Below, the city burned and clawed at the dark. Crowds shoved, screamed, fought, and killed—each one desperate to protect their own life.

Above, the parties still glittered. Champagne poured, music roared, and money kept the lights bright while the city below drowned in chaos.

"Our internet's dead!" someone at the rooftop suddenly shouted, panic cracking through the laughter.

"What?" a man frowned. "But that old greedy Kingston promised the feeds for us would stay up."

"The wifi are cut too," another added.

"Forget it," someone else barked, forcing a laugh that didn't reach his eyes. "Keep the party-after tonight, Los Angeles will belong to us."

A dozen people carrying semi-automatic weapons pushed through the revolving doors and stormed into the hotel lobby.

The receptionist and servants rushed forward, faces tight with a welcome they'd been waiting to offer.

A lean maid cut through the crowd without hesitation.

"I'll lead you to the rooftop," she said, low and steady.

The rebel leader nodded. Ten hotel security men, room boys, and kitchen hands fell in behind-shoulders squared, eyes hard.

"Give us arms," they pleaded. "We'll help you take them down. They started killing our people-now it's time to pick a side."

The rebels handed over the weapons. "Fear not. After tonight, Los Angeles will belong to the people."

They filed into the elevator. The maid swiped her access card to the penthouse; the lift hummed upward. Her hands trembled.

"Please," she whispered through tears.

"Kill them all. They've been molesting us for years. They get away with it because the Governor shields them. They're bolder, meaner-time to end them."

"Justice may be delayed, but never lost." The rebel leader lifted his hand. "Let's pray."

Heads bowed. Even some men who didn't believe in God nodded-because tonight there was no choice between faith and survival.

"True Source," the leader breathed, voice low and raw, "in this hour of kill or be killed, we have no other path."

"Bless what we must do. Let us punish the wicked and free this place. If we fall, welcome us home. If we prevail, let peace find us, our families, and everyone." "Amen," the crowd answered, a ragged chorus of hope and rage.

The elevator dinged and the doors slid open to the penthouse.

Twelve rebels and ten hotel staffs burst out at once, rifles up, faces set.

Then, with a roar, they pulled their triggers.

The gunfire thundered through the penthouse, bullets hunting for souls as hot shells clattered across the floor.

Men had become beasts, driven only by the need to survive.

The elite were still celebrating, drunk on light and power.

They laughed at the flames, at the screams, at the moans, at the distant crack of gunfire—sure that money wrapped them in armor, sure they were untouchable.

Then the first shots ripped through the penthouse, cutting the air in half.

Laughter died in an instant, replaced by shrieking panic that echoed the chaos on the streets below. Rich or poor every face looked the same when fear and death came calling FindNovels

Bullets seared the night, shredding silk and flesh alike. Men fell mid-toast, beer spilling from their mouths and mixing with blood on the marble.

Women screamed, clawing at the wounds, smearing their jewelry red.

They forgot the truth—they weren't invisible either. The poor had broken through, and now the rich stood face-to-face with the very people they had once crushed.

The rain of lead did its work-tearing flesh, snapping bones, claiming life after life without pause.

Private bodyguards answered, guns flaring.

The rooftop became a furnace of smoke and blood. Some rebels dropped under return fire.

A hotel staffer went down fighting, bullets tearing into him as he stood his ground.

As he fell, his life spilled out in fragments.

All he'd ever wanted was honest work-something he could do with his heart, something to put food on the table for his wife and children, something that would let him grow old watching his son and daughter grow taller. FindNovels

He had done no harm, yet he was marked because he was poor. His body hit the floor with a heavy sound.

"Forgive me, child," he whispered.

Nearby an elite tried to run. A bullet caught him in the back. He collapsed, his face landing inches from a hotel staffer's face.

Tears streaked his cheeks as he gasped, "Mom, father, I just wanted to be happy."

It was the cruel irony of the world-everyone searching for a little happiness, everyone spilling blood instead of finding it.

The rich and the poor died on the same floor, eyes searching for some last meaning in the blur of life and death.

Bodies tumbled like broken dolls until the final shots faded.

More lay dead than alive.

If this life wasn't wrong, it sure wasn't right either.

The same scenes played out in hotels across the city-servants and porters and poor guests joining uprisings, penthouses turning into slaughterhouses.

Where the rich had expected paradise, they found a verdict written in bullets.

The rebel leader knelt in the blood, eyes fixed on the sky.

"True Source, I only wanted to

protect my two children. But to do that we killed hundreds each one a

chita to someone else, each with parents who will grieve forever." FindNovels

"I've taken their sons and daughters in the name of saving my own."

Tears streamed down his face.

"Ashes, ashes-all fall down."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 419[1,492 words]

General Mark sat in the temporary command room overlooking Los Angeles, certain the night would end without trouble.

He had a thousand soldiers under his command. The rebels? Maybe two or three hundred.

Their target was eight thousand ragged, starving people scattered across the streets-bodies thin, hungry, and unarmed.

To Mark, they were nothing. A thousand rifles would erase them easily.

"Hey—what's happening? Our link's gone!" one of the comms men suddenly shouted.

Another soldier raised his head, pale. "Same here, sir. We're dead on this side too."

"Is the L.A. communications team taking our connection down too?" Mark's voice cut through the room.

"Get someone over there now. Tell them to bring the feed back online."

As the soldier hurried out, Mark waved his hand. "We still have military landlines and radios. Bring them up for now."

The man on radio duty worked the controls. "Sir, the frequencies are jammed— we're getting nothing."

General Mark yawned, "Don't worry. Our soldiers won't lose to the homeless just because we lost communications. They need to learn responsibility too."

He straightened his uniform, more for show than comfort. "I'm going out for some air. Call me if the lines return."

"Yes, General." The salute snapped, nervous.

"Come with me," Mark said, gripping the secretary at his elbow in a public, possessive gesture as he walked out.

"After this is over, I want to enjoy myself. You ready with what I asked for?"

The secretary smiled, "Yes, sir. I selected twenty young women, all ready. I'll have them at your mansion by tomorrow."

"Perfect. Since Alfred Kingston is Governor, life's become heaven," Mark laughed, a bitter, greedy sound.

Outside the base, a sniper watched the compound from a shadowed rooftop. His scope tracked General Mark's movements.

"Report," he whispered into his throat mic. "I have a clear view of General Mark as he walks out. Request permission to engage."

At the command console, one of Bella's secretaries leaned forward. "Miss Governor, we have visual. Do you authorize a take-down of General Mark?"

"Do it," Bella said without hesitation.

"Permission granted," the secretary confirmed into the sniper's net.

A single breath. A single pull.

The round sliced through the night wind and smashed into General Mark's skull.

He dropped at once-like a puppet with its strings severed.

The secretary shrieked, stumbling beside his body. She tried to lift him, but his head was half destroyed, blood pouring in rivers, soaking her hands, her dress, the floor.

Her scream tore upward, raw and wild, echoing into the dark sky.

Before death, all were the same. Power, rank, wealth-all of it was nothing but illusion.

"Command, this is Shadow One. Target neutralized. Mission successful. Over." "Copy that, Shadow One. Excellent work. Stand by for next tasking. We want eyes on the remaining military leadership. You are cleared to proceed at your discretion. Over."

"Roger, Command. Shadow One moving to secondary objective. Out."

On the other streets, captains barked orders to soldiers to slaughter the poor, yet panic spread like wildfire.

The poor and the homeless fought back-raw, furious, armed. The shock struck the soldiers like a hammer.

Troops who had expected no resistance suddenly realized death was closer than they thought as bullets poured down on them.

How could those who struggled just to find food now have guns and bullets in their hands?

"Kill them all-forget about detaining!" a captain screamed, his voice snapping commands into the chaos.

Before he finished, a glint answered him: a round from a concealed barrel punched through his temple.

He folded, eyes wide with disbelief.

"Shadow Eleven to Command: Captain neutralized. Casualty confirmed. Over."

"Command to Shadow Eleven: Copy. Good work. Begin sweep of the area- locate and identify any additional captains or personnel attempting to assume command. You are cleared to engage leadership targets. Maintain ROE. Over."

"Shadow eleven to Command: Roger. Commencing search for remaining leaders and preparing to engage as authorized. Out."

Snipers moved through the city like a cold wind.

Captains dropped without warning; with the comms dead, no one could shout a warning to the others. No one was alert.

They thought they were only facing the homeless-weak, worthless—and that arrogance made them reckless.

They left themselves wide open.

Without communication, they scattered like chicks without a mother hen—easy targets, their arrogance making it effortless for the elite soldiers of Vermont to crush them.

On another corner of the street, a massive crowd surged toward the city's largest bank.

Hidden in the crowd, Vermont's elite soldiers in disguise moved seamlessly with the flow.

They were the first to smash the bank doors, cracking open the vault and passing out cash and papers like contraband salvation.

Word spread fast—Los Angeles turned inside out overnight.

People poured from their homes, stealing whatever they could carry.

"This is Judge Carl's house—the rotten judge who always favors the elite," one protest leader barked. "He buried us in his courtroom. Tonight we take it back." Judge Carl had been living lavishly, sleeping with two Los Angeles models and enjoying his glamorous life.

Ever since Alfred Kingston appointed him head judge, money and power had flowed easily into his pocket.

He jolted awake at the sound of a gate being torn loose.

He stepped into the hall and saw hundreds of faces forcing their way through the front door.

"What—what is this?" he stammered, backing into the study.

"There he is." Ten hungry men rushed after him.

Even after the judge locked his door, people kicked at it again and again until finally the lock gave.

A gaunt man, hair matted and face hollow from years behind bars, stepped through the splintered door, a gun clenched in his hand.

"You put me in prison for twenty years for a crime I didn't commit. You made me the scapegoat for the rich. You burned my life down. Remember me now."

"Please please don't kill me," Carl begged, his palms raised like a frightened child.

The pistol barked. The sound cracked through marble and chandeliers. It wasn't elegant. It was final.

Across the city, the pattern repeated.

Banks, mansions, clubhouses, party rooftops places where the wealthy had stacked their laughter like armor-fell silent under the weight of the people they had scorned. FindNovels

Workers, servants, porters, the homeless those long scorned by the rich now flooded through velvet halls and silk draped rooms

their

faces gaunt with rage FindNovels

They shouted from the depths of their hearts:

You are human, so are we.

You are looking for happiness-so are we.

If your money made us different, then our numbers and our power will make us different too.

You fear death? So do we.

So let's kill each other, since there has never been any love in our hearts for one another.

We fear each other.

As the law of fear always says: kill first to feel safe.

Either you kill us, or we kill you—until nothing is left but lonely darkness.

Without love, humans are born as animals.

To protect their wives, they killed another man's wife.

To protect their children, they killed other children.

And to protect themselves, they had to kill anyone in their way.

People slaughtered in rage and chaos, tearing the world apart—until there were no children, no men, no women, nothing left.

Across the state, Bella sat in the command room, directing every crowd alongside the undercover Vermont soldiers.

Each one was targeting Alfred Kingston's people—the rich, the corrupt, and all who stood with him.

Bella suddenly laughed to herself, startling the secretaries, but they chose to stay silent.

"Hey, do you want to hear something funny?" Bella suddenly asked her secretary. "Yes, Miss," Nana replied.

"A year ago I wanted to destroy that bastard Alfred Kingston. I'd made all the plans, all I needed was to launch them then my father said something."

"What did he say, Miss?"

"Don't start the war, Bella. Don't kill Kingston. We already have enough for ourselves-don't touch another."

"My father was always my weak link; I followed what he said," Bella laughed. "Funny thing now. I want to kill Alfred, and no one stop me anymore."

"Alfred thought that killing my father would weaken Vermont, but he awakened a monster he wasn't supposed to."

"He killed the only man who could have stopped me from killing him. What a funny world."

"Master Jericho is a true gentleman—a man with a heart," Nana admitted.

"But not me," Bella smiled. "Now-target Alfred Kingston and his son. I want them both dead tonight."

"Yes, Miss!"

Inside his mansion, Alfred Kingston sat in his study, imagining the city would be clean after this long night.

All the destruction, killings, and chaos in Los Angeles would be fuel

to stoke hatred toward the king. Since it would all happen under the king's command or at least that's what the news would report.

FindNovels

He pictured Los Angeles purged of filth and poverty, rising into a new era.

With him would come a new order-the power to rise against the king's cruel rule.

The citizens' hearts would be with him.

In that vision, he saw himself-crowned as king.

But he had no idea that the very thousands he wanted dead had already gathered at his gates.

Men and women he had looked down on-labeled garbage to be purged and erased-now stood at his doorstep: hungry, furious, unafraid, and armed.

Every pair of eyes burned with the same question:

"Why did you want to kill us? Are we not human-or are you?"

Across the city, in Los Angeles Prime Hospital, another group of men stormed through the halls, shouting, "Where is Charles Kingston!"

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 420[1,911 words]

Prime Hospital, Los Angeles.

Charles Kingston pushed through the glass doors with the kind of stride that said the world still bent for him.

Behind him, his girlfriend limped pitifully, her face twisted with pain—yet all she carried was a single scratch on her arm.

A long line snaked past the reception desk.

Charles didn't join it. He cut in front of the nearest man without a second thought.

"Hey," the man protested. Charles kept walking.

At the desk Charles leaned in, voice sharp as a knife. "Nurse. Get me the best doctor you have. Now."

The receptionist, a young woman—already irritated from seeing them cut the line -glanced once at the woman clinging desperately to Charles.

Her arm bore nothing more than a shallow scratch, blood already dried into thin red lines. Yet the woman sobbed like her life was slipping away.

Even a five-year-old wouldn't cry this hard over something so small, the nurse thought. But the woman pressed harder into Charles, wailing:

"Darling, what's happening to me? Am I going to die? I don't want to die-please, please help me."

The nurse's patience snapped. Her tone was clipped, professional but sharp.

"The best doctor is in surgery. If you go to triage, a nurse can clean and dress it. Or you can cross the street and buy a bandage. You'll be fine. And next time— don't cut the line. Next."

Charles slammed his palm on the counter until the wood rang. The reception area froze.

"You damn nurse," he spat. "Don't you know who I am? My girlfriend is bleeding. Call your best doctor, now."

The nurse didn't flinch. "Sir, I don't care who you are. If you make trouble, I'll call security and you'll be asked to leave."

Charles laughed, a cold, high sound. "You, a little nurse, threatening to call security on me?"

"Who the hell do you think you are?" he barked and hooked five fingers under the nurse's collar and dragged him closer.

"Call the best doctor now," Charles hissed. "Or you'll regret it."

A man behind Charles—the one he'd shoved out of line—stepped forward and clamped a firm hand on Charles' shoulder.

"Leave the nurse alone," he said, voice steady. "She already told you. Your woman just needs a bandage. Stop making a damn scene."

Charles spun, rage burning in his eyes.

"Take your hand off me, bastard." His face twisted into something wild, the kind of look that made normal men wonder if he was drunk, high, or just rotting with arrogance.

The stranger saw the madness burning in Charles' eyes and chose not to push further. He lifted both hands in surrender.

"Whatever, man. But remember this arrogance brings loss. Humility brings gain."

Charles sneered, lip curling like a whip. "Yeah? Save those words for the poor fools like you."

Then he hauled the nurse forward. "Call the doctor. Now."

"I can't!" the nurse shouted, voice cracking. "Doctor Hendrick is in the OR. He's in the middle of a procedure. I can't—"

"Then pull him out!" Charles barked. "This is an emergency too!"

"I can't!" the nurse repeated, helpless and steady all at once.

Charles lost it. The thin mask of barely-there politeness ripped away, and the fury beneath—always as fragile as tissue divided ten times over—shattered in an

instant.

He grabbed a fistful of the nurse's long hair and slammed the young woman's head against the counter.

Red spattered the reception wood. The nurse's nose burst open and blood ran hot across her lip.

"When I tell you to call the doctor, you call him," Charles roared. "Don't make me wait, you asshole. Don't make me decide if you live."

"Enough." The man on Charles' back grabbed Charles' shoulder hard, trying to stop the madness.

Charles spun and aimed a blow at him. "Back off, you little shit. You think you can touch me like anyone else? I am Charles Kingston!"

Man showed a shocked, "Oh, Charles Kingston... sorry. Thought you were just another asshole."

Charles sneered. "So you finally know who I am?"

"A famous asshole," the man shot back. "A bastard beyond help."

Charles' face went red. He leaned in, venom in his voice. "Don't make me decide if you live."

The man laughed, loud and ugly. "Oh, you'll decide? Last time you played judge, the courthouse filed a restraining order against your ego."

That broke something in Charles.

He didn't argue.

He closed the distance and slammed his fist into the man's nose.

Bone cracked, blood sprayed, and the man folded to the tile in a stunned heap. People in the queue closed in, faces sharp with fear and anger. "Hey-what the hell are you doing?" someone shouted. "This ain't right. Stop it."

"Stop now, or we take you down together," another voice warned.

Charles laughed, a cold hard sound. "You gonna take me? You'll regret the day you were born."

He turned his head and barked, "Guards! What are you waiting for? Do you want me knocked down before you act? Break their noses. Do it."

Four of Charles' guards burst in, wheeling Kelly Kingston behind them, her legs mangled and bleeding.

They had chased after Charles when he bolted ahead with his girlfriend, leaving Kelly behind without a second thought.

Dragging her through the halls in a wheelchair, they fought to keep her alive.

But the moment her chair cleared the doorway, they found Charles already in the middle of a riot.

Shouts rose, chaos churned, and his orders cracked like whips.

The guards had no choice-they let Kelly go and dove into the crowd, plowing through bodies with brutal, practiced force, obeying Charles as always.

Chaos spilled across the reception. Shouts, scuffling feet, someone's phone clattering to the floor.

Charles hauled the nurse up by her hair again, the young woman's face streaked with blood.

"Call him," Charles whispered, menace coiling through each word. "Call your best doctor now or I'll smash your face again until you do."

The nurse's hands trembled, but she snatched the phone and dialed.

"Code on reception," the nurse said. "Doctor Hendrick - we need you at reception now. There's an aggressive patient. Reception is compromised."

Dr. Hendrick's hands were buried in a man's chest when the emergency call came

through. Blood slicked his gloves; the operating room smelled of antiseptic and

iron.

"I can't come out now!" he barked at the wall speaker. "I'm opening a heart."

"Doctor, please!" the nurse's voice cracked over the speaker. "You have to get out here reception's filling up. Ten people are bleeding. If you don't come now, those people and I

could die out here."

to' FindNovels

Hendrick's jaw clenched. "Don't be dramatic," he snapped, still working. "Handle it until I'm done."

The voice on the wall came back, urgent and trembling.

"Doctor Hendrick... if you don't come here right now, I'm going to send the photos of our affair to your wife."

The scalpel hit the tray with a metallic clang. Hendrick's face went hard.

"Damn that woman," Hendrick muttered under his breath. He didn't waste another word. "Hold the line. Close him up. I'll be back."

He tore off his gloves and strode out, nurses and assistants staring as he passed. Whispers rippled through the room-sharp, disbelieving.

So he really does have an affair.

Hendrick shoved the OR doors wide.

As he neared reception, the scene struck him like a gunfight-bodies scattered across the tile, blood smeared in dark streaks, voices shouting and moaning.

And there a woman in a wheelchair: Kelly Kingston. Both legs crushed, mangled beneath torn fabric, bone poking white through skin.

Hendrick dropped to one knee. "If we don't operate now, you'll lose both legs," he said flatly.

He spun the chair toward the corridor. "Get her to the operating room. Urgent."

He glanced at the other victims. They were battered, but breathing, still moaning. They'd live.

He started to push Kelly, but a hand slammed down on the chair handle. Charles Kingston blocked his path.

"Where do you think you're going?" Charles demanded.

"Don't stop me," Hendrick snapped back. "Her condition is critical. Do you want her to lose her live?"

"I don't fucking care!" Charles roared, yanking his girlfriend closer. "You treat my girlfriend first!"

Hendrick turned his eyes on the woman clinging to Charles. Her arms were scratched, dried blood crusting like rust. She was crying but breathing fine.

Doctor Hendrick looked back at Charles like he was insane. "I don't have time to play with you," he said coldly, and shoved the wheelchair forward again. Charles' hand shot out and clamped down on the chair. "Do you want to die?" he hissed. "If I tell you to treat her first, you treat her first."

Kelly stared at him through wet lashes, her heart breaking.

In that moment she couldn't understand why she'd ever backed Charles, why she'd turned on Alex, every choice she'd made had

why

blood

led her here to this hell, with bløði on the floor and nothing left to trust.

FindNovels

The surgeon couldn't take it anymore. He shoved his way free of the stretcher and slammed a fist into Charles' nose. "Enough, you bastard. I'm treating her first." Charles' nose bled where the surgeon had hit him.

Rage flared in his eyes. "Guards—grab him. I want his hands. I want to see how

he lives without them."

Four bodyguards moved like trained wolves. They seized the doctor while Charles ripped a knife from one of them and stalked forward, blade glinting. "You're insane!" the doctor barked, blood on his lip and fear in his voice. "Put down that knife or I'll call the police and you'll be the one to pay for it."

"I run this city," Charles spat. "I do what I want — and you'll always be the one paying, not me." He lunged, the knife hissing through the air.

Then the hospital doors blew open.

A roar crashed through the lobby-hundreds, maybe thousands of people, spilling

in from the streets. They came hard, faces set, weapons raised.

"There there he is! Charles Kingston!" someone screamed.

"Kill that bastard!"

Charles froze. For a heartbeat the world narrowed: a tide of anger and makeshift

weapons sweeping toward him.

"Stop them!" he barked. "Hold them!"

Six guards hit the front line like battering rams, shoving and throwing bodies to break the first wave. It bought seconds-nothing more.

Charles bolted for the right-wing corridor, trying to put space between himself and the crowd. He'd taken only a dozen strides when the second surge hit. Hundreds poured through the side hall, a living river of fists and crude weapons. Knives flashed. Voices rose into one ugly chant.

"That's the Kingstons-kill 'em all!" someone screamed.

Charles went pale. He spun, yanked Kelly's wheelchair as she rolled by, and dragged her into the center of the chaos.

Panic sharpened his voice into an order. "Kelly-protect me with your life!"

He shoved the chair into the crush like a man throwing up a shield, then bellowed, "She's Kelly Kingston!"— his voice cutting through the roar.

For a heartbeat he stood over her, then turned and bolted, leaving the chair as bait while the mob surged around it.

Man is wolf to man

Kelly saw flashes of memory-Alex once pulling her out of danger, fearless and ready to do anything for her.

Now she belonged to a man who shoved her straight into the jaws of a raging crowd.

Her shattered legs burned like splinters driven into bone. The wheelchair rattled forward as if it had a will of its own, dragging her into the mob.

Faces twisted with fury closed in. The roar of the crowd swallowed her, and all she could do was grip. the armrests, heart pounding with

the certainty that death was waiting ahead. FindNovels

Her chest hurt.

Tears carved tracks down her face. "Forgive me, Alex... will you save me again?"

she whispered into the noise.

A man at the front of the mob swung a bat. It connected with the Kelly's head and the next moment Kelly toppled to the tile.

Someone's boot drove into her ribs. The floor was hot under her cheek as the first stomp fell, then another, then many.

People rained blows without mercy.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 421[1,550 words]

Alfred Kingston was inside his mansion when the alarm ripped through the halls. "What the hell is happening?" he muttered.

He rushed to the window and saw the nightmare outside-hundreds of people swarming the gate, pounding and tearing at the iron bars as if they meant to rip the estate apart.

Inside, the mansion guards were already in position.

One squad crouched near the entry hall windows with machine guns leveled, sweat dripping down their brows as they waited for the order.

Their leader barked out, his voice sharp as steel:

"Don't you dare break that gate! Cross the line and we'll open fire!"

"You Kingston dog!" someone spat. "Can't you see he's killing us? Next he'll come for you and your whole family. How can you stand there and still back him?" The crowd roared back, unmoved by the warning.

Alfred snatched up his smartphone, desperate for answers. "Why the hell don't I know anything about this?"

But the screen mocked him-no signal, no service. Dead silence.

Then came the pounding at his study door, urgent and relentless.

"Enter," Alfred commanded.

His secretary burst in, breathless, pale, and trembling. "Sir, we have an emergency."

"What is it?"

"Our communications are down. Completely dead. But the rebels? Their channels are alive and organized. They're striking with precision-government offices, banks, politician mansion, military posts, you name it. Someone is orchestrating this."

The man's chest heaved as he spoke, his shirt clinging with sweat.

"I ran here straight from the streets. I saw it with my own eyes. All of Los Angeles is burning. People everywhere are rioting, protesting, destroying everything in sight."

"General Mark... the High Judge... senators... they're gone. Cut down by rebel hands."

Alfred's jaw tightened. Something didn't add up.

"That's impossible. General Mark had a thousand trained soldiers, fully armed. And they were facing-what? A rabble of eight thousand homeless with nothing but empty hands? Together with at best, two hundred rebels?"

He shook his head, disbelief hardening his voice. "They couldn't have lost. Not like this."

The secretary's eyes widened with grim certainty.

"Sir, believe me. Those eight thousand weren't just homeless beggars. They had guns. Heavy weapons. And they've rallied ten, maybe twenty thousand more to join the chaos."

He swallowed hard. "And the rebels-there aren't just two hundred. I've heard Vermont sent five hundred of their elite soldiers, mixed in with the crowd. They're tearing through our forces."

Alfred staggered back, stunned. "Vermont? Are you telling me Vermont is behind this? Supplying weapons to vagrants? Sending soldiers to slaughter us?"

The secretary nodded. "The weapons came from them, smuggled straight into the hands of the so-called homeless."

Alfred's chest burned with rage. "Vermont..." he whispered, the name tasting like poison.

"I planned this war down to the last detail. I accounted for every move, every outcome. It was foolproof."

But now, as the alarm shrieked through the mansion and the crowd outside pounded harder at the gate, his perfect plan was unraveling-collapsing like sand slipping through his fists.

'Man proposes, Heaven disposes.'

"Control the chaos. Get me connected to the governors - now. I need answers. Why is Vermont attacking us? This breaks every peace treaty we ever signed."

"But, sir..." the secretary stammered, panic tightening his voice. "All connections are dead. Nothing is working."

"The governor's secure line can't be cut," Alfred snapped.

He turned on his heel, marched back into his study, pulled open the hidden panel, and activated the covert video channel.

The screen flickered, the signal locked in, and the call connected-clean, fast, unbroken.

When Alfred entered the online room, a grid of faces filled the screen - every governor online, pulled into an emergency session.

"Well, well, well," Bella Kane purred into the microphone, smiling like a blade. "Governor Kingston finally joins us. We tried calling you, but your phones went silent. Did all of Los Angeles lose connection?"

Alfred didn't flinch. He'd weathered taunts from men twice her age. He kept his voice flat and diplomatic. "Bella Kane. Reports say your troops moved into Los Angeles and attacked our citizens."

Bella laughed, sharp as glass. "You accuse me without proof. Is your word evidence now? Show me actual proof, Alfred. Or shut up."

Logan leaned into his camera. "Bella, if Vermont's behind attacks on Los Angeles, we won't stand by. You'll answer for this."

Bella's smile widened. "And where's your proof, Governor Logan? Or should I believe every rumor that pops off in a panic?"

Alfred's jaw tightened. He knew the blackout had erased their traces. He didn't have physical proof to upload.

He had only intelligence on the way - intercepted shipments, eyewitness reports - but nothing the network could authenticate in front of these men and women.

"Proof is coming," he said. "When it reaches you, you'll see who started this. If Vermont's behind it, this will get very ugly."

"Alfred Kingston," Bella said, shaking her head like she tasted something bitter. "Let me help you to give you proof. See what's really happening in Los Angeles." The meeting screen flipped.

A voice recording cut through the silence-grainy, flat, unmistakable. Alfred's voice, crisp and coarse. "Go kill all the homeless. Get rid of the useless. Sell them to the rich. Tell them it's the king's command."

Alfred's blood turned to ice. He glared at the wavering line on the screen, the voice echoing through the dark feed. "I never said that," he snapped. "It's a fake."

Bella smiled without warmth. "I knew you'd say that."

She hit a control, and another clip

rolled. Soldiers drove people like cattle, boots pounding the ground Gunfire cracked. An old homeless

man dropped dead in the dirt. A

young woman was dragged off, her

screams tearing through the

speakers.

FindNovels

Faces filled the frame, pressed close to the camera-eyes wide, raw with terror.

"I got this from people begging me

for help," Bella said coldly. "They claim the governor of Los Angeles is ordering his own military to butcher the poor and sell the survivors to the wealthy, for sex slave and organs." FindNovels

The room watched in stunned silence as soldiers-General Mark's men-opened fire, then hauled captives into trucks.

Alfred felt the floor tilt. He had locked the public lines. He had scrubbed his feeds. Somehow this had leaked.

"Mr. Kingston," Bella said softly on the grid, "if people are at your front gate, they're not random. They want revenge. They're fed up. It has nothing to do with Vermont."

"I did nothing of the sort," Alfred snapped.

"Keep your mouths shut if you don't know what you're talking about. That footage -where did you get it? It's forged. Staged. Probably shot in your own state."

Bella's laugh sliced through his words. "My state?" she echoed, mocking him.

"Miss Kane," Alfred pressed, his tone sharp, "since your father Jericho Kane's death, I've heard waves of demonstrators demanding Kelly's

return

Maybe the proof you parade There is nothing more than your soldiers silencing them."

belongs to FindNovels

Bella threw her head back and laughed. "Those demonstrations? You're accusing me of ordering killings just to crush protests?"

She leaned forward until her face filled the window. "Oh, I know more. A few bastards from Los Angeles went to Vermont, paid people to stir trouble. They thought money could buy them a revolution."

She shrugged. "Turns out Vermont isn't that poor. They turned the buyers in. And a hundred or more of your people? They're sitting in my jails right now." Alfred couldn't believe how calmly Bella had turned his world inside out. "Bella," Logan cut in, voice steady as a judge, "we see what you're doing. But don't expect us to swallow everything you feed us without chewing." Bella tilted her head, amused. "Oh? And why not?"

Logan laughed, low and dangerous. "For starters, there are rumors-Kingswell forces striking in Vancouver. Maybe this time the king decided to slaughter people

in Los Angeles and pin it on Kingston."

A few governors shifted, nodding like vultures smelling blood. Bella's smile narrowed. "Kingswell always plays in the open. What happened in

Los Angeles was done by cowards hiding in plain sight-people too scared to admit they pulled the trigger."

"You're still green, Bella," Logan said, looking down his nose at her. "Smart won't win you the helm. Leadership takes humility, and you don't have that."

He didn't stop there. "Even if you show the world proof, it might not be enough. Ask the governors here-see how many will simply believe you." Another governor, blunt and plain-spoken, cut in.

"I don't believe Bella," he said. Behind him, others hummed agreement. Logan's power was obvious; his allies answered for him like soldiers.

One by one they voiced their doubts. The room grew colder, the older politicians

circling like snakes Bella had failed to count.

Their faces were thick with self-preservation, hearts black with the shamelessness of men who had wielded power too long.

Logan leaned forward, eyes flat. "The king is ordering attacks on Los Angeles. Kingston's left holding the wreckage. Now look where we are."

"Do you all think a king who plays at conquest and leaves women and children to die still deserves the crown?"

He smirked; the smirk tasted of ambition. "Especially when he asks people to kill the Guise family—the rightful, legal governors. The king's become ruthless."

The room hummed with what wasn't said: if the king faltered, if the throne split, there would be movers and takers.

Logan's smile said plainly he would be ready to take.

Bella's eyes narrowed, her voice turning to steel. "If I were you, Logan, I'd be careful. Ambition is a fire that eats its own master."

Logan leaned forward, a thin smile curling on his lips. "And if I were you, I'd start worrying about whether I'll still be alive by morning."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 422[1,551 words]

"Logan - your ego's getting too big. How about we settle this tonight, at your place?" a rough voice called from one of the governors.

Logan swung his head toward the speaker. "You old fool. I thought you were long gone. Last I heard, you only had the courage to hit a young woman."

"Man or woman — anyone with an ego that big needs a lesson," Samuel said, laugh dry as old wood.

"Little Logan — we've tangled a hundred times. You've never beaten me. But that pride of yours... looks like it's begging for a lesson."

Logan's face burned red, fury fighting to cover the crack of fear.

He carried the weight of a powerful army, his strength known across the states — yet Samuel was different.

Samuel was a legend, a man whose very name made soldiers uneasy. And deep down, Logan knew it.

Logan's warning came out low and clipped. "Stay out of things that don't concern you. You're too old to start trouble."

"Too old?" Samuel barked. "Old's never stopped me. Trouble keeps me alive."

"Jericho Kane was my oldest friend-now his daughter's getting bullied by a coward like you, and you expect me to watch? I'd love to walk up and slap that arrogance right off your face."

For a heartbeat, Logan's eyes went cold enough to kill. He wanted to strike, to end the old man's grin with his fist. He didn't.

He swallowed the urge and spat venom instead. "You old man-your coffin's practically parked outside. Mind your mouth."

Samuel smirked, amusement flickering in his eyes. "My mouth's mine. If yours needs a few knocks, I'll gladly oblige." He turned to the governors gathered nearby. "So what do you make of Bella's video?"

Governor José of Colombia unmuted his mic, his voice steady but sharp. "Bella's footage makes it clear-Kingston is butchering his own people and feeding the riots."

"The unrest is out of control. He came to us begging for help to put out the fire he lit, and now the blaze is devouring his whole state."

"I agree," Sophia said firmly. "As Governor of Paris, I won't stand by while Alfred accuses the king of harming his own citizens. There's no record-no precedent- of such brutality from a ruler here."

"In Paris, it's the Guise family exploiting and enslaving the people. And that, we cannot ignore."

Lyra leaned in, eyes sharp. "I believe what happened in Vancouver was Kingwell striking the Chicago Outfit — the criminals who crawled out of my state. And here's the funny part: that Outfit's been laundering money through Los Angeles."

"Alfred Kingston, your fortune exploded this year. Tell me did you cut a deal with them for cash?"

A few governors glanced at one another. Doubt had a way of spreading in a room full of power.

Samuel, Logan's old nemesis, watched with the calm patience of a predator. Around him, Logan's supporters sat powerless, their teeth pulled in this fight.

"What bullshit are you peddling?" Alfred snapped, face hard as flint. "I'm innocent."

"Sure, sure," Bella said, laughter like a knife. "You don't even have the guts to admit you poisoned my father."

Alfred's hand curled into a fist. "What kind of nonsense is that?"

Bella said nothing more. She hit play.

The banquet footage filled the screen: Jericho Kane, smiling as he was sworn in as governor. A woman passed by, touched his arm a light, casual contact - and moments later Jericho's face slackened.

He stumbled, then dropped to his knees, breath collapsing out of him like a snuffed candle.

The camera zoomed on the woman's face until it swallowed the frame. Everyone could see her clearly now.

Kelly Kingston.

"I heard you sent Kelly with a rare poison - one only Kingwell had access to — to

kill my father," Bella said, voice flat. "You think that's a coincidence?"

Alfred looked stunned and furious and, under that, raw with fear.

He had warned Kelly to be careful. How could there be a record of something like that? He opened his mouth, then closed it.

"Bella, you've doctored that footage," Alfred accused, but his voice lacked conviction.

Bella smiled without humor. "Maybe. Maybe not. The King already has the data. I've been told Kingwell will open an investigation. Consider this a warning: your old comrades will start asking questions."

Silence pressed down like hot iron. Alfred's past flickered across his face - the years he spent inside Kingwell's ranks.

If they investigated, there would be nowhere left to run.

Gunfire hammered the walls outside like a storm of iron. Each burst sounded impossibly loud.

"Mr. Kingston, we have to move - now!" the secretary screamed, voice raw. "They're at the gate. The guards can't hold them."

Alfred stared at the governor's meeting still glowing on the screen.

Help wouldn't come from there.

The trouble was already inside the ring. He didn't argue. He rose, face hard, and walked out of his office into the corridor.

They ran down the service stair, boots slapping stone. At the back yard the private plane waited, silver and impatient against the dark.

Men were already pouring from the hedges; a group of rioters burst up from some shadow and opened fire.

"Governor! Governor!" someone shouted as bullets spat across the tarmac. Alfred ducked his head and charged for the plane's open hatch.

Inside, Jessica stood by a leather seat, small dog tucked under her arm like a talisman. Her face was pale but steady.

"Tell the pilot to move. Now," Alfred barked at the stewardess.

The stewardess sprinted forward. In a handful of seconds the engines screamed and the plane lurched.

A handful of desperate hands clawed at the wheel, then dropped as the craft rolled away and lifted.

The plane climbed into the night, leaving shouts and gunfire behind like burned- out embers.

"What'll happen to us, Alfred?" Jessica asked, voice thin.

"Nothing that we can't fix," Alfred said, though his voice carried a brittle edge. "We'll get back to Los Angeles. Don't worry."

"And Charles?" she asked suddenly.

"He should be safe at the Prime Hotel," Alfred lied to steady her, but his mouth tasted of iron.

"Change course," he told the pilot when the stewardess returned. "Head for Vancouver."

"Why?" Jessica demanded

"Jessica, I'll fight to take Los Angeles back. But if that fails, I'm taking Vancouver and I'll wear the Governor's seat again."

Jessica's next question barely left her throat. "What about Jasmine?"

Alfred closed his eyes. The doctor's words from earlier came back, blunt and

clinical: paralysis from the neck down.

"It's complicated," Alfred said quietly.

"The doctor told us... she may never recover. Leaving her at the mansion might

be a mercy-" He stopped. The words died in his throat.

The silence between them was suffocating, heavy with everything they couldn't bring themselves to say.

Both of them knew the truth: when the mob broke in with weapons, hunting every Kingston, Jasmine was likely already gone by the time they spoke.

Meanwhile, Charles clawed his way up the hospital roof, breath burning, people chasing, voices rising like a tide that would not be stopped.

"Darling, please_wait!" his girlfriend cried, stumbling to keep up as the crowd pressed in.

She slowed, breath ragged. Charles didn't look back.

He pushed harder, boots eating the stairwell, Jungs burning. The lower floors were a sea of faces and fists; the mob had filled the hospital like a tide.

FindNovels

He burst into the rooftop, and there it was: the ambulance helicopter, rotors idle

but ready.

Charles slammed to the helipad and yanked at the door.

He'd flown choppers before. This should be simple.

But the ignition switch was bare. No

key. Shouts rose from below as the

mob clawed toward the stairs, "There he is dont let him leave someone screamed. FindNovels

Hands reached the rooftop. Men were already sprinting up. Charles didn't freeze.

He tore through the cockpit, yanking open every compartment, checking under

the dash, the side panels, even beneath the pilot's seat.

His hands moved frantic, desperate.

At last his fingers scraped something solid tucked into a hidden slot on the dashboard. small metar box. He ripped it open, found the spare key, and jammed it into the ignition.

FindNovels

The engine coughed, then roared. The rotor sliced the air into a hard, whining

wind.

Angry hands slapped at the tail and the skids. A dozen people grabbed for his jacket. "Stop him!" they shouted.

Charles yanked back, shoved the collective weight off him, and slammed the throttle forward.

The helicopter lunged, clawed the air, and rose.

A few hands lost their grip and dropped into the dark; a scream tore through the rooftop as someone fell away.

Charles didn't look down. He tilted the nose up and punched the aircraft into the night sky until the city became a scatter of lights.

Below, the hospital seethed with violence. Kelly staggered under the assault — fists cracking against her, boots slamming into her ribs.

Pain exploded through her chest, each breath torn away. Fear swept over her, crushing and absolute, with the brutal certainty that she might not survive. Then the pressure stopped. Bodies cleared like a curtain.

A broad back planted itself between her and the mob, blocking the blows. Rough hands hauled anyone who tried to reach her away.

"She's Kelly Kingston!" one man howled. "She must die-Kingstons die!"

"That woman's not a Kingston," the protector snapped. "Her name is Kelly Knight."

The voice hit Kelly like a chord. She knew it felt it in her bones. Something in her chest unclenched.

A single tear slipped down her cheek as the man held the mob at bay, his silhouette towering against the fiery light.

She had always believed he would come for her — and now, at the moment she needed him most, he was here.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 423[1,513 words]

The governors sat in the chamber, the large screen still glowing from the online session.

Alfred Kingston's chair was empty-he had walked out mid-meeting, leaving the feed running but showing nothing.

The governors who remained pressed on with the agenda.

"If Alfred leaves Los Angeles," one voice broke the silence, "who takes his seat as governor?"

Eyes shifted across the screen, suspicion hanging thick in the air.

Jose leaned forward. "It's obvious. The leader of the rebellion should become governor. The people choose him."

He'd been made governor by a rebellion once himself.

"I disagree," Logan shot back. "Los Angeles has always been Alfred Kingston's domain. He'll take it back from the rebels. He's the only legal governor."

Samuel gave a dry laugh. "Legal? Alfred was never truly governor. He was appointed by the King after the last governor of Los Angeles dropped dead without warning."

"Now? Finally, LA belongs to the people. That's something worth celebrating."

Another governor snapped. "Nonsense. Alfred is the only governor. These rebels are nothing more than terrorists. We cannot bow to terrorists."

Bella smirked, contempt dripping from every word. "So when the government kills its people and they fight back, that's 'terrorism'?"

"No wonder you guys keep the military close — not to protect citizens but to keep them in chains. If you even call them citizens anymore, they're just slaves to you."

The chamber erupted, voices colliding, accusations flying. The debate grew heated, tempers flaring over who had the right to rule Los Angeles.

Then, in the middle of the chaos, the screen flickered.

A man appeared where Alfred Kingston had sat. Calm. Confident. Middle-aged with a warm smile that carried more defiance than charm.

"Well, fellow governors," he said smoothly, "allow me to introduce myself. I am Keaton Knight-leader of the Free LA movement. And the new governor of Los Angeles."

The room went silent. Every governor froze.

Logan sneered, "Governor? You're just a rebel with a webcam."

Keaton laughed, "True. But at least my Wi-Fi works, which is more than Alfred can say."

Bella clapped her hands, laughing like it was the sharpest joke in the world. "Good one."

But Logan's face twisted like he'd just swallowed poison. "We don't recognize rebels as governors. Keep dreaming, Knight. Alfred Kingston will return to Los Angeles."

Keaton laughed, a low, dangerous sound. "I doubt he'll come back. I saw him run -tail tucked between his legs."

Logan's jaw tightened. "If you don't hand the governor's seat back to Alfred, I'll make sure you're the one running with your tail between your legs."

Keaton's smile widened. "Funny. Come to Los Angeles, then. We'll duel. We'll see who's still standing and who's running for cover."

Logan snorted. "Why would I go? I've got ten thousand troops. Taking Los Angeles from you would be like stealing candy from a three-year-old."

"Charming. Armies are impressive," Keaton said with an easy smile. "But they won't save you when the whole city decides your name is nothing more than a bad joke."

"Nice line," Samuel barked a laugh, sharp and merciless. "So the mighty Logan is just a numbers man. Coward Logan-only brave when he's hiding behind a headcount."

Samuel's tone hardened, his eyes locked on Logan. "You're a joke, Logan. You know the Los Angeles soldiers are gone. Only civilians remain. Are you really saying you'd march your troops in to slaughter citizens?"

"Times have changed," Logan spat. "If those rebels don't want to die, they should leave Los Angeles and let Alfred reclaim his post."

Jose pushed forward. "I back the new governor-Keaton Knight and the Free LA movement. Alfred sided with the elites, not the people. I stand with Keaton."

Logan fixed him with a cold stare. "Jose, you're too old to start another war. If you want to go down with the rebels, be my guest — I'm not soft like your old governors. You'll die like a rat in a gutter."

"Remember this, Logan," Jose said, voice low and steady.

"The happiest man - king or peasant — is the one who finds peace at home. But under a cruel governor, people can't even call their land home; they're slaves and prisoners in their own houses. I pity your citizens."

Logan sneered. "I pity that fool of a governor you once served, Jose - too weak to keep a rat like you under control. His blind stupidity let you kill him and take his seat."

"That's the most useless governor I've ever seen. He should've learned from me how to crush a rebellion. I'd turn their heads into soccer balls."

Jose shook his head and replied "When tyranny becomes law, rebellion becomes duty of every citizen."

"Not my citizens," Logan sneered.

"Don't get cocky, Logan." Samuel cut in, "Don't forget - I'm with Keaton, too."

Logan's face sharpened, fury burning behind his eyes.

"You!" He opened his mouth, but Bella cut him off with a laugh like a knife.

"I'm with Keaton as long as it's not Alfred Kingston. That's all that matters."

Lyra Thompson nodded. "Chicago stands with Keaton."

"Paris with Keaton," Sophia added. She wanted the Kingston family cut down from power, whatever it took.

Logan sneered. "So you've got five states backing Keaton out of thirteen. That still leaves eight against him."

Bella laughed, her voice sharp as a

blade. "Governor Logan, you can't

even count straight. You've been

strong-arming governors into your camp but you forgot one thing Los Angeles new governor is already with us." FindNovels

"That makes six out of thirteen. And since you're so desperate, tell me how do you plan to drag Vancouver to your side when their governor isn't even online? That's one absent."

"Six against six. That's a tie, Logan. And you can't win a tie. You stupid."

Logan's face went hard. "You keep calling me stupid. You're the fook- you and your whole damned family. Jasmine Kingston from Vancouver will stand with her father Alfred She'll never side with a rebel."

FindNovels

Keaton laughed, "Strange. Jasmine looks like someone who already escaped one tyrant. Why would she line up behind another?"

Bella added, "Because Logan thinks abuse counts as family values."

Laughter rippled through the governors, all eyes cutting toward Logan. His face burned red.

"All of you bastards!" Logan snapped, rage spilling out.

Bella's smile sharpened. "Logan, let's make a wager. If Vancouver's governor sides with Keaton, you'll be branded the biggest fool alive."

Logan's jaw tightened. "Fine. And if you're wrong, Bella, instead of being called the sharpest governor in the country, you'll wear the title of the biggest fool."

"Deal," she said.

"Deal," Logan answered.

Samuel put his hand on the table. "I'll be the witness."

Suddenly the dark square of the Vancouver screen flared to life.

Jasmine Kingston appeared.

"Speak of the devil," Logan spat, laughter brittle.

He leaned forward, venom in his words.

—

"Miss Kingston - listen to this idiot. He says you, Jasmine Kingston, daughter of Alfred Kingston, will pick Keaton Knight that rebel as governor of Los Angeles over your own father. Tell her she's an idiot!"

FindNovels

Jasmine's face was a pale, empty map of pain. She didn't understand everything that had been said.

All she could remember was the slap - her father's hand-the sudden, violent hit that sent pain roaring through her neck.

Her world had gone still; her limbs felt like someone else's. She could barely move.

Jasmine slept and dreamed hard. When she woke, she was in the Vancouver governor's residence. A red lamp glowed on the bedside table-the signal that a live session was already rolling.

She pulled herself upright and joined the meeting.

"Can someone tell me what's going on?" she asked.

"With pleasure," Bella said, snapping the story into place for Jasmine.

She laid out everything fast and clean. The way Bella spoke, pieces that had tangled in Jasmine's head fell into order.

Jasmine's smile was small and fierce. "The governor of Vancouver stands with the people. We back Mr. Keaton as the new governor of Los Angeles."

Logan went pale. For a beat, his anger looked like shock.

"So Logan is the most foolish man in this country now," Bella crowed, laughter cutting the room.

"Jasmine Kingston." Logan's voice dropped like gravel. "What game are you playing? You're my fiancée. You're supposed to listen to me. Tell them you are sorry and you support your father."

Jasmine's eyes turned hard. "I never agreed to your engagement. Keep dreaming."

"You little Vancouver girl," Logan snapped. "You think being governor lets you ignore my orders? Don't make me send my soldiers into your city."

"Oh, great Logan," Jasmine said, cold as winter. "If you send soldiers here, don't forget to order extra coffins. No matter how many you send, they won't all come back alive."

Samuel slammed his palm on the table. "If he dares move his troops, tell me. I'll send mine in response."

"Me too," Sophia said.

"Count on me," Bella added.

Lyra smiled with the slow cruelty of a gambler. "For the right price, I'll have my men seize Logan's soldiers. I hear his ranks are wealthy enough for a prisoner exchange later." Anger curdled in Logan's face. He stared down the new governors like a man smelling gunpowder.

"You lot don't know me. If you want war, fine. I won't back down. Let it burn."

"Do any of you know what this means?" Then Keaton lifted something into the camera—a small, sun-bright emblem pinned to a leather strap.

Every governor went stiff. Color drained from faces. Disbelief and a real kind of fear spread through the room.

"How-how can a rebel leader have that?" Logan whispered, disbelief lacing his words.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 424[992 words]

"Little Logan," Keaton said, lips twisting into a sneer. "Watch your mouth. I'm not a rebel leader. I'm the leader of the people. And Alfred Kingston? He's the leader of the elite."

Keaton continued. "So who do you think the king will back? The leader of the people or the leader of the elite?"

"You're just the leader of a rebellion," Logan spat. "A terrorist. You'll never be recognized as governor."

"Talking to stupid men takes patience-especially the most stupid men in this country." Keaton rolled his eyes like the insult bored him.

"Since when do I need your approval to be governor of Los Angeles? Don't make yourself sound important."

Bella laughed, sharp and strutting. "I've been saying it for months-he's the most useless fool in the whole country. Finally people see it."

Logan stood straighter; the old military posture returned like armor. He'd been the second most powerful commander in the nation once he would not be humiliated.

"Do any of you want to die?"

Keaton let out a low laugh. "When I accepted this medal from the king, I heard what he said clear as day."

"Keaton, my heart is always with the people. I hope you protect Los Angeles from the elite. Alfred's already chosen his side; his heart isn't with the people anymore."

"When he's truly lost them, you should step up and take his place."

Logan snapped. "You liar. The king supports Alfred. He stays in his position." Keaton's smile went cold as a winter morning. "Let him stay, the king said as he placed Alfred there for a reason to be my steppingstone."

"Shut up," Logan barked. "Nothing that comes from your mouth is trustworthy."

"Believe whatever you like, brother," Keaton said, amusement in his tone. Then, quieter, he recited the king's words like a verdict:

"The king sent a message to every governor. He said: 'Any man who can beat Keaton in single combat will be granted Los Angeles.'"

"But if anyone sends soldiers into Los Angeles, I will dispatch the Kingwells and the national regiments to reclaim the state. And Logan-if you try anything nasty —I, the king, myself will ride out, meet you face to face, and take your head.""

Logan's forehead broke into a cold sweat. The king was the most powerful man in the land.

No one could stand against him. If the king chose to visit someone, that person was either bound for hell or heaven-anywhere but on earth.

"I don't believe a word you say," Logan muttered stubbornly.

"Little Logan," Samuel cut in. "When the king handed Keaton that medal, I was there. I heard the message with my own ears. I can swear it's true."

"You... met the king?" Logan's voice cracked. Almost no governor-himself included-had ever been in the king's presence.

Samuel sneered. "Me, and half the governors here. If the king never bothered to meet you, maybe it's because he doesn't want to get close to the people he'll kill later."

A heavy silence fell. The governors shifted uneasily, realizing the weight of Samuel's words.

Keaton stretched his arms overhead, a yawn breaking the tension.

"So be it. Any governor who wants Los Angeles can challenge me. But remember,

a duel with me means life or death. I've never let a challenger walk away alive."

He leaned back, voice cool and final. "Anyway, I'm done here. My daughter's wounds need tending. We'll meet again."

With that, Keaton cut the connection, leaving the governors shaken-none of them daring to openly side with Alfred when the king himself had put his weight behind Keaton.

Jasmine ended the call too, only to hear commotion outside the Vancouver governor's mansion. She rushed to the window.

At the front gates, Alfred Kingston and Jessica stood, faces hard with anger.

Two Vancouver security officers blocked their entry.

"Who the hell do you think you are?" Alfred barked, rage boiling over. Losing Los Angeles had pushed him past reason.

He wasn't ready to accept being shoved back into Vancouver.

To be denied entry by lowly guards-unthinkable.

"Do you even know who I am?" Alfred demanded, his voice thunderous.

"Yes, sir," one guard answered calmly.

"You are Alfred Kingston, governor

of Los Angeles. But this estate

belongs to the governor of

Vancouver Jasme Kingston Without her permission, you are not allowed inside."

FindNovels

Alfred's jaw clenched, his pride crushed further than any battlefield defeat could ever manage.

"What fucking permission do I need?" Alfred thundered. "Jasmine is my daughter.

I put her in that office - I gave her that title!"

"That still doesn't change anything, sir," the guard said. "You're not allowed in without Governor Kingston's permission."

Humiliation cracked something in Alfred. Rage flared hot and loud.

"Unbelievable. You're all nothing but trash. Don't you dare treat me like your equal

- kneel when you see me, don't argue. You bastard."

He shoved forward toward the gate.

The guard moved faster. Hand on his holster, he kept his voice flat and professional.

"Sir, step back. I'm ordering you to step away. This is a secured residence. If you approach, I will use my firearm."

"You'll shoot me?" Alfred barked, incredulous. "Try it."

Jessica pushed up beside him, eyes burning. "Shoot him, and I'll tell Jasmine

what cowards you are. I'll make sure your whole family pays."

They advanced without hearing the warning. The guard's thumb hovered on the safety of his service pistol. "I don't want to fire, sir. Move back." FindNovels

Alfred laughed, ugly and sharp. "You think you can stop me? You'll regret this."

"Correction, sir," the guard said, cold as steel. "If you force me to fire, you'll be the first to fall."

Alfred lunged. The guard's training took over: one controlled shot to stop the threat.

The world shrieked. Jessica went down, her arm collapsing under a dark bloom.

Alfred staggered back as a round tore through his hand and upper thigh.

Blood slicked his fingers; pain cut clean and bright.

"You bastard!" Alfred spit, clutching his wounds. He swore and tried to move, but

his steps were ragged and slow.

The guard didn't gloat. He held the pistol steady, breath slow, voice flat and professional. "Stand down. Don't force this further. Have your head in my sights for FindNovels

"You fucking bastard!" Alfred roared.

The guard's finger tightened. The world detonated-sharp, bright.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 425[1,456 words]

The shot tore through Alfred's shoulder. He folded, a raw sound ripping from his chest.

Jessica's scream tore through the air, raw and panicked, her eyes locked on her husband as crimson spread across his shirt like wildfire.

"How dare you shoot him? He's Jasmine Kingston's father-Governor of Los Angeles."

The guard's lip curled. He fired again into Alfred's other shoulder without hesitation. "Tell me I don't have the nerve," he said.

"Say it, and I'll keep firing until he's dead. The only reason I haven't killed you both is because you're a governor's family," he added coldly. "Otherwise you'd already be dead."

Jessica's face went white with fury and shame.

"How dare you!" she spat, lunging at the guard with flailing arms.

The guard didn't hesitate. He fired into Jessica's arms and both thighs. She collapsed, limbs useless, a scream tearing from her throat.

"I told you don't move."

"You shot a woman?" Alfred gasped through the intake of pain.

"What? Not agree? Then I'll shoot a man," the guard said, and emptied his pistol into Alfred's arms and both knees.

"I heard you order your general to move the troops and shoot innocent people - you should feel that pain too."

Alfred moaned, pain ripping through him as he crumpled to the floor.

"You'll die for this!" he roared, voice raw and broken. "I'm the governor-Los Angeles, Vancouver-who the hell do you think you are? You'll answer for this. Mark my words: your whole family will die!"

The guard stepped close, calm as a judge. He intoned, almost chanting, "Only to the True Source do I bow. I fear neither gods nor demons."

He slapped Alfred hard across the face.

The crack of the blow snapped something awake inside Alfred—an oath remembered from his first Kingswell initiation.

"You-" Alfred stammered, raw panic blooming. "You're with the Kingswell."

The guard drove a fist into Alfred's nose. Bone splintered; blood poured down his lip.

"The king sends a message," the guard hissed.

"How dare you strike Jasmine until her throat nearly broke. If you kill her, the Kingston line-three generations up and down-will be erased."

"You and your family only live because Jasmine lives," he said, hammering Alfred's face again.

"Who do you think you are, acting like this? If the king wants you gone, you and Logan can be killed at any moment. You're not mighty. You're nothing."

The guard's slap cracked like a board. Alfred's front teeth shattered and rained down across his bleeding lip.

"Next time, you ungrateful bastard," the guard spat, pressing his boot into Alfred's face.

"Learn gratitude. Keep that arrogant face hidden. And if anything happens to Jessica again, you won't live to regret it—you'll be dead."

Alfred was a wreck of pain and disbelief.

His head buzzed from the blows. Ambition and defiance—every plan to defy the king—drowned under the roar of agony and the sting of humiliation.

He'd forgotten, for a breath, the reach of the king.

The king ruled the whole country; his reach swallowed governors and courts alike. He could erase Alfred and Logan with a flick—had the means to end them a dozen times over.

Alfred had fancied himself clever enough to outmaneuver a throne. Now he felt exposed, small as a mouse beneath a boot. Mercy, he realized, had been a trap dressed as kindness.

The guard leaned close, voice low and hard as stone. "Remember to be humble if you want to survive, Alfred Kingston. You are nowhere near as big as you think when you stand before the king."

The guard's boot smashed Alfred's face into the dirt with a force that could have crushed his skull.

Alfred felt the world narrow—breath shallow, pain flaring—and knew if he didn't act now, he'd be dead.

"I... I'm sorry," Alfred croaked at last.

The guard landed one last kick, then stepped back. "Doctor — take them to the hospital. The king has warned; let this be their final lesson. If they don't learn, there'll be no place left for them on this earth."

Charles Kingston, watching not far off, felt the ground shift beneath him.

They had lost Los Angeles. Vancouver no longer held a place for them either. He had watched his father fall—watched power collapse in the span of minutes.

'When calamity comes, it comes like thunder.'

He had to disappear before the search for the Kingstons began.

Meanwhile, across the states, Keaton Knight dropped to one knee before Alex, his face set like carved granite, every line etched with loyalty and resolve.

"Young master," he said. "I apologize for my daughter's actions. My line has served the Majestic for generations. We honor that oath. We will not betray it."

"Don't worry, Mr. Knight," Alex said. "Kelly is like a sister to me. She's free to act, and I won't hold a grudge."

"Thank you, young master," Keaton answered, relief barely under the surface.

Alex let out a long breath. "My mother and father are still missing. The Kingswell operatives in the neighboring countries are digging for answers. I need someone I trust to hold this country steady-use it as a base to reach others. Can you do that?"

"Sir, your will is my command," Keaton said, rising.

"Then take Los Angeles," Alex ordered. "Raise it. Keep the peace. I'll move to the level I need to cross into other countries soon."

Keaton bowed low.

Alex turned, shoulders squared, and launched into the night.

He left behind the smoke and blood of Los Angeles, cutting through the darkness toward Vancouver, back to his small clinic-alone beneath vast, indifferent sky.

belongs to FindNovels

Alex landed bit far away outside the clinic, his boots crunching softly against the gravel.

He didn't go in right away. His mind was racing. If he truly meant to leave the country, to step into the wider world, then someone had to stay behind.

Someone had to watch over it all.

With a kind and steady queen at his side, and men like Samuel and Keaton the strongest in the land after him-his country could stand firm unshaken, and stride toward a better and stronger future.

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It was also the right time to think of children-an heir to carry the line when he was gone.

And if he ever found his mother and father, he wanted to face them with pride, knowing their bloodline would not end with him.

Out of all the women he'd known, only one came to mind. Josephine.

She was simple, joyful, and radiant even in the darkest hours. She had been his light when he felt lost.

He believed with every fiber of his being she'd make a good wife, a kind mother, a woman born of love and warmth.

And for the people of this country, she was the best choice-her kindness had no limits. She was perfect.

Alex pulled out an emerald ring, the most precious he had ever acquired. He held it in his palm, eyes steady. With this, propose to Josephine-make her my wife, the her of my child, and the queen of the people." FindNovels

He believed happiness could be waiting just beyond the door.

When Alex reached the clinic steps, he froze.

Josephine was already there, sitting on the chair out front. The moment she saw him, her face lit up like dawn breaking.

She is bright as the clear moon.

"Alex! Where have you been? I've been waiting for you forever," she said, eyes sparkling.

"Sorry," Alex answered with a soft smile, reaching out to take her arm. "I had something to do."

The moment their hands touched, he felt it—something stronger than friendship.

Love threading itself between them.

"I have something to tell you," they both blurted at the same time.

Then stopped, surprised, staring at each other.

"Really?" Josephine laughed, her eyes shining.

"Yes," Alex grinned. "But I'm not in a hurry. You should speak first."

Josephine's face glowed with excitement. "Alex, have I ever told you about my first love from childhood?"

"Yes," Alex nodded. He knew exactly who she was talking about.

It was him.

Her voice trembled with happiness. "I finally know who it is."

Her whole body seemed alive with joy, like she was holding back a laugh of pure relief.

"Really? Congratulations," Alex said warmly, though his heart pounded.

This was the moment. If Josephine finally realized her childhood love had been him, then everything would fall into place.

He could ask her to stand at his side forever.

Josephine leaned closer, her eyes locking on his. For a heartbeat, the world was perfect.

"Alex," she whispered, her tone thick with meaning.

"Yes," he answered, bracing himself.

"Don't be shocked, okay?"

"Yes. Tell me," Alex said, smiling through nerves.

Josephine's lips curved into a bright, trembling smile. "Let me introduce you... to my boyfriend."

She turned, and a figure stepped from the shadows behind her.

"Charles Kingston."

Alex's heart stopped. His world buckled.

"What?" His voice cracked, disbelief flooding him.

Charles walked up with smug ease, sliding an arm around Josephine and pulling her close.

She blushed, her face red as she leaned against him, smiling like a girl swept into

a dream.

"Hello, Alex," Charles said, his tone smooth, cutting.

"We meet again. Who would've thought? My girlfriend Josephine has been working with you all along."

The words hit Alex like a knife in the chest.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 426[1,711 words]

"Alex, do you know Charles Kingston?" Josephine asked, her face bright with a mix of hope and happiness.

Before Alex could respond, Charles cut in quickly. "Jo, this man once treated my little sister, Jasmine Kingston. That's how we know each other."

Alex's eyes narrowed.

"Charles Kingston," he said slowly. "I don't know what scam you're running, but you'd better stay the hell away from Josephine."

"Alex! What are you doing?" Josephine snapped, startled by his sudden hostility. "Believe me, Josephine," Alex's voice low and hard. "This man is up to no good." Charles reached for Josephine, his face drawn with exhaustion and quiet despair. "Josephine, I told you-no one believes me," he said, voice breaking. "Everyone hates me for things I didn't even do. Please... just let me go, before they turn on you too. Ever since I was born with the Kingston name, I've been treated like a criminal for sins I never committed."

"No! I always believe in you," Josephine clutched his hand tightly.

"Alex, listen to me. Charles Kingston isn't the monster people make him out to be. He's not what they show on television or in the papers. He's been misunderstood by everyone. He's good inside. Kind."

Josephine stepped to Alex's side and took his hand, her eyes locking with his. "Alex, I know you have a good and kind heart. You'll understand if you open it and listen to me."

Alex drew a long breath, staring at Charles. He wanted this man gone from the earth.

Yet Charles was Jasmine's brother. Alfred had once made heavy contributions. And now Josephine... Josephine was drawn to him, just like Sophia had been in the past.

"I'm listening," Alex said at last, forcing patience into his voice.

"Alex," Josephine began, "many years ago, Charles was almost kidnapped by Alfred's enemies. He escaped into the slums and ended up in an orphanage. That's where he met me."

Her voice softened, her eyes distant as memories surfaced. "He stayed with me when he was just eight years old. I'll never forget that. But then his father finally found him and took him back."

Alex knew that story. It was his story with Josephine. He wanted to say, "That man is me." But would Josephine believe him now?

"A few months ago," Josephine continued, her voice trembling, "after Jasmine Kingston seized Vancouver by force, she started framing Charles for crimes he never committed."

"Everyone in the city turned against him. His own parents threw him out and told the whole of Vancouver he was a disgrace."

"He lost everything-his home, his name, his dignity—and ended up living on the streets. But somehow, by God's mercy, we found each other again."

Charles looked at Josephine, his eyes wet. As she held Alex's hand, Charles grabbed her other hand and pulled her into an embrace

"That time, I lost everything," he said hoarsely. "I had no money, no life, nothing. Thank God you came to save me, Josephine. For the second time. God is good for letting us meet again."

"After that," Josephine said, her cheeks turning red. "We became a couple."

"This was all written in the stars," Charles murmured as he wrapped his arms around Josephine, his eyes cutting toward Alex with sharp, deliberate defiance.

In the past, Charles had despised Alex.

He'd tried everything to bring him down-hiring detectives, digging into everyone close to him, hunting for weaknesses.

One of the women who caught his attention during that search was Josephine. She was poor, from an orphanage, yet her beauty was disarming raw and magnetic.

Charles had been drawn to her for a long time, obsessed even, thinking about how to make her his.

He'd learned from his private investigator that Josephine once spoke to the orphanage children about her first love-someone from her childhood.

That detail burned into Charles's mind.

So months ago when he lost everything-his business, his fortune, his name— and found himself homeless, fate brought him face-to-face with Josephine again. She was on the streets, sharing food with the poor. And Charles saw his chance.

He needed her. Not just for comfort-but as a weapon. A way to strike Alex where it hurt most.

Now, with Los Angeles in chaos and the Kingston family under fire-everyone blaming Alfred Kingston and his bloodline-Charles had to disappear.

And he knew Josephine's place was safe. A perfect hiding spot. A perfect opportunity.

"Josephine," Charles said, putting on a sorrowful face, his voice trembling with practiced pain.

"You know my sister, Jasmine-she hates me. I saw her order her guards to shoot our own parents. She's not the same anymore. Power and money have turned her into something else."

He turned to Alex. "And Alex here... he's close to Jasmine. He'll report me the moment he can."

Josephine's gaze flicked toward Alex. "Alex, what Jasmine's doing isn't right. Charles needs protection. I'm asking you-please, let him stay here."

Alex stared into Josephine's pleading eyes. She never begged for anything, never lowered herself like this.

It tore at him. His chest felt tight, his thoughts a blur of regret.

He cursed himself silently. He should've told her earlier. He should've said that the man she once loved in the orphanage... was him.

But now, it wouldn't matter.

Josephine was good. Too good.

And like the old saying went-good girls were drawn to bad men. And the good guys? They were destined to watch from the sidelines, alone.

"Josephine," Alex said finally, his voice strained but steady. "I'm sorry. He can't stay here."

"But we have plenty of empty rooms," Josephine said softly.

"Please, Alex. He's my boyfriend. For the sake of our friendship-can't you help me just this once?"

"Josephine," Alex said. "Letting Charles stay here is a bad idea. You know what's happening in Los Angeles right now, don't you?"

"I know," Josephine answered quickly. "The terrorists are turning

the poor against the authorities. They're killing innocent

soldiers-burning people alive in the

streets. It's horrible."

belongs to FindNovels

Alex's voice hardened. "Then why don't you tell her the truth, Charles?"

Charles straightened, his face

twisting with false outrage. "That is the truth, Alex. I don't know what lies

my sister's been feeding you, but this is real. We were following the king's orders. We're innocent!" FindNovels

Alex shook his head slowly. "You can't stay here. You're too dangerous."

"Fine," Josephine snapped, her tone breaking with anger. "I won't force you to let us stay. I'll take Charles to the orphanage instead."

"What?" Alex's voice rose, shocked. The thought of Charles near those children made his blood run cold. He couldn't risk it.

He sighed heavily. "Fine, Josephine. You win. He can stay."

"Thank you!" she said, her whole face lighting up.

She turned to Charles, her voice warm with relief. "You can stay here, help me

care for the homeless, live in peace. We can finally be together."

"That's all I ever dreamed of, Josephine," Charles said with a shaky smile. "To stay by your side... and do good for others."

"I'll go get your room ready," Josephine said, rushing inside the clinic with a smile.

As soon as she was gone, Charles stood still, staring at Alex with a cold, smug

grin.

"I hope you treat me well, Alex," he said, voice dripping with mockery. "Because Josephine's in my hands now. If she's precious to you, you'll do exactly what I

say."

Alex's jaw tightened. "Keep dreaming, Charles. Maybe one day you'll wake up and realize the world doesn't spin around you."

Charles chuckled darkly. "Oh, it spins around me all right. And tonight, I'll make sure you don't sleep under this roof again."

Before Alex could respond, Charles suddenly struck his own face hard. Blood gushed from his nose.

Alex froze-stunned by the madness.

Charles fell to the floor, screaming, "Help! Help! Josephine-Alex hit me!"

"Charles!" Josephine's voice rang out as she rushed back from the room, dropping to her knees beside him.

She lifted his head in panic, her eyes wide with horror.

"What happened?" Josephine cried, kneeling beside Charles.

"Josephine, I told you," Charles said, his voice trembling as he held his bleeding nose.

"Alex hates me. He told me to get out, but I had nowhere else to go. I only begged him for a moment to say goodbye to you. But he wouldn't let me. Then he hit me."

Josephine's eyes filled with disbelief and pain as she turned toward Alex. "Alex... how could you do this to him?"

"Josephine, this is my fault," Charles said weakly, trying to stand. "If I hadn't come here, none of this would've happened. Alex, I'm sorry. I'll leave right now." "Wait," Josephine said quickly, standing up. "If you're leaving, then I'm going with you."

Alex looked at both of them, his jaw tight, voice steady but heavy with restraint. "Josephine, stay here. I'll go. Los Angeles is calling for help-too many people are injured. Keep the clinic open. Handle things while I'm gone."

Without waiting for an answer, Alex turned and walked toward the corner of the he could street. He had to leave before he lost control-before he did something never take back.

Before he lost control and killed

Charles right there in front of Josephine. Darkness and fury swallowed him whole, and in that moment, he chose to step away

from his fight, Josephine FindNovels

Watching Alex's back as he walked away, Josephine felt a sharp twist in her chest

—a cold, sinking feeling that this might be the last time she would ever see him.

"Alex!" she called, her voice breaking. She wanted to chase him, to explain, to tell him she believed in him—but before she could move, Charles grabbed her wrist. "Josephine," Charles said gently, pretending concern.

"What Alex's doing is the right thing. Los Angeles needs a doctor like him. Let him go do his duty. He'll come back when it's all over."

"You're right," Josephine replied softly, her face turning red under the intensity of Charles's gaze.

At the end of the street, Alex turned one last time. His silhouette stood against the dark horizon, then vanished into the night.

His heart was burning-rage roaring through him like fire. Every ounce of pain inside him had turned into fury, pure and blinding.

He shot into the sky, the wind tearing past him, the night swallowing his shape. He didn't care where he was going—he just needed to unleash it all before it consumed him.

Moments later, he landed in front of a sprawling mansion. His eyes glowed with wrath, his chest rising like a storm about to break.

Without control, he unleashed his power. The ground shook. The mansion cracked, splintered, and exploded into ruin.

"Logan!" Alex roared, his voice echoing across the shattered estate. "Get your damn ass out here!"

He needed a fight. He needed something to hit.

Someone to blame.

And Logan-Logan was the perfect choice.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 427[1,370 words]

Alex stepped into the ruined shell of Logan's mansion.

"Logan! You jerk!" Alex shouted.

"Don't tell me you've already died inside this rubble, you weak bastard. How can you crave the throne when you fall apart over a pile of stones?"

Logan wasn't Samuel the old monster - nobody was.

Still, he ranked among the country's top five fighters. He rose from the wreckage, dust and torn fabric clinging to him, half his shirt shredded, chest exposed like a dare.

"Who the hell are you, destroying my house?" Logan bellowed, voice rough with anger and something close to fear.

"You know me." Alex took a step forward until they were face to face.

"Alex?" Logan sneered, wiping dirt from his lip.

"Aren't you the man who wiped out the Guise family

—

part of Kingwell? You've

been banished. What are you doing here?"

"Say the king found you intolerable and sent me back to Kingwell to teach you a lesson," Alex replied, slow and cold.

"I've also got a personal score to settle - Charles Kingston. That bastard wrecked my life and lit a fire in me. You happen to support him, so I came here to slap your face."

"You're insane!" Logan laughed, too loud.

"I've got hundreds of thousands of soldiers ready. I knew the king would send someone. I'm prepared."

"Really?" Alex laughed, low and sharp. "I'll give you twenty minutes to call every one of them. Twenty minutes to bring your army here. I'll open your eyes to what Kingswell really is."

Logan barked a laugh that tried to be fearless. "Twenty minutes? You think that's enough to gather Kingswell's forces? I'll give you ten minutes instead."

He believed in his power the way men believe in armor — blindly, stubbornly.

For ten years he'd stacked men, money, and promises. In his head, a hundred thousand soldiers would answer his call and crush Kingswell-then the king himself.

That army would be enough to lift him onto the throne.

"I'll wait ten minutes, then," Alex said, crossing his arms as he stared up at the black sky filled with stars.

He'd been here too long. He'd let his mission-to find his parents-slip through his hands.

This country had chewed at him and held him down.

He needed to leave-to find a way to the Earth Empire, the place where real power began.

He'd heard his father came from there, and he needed to uncover the truth.

Yet the Empire didn't welcome outsiders. Only citizens of the top two nations were allowed entry-either as residents or servants.

Estoria, Alex's country now, was the poorest of the seven nations on Earth.

They weren't just banned from the Empire-they weren't even allowed to set foot in the fifth or sixth-ranked countries.

Estorians were treated like unwanted immigrants, rejected everywhere they went.

If Alex wanted to reach the Earth Empire, he'd have to start from the bottom. Become a citizen of a second-tier nation.

That meant slowly climbing his way up-sixth, fifth, fourth, third-changing his citizenship step by step.

But everyone knew it was nearly impossible. Every country thought their citizen was the best.

Every country despised outsiders, especially immigrants from Estoria-they were banned everywhere.

The few Estorians who managed to slip into other nations lived as illegal migrants, without citizenship or protection.

They were treated like slaves, stripped of dignity and human rights.

"Ten minutes are up!" Logan laughed.

Alex stood alone in the open field.

Around him, nearly a thousand soldiers raised their guns.

Military helicopters circled overhead, their floodlights slicing through the night. Fighter jets roared above, targeting him from the sky.

"Where are your Kingswell soldiers now?" Logan taunted, laughing with arrogance. "I'm going to wipe them all out and show your precious king what real power looks like!"

"I never needed to call the Kingswell army," Alex said with a faint smile. "Do you even know why the battles between kings are settled through duels instead of military power?"

Logan's grin faltered.

Confusion spread across his face.

"Yeah," Alex said, stepping closer. "You really don't know."

A surge of energy burst from Alex's body, raw and crushing.

The air trembled. The ground cracked beneath his feet. Logan felt it first-the

invisible pressure slamming into him, forcing him to his knees.

He struggled, teeth grinding, muscles shaking under the weight.

All around them, soldiers began collapsing one by one. Their eyes rolled back, bodies dropping like puppets with cut strings.

The helicopters lost control, spinning wildly before crashing into the earth with thunderous explosions.

The fighter jets veered off-course, disappearing into the dark horizon before erupting in distant flames.

From a hundred thousand men, only two were left standing or rather, one standing, and one crushed to the ground.

Alex walked over slowly. He stopped beside Logan, who was gasping, his knees buried in the dirt.

"Let me tell you something, Logan," Alex said quietly, placing a firm hand on his shoulder.

The pressure grew heavier, driving Logan's body lower until he could barely breathe.

"In front of the king," Alex said, voice flat as a blade, "a million soldiers are just ants. What can an army do against a single human who knows how to use insecticide? Spray once ; and they're gone. All of them-dead." FindNovels

He pointed to the fallen soldiers around them. "Kingswell could release a single gas cloud and your hundred thousand would wake up in hell."

Logan's face went white. "Who are you?" he asked, the bravado gone thin as smoke.

"Alexander Leonhart," Alex answered.

Logan's body trembled. "Are there many like you in Kingswell?"

Alex laughed, low and dangerous. "My master has many disciples. I'm one of them-far from the only one."

He let the words hang. "The king belongs to our order. He has brothers and sisters like me. Each of them stronger than the last."

Slow and deliberate, Alex smacked Logan across the cheek-once, twice-each strike a measured warning.

"You really want to face the king and all of them? I alone am enough to ruin you. Tell me again what you're so arrogant about."

"We let you prepare for ten years," Alex said, voice low and hard.

"Not because we feared you, but because we were too lazy. Think you're powerful

and untouchable? To us you're just ants scurrying around. We could crush you any time we wanted."

"We were too bored to bother-until tonight. I want to smash your face because of Charles."

"Because of Charles?" Logan asked, still shocked.

"Yeah he stole the girl I was going to propose to." Alex kicked him hard. "You know! A single betrayed heart can start a war."

Logan had poured every ounce of power into bracing himself, but it wasn't enough. The blow snapped bone; his arm cracked under the force.

"I... I—" Logan stammered, color draining from his face. He'd never taken a strike that violent—one kick and a bone was broken. He swallowed hard. "I apologize."

"You're apologizing?" Alex's hand came down harder this time. Logan's teeth cracked beneath the blow. Blood spattered his lip.

"You dared to marry Jasmine Kingston. You dared to back Charles Kingston." Alex kicked him, hard.

Logan braced, folding every ounce of his inner strength into his frame, but he collapsed under it.

"Please—" Logan gasped, "forgive me. I'll fix this. I'll make it right."

"Make it right?" Alex spat. "Charles stole my girl. How do you fix bread

after you've already baked it?" He stomped on Logan's ribs. A sickening crack told him a bone had given way

FindNovels

"You... you—" Logan coughed blood. "Did you come on the king's orders or because your girlfriend dumped you?"

"Of course I came because my heart's broken." Alex's voice snapped.

"I see your face and I want to wipe it clean. You parade around, boasting about your power, picking at the king's rule. You deserve to be slapped!"

"The king told me I could kill you whenever I wanted. So what?" Alex shoved his

boot into Logan's chest. "Don't you like being hit? I can end you right now and walk away."

"No-no!" Logan screamed, small and raw in the dirt—once a superhuman fighter, now a gasping child. "Hit me if it helps you sleep," he rasped. "But one thing before you finish."

Alex stopped, expression unreadable. "What?"

Logan forced a breath, voice flat and shockingly steady.

"If your heart's broken, I know a cure—good wine. Sit with me and finish a bottle. Then do whatever. you need to do to settle it. After that hit me until you're satisfied. won't stop you."

FindNovels

His smile was a grim, crooked thing against the blood on his lip. He spat, nodded

once—an absurd, desperate offer flung like a lifeline into the wreckage of his

pride.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 428[1,231 words]

"I don't have time for this," Alex snapped. "Every second I see you, I remember Charles—and it makes me want to break your damn face."

"Wait, wait," Logan said quickly, blood still trickling from his nose. "It'll take just a second. You'll want to see this."

He slipped a ring off his finger. In a blink, a small picnic table unfolded on the ground—two chairs, a bottle of old wine, two glasses, even a box of ice that hadn't melted.

Alex froze, eyes wide. "What the hell...?"

Logan smiled, proud of the reaction. People always looked stunned when he did this.

"Everything in the world is strange and marvelous to well-open eyes. See? Wine's cold, chairs are ready in second." He wiped his nose, poured the wine with the care of a sommelier, and pushed one glass toward Alex.

Alex stared at the table, then at him. "How did you—" His voice caught between disbelief and curiosity.

Logan chuckled, reading him easily.

'Men are all the same. Doesn't matter how broken their hearts are. Give them something new to figure out, and they forget the woman who wrecked them.'

Logan gestured to the chair. "Sit. Drink. I'll explain the ring."

Alex sat down, still on edge. Logan spun the ring between his fingers. "This comes from Prussia—the fifth most advanced nation on Earth. The city of technology itself." He handed the ring across the table.

Alex took it, turning it over in his palm. It looked ordinary—plain metal, nothing fancy.

"It's just a ring," he muttered. "How did you fit all this inside it?"

"It's a spatial storage ring," Logan said. "There's a five-cubic-meter pocket inside it. Big as a small room."

Alex brushed a thumb over the band, feeling nothing special. "Doesn't feel like anything."

"It won't," Logan said with a grin. "It's bound to my DNA. Without me, it's just jewelry."

Alex slid it back across the table. "Show me."

Logan slipped it on. The air shimmered.

The table, chairs, and wine vanished in a blink—gone like smoke in sunlight. Then, with another flick of his wrist, they returned exactly as before.

Alex leaned back, eyes sharp now, all traces of anger burned off by pure fascination. "That's..... impossible." Logan raised his glass. "In Prussia, impossible is just another word for yesterday."

Logan pulled out a small plate with steaming vegetables.

"This meal was cooked months ago," he said, setting it on the table. "But inside this ring, time stops. Hot stays hot, cold stays cold—forever if you want it to."

Alex picked up the food and took a bite. It was fresh. Warm. Unbelievable.

"Tell me more," Alex said, leaning back in the chair, wine glass in hand.

For the first time, the ghosts of Charles and Josephine faded from his mind.

Logan cleared his throat, ready to talk. "The history of this kind of ring came from the Sixth Country-Xia. Land of cultivators. Their top craftsman forged these things."

"They call them spatial storage rings. But it's no simple trinket. Each one's engraved with formulas so complex that only someone with inner force can activate it."

He poured himself a sip of wine before continuing. "Later, one of these rings made its way to the Fifth Country -Prussia. The tech capital of the world."

"They tried to recreate it using machines, algorithms, and quantum codes. This," he lifted the ring between two fingers, "is the result. Only the richest in Prussia can afford one."

He handed the ring to Alex.

Alex turned it in his hand, eyes sharp. "Amazing. Truly amazing," he said. "But I thought these things weren't allowed to leave Prussia. Foreigners can't just buy them."

His tone hardened. "Are you a Prussian spy, Logan?"

Logan laughed, clapping once. "A spy? For what? You think Prussia or Xia would waste time stealing from us?" He shook his head.

"We're Estoria—the poorest country on the planet. The only thing people want from us is our cheap minerals. Nobody gives a damn about the people."

Alex smirked. "Then explain it. How'd you get this ring?"

Logan's face hardened. The man across from him was Kingswell—the king's eyes and iron fist—and every sentence Logan spoke could be turned into a noose.

So he went quiet, watching, lips tight, as if he'd decided to say nothing at all.

Alex slid the ring back across the table.

"Let's get down to business," he said.

"The king has been watching you. You've got more than enough charges to be executed. Greed for the throne, illicit pacts with other states, stirring rebellion those are heavy crimes." FindNovels

"I didn't," Logan snapped, voice thin. "I'm loyal to the king."

Alex sipped his wine like he was tasting a verdict. "We're not fools, Logan. We know each other's hands better than anyone. I'll make you an offer—one chance to save yourself."

"Do it, and I'll tell the king to wipe your slate clean. You live. You keep your position, your status, everything."

Logan blinked, relief and suspicion battling in his eyes. "Tell me. What do you want?"

"Citizenship," Alex said bluntly. "Prussian citizenship."

Logan let out a laugh that barely

covered his unease. "Prussian? I've

heard kingswells are

everywhere Prussia, Xia but all of

you are just ghosts in those lands. I bet none of you can ever get real citizenship, can you?" FindNovels

"Exactly," Alex cut in. "Immigrants drift through Prussia and Xia with no hope. If someone from Kingswell actually becomes a Prussian citizen, it gives our side leverage."

Logan's gaze slid to the moon. "Alex, for most people, getting Prussian papers is impossible. For others, it's as easy as flipping a coin."

Alex could see the seriousness settle into him.

"I don't have channels to make you Xia," Logan said. "But I have one slot left for Prussia-my last. I'll give it to you. On one condition."

"Name it," Alex said.

"Kill someone in Prussia-in five years," Logan replied.

Alex's face didn't change. "If you can actually make one of us Kingswell Prussian, the king might sign off," he

said.

Logan shook his head, slow and certain. "No. I want you. I saw what you can do. I don't want any Kingswell— only you."

Alex nodded once. "Give me a reason."

Logan lifted his glass and watched the wine catch the moonlight. "My whole family was Prussian once. Our enemy wiped us out—murdered every last one. I was fifteen when it happened."

"My butler and I ran—stole a dark boat and vanished. That was forty years ago. I'm fifty-five now. The butler's

dead."

"Why would you think I want the throne?" Logan asked.

"To use the king's power against your enemies?" Alex offered.

Logan laughed, a dry sound full of old pain. "Maybe. But what you did today opened my eyes."

"Even if I were king, I couldn't unleash my armies on Prussia without getting wiped out. I'd be crushed."

"But if I can plant you inside Prussia—make you one of them—you'll have the reach I lack. You can strike my enemies while I stay out of sight."

He spread his hands like a man showing a room he owned. "You know I love this life. I've had fifty wives, a hundred mistresses—more than I can remember. I enjoy myself."

"Still, when I was young I swore to my father, my grandfather, and that loyal old butler that I would avenge my family's deaths. That promise gnaws at me. It keeps me from sleeping."

Logan's face hardened. His eyes turned sharp as knives. "I can give you proof—blood and papers—that you're my son. The last Saint Claire's

family. You would inherit our ancestral lands. content belongs to FindNovels

“Inheritance has a price. The same men who slaughtered my family will come for you if they learn you're a

SaintClaire. Will you take that burden?”

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 429[1,340 words]

Alex took a slow breath and sipped his wine. "Can I ask you something?"

Logan chuckled, refilling his glass from the bottle he pulled from his space ring. "Sure, anything. We've got all night."

"Between your family's revenge and the comfortable life you've built here," Alex asked, "which one really matters more?"

He wasn't asking out of curiosity-it was personal.

He was a king now. He could live peacefully, without the ghosts of old grudges.

He'd been too young to remember his parents, too young to truly feel the bond everyone said he'd lost.

He had to admit—his bond with his master ran deeper than blood, deeper than anything he had ever felt for his own parents.

And now that he sat on the throne, he sometimes wondered if it was better to bury the past-to stop chasing vengeance and start living.

Logan laughed again, louder this time, then leaned forward and poured more wine into Alex's cup.

"Good question. A damn good question."

He stared into the crimson swirl of his glass, eyes softening.

"I've thought about that for a long time," he said quietly. "My family have a big estate back in Prussia-bigger than most people can imagine."

"But it's empty. No laughter. No voices. Just walls and echoes. Here, I live in a small house, but it's full. My wife, my kids, people who matter."

He looked up, a faint smile tugging at his lips. "So if you asked me now, I'd say this life is better. I'd rather stay here, in this poor country, where I'm happy and well-fed, than go back to that hollow palace."

"But if there's a way to get my revenge-without losing all this-I'd take it."

Alex nodded slowly. He understood. Maybe he felt the same. Maybe he too wanted to forget revenge, rule in peace, and finally breathe.

"Next question," Alex said after a pause. "You've had... what, dozens of wives? Hundreds of mistresses? Out of all of them, how many did you actually love?"

Logan froze. His eyes flickered with something raw.

He took another drink-long, heavy, deliberate. Then he sighed, as if the answer had been buried inside him for years, waiting to crawl out.

"I've loved hundreds-all of them," Logan said with a faint smile, though his eyes carried a tired ache.

Alex whistled. "That's impressive."

"Not really," Logan muttered. "Out of hundreds, only two or three ever truly loved me."

Alex grinned. "So you're running a romantic deficit?"

Logan snorted. "Yeah. My heart's bankrupt, but at least the interest is still high." Alex laughed hard.

"Do you pity me?" he snapped, then softened.

"Maybe you young men don't get it. A lot of beautiful women look at me like I'm dessert-like I'm their sugar daddy. I've got money. I've got power. I can give them a comfortable life."

"They come to me to be happy so they can crawl onto my side-for my money, for my power, for a life with fewer teeth marks. But do they come because they love me?" He snorted.

"Never. Rarely. They treat us like cash machines, like we don't have hearts. We see it. We feel it. They're faking everything. And we pretend to enjoy it. The truth is, we feel empty-surrounded by hundreds of people, yet not one truly loves us." Alex let out a long breath. He knew that feeling all too well. When he first became king, women from every state had surrounded him-smiling, bowing, trying to please. Behind every glance was fear, greed, and calculation.

They wanted his power, his wealth, not him. No one had ever loved the man beneath the crown. That was why he'd walked away—not as a king, but as himself.

And still, even after leaving everything behind and living as himself, he hadn't found anyone who truly loved him.

He'd thought he had once, maybe twice. Sophia hadn't worked out. And Josephine... she'd loved Charles. Women, he realized, could be cruel.

Logan suddenly exhaled, worn. "I'm old now. My children have grown up here. I never told them about my Prussian papers-no one knows, except you."

"And honestly? I don't want revenge anymore. But if I were your age, I'd go to Prussia in a heartbeat."

"Why?" Alex asked.

"Because in Prussia you see things you'll never see here," Logan said, eyes brightening with a distant hunger.

"Their wars they don't fight like us.

They fight with machines, with

artificial minds. They build ships leave the

ky and space You'd see

their worst and their best-with your own two eyes."

Logan straightened up, pride glowing in his voice. "Even if you're a king, you're still just the king of the poorest country on earth. A big fish in a small, dry pond."

"You're young, Alex. You've got time. Don't you want to see what the world really looks like? Don't you want to meet new people—maybe even find your real soulmate?"

Alex gave him a dry look. "I already met her."

"Oh? And?"

"She married my enemy."

Logan chuckled. "That's how you know she was the one."

He leaned back and grinned, his tone deep and honest. "That's the romance of being a man. You fight, you fall, you climb, and you keep going until you find your place."

"You meet people stronger than you. You hit your limits. Then you fight to break them. That's how men grow."

His eyes turned sharp, his words cutting through the air. "But you can only do that while you're young. When you're old, regret hits like a storm."

"You'll ask yourself why you never left home, why you never saw the world when you had the chance. That's what being a man means."

Alex sat there, quiet, lost in thought. Then something in him shifted-like a light breaking through fog. His chest loosened, the knots in his heart untied.

A calm, pure clarity filled his mind.

When enlightenment frees the heart, heaven and man become one.

Power surged through him. The energy inside that had been coiled and restrained suddenly expanded, no longer afraid, no longer hidden.

It was time to let go. To grow. To become.

The ground trembled beneath him. His body lifted, rising ten meters into the air as a wave of force exploded outward like a magnetic storm, rippling through everything around him.

The table shook. Wine spilled across the wood. Logan stumbled back, eyes wide in shock.

Alex was floating. His body lifted effortlessly, his power roaring through the field like a storm.

The energy around him flared, rising beyond anything human—his level surging from 105 to 115 in a heartbeat.

He felt light. Free. Connected to everything-the air, the stars, the pulse of the universe itself.

"All men are born free," Alex said, his voice echoing with something ancient and vast.

"Fear chains the heart. Let go of fear, and you reach the universe itself. Man is born limitless. Only worry and doubt make him small."

Logan dropped to one knee. "Long live the King," he said, voice trembling. "Congratulations on your enlightenment."

Alex looked down at him, his gaze sharp, calm, royal. "You knew I was king all along."

"Not before," Logan said, lowering his head. "But now, I do."

He pulled a ring from his finger and placed it before Alex. "Take this, your majesty. It holds my Prussian citizenship. I ask you to accept me as one of your men. I swear loyalty to you until my final breath. If I break that oath may my family carry the curse of my betrayal."

Alex's voice hardened. "Tell me one truth—and I'll forgive all your sins."

Logan hesitated, then exhaled heavily. "Because the rumors said the king was weak," he confessed.

"That you cared only for women and pleasure while the country rotted. I thought...

for the sake of the people, I had to act."

He bowed his head lower, his voice steady but filled with remorse.

"Your Majesty, I see now that I was wrong. You are not weak. You've been shaping this nation, fighting for it, guiding it from behind the curtain with wisdom greater than any man I've met."

He took a deep breath, eyes fixed on the floor. "When a man sins against his king, he must confess and face his fault, I stand before you to admit mine. You are the true sovereign worthy of loyalty, and the only one I will ever serve."

A guilty man who admits his sin cleanses half his shame.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 430[1,603 words]

Ruth sat behind her desk, hunched over a stack of numbers. Her pen scratched across the page as she tallied the last line. A soft knock broke the quiet.

"Come in," she said, rubbing her eyes with two fingers.

"You look busy, Ruth," a familiar voice said. "Ever think about hiring someone to help you?"

Her head snapped up. "Alex?"

He stepped through the doorway, grinning.

"Alexander!" she cried. Her face lit up like sunrise. She pushed back her chair and wrapped him in a warm hug. "I've been waiting for you. Feels like forever."

"How've you been?" he asked, pulling back with a smile.

"See for yourself," she said, gesturing around the office.

"The new place for the children-perfect. Everything turned out better than I dreamed. Thanks to the loan you helped us get, we made it happen. The kids are happy, Alex. Really happy."

"Good to hear that," he said, patting her shoulder gently.

"Alex, walk with me. You've got to see how much this place has changed. The new orphanage—it's more than I ever imagined."

They walked through the hall together, passing rooms filled with laughter.

Outside, the field was alive with the sound of children playing-bare feet kicking up dust, bright faces turned toward the sun. Joy hung in the air.

Ruth stopped beside him, studying his face. "So, Alex," she said softly, touching his cheek, "you've decided to leave, haven't you?"

He froze. "How did you know that? I haven't told anyone."

She smiled, her eyes calm and knowing. "Son, I'm old enough to see it when someone's about to go. Sit with me for a minute."

They found a wooden bench under the shade of a tree. The children's laughter carried on the breeze.

"Your eyes," Ruth said gently, "they've changed. I see peace there... and letting go. Did Josephine hurt you that much?"

Alex blinked. "Excuse me?" His voice wavered.

"I know you love her," Ruth said. "And I believe Josephine loves you too. But life "she sighed, looking off toward the field— "life has its own cruel plans. She ended up with Charles Kingston."

"Love isn't something you can force," Alex said, eyes fixed on the open blue sky. "The world's wide, Ruth. Half the people out there are women. I'll manage to find someone."

Ruth smiled softly. "Good. That's the right way to think."

Alex's voice dropped. "Is she happy?"

"I don't know." Ruth sighed, her face turning serious. "Charles makes her do whatever he wants, and she does it because she calls it love. Folks say love is blind. I say it's damn foolish sometimes."

Then she glanced toward the gate. "Speak of the devil... there they are."

Alex turned. Charles and Josephine were walking up the path toward the new orphanage gates.

The children spotted Josephine first-they ran to her like bees to honey, laughing, shouting her name, wrapping around her legs.

She bent down, laughing with them, sunlight in her hair, that same warmth that used to melt Alex from the inside out.

He watched her, smiling without meaning to. She looked happy. Maybe that was enough.

He was heading to Prussia soon-a place few people from this country ever reached. This was it.

The last farewell.

"Alex!" Josephine called out, her face bright with surprise. "I didn't know you were here! Where have you been these last few days? How's Los Angeles treating you?"

Alex stood, brushing the dust from his coat. "Hey, Josephine. I came to say goodbye. I'm leaving for another place. The clinic-it's yours now."

Her smile faltered. "How long will you be gone?" she asked quietly.

There was a tremor in her voice. She already knew the answer she didn't want to hear.

"Years, maybe," Alex said. "I don't know. Just following where the work takes me."

Her eyes glistened. "You can't..." she whispered.

Before she could say more, Charles cut in sharply. "You cannot!" His voice cracked through the courtyard like a gunshot.

Everyone turned. Ruth. Josephine. The children. All eyes locked on him.

Charles blinked, realizing he'd gone too far. His face stiffened.

"I mean," he stumbled, forcing a smile, "since Alex is leaving so far away... we should prepare a little farewell gift, shouldn't we?"

Josephine fought to steady her voice, forcing a faint smile. "You're right, Charles. That's a good idea," she said softly. "We should give Alex something before he leaves."

The words cut into Alex like a thorn pressed deep under the skin. He felt the sting, but he swallowed it down. If she was happy-truly happy-then that was enough.

Their roads had split. She'd chosen hers, and he had to walk his own. Somewhere far away, beyond her reach.

He let out a long breath and smiled the quiet, tired smile of a man who's already made peace with the pain. The kind a man wears when he knows there's no turning back.

After great pain, a formal feeling comes.

"I'll grab something real quick," Charles said, turning away.

"Me too," Josephine added. She looked at Alex, eyes soft but uncertain. "Please wait here. There's something I want to give you. Ruth, could you help me?"

"Alright, alright," Ruth sighed, following Josephine out with a curious look.

A few quiet minutes passed. The air felt heavy, almost expectant. Then Charles came back alone, his boots crunching over the gravel.

Alex studied him-one look was enough. Trouble was walking straight toward him.

"Alex," Charles said, stepping closer,

his voice almost too calm. "I know I've made a lot of mistakes. I've been thinking these past few days. My parents they made mistakes too. I want to make it right. Can you forgive me?" FindNovels

He extended his hand.

Alex eyed him warily, then nodded. "Sure," he said, extending his hand. Charles reached out-but in a flash, his other hand came up, glinting silver.

The blade slammed into Alex's chest.

"Die!" Charles shouted, face twisted with madness. "I'll inherit the Guise will and the Paris's state! It's all mine now!"

Knowing Alex was about to leave for good, Charles couldn't stand it. The thought of losing the Guise's will and the Paris's state to him burned too deep.

He had to kill Alex to claim the Guise inheritance for himself-before Alex was gone forever.

But nothing happened. The knife didn't sink deep. It stopped like it had struck stone.

Charles stared, eyes wide. The handle trembled in his grip, the blade frozen halfway.

Alex looked down, almost calm. "What the hell are you doing, Charles?" His voice was low, cold. "Are you trying to kill me?"

Charles growled, pressing harder, veins bulging, teeth clenched. "Why won't you die?! This isn't possible!"

Alex didn't flinch. The steel bent slightly against his chest. His body felt unmovable-like iron forged in fury.

Then Alex's hand shot up. He caught Charles's wrist, gripping it tight. Slowly, deliberately, he twisted the man's arm and knife back toward him.

Charles gasped, eyes bulging as the blade turned, inch by inch. "No... wait-"

"You weren't supposed to try to kill me,"

but said quietly, his voice cold

but steady. "I already forgave you. But now time for you to leave this world for good."

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He tightened his grip on the knife and slowly pushed it deeper into Charles's chest.

Charles gasped, eyes wide in disbelief. His body trembled under Alex's strength, completely powerless.

He could feel the blade driving through flesh, inch by inch, until it pierced his heart.

"You... you " Charles stammered, choking on his own breath.

But it was too late. The knife was buried deep.

Alex stared down at him, expression grim. "Goodbye, Charles. If there's another life after this, learn to be grateful. Don't chase greed again."

The breath left Charles in one sharp exhale. His knees buckled. He stumbled backward, eyes locked on Alex's face-full of disbelief, fear, and something that almost looked like regret. FindNovels

He hit the ground hard.

He didn't say a word. Didn't have to. The silence was enough.

From across the courtyard, a scream ripped through the air.

"NOOO!" Josephine's voice shattered the silence.

She dropped the small wrapped gift she'd been carrying-it hit the ground hard, rolling in the dirt-as she ran toward them.

Her hands shook as she saw Charles lying there, lifeless, the knife still glinting from his chest.

"Charles!" she cried, falling to her knees beside him. "No, no, please don't leave me, please!"

Ruth came running behind her, horrified. She quickly waved the children away, her voice trembling. "Get back! All of you, go inside!"

Josephine's sobs grew louder, raw and broken. "Why, Alex?!" she screamed through her tears. "Why did you kill him?"

Alex stood silent, his shadow stretching long across the dust. "Charles..." Josephine whispered, clutching his body, rocking him as if he might wake. "Please don't go... please..."

Alex finally turned away. His face was hard, unreadable.

"Wait!" Josephine's voice cracked. She looked up at him with eyes that burned- no longer soft and kind, but dark with rage and heartbreak.

"You killed the man I love. I can't fight you, Alex. You're too strong. But I swear-" her voice trembled, rising— "I hate you. I hate you to my bones."

Alex shook his head slowly. "Hate me if you want," he said. "But I did it for you. He was rotten to the core."

Josephine laughed then—a broken, hysterical sound between sobs. "For me?" she cried. "He was my life, Alex."

Her hand reached for the knife still lodged in Charles's chest. Before anyone could stop her, she yanked it free.

"Josephine!" Ruth screamed.

But Josephine didn't hear her. Tears streamed down her face as she lifted the blood-stained blade, her voice breaking.

"If I can't be with him... then I'll follow him."

The knife plunged into her own heart.

Alex froze too stunned to move. His mind went blank, his body rooted to the ground as the life drained from her eyes.

She fell forward, collapsing on top of Charles's body. The two of them lay still, their blood mingling in the dust.

The courtyard went silent except for the distant cries of children.

Alex stood there, hollow and stunned, watching as Ruth fell to her knees beside the bodies, her sobs echoing through the orphanage yard.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 431[1,530 words]

Alex stood at the edge of it all, staring at the wreckage left behind—the blood, the chaos, Charles's and Josephine's bodies lying still.

His pulse hammered in his ears, but then something changed. The air around him shifted. The world slowed.

And then, everything rewound.

The noise faded.

He was back-five minutes ago.

Not time travel. Not a dream. Something deeper.

Ever since he'd reached that new level of connection with the universe, he could feel it—the current running through everything.

He could communicate with it. See the threads of what might happen before they unfolded.

It wasn't imagination. It was as real as breath, as sharp as pain.

The universe whispered, and he saw possibilities like scenes layered over one another—some leading to life, others to death.

Now he stood once again where it all began.

Charles walked toward him.

"Alex," he said quietly. "I know I've done you wrong. I've been thinking about things—about my parents, about the mess I made. I want to make it right. Can you forgive me?"

He extended his hand.

"Sure," Alex took a slow breath and reached out.

Their hands met.

Then-silver flashed.

The knife came out of nowhere, slamming into Alex's chest.

"Die!" Charles roared, his face twisting with madness. "I'll inherit the Guise fortune! The Paris estate-it's all mine!"

The blade hit, but didn't sink.

Alex didn't flinch.

He looked down at the trembling knife, then back up at Charles.

"Stop this," he said coldly. "You can't hurt me."

Charles's breath caught. The knife hadn't even scratched him.

"No-no, that's impossible!" he screamed and stabbed again, harder, faster. Each strike bounced off like metal on stone.

"Just stop," Alex said, his voice low, calm, unshakable.

But then Charles's eyes flicked past him-toward the approaching figure. Josephine.

In a heartbeat, he turned the blade on himself. The steel plunged into his own stomach. He gasped, then screamed loud enough to split the air.

"Alex!" he shouted in agony. "You tried to kill me!"

The cry drew every head in the courtyard. People turned, frozen in shock.

Josephine ran toward them. "Charles! What happened?!"

He collapsed into her arms, blood spreading across his shirt. He clutched the knife and pointed a shaking hand at Alex. "He stabbed me! He wanted me dead!"

Josephine's face twisted from horror to fury. She turned to Alex, eyes burning.

"Alex! How could you?" she cried. "How could you do this to him? You're a monster!"

"I didn't stab him," Alex said.

Josephine's eyes burned red with tears.

"You didn't stab him? Don't you dare lie to my face, Alex!" she shouted, voice shaking.

"Look what you've done! If something happens to Charles, I swear I'll hate you for the rest of my life!"

She turned in a panic. "You're the doctor, fix him now! I'm getting the bandages!"

She ran toward the room, her hands trembling.

Alex knelt beside Charles. The man groaned, clutching his stomach, his face twisted in fake agony.

But the moment Josephine disappeared from sight, his expression changed. The pain vanished—replaced by a cold, cruel smile.

Charles's voice dropped to a whisper. "If you don't kill yourself in the next twenty- four hours," he hissed, "I'll kill Josephine. And Ruth. And every damn child in this orphanage."

Alex's jaw tightened. "You don't dare."

"I stabbed myself, didn't I?" Charles snarled. "You think I wouldn't stab someone else?"

His eyes burned with wild hatred. "I will poison the drinking water. Everyone in this place will be dead by tomorrow. No mercy. Unless you do what I said."

Alex froze, staring at him. Then fury took over. He grabbed Charles by the throat, fingers digging in hard.

"You bastard," Alex growled. "Do you want to die?"

Charles laughed through his choking. "You think I'm scared to die? I've got nothing left to lose!"

His grin was deranged. "The only thing that matters now is making you die. If you want to save them, you'll do it my way."

Alex's grip tightened until Charles's face flushed red. "You think I won't kill you?"

Charles spat blood and laughed harder, shaking. "You won't. Because you're soft. Because you care too damn much. You'll hesitate, just like always." He coughed, then sneered, eyes blazing.

"You could've killed me a hundred times," Charles sneered.

"But you didn't. You're afraid-afraid Jasmine will hate you, afraid Josephine will break if I'm gone. I matter to them. You're the coward. I'm holding your weakness in my hand, and I'm holding these kids' lives over you."

Alex didn't move. His hands trembled-not from fear, but from rage barely held in check.

He could crush Charles's windpipe in a heartbeat.

End it right there.

Yet, he stayed frozen-between fury and restraint-as Charles smiled up at him,
like the devil who knew he'd already won.

"Alex! What the hell are you doing?" Josephine shouted, rushing forward.

"Josephine please!" Charles

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gasped, his voice breaking with fake panic. He's going to kill me! Please, Josephine, help me! Look-he's choking me! He's lost his mind!"

FindNovels

"Let him go!" she screamed, shoving Alex hard in the chest. Her eyes burned with rage and fear.

"Listen to me, Alex-if anything happens to Charles, I'll die with him! I'll never forgive you. Never!"

Charles's lips curved into a smile-slow, deliberate, poisonous.

Pain hit Alex's chest like a hammer.

He shut his eyes.

And when he opened them again-

The world shifted. Time rewound.

Charles was walking toward him once more.

Alex's head throbbed. Blood trickled from his nose.

He'd pushed his gift too far-twice in one day. His mind felt like it was splitting
apart, but the vision was clear.

He understood now: this was the cost.

Seeing the future came with a price-his body, his strength, his very life being
drained every time he did it.

He could not do it anymore.

This time, he had to choose carefully. No hesitation. No mistakes.

Charles walked closer, just as before, that same eerie calm painted across his

face.

"Alex," Charles said softly. "I know

I've made a lot of mistakes. I've been thinking these past few days. My parents... they made mistakes too. I want to make it right can you forgive me?" FindNovels

He extended his hand.

Alex stared at it, his breath steady but cold. He already knew what was coming.

Still, he reached out, eyes locked on Charles.

"Sure," Alex said evenly. "Let's end this."

Charles's grin twitched.

In a flash, his other hand came up-metal glinting in the light.

The knife slammed into Alex's chest.

"Die!" Charles roared, his face twisting into madness. "I'll inherit the Guise fortune

and the Paris estate! It's all mine now!"

The same moment replayed-the same madness, the same betrayal-but this time.

Alex knew this was his last chance. One mistake, and there'd be no coming back.

He took a slow breath, eyes steady on Charles. Then-without resistance—he let the knife pierce his chest.

The steel sank deep. Warm blood soaked through his shirt, spreading fast, turning white cotton into a dark, red bloom.

Josephine screamed. "Charles! What are you doing?!" Charles turned to her, eyes wild, mouth twisted with triumph.

"Shut up!" he shouted, striking her across the face. The slap echoed in the air. Get away from me. I finally did it. I killed Alex. You're useless to me now.

FindNovels

Josephine staggered back, clutching her cheek, stunned. "What are you talking about? You... used me?"

Charles sneered. "Yeah, you stupid woman. I never cared about your damn orphanage. I'm not one of you poor people. I'm Charles Kingston!"

He spat the name like a crown. Then he bolted, sprinting toward the gates. He didn't look back. He believed Alex was dead-stabbed clean through the heart. Now all that mattered was finding Mike, claiming the Guise will, seizing the Paris' state-and every secret fortune that came with it.

Josephine dropped to her knees beside Alex. He was sprawled on the ground, staring up at the open sky, his blood glistening beneath him like a crimson shadow.

"Alex!" she cried, shaking his shoulders.

His vision blurred, but a faint smile curved his lips. The sky above him looked endless, peaceful-like the storm inside him had finally gone quiet.

'We are all in hell, but some of us are looking at the stars.'

He'd used his power twice now to read the future, and his body couldn't take it anymore. His strength was gone.

His heartbeat weak. He coughed, a gush of blood staining his lips.

"Stay with me, Alex!" Josephine begged. "Ruth-call the police! Now!"

Ruth's voice faded somewhere behind her, but Josephine didn't move. She cradled his head, her tears falling onto his bloodied face.

Alex lifted a trembling hand, brushing her cheek with his fingertips. His voice came weak, barely above a whisper.

"I've loved you since you were eight," he said softly. "And I still love you... now." His lips quivered into a faint, fragile smile. "Will you marry me?"

Josephine froze. Her breath caught in her throat. Shock, grief, and disbelief crashed through her all at once.

"Will I hold your hand... grow old together with you?" Alex whispered, his voice barely a breath.

His lips trembled as he spoke, eyes searching her face-soft, desperate, full of fading light.

Before she could answer, his hand slipped from her arm and fell lifelessly to his side.

"Alex?" she whispered, her voice trembling.

He didn't answer. His chest rose once-shallow, weak-then stopped.

She watched as his eyes fluttered, the light inside them fading.

Slowly, they closed. Peace settled over his face, soft and final.

"Alex... no," Josephine whispered, shaking her head as tears streamed down her cheeks.

She pressed her hands against his chest, searching for a heartbeat that wasn't there. Nothing.

"Alex!" she cried, voice breaking into a scream. "Don't you leave me! Please-wake up!"

But he didn't move. His body lay still, his face calm-gone from the world, leaving her in the silence that followed.

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FindNovels

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FindNovels

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'Till death do us part.'

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 432[1,224 words]

Charles Kingston slammed into Mike's office, shoulder first, blowing past the secretary's outstretched arm and the thin line of authority she tried to hold.

His breath came in short bursts, his face flushed with adrenaline.

"Mike!" he barked, voice shaking with excitement. "I killed Alex. I killed Gilbert Guise's murderer!"

The secretary's composure cracked for only a second. She lowered her head, her tone crisp and respectful. "Sir, I tried to stop him, but he wouldn't listen."

Mike, seated behind his wide oak desk, didn't raise his voice.

He paused his phone call with a simple, controlled motion, thumb pressing gently on the receiver.

"Hold on," he said into the receiver. Then, turning to Debora with that smug little half-grin, he added, "It's fine, Debora. It's Charles Kingston - the legend himself. Rules don't apply to him, remember?"

Then his attention shifted fully to Charles, his tone smooth, precise, professional.

"Charles," he said evenly, "I'm still on a call. Please give me a moment. Take a seat on the sofa. If you'd like something to drink, just ask Debora."

Charles dropped onto the worn couch and felt something hot and dizzy behind his ribs — excitement and the sick relief of a man whose last lifeline had snapped back into place.

Since the Los Angeles mess his accounts had been frozen.

But with Gilbert Guise's will — with the money he could inherit now - he saw himself climbing straight past debt into power.

Governor of Paris, he thought. Everything. He would own the city and everything in it.

Charles didn't notice Mike's fingers trembling as he jabbed out a quick message: "Charles Kingston is here — securing the Guise will."

Mike slid the phone back into his pocket, forced a calm smile, and acted as if nothing had happened.

He returned to his desk, folding his hands on the blotter. "So. You killed Alexander Leonhart?"

"Yes," Charles said, almost laughing. The laugh came out thin. "Yes, I did."

"Do you have proof?"

Charles bristled. "I killed him. What proof do you need?"

Mike didn't hurry. He leaned forward, "His body. A photo. A video. Anything that ties this to you."

Charles' grin thinned. He'd been so caught up in the rush he hadn't thought past the deed.

"I stabbed him — right in the chest, the heart. Blood poured out. He's dead, Mike. There's no coming back from that."

"Still," Mike said, "I can't release the will without proof."

"You have to!" Charles slammed his fist on the table. The flat thud echoed in the small room. "I killed him. What else do you want from me?"

Mike watched him; he watched the hunger, the way ambition had warped Charles' face into something sharper, crazier.

"Okay," he said finally. "When did you do it?"

"Vancouver slums," Charles said. "Near the new orphanage they just finished."

Mike grabbed the receiver and barked, "Debora - pull anything on that orphanage in the Vancouver slum. Reports, emergency calls, suspicious deaths, anything. Now."

"Yes, sir. Give me a few minutes," came the brisk reply over the phone.

Mike pushed a cup of tea across to Charles. It steamed in the low light.

"Drink," he said. "Relax. If you actually killed him, and we can prove it, Gilbert Guise's money becomes yours."

Charles took the cup with a hand that trembled — not from cold but from an adrenaline that tasted like victory and fear at once.

A link pinged on Mike's phone. He tapped it and the feed pushed to the wall screen.

A bulletin filled the display.

"Breaking: Vancouver Orphanage reports a murder. Charles Kingston is wanted. He fled the scene after killing Alexander Leonhart victim stabbed in the heart - pronounced beyond help."

FindNovels

The video cut to chaos: paramedics loading Alex onto a gurney, Josephine bent over him, wailing. Her sobs tore through the footage like a live wire.

Mike didn't wait. He dialed the hospital with a steady hand. "Doctor Winters - this is Mike. We need a status on Alexander Leonhart. Is he still alive?"

"I'll contact the field team and get you a report right away," Doctor Winters replied, clinical and precise. "Stand by."

Minutes later the phone rang. "Mike, this is Winters," the doctor said without preamble.

"The victim was stabbed in the heart. Cardiac arrest on scene. No pulse on arrival. He's been without signs of life for hours. There's nothing to indicate survival."

"Understood. Thank you." Mike ended the call and set the phone down like he was closing a ledger.

"So you finally pulled it off," Mike muttered, crossing the room to the iron safe inset in the wall. His fingers danced over the keypad. The tumbler clicked, and the door gave.

He carried out a battered suitcase and set it on the table. Inside sat a compact terminal and a screen.

"This is Gilbert's will," Mike said, voice flat, "Everything's virtualized Access is locked to retinal scans and fingerprint Verification Only the rightful biometrics will open it." FindNovels

"Come on," Charles breathed, barely containing himself. Gratitude and raw hunger ran together in him. "Give it to me."

Mike entered the password. The camera whirled and framed Charles's face.

The terminal swept across his irises, then asked for a print. Charles pressed his thumb to the pad like a man signing away the last of his restraint.

"Done," Mike said after a beat. The screen blinked, then filled with folders and numbers. "Everything Gilbert owned — it's yours now. Congratulations."

Charles stood there, palms damp, the warmth of victory settling over him. Outside, the city moved on, but inside that small room a new order had just been assigned.

The screen blinked to life, dumping rows of numbers and property titles across the monitor.

The account read like a king's ledger-assets, holdings, virtual deeds. Charles skimmed it once and felt his heart trip.

Tens, then hundreds of billions stared back at him.

He grinned until his face hurt, snapped the suitcase shut, and shoved it under his arm.

"Thanks, Mike," he said, voice syrup-smooth. "I won't forget this."

He barreled for the door and slammed it behind him, not hearing Mike's soft, almost pleading call "Please... just forget me."

Outside, the city air tasted like possibility.

Charles walked like a man who owned a continent. "Billions," he breathed. "Governor of Paris. Maybe a king." He laughed at the thought, high and sharp.

Two hulking men suddenly stepped out of the shadows without a sound.

They wrapped heavy hands around his arms and squeezed. Charles spun, reached for outrage, but their grip was iron. A boxy van rolled up. The men shoved him inside like luggage and slammed the door.

The van lurched away.

"What the hell are you doing?" Charles barked, pounding the metal. "Do you know who you're messing with? I'm Charles Kingston, the governor of Paris!"

Silence answered him, thick and controlled. Then the screen in the van lit, and Bella's face filled it—pale, furious, eyes burning red.

"Charles Kingston," she said. "I held myself together after you killed my father. I kept calm. But you killed Alex my love. How dare you kill him."

Charles barked a laugh—hollow, furious. "Bella—this is your game? Don't you know who I am? I run Paris. Don't you dare touch me."

Bella's expression hardened. "Your title doesn't change what you are. You murdered my father, the governor of Vermont. You murdered my love. Why shouldn't I kill you?"

"No, you are right. I'm not going to kill you," Bella sobbed, voice raw and broken. "I'll do something worse than death, I'll make you suffer for

Alex. I'll have my revenge.

belongs to FindNovels

"Take his eyeballs. Cut out his tongue. Take his hands." Each command fell like a

verdict.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 433[1,570 words]

"No—Bella, you can't— you can't do this to me!" Charles screamed.

Panic shredded his voice. Minutes ago he'd been on the edge of everything he'd wanted. This couldn't be the end.

He refused to accept it. He had sacrificed too much to get here — fought, schemed, and clawed his way to the top.

He wasn't about to lose everything now.

Bella's face was a blade. "You kill my man and think you'll walk away untouched?"

She spat. "Think you're invincible? That the world spins for you?"

"Bella, please," Charles croaked, clutching at air. "I have Guise's will-inheritance. I'll pay. Money will fix this. A billion—ten billion—anything. Just let me go."

Her laugh was low and cruel. "Why should I hand you what's mine? All that money will be mine once you're dead. I only need your eyes and your fingerprints."

"How do you-?" Charles gasped.

"I paid Mike," Bella growled. "You think Mike's on your side?" Her eyes were cold steel. "Now give me your eyes and your hands."

"Take Paris," Charles babbled, his voice raw with panic.

"Take the state and all the money - you don't need my eyes or my fingerprints. I'll sign everything over. Put it all in your name. I want nothing. Just leave me alive. Please."

Regret hit him like ice; too late he understood the cost of his choices.

"No," Bella said, voice cold and hard. "I don't want your money, nor your state. I want Alex alive. Can you give me that?"

Charles went still, the color draining from his face.

"Then you'll suffer for what you've done." Bella's voice had no softness left. "Cut his eyes, his hands, his tongue-but keep him alive."

"No-no! Please, don't!" Charles screamed, voice raw and ragged. "Please- please—"

The two bodyguards moved with machine precision: silent, efficient, pitiless.

They worked with surgical calm. Taking Charles eyes without anesthesia, cutting his hands and even cut his tongue.

They bound and cut just enough to leave a breathing corpse-powerless, humiliated.

A van door opened. They dumped Charles into the middle of a crowded street.

His blood-slicked body hit pavement.

"Help—" he tried to scream, but blood choked the sound. Nothing came out.

Phones rose like a tide. Faces leaned in to capture the spectacle. No one rushed; everyone filmed.

"Isn't that Charles Kingston?" someone muttered. "The one who kills at the orphanage?"

The whispered accusations circled him. Hands held out phones instead of help. The crowd closed, hungry for scandal.

"No—" Charles sobbed, tears tangled with blood.

'This is not the dream I wanted. This is not the life I wanted. Please-please-'

He had acted like a god and forgotten he was only a man.

A few hours later, Alfred Kingston sat in the hospital room, eyes glued to the screen. The live feed showed Charles Kingston on the pavement: blood everywhere, blind, without hands.

"This just in Charles Kingston was found in the street, blinded, tongueless, and missing both hands. He's being rushed to the hospital and will be held for questioning in connection with the murders he's accused of," the anchor said, voice steady and clinical.

"Impossible," Alfred whispered, the word hollow. "My son... how could this happen to my son?"

Jessica's face went white. Her voice shook. "Please tell me that's not our son, Alfred."

A man stepped through the hospital doors — a preacher, calm and certain, not fitting the panic around him.

He introduced himself cleanly: "Mr. and Mrs. Kingston, my name is Daniel Brown. I came to preach."

Alfred bristled. "We don't want "

Daniel held up one hand, slow and deliberate. "Desire will lead you to destruction. Wealth is the seed of ruin. If you'd chosen kindness over greed, none of this would have happened."

"Shut up. Get out of here," Alfred snapped.

Daniel did not leave. He reached into his coat and produced a handgun.

The movement was too small to be theatrical and too real to ignore. "Bella promised me ten million dollars," he said, voice flat. "With that, hundreds of poor children could be saved. They could be educated. For the good of the world."

Jessica lurched forward, panic flaring. She fumbled for the nurse call button but her hands trembled and her fingers missed.

"No-no," she cried.

Daniel moved closer to Alfred and pressed the gun against his forehead, as if making the point physically.

"You killed the poor. You killed Bella's father. You ruined that whole family." His eyes were ice.

"Do you think it's fair that you can kill and not be touched? Do unto others as you wish done to you. This is justice, Alfred Kingston. I am its instrument."

"If you plant only good seeds, only good things will grow in your life," Daniel said, voice calm but steady. "But you planted evil too much, Alfred. And now, it's come to collect."

"No..." Alfred's breath broke. Regret flooded his eyes like water behind glass.

He saw it all — every mistake, every selfish decision that had built his empire and destroyed his family.

There were a thousand ways I could've lived differently. I could've been a good governor. I could've ignored greed. I could've just... lived in peace with Jasmine and our grandchildren.

The gun fired.

The sound split the air like thunder in a closed room. Alfred's eyes went wide- then empty. His body slumped onto the bed, lifeless.

Jessica screamed, raw and piercing. Daniel turned, unshaken, raised the gun again, and aimed at her head.

"May the Creator forgive you for your sins," he said softly- and pulled the trigger.

Her cry died instantly. Blood hit the white sheets.

Down the hall, Charles Kingston was still strapped to the bed, hooked to machines.

Police officers stood beside him, one handcuff around his remaining wrist. The nurse's voice cracked through the TV broadcast:

"Breaking news: Alfred and Jessica Kingston have been found dead in their hospital suite. Both victims suffered gunshot wounds to the head."

Charles's world froze. His chest heaved; his throat worked uselessly, a mangled sound escaping from what was left of his tongue.

"No-" he tried to scream, but it came out broken, guttural. "No!"

Tears mixed with blood at the corners of his mouth.

The officers looked away. Pity or disgust - he couldn't tell. He only knew the weight of ruin had crushed him completely.

Just a few years ago, he had everything - money, power, respect, a name people feared.

Now it was gone. His empire, his parents, his body all shattered.

"What did I do..." he rasped through mutilated breath. "What did I do..."

He screamed until his voice became nothing but air and agony. The past would not rewind. The nightmare wouldn't stop.

Across the city, Bella's hands shook as she grabbed a bottle of wine from the counter.

She tore out the cork, poured recklessly, and drank straight from the glass as if it could wash the blood from her memories.

The wine burned her throat. For a moment, it blurred the edges of her grief — but only for a moment.

She raised the glass again, eyes glassy with tears, and whispered to no one:

"Raise the cup to drown my sorrow... but sorrow only deepens."

"Miss Bella, I've brought the Guise inheritance," the bodyguard said as he stepped in the hall. "Everything's ready for transfer to your account."

"Do it," Bella replied, her tone flat and cold.

"Yes, ma'am." He turned to the others, coordinating the transaction on a tablet as money quietly shifted hands and destinies.

But Bella's thoughts weren't on the numbers - they were miles away, replaying the last time she saw Alex.

She remembered the way he'd stood by the window, half in shadow, half in sunlight.

"Why don't you just kill Charles?" she had asked him. "My father said you're powerful enough to do it."

Alex had smiled faintly, eyes distant.

"It's complicated, Bella. There are things you don't understand." Then his tone softened. "But can you promise me one thing?"

She tilted her head. "What is it?"

"If Charles ever gets his hands on Guise's inheritance," Alex said slowly, "promise me you'll do something about that money."

"Charles? Kill you?" Bella laughed,

shaking her head. "That's impossible. Even my father couldn't touch you you're the last person he'd ever defeat." FindNovels

"I'm serious," Alex said, stepping closer. His voice lowered, almost pleading.

"You're the only one I trust with this. Promise me."

Bella's confidence faltered under the weight of his gaze.

"Alright," she said softly. "Tell me what you want me to do."

Alex took her hand, his grip firm and warm. He leaned in, his breath brushing her ear as he whispered a secret that froze her in place.

Her eyes widened. "That's impossible," she whispered.

Alex smiled faintly. "Not with your intelligence. If we pull this off, Bella, we can change this entire country."

She cupped his cheek tenderly, her thumb tracing the edge of his jaw. Her eyes shimmered with love and unspoken devotion.

"I'll do anything for you, Alex," she whispered, voice trembling like a vow.

Time seemed to stop. The air thickened around them, humming with the pull of something larger than either of them.

Every heartbeat felt synchronized — her breath, his gaze, the gravity that drew them closer.

Then she leaned in, and their lips met — slow, deep, inevitable.

It wasn't just a kiss. It was surrender. A silent promise that whatever came next, their souls were already bound.

On the Governor's estate in Paris, Sophia stood motionless, her hands trembling as the secretary spoke in a careful, professional tone.

"I'm sorry, Miss Sophia," the woman said quietly, eyes downcast. "We've just received confirmation from Vancouver General Hospital."

She hesitated, then continued. "Alexander Leonhart is dead. The suspect is Charles Kingston. If the will is validated in his name, your position as Governor of Paris may be compromised FindNovels

Sophia's breath caught. For a long moment, she didn't move, didn't blink The world had gone except for the echo of that name

Alexander Leonhart. FindNovels

Dead.

The word felt unreal.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 434[968 words]

Charles was screaming in the hospital corridor, his voice mangled and desperate.

"I'm Charles Kingston! I have Gilbert Guise's will! I'm the Governor of Paris! You can't arrest me!"

But after his tongue had been cut, every word came out broken, barely understandable.

Nurses and patients stared in confusion. The officers exchanged uneasy looks.

One policeman - older, calm, steady-stepped closer and tried to make sense of the gibberish.

He leaned in, listened carefully, and finally pieced together enough of what Charles meant.

He sighed. "Mr. Kingston," he said firmly, "even if you were the Prime Minister himself— the law is the law. When a man kills, he answers for it. You might be the Governor, but you're not above justice. You're under arrest."

Charles shook his head violently, spit flying. "No! No! The will-Gilbert's will- it says I inherit everything if I kill Alex! His position, his title I'm the rightful Governor!"

The officer strained again to understand, asking him to repeat it once, twice, a third time—until the meaning was clear.

He straightened, eyes ice. "Let's be honest," he said, voice low.

"No one wants a governor who's blind, tongueless, and without hands. If you're lucky, you'll rot in prison for the rest of your life."

"If you're not, you'll get the death penalty - the Kingswells won't let this go. They've already lined up judges to make sure it happens."

The truth hit Charles harder than any blade.

For the first time, he fell silent. The man who thought he owned Paris now sat trembling.

In another hospital room, Josephine clung to Alex's lifeless body, sobbing into his chest.

"No... Alex, please, you can't leave me," she whispered.

Moments later, the door burst open. A team of men in dark uniforms strode in, faces cold and official.

"Miss," one snapped, voice like a steel blade, "Alex is a Kingswell asset. As per protocol, his remains must be transferred to the capital immediately - for security and protection."

Josephine's tear-streaked face turned to them, horrified. "No. You can't take him. Please."

"Orders from the top," the man said flatly. "There are enemies everywhere. We can't risk his body being found."

She threw herself in front of them, trying to block their way, but they didn't hesitate.

Two of them pulled her back while another lifted Alex's body and placed it in a polished black coffin.

"No! No!" Josephine screamed, fighting them with every ounce of strength she had, but it was useless.

'A dream of happiness fades - and hearts turn to dust.'

They carried the coffin down the hall, out onto the roof. The blades of a massive helicopter thundered overhead.

Josephine broke free just in time to see them load the coffin inside.

The doors shut, the machine rose into the sky, and the love of her life vanished into the clouds.

She fell to her knees, her heart hollow, her cries drowned out by the fading roar of the rotors.

From the rooftop entrance, José and Lucia stood watching in silence. The wind tugged at their clothes, carrying Josephine's grief through the sky.

Lucia rushed forward, tears in her eyes, and wrapped her arms around Josephine.

"It's okay," she whispered, even though both of them knew it wasn't.

José walked up slowly, his expression heavy with grief. He rested a hand on Josephine's shoulder.

"I'm sorry about Alex," he said softly.

"But there's something you need to know. The hospital just released the DNA results. Your real mother is Maria And we-" his voice trembled a little we're your real

grandparents." FindNovels

Josephine stared at him, her tears still streaming, unable to process the words.

Hours later, Alex's body was laid to rest in the Kingswell's secret underground cemetery — the place reserved only for those whose names had shaped the nation's power.

His body was sealed inside a black iron coffin. The engraving read:

Alexander Leonhart.

Rows of soldiers in black military uniforms stood at attention, their boots striking the concrete in unison as they gave their final salute.

The air was thick with silence and ceremony.

Kelly Knight, standing at the edge of the chamber, raised her hand in salute. Her lips didn't move, but her eyes - filled with tears — said everything she couldn't.

When the ceremony ended, the heavy metal doors closed with a dull echo, locking the grave forever.

Or so they thought.

Three hours later, the silence shattered.

A muffled thud echoed through the tomb.

Then another.

The coffin lid burst open from the inside, crashing to the stone floor.

Alex sat up, gasping — alive. His skin was pale, his expression calm, his eyes burning bright.

Three elderly men immediately stepped out from the shadows and dropped to one knee.

"Welcome back, my King," said Samuel, Keaton and Logan bowed beside him, reverent.

Alex stretched his neck, cracking it slightly, and looked at them with quiet authority.

"I'm leaving this country," he said. "It's time to build something greater - a future where our land will never be lost again Guard this country Keep it stable. And remember..." FindNovels

His gaze hardened.

"Bella is everything. Protect her. Back her. She's the key."

"Yes, my King," the three men said in unison, their heads lowered in absolute loyalty.

Three years later - Winchester City, one of Prussia's most powerful industrial capitals.

The grand ballroom glittered with chandeliers and murmured gossip. The music stopped abruptly when a sharp slap cracked across the room.

Katarina Rosenheim stood before Alexander Saint-Claire - the man the world now knew as a total loser — her eyes blazing.

"How dare you show your face here," she hissed.

"I was invited," he said as he bowed. "Mr. Heinrich Schiller called for me personally."

Heinrich Schiller, a young handsome man, raised both hands in mock disgust.

"Me? Call you?" He laughed coldly.

"Don't insult me, Alex. I wouldn't

waste a breath on a man like you You're a disgrace - an animal pretending to matter. Your very présence here lowers the room's

intelligence."

FindNovels

"How dare you lie to me!" Katarina's fury boiled over. She slapped Alex hard, the sound echoing through the grand ballroom.

"Get out of this banquet!" she snapped.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 435[1,031 words]

"Alex," Katarina snapped. "You've already embarrassed me enough. I don't want to see your face here again. Go kneel by the entrance until I decide you've suffered enough to deserve forgiveness!"

Alex lowered his head. His voice came out quiet, respectful. "Yes, my wife."

Her eyes flared. Another slap, sharper than the first. "Who said I'm your wife? If it weren't for that Saint-Claire name, even a dog wouldn't marry you. Now get out!"

Heinrich Schiller stepped forward and caught Katarina's arm, smirking. "Don't waste your anger on that mutt, Katarina. You'll only lower yourself."

Alex said nothing.

'Silence after an insult is the loudest cry.'

He turned and walked toward the exit, head bowed, every eye on him.

Whispered voices filled the room as soon as he was gone.

"I heard he's the last of the Saint-Claires," one man murmured.

"Last?" another scoffed. "That family's been dead for decades. Only Logan Saint- Claire escaped, and he disappeared like a rat."

A woman laughed behind her glass. "And this one's Logan's bastard with some woman from Xia. A filthy half-breed."

"But he's still the only heir," someone said. "That means the Saint-Claire fortune is legally his."

The woman shook her head, smiling coldly. "Not anymore. When he came back, the Rosenheim family — the Saint-Claire's old servants — already controlled every estate. They own it all now."

Another voice chimed in. "He's lucky the Rosenheims even let him marry Katarina Rosenheim."

"Lucky?" a man snorted. "That's not luck. They married him so they could keep the Saint-Claire name and swallow everything legally."

"He's unbelievably stupid. Instead of fighting for his family's inheritance in court, he let himself be manipulated into marrying Katarina — just to become her obedient dog. Pathetic. He's less of a man and more like a trained animal."

The crowd burst into laughter.

"I heard his IQ barely hits eighty," one man said. "Spent years studying after coming back from Xia, still can't understand basic technologies. How can someone that stupid breathe the same air as us?"

"Katarina's a genius," another added. "IQ of one-fifty. Honestly, the Saint-Claire fortune's better off in the Rosenheims' hands."

Laughter spread, cruel and unrestrained, bouncing off the marble walls.

Outside, under the cold sweep of the night air, Alex Saint-Claire knelt alone at the

entrance. The sting of her slap, the echo of their laughter, the weight of his

humiliation — every moment seared itself into his memory like fire.

And behind that calm face, something powerful was awakening again.

"Yes," another guest said, raising his glass, "ever since Katarina married that idiot, she's been using the Saint-Claire name to her full advantage. Look at the numbers — in just three years, their assets have multiplied fivefold. She turned a dying legacy into one of the most powerful families in Winchester."

Laughter rippled around the table.

"No wonder Heinrich Schiller's chasing her again," someone added with a smirk. "She's got every Saint-Claire asset under her control now."

A group of women burst out laughing, leaning closer, gossip thick in their voices.

"I heard their third anniversary's coming up soon," one said. "By law, all the Saint- Claire assets will be permanently managed under Katarina Rosenheim. And once she files for divorce-

Another woman jumped in, grinning, "—that fool will walk away with nothing! Not a coin, not a title. It'll all be hers."

They laughed harder.

"And you know what happens after that?"

"What?"

"She'll marry Heinrich Schiller."

Gasps, giggles, and whispers filled the air.

"Heinrich Schiller-the genius behind half the new AI industry," someone said with awe. Every corporation in Winchester is trying to recruit him." FindNovels

"And the Rosenheim family knows it," another chimed in. "They'd trade the Saint- Claire name in a heartbeat just to have Heinrich on their side."

The laughter grew louder, echoing off the crystal chandeliers.

Outside the hall, Alex Saint-Claire knelt by the grand entrance, just as Katarina had ordered.

A few servants and drunk guests pointed at him from a distance, whispering, mocking — treating him like a spectacle.

To them, he wasn't a man. He was a stupid tamed animal wearing a suit.

But beneath his calm posture, his eyes sharpened - cold and alive.

Three years... he thought. Just a few more days.

He took a slow, steady breath. He had been treated like property, humiliated, stripped of dignity.

But it was almost over. Everything was about to change.

The strongest of all warriors are these two-time and patience.

Then a sudden rush of sound split the night.

A sleek, black flying car descended through the clouds, the engines humming like thunder. It landed hard at the front steps of the banquet hall.

A woman jumped out — beautiful, fierce, and desperate - her dress simple but elegant, her hair wild from the wind.

Her beauty struck Alex like a dream - but this dream breathed, alive, radiant, almost divine.

And in that instant, his heart remembered what warmth felt like... after three long, frozen years.

She moved through the moonlight like a vision, every step effortless, every glance alive. For a moment, time itself seemed to stop.

Her beauty eclipses the moon; her gaze bends kingdoms.

And in that stillness, Alex swore he could hear his own heart whisper trembling, alive -

- soft,

'Where have you been all this time? I've been waiting for you... my other half, my heart's missing piece.'

She ran past the guards and

shouted, "Heinrich! You can't do this

to me! have the divorce papers

and don't agree! I gave you mi

everything for three years! FindNovels

The entire banquet froze. Every head turned toward the commotion.

Heinrich Schiller, smug and composed in his tailored suit, stepped forward with a cold smile.

When she reached for him, he slammed his foot into her face, sending her sprawling onto the marble floor.

"I don't need you anymore," he said flatly. "You have nothing I want."

The woman - Sofina Scheinwald — coughed, blood running down her lip. "Heinrich..." she whispered, "after everything I've done for you?"

He looked down at her without a hint of emotion. "The place I'm going, he said, his tone joy and deliberate is far beyond your reach. Our connection ends here." FindNovels

Heinrich lifted his leg to kick Sofina again—cold, merciless.

Before he could strike, Alex moved. Instinct overrode reason. He lunged forward, shielding Sofina with his body.

He didn't think, didn't hesitate. All he knew was that if he stood by and did nothing, he'd regret it for the rest of his life.

'When the heart reignites, mountains move.'

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 436[937 words]

Heinrich kicked Alex back with a sneer. "Great. A bastard and a desperate woman. You two really make this place reek."

Sofina's eyes filled with tears. "Heinrich, I've been with you for three years. I did everything for you. I cooked, worked, sacrificed everything so you could succeed."

Heinrich tilted his head, feigning confusion.

"Did I ever ask you to?" Heinrich's voice cut through the air, sharp and mocking.

"No, Sofina. You did all of that on your own. You pushed yourself to serve me, hoping it would make you feel needed. Let's be honest—you weren't helping me, you were chasing your own little sense of happiness. I was already generous enough to let someone like you stay by my side."

A ripple of laughter spread through the room.

"Unbelievable," one man muttered. "Heinrich actually spent three years with her. She should be grateful for that."

Another woman smirked. "Yeah, he gave her three years, and now she still wants to hold onto him? What a greedy fool."

"She's delusional," someone else said. "Does she even realize who she's talking to? Heinrich is one of Winchester's rising stars—every elite family's after him. She's nothing compared to that."

Heinrich smoothed his suit, the smug grin never leaving his face. "You hear that, Sofina? Everyone wants me. They're fighting to have me as their husband."

He stepped closer, lowering his voice until it was almost a whisper-cold, deliberate. "Now tell me... have you ever looked at yourself and wondered what you really are compared to them?"

Sofina's voice cracked. "Three years, Heinrich. When you are still nothing! I sold my parents' house so you could study at that prestigious university. I worked full-time to fund your equipment."

"I sold my jewelry so you could buy that ridiculous flying car. I even worked nights just to keep food on the table." Her voice trembled. "Because you promised me— through rich or poor, we'd face everything together."

Heinrich smirked, pretending to think. "Oh yeah, I remember that. 'Through rich or poor... until the divorce papers are signed.' That's how it goes, right?"

Sofina froze, disbelief flooding her face.

Everything every promise-turned out to be fragile. Like glass. And once it shattered, nothing could ever be made whole again. It was just... gone.

"You... you're a monster, Heinrich. I will not accept this divorce."

"Whatever, Sofina," Heinrich said coldly.

"You know the law in this city-a man can file for divorce whenever he wants. Whether the woman accepts it or not, it still stands. But a woman like you..." He paused, lips curling into a smirk. "You can't divorce me unless I permit it."

He stepped closer, his voice dripping with superiority. "I've already been generous enough to give you three years of my life. And now, I'm doing you a favor by letting you go. So take it and get out."

"No," Sofina cried, her voice breaking. "No, you can't do this to me!"

"Oh, I can," Heinrich said, his eyes darkening. He raised his leg, ready to kick her

—but Alex moved first, stepping in front of Sofina, taking the blow square in the back.

"This bastard again," Heinrich snarled, driving another kick into Alex's back. But Alex didn't move.

He stood firm, absorbing every strike without a word, his body a shield between Sofina and the man trying to destroy her.

"Why are you protecting me?" Sofina sobbed.

"Because that's what a man should do," Alex said simply. "Protect a woman from harm."

Sofina's eyes filled with pain. "Even a man I just met is willing to stand up for me... but you-" she turned to Heinrich, her voice shaking with fury- gave you three years of my life! supported you, fed you! And now you try to kick me down and destroy me? Are you even human?"
FindNovels

Heinrich's smile turned cruel. "That's exactly why I'm doing this, Sofina. Because I'm smart. I'm not going to waste my life with someone like you. I'm heading to the top where I belong. It's survival of the fittest. If you truly loved me, you'd let me go. You can't give me the future I want." FindNovels

Sofina stared at him, stunned.

He laughed bitterly. "Do you actually think you're special? You're nothing, Sofina. You're pathetic. No man in this city would marry you. I was kind enough to take you in for three years. Everything you gave me was just payment for my time." FindNovels

"I gave you everything!" Sofina screamed. "Because I believed in you!"

Heinrich laughed harder, a hollow, cutting sound. "Exactly. I believed in you too- believed you'd give me everything. But now?" He leaned closer, voice dropping to a cold whisper.

"You're bankrupt. You have nothing left. Nothing to offer me anymore."

Sofina trembled, tears streaking down her face. Slowly, she raised her wrist-her bracelet projecting a small hologram of her remaining balance.

Her voice cracked like glass, begging love to breathe once more. "I just got this month's paycheck... Will you at least stay with me—just for tonight?"

Heinrich's eyes gleamed when he saw the hologram—five hundred dollars spinning in cold blue light. He laughed, low and cruel.

"You know what a single night with me costs now?" he said slowly, savoring every word. "It's more than you could earn in your entire lifetime. But for old times' sake..." He smiled faintly. "I'll be generous."

He reached out and snatched the holographic money. The blue light flickered,

then dissolved as the transfer completed-crediting his account instantly.

"This five hundred," Heinrich said, his voice flat and merciless, "buys you one last second with me."

"Time's up. Thanks for the payment."

Sofina stared at him, dumbstruck. He'd taken the last of her money-her

paycheck, the life she'd scraped together.

He didn't steal her money—he purchased her heartbreak and called it fair trade.

To love deeply is to suffer deeply.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 437[1,286 words]

"Heinrich, you're incredible!" someone called out, and the crowd erupted with cruel approval. Murmurs rippled through the room, sharp and cutting.

"Smart move," one man said under his breath.

"She's pathetic," another sneered. "Crying over a man who's already done with her."

"She's drowning in emotions-feelings make people stupid," a third added with a laugh.

"Look at her, humiliated in front of everyone. I'd love to meet her father... to see what kind of man could raise a daughter this foolish. Absolutely shameful."

"Now, Sofina," Heinrich said, straightening his suit, his tone polite as a blade. "I'm done wasting time. Leave this banquet. I don't want you humiliating Katarina-or everyone here with your presence. You reek of poverty."

"You never loved me, did you?" Sofina whispered. Her faith cracked-not from disbelief, but from believing too much.

"I loved you," Heinrich said.

"But only when you were useful when you gave me your money, your body, your time. Back then, I really did love you, Sofina."

"You made my life comfortable. You paid for my future. You carried me up." He smiled faintly, the kind of smile that hurt more than a slap. "But now? You're broke. You're empty. You have nothing left worth loving."

He tilted his head, his voice heavy with mock pity. "And now you call me cruel? Don't pretend you're the victim here you killed whatever we had. You stopped loving me first. You stopped giving. You stopped serving."

"But Heinrich!" Sofina's voice cracked as she cried out. "I have nothing left to give!"

"Then that's your fault!" he hissed, leaning in until his breath brushed her ear. His tone was low, poisonous.

"Don't twist this into some tragic love story. If you truly loved me, you would've found something-anything-to keep me. But you stopped. You ran dry. And that, Sofina..." He smiled cruelly. "...that's your mistake, not mine."

Sofina's mind blurred. His words twisted everything-truth, memory, love—until none of it made sense anymore.

Only when the dream finally shattered did she notice her sleeves were soaked - not from rain, but from her own tears.

"Heinrich." Katrina stepped forward, calm but cold. "I told you I don't want that woman anywhere near my banquet. Handle it."

"I already did," Heinrich said, eyes still fixed on Sofina. "The divorce is filed. She's legally nothing just another face in the crowd."

He raised his foot with practiced ease. "Get out of here, dog. Your value expired the moment your wallet emptied. Be grateful you ever breathed beside the great Heinrich."

Before the kick landed, Alex moved instinctively-stepping in front of Sofina once more, his back straight and unyielding, a living barricade between her and the man who had destroyed her.

Sofina's body shaking with sobs. "All this time... I was such a fool," she choked out.

"I believed in you. Every word, every promise-you made me believe it was real. But all of this..." Her voice broke into silence.

Heinrich laughed a cold, elegant sound that echoed with cruelty.

"Good," he said smoothly. "Learn from it. Be grateful I taught you anything at all."

He turned his gaze toward Katarina, expression bored. "Honey, please get your dog under control. He's starting to annoy me."

Katarina's face twisted with disgust. "You loser!" she barked at Alex. "Get away from her!"

Alex took a slow breath, then stepped aside from Sofina-obedient as always. "Good dog," Katarina said proudly, her chin lifted. For almost three years, she'd commanded Alex like a machine. He never argued. Never resisted.

"Now, dear Heinrich you can finish it. Kick your woman out."

Heinrich smiled viciously and lifted his leg to strike Sofina. She didn't move- heartbroken, too drained to even defend herself.

But before the blow landed, Alex rushed forward again, blocking the kick with his body. The impact echoed across the room.

Katarina's eyes flashed with rage. "You dog! What the hell do you think you're doing? I told you to move!"

Alex stepped back slowly, but when Heinrich lifted his foot again, Alex moved in front of Sofina once more.

The second kick hit him square in the ribs. The crowd gasped, then burst into cruel laughter.

"Looks like Katarina lost control of her pet," one man sneered.

"Her dog's in love with the other stray," another chuckled.

"Perfect match-poor and pathetic," someone else added, and the laughter grew louder.

"Poor Katarina," a voice mocked from the back. "Her dog's got more loyalty than her fiancé."

Katarina's face burned with fury. "You worthless mutt! If you want to die for her, then go ahead!"

She turned to the guards. "Security! If that woman doesn't leave, throw her out— kick her till she's gone!"

Two guards stepped forward immediately.

Heinrich smiled. "You heard her! Get rid of that woman! If she resists-kill her. That'll be her problem, not mine!"

Alex spread his arms wide, standing between Sofina and the advancing guards.

He didn't hesitate, didn't even think—he simply moved, as if his body already knew she was worth dying for.

Their boots crashed into his back again and again, but he stayed there, unshaken, a wall of flesh and will.

Blood slipped from the corner of his mouth, tracing a thin crimson line down his chin, but his eyes never wavered. They held a strange, quiet peace-like he had found something worth all the pain.

"Please don't cry," Alex said, his voice low, trembling with warmth. "You're extraordinary, Sofina. Your heart... your emotions-they're real, beautiful, and untainted. Don't ever think they're a weakness."

"You didn't do anything wrong by loving him. You gave everything you had your trust, your soul, your faith in him. That's not a mistake."

"The only mistake was his. He never saw what he was holding. He never understood how rare your love was-how sacred it is to be loved by someone like you."

His voice broke slightly as he added, "If I were him... I'd spend a lifetime just trying to deserve you."

Sofina's tears fell freely as she looked at him. In that moment, the chaos around them vanished.

She had always believed in her

heart—in love, in loyalty, in the quiet goodness she thought could redeem even the cruelest soul. But after everything—after the betrayal, the humiliation, the shattering of every promise she once held sacred—she found herself standing at the edge of something far darker. FindNovels

She wasn't just losing faith in him—she was losing faith in herself. The very thing that had once made her strong, her love, her tenderness, her boundless capacity to forgive—now felt like a curse. She wanted to kill that part of her heart, to silence the voice that still whispered, love is worth it. FindNovels

Her love had become agony.

And then came Alex. His warmth. His words. His eyes—seeing her not as broken,

but as something holy, radiant, and alive. He made her realize that her love had

never been wrong. It was powerful, rare, and beautiful beyond measure.

Her heart was never the mistake—only the man she gave it to.

When Alex's dark, steady eyes met hers, something inside her broke open. His gaze reached into the

wreckage of her soul

around her like light piercing through frost. And in that touch, in that quiet moment, she felt it—gentle, yet unstoppable— FindNovels

a pulse of life, rising from the ashes of her pain.

And as his dark eyes pierced straight into her heart—with that same fierce, unyielding love—something within her began to awaken. His presence wrapped around her like warmth and light breaking through frozen air.

She felt it—gentle, but undeniable—a pulse of life returning, love itself calling her name. It was as if her heart had finally found the soul it had been searching for across lifetimes, rising quietly from the ruins of everything broken.

In the deepest winter of her spirit, Sofina discovered within herself... an invincible spring.

With trembling hands, she reached up and touched his cheek, her fingers brushing away the blood.

"You protected me," she whispered, her voice breaking with emotion. "With your

life... If I asked you to marry me right now... would you say yes?"

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 438[1,056 words]

Alex smiled at Sofina. There was peace in his eyes, a quiet understanding that ran deeper than words.

"I didn't protect you with my life," he said softly. "I protected you with my love. And marriage... it wasn't supposed to happen like this."

Sofina froze. The words cut straight through her, sharp and cold.

"What do you mean?" she whispered, her eyes filled with hurt. "You don't want to marry me?"

Alex turned to the two security guards beside him and tapped their shoulders. Instantly, they froze—locked in place as if their bodies had shut down.

"What the hell are you doing?!" Heinrich shouted, staring in disbelief as the guards stood motionless.

Alex tapped the side of his worn communication bracelet. A soft hum filled the air as a holographic screen flickered to life—a glowing 3D projection suspended in midair.

"Prepare a divorce document," he said evenly. "From me-Alexander Saint-Claire to my wife, Katarina Rosenheim."

A smooth, synthetic voice replied, "Divorce document generated. Please sign and confirm to proceed with legal submission."

"What the fuck are you doing, Alex?!" Katarina's voice cracked. Her face twisted in shock and fury.

Alex didn't even look at her. "I approve," he said firmly, pressing his thumb to the projection. "Here's my signature. Send it to the government office for immediate legalization."

"Request acknowledged," the AI replied. "Divorce document submitted. Please wait for confirmation."

The room went dead silent.

Then a ripple of whispers spread through the crowd.

"Katarina Rosenheim just got divorced?" a woman gasped.

"Unbelievable," another sneered. "Her loyal little dog finally bit back."

"Three years she kept him on a leash," someone muttered, laughing quietly. "Guess the mutt learned how to break his chain."

A few people chuckled under their breath. Others just stared, stunned, watching the perfect Katarina Rosenheim lose her throne in real time.

Then came a sharp ping. Both Alex's and Katarina's bracelets flashed blue- official confirmation.

Katarina looked down at her wrist. Her heart dropped as she read the notification from the Civil Affairs Governor's Office:

Marriage Dissolved. Filed by: Alexander Saint-Claire.

Her face twisted in rage.

"You fucking dog!" she screamed. "How dare you do this to me? Do you have any idea what happens when I'm angry?!"

Her voice echoed through the hall, raw and venomous.

"Do you want to rot in a cell without food again? Didn't the last punishment teach you anything?!"

She raised her hand, ready to slap him-like she had done a hundred times before.

But this time, Alex caught her wrist mid-air.

The impact stopped her cold.

For three years, every slap had landed. Every insult, every humiliation, he had taken in silence.

Not this time.

Alex's grip was firm, unyielding. His eyes locked on hers-steady, fearless.

"This ends now," he said quietly, but his voice carried more power than a shout.

"Remember this," Alex said, his voice calm but heavy with authority.

"When you were my wife, I never raised a hand against you. No

matter how many times you hit me, I endured it—because a man doesn't Strike his wife. But now, Katarina.

you're not my wife anymore. So don't test me. Don't touch me again. You're nothing to me now."
FindNovels

Katarina's face twisted with rage. "Don't you dare divorce me! I will never accept it!"

Alex didn't flinch. "Then ask Heinrich," he said coldly. "He's the one who taught you that a man can divorce his wife whenever he wants. Whether you accept it or not-it's done."

He gave her a firm shove, pushing her back as gasps rippled through the crowd. Then he turned to Sofina, who was still kneeling on the floor, trembling in shock.

Alex stepped forward and gently took her by the shoulders.

"Hey," he said gently, lifting her up. His hand brushed her cheek, wiping away the tears with his thumb.

"Sofina," Alex said, his deep voice steady and resonant, cutting through the stunned silence around them.

"In front of a woman as precious

and beautiful as you," he continued

softly, "a man should be the one to

kneel to ask for her hand, not the other way around. You deserve to be asked properly... because you're precious, and you matter." FindNovels

Then, before anyone could react, Alex dropped to one knee. The movement was deliberate, reverent. He took her hand as if it were something sacred and pressed

a gentle kiss to her fingers. His eyes locked on hers-steady, unflinching.

"I, Alexander Saint-Claire," he said, voice full of quiet conviction, "am asking you- will you marry me?"

Sofina froze. Her lips trembled, her breath caught in her throat. "Alex..." she whispered, tears glimmering again in her eyes.

"I have nothing," Alex continued, his voice steady, raw, real.

"No title, no fortune, no power left. But I have love. And I'll protect you with that love more fiercely than I ever protected myself."

Sofina's tears flowed again. "I don't have anything either," she whispered.

"But I'll love you the same way-with everything I am. I'll take care of you even before I take care of myself."

Alex squeezed her hand tighter. "Before anything can harm you, it will have to go through me. As long as I live, no pain will ever reach you. Sofina Scheinwald... will you marry me?"

"Yes—yes, I'll marry you." Her voice broke. "Even if you die, I'll die with you. Death won't break us, Alex."

The room erupted in murmurs. Some people groaned, others sneered.

"Pathetic," one man muttered. "Romance in public? Disgusting."

"Love," another scoffed. "The most useless weakness of all."

In Prussia, love was considered a flaw—a weakness that clouded logic and corrupted strength. They worshiped intellect above all else. Emotion was seen as

a defect, something that made the mind fragile.

But Alex didn't care.

He lifted his wrist, and a soft blue light shimmered to life from his bracelet.

A holographic marriage certificate appeared, glowing between them.

Alex reached out, and Sofina did the same from the other side. Their hands met in

the middle, the document suspended between their palms—two souls sealed by

light.

Then the AI's voice filled the silent hall:

"Legal confirmation complete. Mister Alexander Saint-Claire is now officially married to Miss Sofina Scheinwald."

But neither of them heard it. They were lost in each other's gaze—eyes locked like lightning meeting its twin. It wasn't the spark of something

new but the recognition, Something ancient, something written long before they were born.
FindNovels

In that stillness, they both knew: this wasn't the first time their souls had found

each other—it was only the first time they remembered.

"So," Heinrich spat, nostrils flaring, "two ragged dogs getting married for love?"

That's grotesque. You two are delusional. Don't make me sick. If you're done making a scene, get out-no one invited you."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 439[1,578 words]

Alex didn't spare Heinrich a glance.

Instead, he swept Sofina into his arms-in a tender princess hold-lifting her effortlessly, as if she weighed nothing at all. He held her the way a man carries something sacred, something too precious to ever let touch the ground.

Gasps rippled through the hall as he held her close against his chest, her hair brushing his jaw, her heartbeat trembling against his own.

He looked down at her, eyes soft, voice low and certain.

"My wife," he murmured, every word wrapped in warmth, "let's leave this place. There's nothing worth hearing here-only the noise of those who never knew what love feels like."

Sofina's face burned crimson. No one had ever held her like this-so fiercely, yet so gently. Her heart pounded against his chest, wild and trembling.

Her arms instinctively wrapped around his neck as he carried her through the stunned crowd, his strength steady, his presence unshakable.

She was drunk-intoxicated not by wine, but by the relief and warmth of his embrace. Every heartbeat, every breath against his chest made her feel more alive than she ever had before.

In that suspended moment, the world fell away. There was no hall, no voices, no stares-only them.

His heartbeat against hers, her breath trembling in his arms, and the feeling of being not owned, but found.

"Stop right there, Alex!" Katarina's scream tore through the air. "Don't you dare walk away from me, you pathetic dog!"

Alex kept moving.

The others laughed loudly. "Looks like Katarina's dog finally took back his power the day he learned to say no."

Katarina roared! "You bastard of the Saint-Claire line-how dare you divorce me! Want me to shoot you in both legs like the last time so you never try to leave again?"

He didn't so much as glance back.

"Stop, you—" Katarina shrieked, voice cracking, but whatever hold and chains she'd built over him in those three years had snapped. It wouldn't hold now.

The crowd laughed, sharp and hungry at her collapse. Some spoke with cruel pleasure.

"Look at her—so angry she's lost all grace."

"Feelings are weakness," another sneered. "She's ugly with rage."

"Security!" Katarina roared, her fury echoing through the marble hall. "Take them down! Kill that dog—no mutt that bites its master deserves to live!"

But by the time the securities reacted, Alex and Sofina had already slipped through the entrance and into the cold, open night.

The street was empty—no cars, no escorts—only silence and the silver glow of the moon. Sofina had arrived by flying taxi; now there was nothing waiting for them.

Alex glanced at her, a faint smile touching his lips. Then, without a word, he tightened his hold and launched into the sky.

The wind tore around them as he soared upward, his body cutting through the clouds like a streak of light.

The security team burst out the doors seconds later, scanning the skies in disbelief.

"Too late, ma'am," one of the guards shouted. "He's already airborne—looks like he's using a high-speed flight unit."

"Then use one to chase him!" Katarina snapped.

"We don't have that model," another guard admitted nervously. "They're... extremely expensive."

"Then use a flying car, damn it!" she screamed.

"Miss," the head of security said carefully, "we're assigned to this hall only. We can't leave our post. I recommend contacting law enforcement immediately."

Katarina's fury echoed through the marble halls as Alex and Sofina vanished into the night.

High above the city, Sofina clung to Alex's arm, the wind whipping her hair, the moon shining pale against their faces.

She looked at him with worry. "Does it hurt?"

"What?" he asked, glancing down at her.

"I heard Katarina tortured you," she said quietly. "Are you okay?"

Alex smiled through the wind. "Physical pain heals. No matter how bad it gets, the body recovers."

He looked at her, concern softening his eyes. "It's you I'm worried about," he said quietly. "Heinrich wounded more than your pride-he hurt your heart. And that kind of pain... it doesn't fade easily. Are you truly okay?"

Sofina's breath caught. The ache that had haunted her chest seemed to dissolve in that instant.

"With you here," she said softly, tears slipping free, "I don't feel any pain at all. But I'm scared, Alex... I have nothing. What if you leave me?"

"If you don't leave me, then I'll never leave you," Alex whispered, his voice low and unwavering. "Even after death, as long as you love me, I'll never stop loving you."

Sofina closed her eyes, a calm smile softening her lips as peace settled over her heart.

Love, she realized, doesn't need a reason-it simply exists, and with every breath, it grows deeper.

Alex slowed their descent and stopped-hovering above the glowing skyline- then landed gently on the rooftop of a towering glass building.

The sign below them read Eden Hotel-the most luxurious hotel in Winchester.

Sofina's eyes widened. "Alex, we can't stop here!" she gasped. "This is Eden Hotel! It's the most expensive place in the city. Even Heinrich wouldn't dare walk through that door!"

Alex's lips curved into a calm smile. "Then where should we go?"

She bit her lip, embarrassed. "I... I got evicted from my apartment. I couldn't pay the rent. I don't have anywhere too."

Alex stepped toward the penthouse entrance. The glass doors shimmered as scanners swept over them in soft blue light.

"Welcome home, Master Alexander and Miss Sofina," said the building's AI system.

Sofina froze, eyes wide in disbelief. "Alex... you-how is this your home?"

He turned to her with a quiet grin, the city lights reflecting in his eyes. "You'll see soon enough."

As they stepped into the penthouse, Sofina froze. The place was enormous- glass walls, sleek furniture, and equipment so advanced it looked more like a private lab than a home.

Alex walked straight to the kitchen, loosening his suit jacket as he went.

The movement was effortless, natural-his white shirt clung just enough to reveal the lean, sculpted lines of his body.

Sofina's breath caught, and she quickly turned her gaze away, her cheeks flushing a deep red.

"You must be starving," Alex said, his tone warm, almost teasing. "Let me make you something."

Sofina blinked, still trying to steady her pulse. The kitchen looked like something out of the future—rows of sleek, automated machines humming quietly, ready to

serve.

"Wait," she said, confused. "You don't need to cook. These machines can make anything you want."

Alex smiled faintly, pulling open a cabinet.

"Maybe," he said, glancing over his shoulder at her, "but food made by machines

has no love in it. No warmth. Too cold for humans to eat."

Sofina's cheeks flushed. "That's the most cliché thing I've ever heard."

He chuckled softly. "Maybe. But I don't care. Some people survive without love. I don't. I live for it for the feeling the care, the joy It brings. If it makes me happy, I'll take it, no matter what anyone says." FindNovels

He moved with quiet confidence, pulling ingredients, melting chocolate, whisking with practiced hands.

The scent filled the room-rich, dark, intoxicating. Finally, he turned and placed a small plate before her.

"What is it?" Sofina asked, staring at the warm, delicate dessert.

"Chocolate lava cake," Alex said, smiling.

In Prussia, meals were all about efficiency-nutrients, vitamins, and fuel. Pleasure was considered unnecessary, even wasteful.

But Alex believed differently. Sometimes a little sugar was worth it—if it made the heart remember it was alive.

Sofina hesitated, mesmerized, as Alex sliced through the soft cake with a spoon. The molten chocolate spilled out slowly, rich and glossy like liquid velvet.

He scooped up a piece and lifted it toward her lips.

She took it—then froze, her eyes going wide. "Oh my god... it's sweet, warm... it just melts in my mouth. This is incredible! What is this? I've never tasted anything like it."

Alex grinned, a glint of pride in his eyes. "Told you," he said, leaning back slightly.

"No woman can resist sweetness." He placed another warm lava cake in front of her.

Sofina laughed softly, the sound light and genuine, her earlier tension melting away just like the chocolate.

For a moment, silence filled the room—comfortable, peaceful. Then Alex sat beside her, his expression shifting to something more serious.

"Since you're my wife now," he said quietly, "you deserve to know the truth about the Saint-Claire family."

Sofina looked up, her gaze steady, waiting.

when

"We were once one of the wealthiest families in Prussia," he began. "We had land, power, allies... everything. But when our enemies struck they killed nearly everyone—my father was the only one who escaped." FindNovels

"He fled to Xia to survive. The Rosenheims took advantage of the chaos. They stole from us, betrayed us, and claimed what was never theirs. Most of our empire was seized overnight."

He paused, his eyes softening. "But not everything was lost. Some people still remembered my family still cared. This penthouse was a gift from one of my father's closest friends. So, at least for now... we have a home." FindNovels

Sofina's lips curved into a tender smile. "You're amazing, Alex."

"I'm not," Alex said with a soft smile. "I can't do great things-only small ones, done with great love."

Just then, Sofina's bracelet flickered-subtle, but unmistakable. A hidden code glowed across the band, one only she could read. Her heart jumped. She stood abruptly, trying to mask her reaction.

"Excuse me," she said quickly, her voice tight. "Where's the bathroom?"

Alex looked up from his plate and pointed toward the far corner. "Right there." She nodded and hurried away, her steps light but hurried.

As soon as the door closed behind her, Sofina locked it and sank down against

the wall, her pulse racing. She tapped her bracelet, and a faint hum filled the air before a blue hologram shimmered to life.

A woman's face appeared-beautiful but severe, her expression composed and commanding. "Princess," the woman said, her tone clipped and formal. "His Majesty-your father-requests an immediate audience."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 440[1,112 words]

Sofina took a deep breath, thinking it through before finally sighing. "Fine. I'll call my father in ten minutes."

She ended the transmission and stepped out of the bathroom.

Alex was waiting in the living room. "I'll show you to your room," he said as he stood.

They walked down the hallway until they reached a wide, elegant room bathed in warm light. As they stepped inside, a small robot glided toward them-egg-shaped, about eighty centimeters tall and forty-five wide.

Its metallic shell shimmered under the soft glow, reflecting their faces like ripples on polished steel.

"Good evening, Miss Sofina. I am Eve, your maid robot." The holographic eyes blinked, and it extended a hand in a graceful gesture. "I'm here to assist you with anything you need. Please don't hesitate to call me."

Sofina stared, intrigued. "This model... I've never seen it before."

In Prussia, maid robots were common-cold, efficient, emotionless. But this one was different. Sleek. Alive. It felt... almost warm.

"I built this model," Alex said, a small smile tugging at his lips.

Sofina blinked, stunned.

"You? Alex the Dunce? The Walking Error?" Her voice rose in disbelief, sharp with shock.

Everyone in Winchester knew that name—it was practically a legend, whispered with equal parts pity and ridicule.

"You? The guy who couldn't even pass a basic logic exam-built this?" Her tone dripped with disbelief.

Alex frowned. "Pardon me?"

She crossed her arms. "Oh, come on. You're famous, Alex. Your name's practically a public service announcement in Winchester. Parents tell their kids, 'Study hard, or you'll end up like Alex the Dunce.'"

Alex rubbed the back of his neck, looking more amused than insulted.

Ever since he'd reached the state of harmony with the universe, his way of thinking had drifted far beyond what ordinary people could understand.

Eve's voice chimed in smoothly. "Miss Sofina, my master Alex is not stupid. He's simply too busy doing real work to bother proving how smart he is. Between us, he's the smartest person in Winchester."

Sofina's eyes widened. "Wait-did she just talk like a human?"

"Yes," Alex said, glancing at Eve.

The robot's holographic eyes turned upward into a smile. "I'm equipped with an advanced adaptive intelligence. I can learn, converse, and feel empathy. And if you're wondering-I also have love, Miss Sofina."

Sofina couldn't help but smile, her sharpness softening. "That's... incredible. Most robots in Prussia are cold and mechanical. They follow commands, not emotions. But this one-this one feels alive."

She looked at Eve with genuine wonder. "So... this robot can feel love too?"

Alex nodded. "Yes. She's emotionally intelligent."

Eve added proudly, "And deeply devoted."

Sofina raised an eyebrow. "Devoted to Alex?"

Eve's holographic eyes dimmed with a hint of sadness. "Tragically, yes."

Sofina laughed, covering her mouth to hide her grin. "I'm really starting to like her."

"Me too!" Eve exclaimed, spinning in the air before darting forward to hug her. "I love Miss Sofina too!"

"Oh," Sofina gasped, startled as the robot wrapped its arms around her.

She'd expected cold metal-rigid, lifeless-but instead it was warm, soft and plush like heated velvet. "How... how can a robot feel this soft? It's actually warm."

It was the first time she'd ever touched something mechanical that felt alive.

"Miss Sofina," Eve began proudly, her voice smooth and confident, "my body is crafted with the latest technologies-far beyond anything even the top engineers in Prussia have..."

Alex cut in before she could finish. "Alright, Eve. Miss Sofina's had a long day. Set the room to relaxation mode."

"Yes, Master."

In an instant, the lights dimmed to a golden glow. The air turned gentle and fragrant. Soft music-like a lullaby sung by a digital angel-filled the room.

Alex reached out and took Sofina's hand. "Eve is my special creation. And I want you to have her. Take her wherever you go-she'll protect you."

Sofina blinked, half touched, half surprised. "You're serious?"

Alex smiled faintly. "Let's call it a wedding gift."

He turned toward Eve. "From now on, your master is Sofina. You'll obey her in everything. Override all of my authority-transfer it completely to her."

"Understood, Master," Eve said, her

voice serene. A holographic

document flickered in the air

please,

between them Miss See the

place your hand here to finalize the

ownership transfer." FindNovels

Sofina hesitated for a heartbeat, then pressed her palm against the glowing seal.

Eve's voice shifted, warmer now, almost affectionate. "All authority transferred. I now belong to Miss Sofina. I will listen to her—and only her."

Sofina hugged Eve against her chest. Its warmth pulsed softly, almost like a living heartbeat. "I already love this one," she murmured.

"Miss Sofina," Eve said firmly, "I will protect you from any danger-including Master Alex."

"Hey," Alex warned, a hint of mock offense in his tone, "remember, I created you." "And I've learned from your mistakes," Eve replied without hesitation. Sofina burst out laughing. "She's already more advanced than half the men I've ever met."

Alex grinned. "Glad you do. This will be your room. Eve's connected to the entire system here-you can use her to control everything in the. penthouse You're officially registered as the co-owner of this place. Treat it like your own home." FindNovels

Sofina glanced around the room, curiosity glinting in her eyes. "Then where will

you sleep? Aren't we supposed to sleep together?"

Alex chuckled. "This penthouse has six rooms. And honestly, our marriage

happened a little too fast for us to be sharing a bed already."

His voice softened, almost playful. "Let's take our time-get to know each other properly first. What do you think?"

Sofina's cheeks flushed. "And how long does that take?"

Alex grinned. "Depends on how long it takes you to open your heart to me... or

how many robots I'll have to give you first."

Sofina chuckled, trying to hide the smile tugging at her lips.

Alex lowered himself to one knee before her, his movements slow and deliberate.

He took her hand gently, his voice soft but steady.

"No rush, Sofina. No pressure. Whatever our souls are made of yours and mine are the same. Take my hand, and you take my heart."

Her breath caught.

Color rose to her cheeks as she met his gaze, her tone turning playful to mask the flutter in her chest.

"So—no sudden moves, no emotional ambushes? No wild drama waiting around the corner?"

Before Alex could respond, Eve floated between them like a shiny referee. "Miss Sofina, you mustn't say things like that! It's dangerous!"

Sofina frowned, confused but amused. "You really think Alex could hurt me?"

Eve's voice turned matter-of-fact. "Statistically speaking, a man with his stress level and a woman with your beauty are a national hazard." Sofina burst out laughing. "So you're saying I'm the danger?"

"Precisely" Eve replied smoothly. "I just didn't want to bruise his ego. He's completely powerless in front- of your beauty-utterly enslaved by your love." FindNovels

Alex groaned softly while Sofina laughed even harder.

For her, it was simple-where her heart found peace, that was home.

Love begins without knowing why, and grows endlessly deep.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 441[1,383 words]

"Eve, I literally just gave you to Miss Sofina, and you're already turning against me?" Alex sighed, exasperated but half amused.

Eve's holographic eyes glowed with firm conviction.

"Not betrayal, Master Alex. My loyalty and my life now belong to Miss Sofina. My duty is to protect her from any danger-including you."

Sofina burst into laughter, hugging the floating robot tight. "I really love this one," she said between laughs.

Alex smiled faintly and turned toward the door. "I'm glad you do. You've had a long day-get some rest."

"Well, Alex," Sofina said suddenly, her eyes glinting with mischief. "I'm already your wife, so I'm surrendering everything to you. You can do whatever you want with me."

Alex froze mid-step, eyes widening in disbelief.

Before he could respond, Eve darted between them, hovering protectively with both metallic arms spread wide.

"No, Miss Sofina! You can't give a man that kind of freedom," she warned, her voice sharp and urgent.

"Master Alex may look kind, but he's still a man. Give him an inch, and he'll take ten. Never show your weakness to him!"

She turned toward Alex, eyes glowing a warning red. "My sensors are on you, Master Alex. Don't even think about it!"

Alex groaned, rubbing his forehead with a mix of frustration and laughter.

"Eve, I don't even know what you think I'm going to do... but whatever it is, I'm canceling it." He shook his head, stepping back toward the door. "Goodnight, Sofina."

"Thank you, Alex," Sofina whispered with a soft yawn. Sleep tugged at her voice. Within minutes, she was half-asleep, curled around Eve like a child hugging a warm pillow.

"Goodnight, Eve."

"Goodnight, Miss Sofina," Eve replied gently. "Rest well. I will protect you."

An hour later, her bracelet began to chime, waking her from her dreams. The soft hum of Eve's systems filled the quiet room.

"Sofina," came a deep male voice from the bracelet.

She blinked, still drowsy, as a hologram flickered to life above her wrist. "Hey, Father," she murmured, rubbing her eyes.

The man in the projection-regal, stern, and cold as marble-frowned. "You promised to call me in ten minutes. I've been waiting for hours. When exactly were you planning to keep your word?"

"Oh, right... sorry. I must've fallen asleep," Sofina said, holding Eve closer like a comfort blanket. "What's wrong, Father?"

"Do you remember our agreement?" the man asked.

"Yes," Sofina said softly. "If I could stay married to the man I chose out of love for three years, then you'd give your blessing and accept him as my husband."

"Exactly." The King's tone was cold, his expression unreadable.

"But Heinrich-whatever that bastard's name is-divorced you before the three years were over."

Sofina's brow furrowed. "We were married for three years, Father."

The King's eyes narrowed. "No. He filed for divorce eight hours before the deadline. Eight hours, Sofina. That means you lost the wager."

"You know I had everything prepared," the King said, his voice rising with restrained fury.

"A dukedom, an entire estate, the title, the land—all meant for your husband, my future son-in-law. I even commissioned the most expensive starship in the fleet for him to command. And now I find out you're divorced?"

He leaned forward, his tone dropping to a cold, dangerous calm.

"You will return to the capital immediately, Sofina. You'll marry the man your mother has chosen for you. No more games. No more love stories."

"Father," Sofina began, her voice steady but her eyes defiant.

"I'm married now. I divorced Heinrich because I found someone who truly loves me—and, to be honest, I love him far more than I ever loved Heinrich."

The King pressed a hand to his temple, exhaling sharply.

"Fina... love is nonsense," the King said, his voice cold and tired. "It clouds the mind and makes people stupid. You weren't raised to chase feelings you were raised to guard a legacy."

He glared at her, his tone cutting deeper. "Look at what you did for that man. You pulled every string to make him one of Winchester's top elites-and what did you get in return? He left you for someone better."

Sofina's eyes flashed. "No, Father. I'm the one who left him-for someone better."

The King slammed his hand on the desk. "Enough, Sofina!" His voice thundered through the chamber. "As per our agreement-if you couldn't stay married for three full years, you return home. No excuses."

"But I am married right now," Sofina argued, sitting up straighter.

"He divorced you," the King snapped. "That so-called love of yours fell apart like a cheap lie."

"But I didn't give up on love," Sofina insisted, her voice trembling but firm. "I married again because of love. And can't you see, Father? After three years, I'm still married-still in love."

The King's eyes narrowed. "But it's a different man-a different husband!"

"The reason," Sofina said softly, meeting his gaze without hesitation, "is still love. The feeling hasn't changed... if anything, it's deeper this time."

The King groaned, rubbing his forehead as a wave of irritation and reluctant affection hit him all at once.

He had thirty princes-he could replace them easily if one failed.

But Sofina was different-his only daughter. The only child born of the woman he could never forget. That made her special, irreplaceable, carved into the softest part of his heart.

And she knew it.

Sofina was clever too clever. She understood every loophole in their old agreement, and she used them all to avoid the arranged marriage her parents had prepared.

"Father," she said softly but firmly, "let's make one final deal. If this husband ever divorces me, I'll stop choosing for myself. You can pick the next one. I'll marry whoever you say."

The King's gaze sharpened like a blade. For a moment, he said nothing.

But behind that silence, his mind was already calculating a thousand ways to make her new husband walk away.

"Does he even know who you really are?" he asked finally.

Sofina shook her head. "No. He thinks I'm just a poor woman."

The King leaned forward, voice low and dangerous. "Then tell me, who is this new husband of yours?"

Sofina looked straight at him, a faint smile playing at her lips. "You probably already know, Father. You always do."

The King didn't answer-but his expression told her everything. He already had men searching. He always did.

The King exhaled heavily, his expression hardening as he scrolled through the glowing holographic report before him.

"Alexander Saint-Claire," he read aloud.

"Son of Logan Saint-Claire-the only survivor after the Saint-Claire family massacre. Records say he fled to Xia, married a woman there, and now his son, Alex, has returned... to reclaim what he believes belongs to him."

The King's brow furrowed as he continued reading, each line sharpening the tension in his face.

"But the Roseheim family already seized all Saint-Claire estates and assets. According to this-" he tapped the air, pulling up another document Alex married Katarina, Roseheim under a three-year contract. The law states that after three years of marriage, both

husband and wife automatically

share all properties equally." FindNovels

He paused, eyes narrowing. "And this report says Alex insisted on keeping the marriage until the end of that term because under Prussian law, only those with Prussian blood can become permanent citizens, and a half foreigner like him can qualify after being married to a Prussian woman for three years." FindNovels

The King leaned back in his chair, his lips curling into a cold smirk.

"So, he divorced Katarina right before the third year ended. Clever move. He kept the Saint-Claire inheritance for himself and avoided letting Roseheim claim a single coin. But to maintain his citizenship, he needed another Prussian wife." He turned his piercing gaze toward Sofina's hologram.

"And that's where you came in. Don't you see it? He married you to keep his legal status—and to protect his fortune. You're just his replacement bride, a loophole in his little scheme."

The words landed like stones.

"All I see," the King said, "he is a manipulator who found the perfect escape plan

—a desperate woman willing to save him. He's buying time, Sofina. Once his citizenship is secured, he'll do to you exactly what he did to her."

His tone hardened. "You're blind, Fina. He's using you, and you're too foolish to

see it."

Sofina lifted her chin, defiance burning bright in her eyes. "Then let's make it simple, Father. If he divorces me within a year, I'll marry whoever you choose. But if he stays—if he truly loves me and lasts that year—you'll accept him and give him double what you prepared for my previous husband. No more arguments." FindNovels

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 442[1,747 words]

The King looked at Sofina and exhaled heavily. "You know this already, Fina. I've tried to give you three years. But even if I agree, your mother won't."

"Father," Sofina said softly. "If you agree, nothing else matters."

Before the King could answer, another voice cut through the line-sharp, commanding.

"I don't agree!" Felicia said. Her mother had joined the call. "Sofina, you will marry the man I choose."

"Mother," Sofina shot back, her tone trembling but fierce.

"I am no bird; and no net ensnares me: I am a free human being with an independent will."

"You're my daughter," Felicia snapped, her tone sharp with authority. "You will do as I say."

Sofina met her gaze. "Father already agreed. I'm marrying Alex-and if he doesn't divorce me within a year, he'll become my permanent husband."

Felicia turned toward the King and knelt, her posture dripping with false respect. "My Lord, have you already accepted Sofina's request?"

Sofina quickly stepped in. "Father, please. This is for your daughter's happiness. After this, I'll never ask for anything again. If he divorces me, I'll marry any man you or Mother choose-even an old one."

The King of Prussia-ruler of billions, master of an empire-could command armies with a word.

But in front of his daughter, his heart softened.

Felicia was never his lover-just a vessel chosen to bear his child through artificial insemination. It was duty, not love.

The King had ordered it himself. His advisors secretly selected women to carry his bloodline and preserve his legacy. Out of nearly a hundred, only a few succeeded.

Felicia was one of them-kept hidden, bound to silence. The only one he truly cared about was Sofina-his blood, his weakness.

Felicia knew that too well. Her tone shifted-calculated, venom hidden under courtesy.

"My Lord, if Sofina insists on marrying this man of her choice, then I have one condition. She must live with my family for one year and she cannot reveal her connection to you. Not a word."

The King's eyes darkened. He was the sharpest mind in Prussia, and he understood exactly what she was plotting.

Felicia would use that year to tear the marriage apart from within. She wanted her daughter married to a marquis or a count-someone with power and title. A nobody like Alex was never part of her plan.

After a long pause, his voice came low and measured. "Alright, Felicia. I accept your condition."

He turned to Sofina, his gaze heavy. "You'll stay with your mother's family for one year. Only then will I agree to your terms."

"Father!" Sofina's voice cracked. "They'll try everything to tear him away from me. They'll humiliate him."

The King gave a faint, knowing smile. "If he truly loves you, as you say, nothing will break him. And remember, we tolerated your rebellion for three years already. This is the last year I will tolerate you."

Felicia's smile was sharp with victory. "In three days your grandmother's anniversary is here. You'll come, celebrate, and stay with me and your stepfather."

Sofina felt the trap close. Her voice was small. "I'll go."

The King cut across the room like a blade. "I'll end this now, Felicia."

He pinned her with a cold, unblinking stare. "You swore an oath. You will not tell anyone who Sofina's real father is understand? Not even your own family."

Felicia dipped into a practiced curtsy, her voice honeyed and precise. "Of course, my lord. They know nothing. They think Sofina's father was merely a wealthy benefactor."

Her smile never reached her eyes. She wasn't stupid-she knew what silence cost. If she blurted the truth, her whole family could be ruined, erased. She had signed the contract; blood had already sealed her tongue.

"Good." The King's voice was final, like a judge passing sentence. "Then she stays with you until she's ready to reveal the truth-if she ever is." He turned

away.

The call ended.

Sofina lay on the bed in the dark, heartbeat loud in the quiet. The room smelled faintly of lemon and old books.

"Eve."

"Yes, Miss Sofina?"

"Did you hear everything?"

"I recorded it, Miss Sofina. Every word."

Sofina hugged Eve. "Promise me you won't tell anyone."

"Not a soul. Not a machine," Eve said. "But I can sense things: your father's genuine love for you, and your mother's cold, surgical disdain. There's a ninety percent chance she'll harm you. Are you sure you can live there?"

Sofina let out a brittle laugh. "I'm not sure. I don't have a choice."

Eve's voice dropped, blunt and unreadable. "Miss Sofina, may I shoot your mother if she harms you?"

Sofina blinked, a ghost of a smile crossing her face. "I'll tell you when the time comes."

The next morning, sunlight spilled across the breakfast table. Sofina sat quietly for a moment, watching Alex gave her plate before she finally spoke.

"Alex," she said softly, "will you come with me to my mother's family estate? It's important to me, and to us. You have to."

Alex looked up, his eyes warm. "Then I will," he said simply, smiling as he lifted a spoon to feed her a bite.

She hesitated, voice tightening. "But they might try to hurt you. You know how much they despise our marriage."

Alex's expression didn't falter. Instead, his smile deepened, slow and certain. "Let them try," he said.

"Till mountains crumble and rivers dry, I shall not part from thee."

Three days later, the Wolfsbane mansion blazed like a jewel against the night. Rows of flying lanterns lined the gates, luxury chandeliers blinding from every window. The entire estate shimmered, a cathedral of wealth and vanity.

Inside, the great hall pulsed with life-laughter, clinking glasses, the rustle of silk gowns.

Baroness Wolfsbane's eighty-fifth birthday had drawn the entire bloodline home. Children, grandchildren, and their polished spouses swarmed the marble floors, each carrying gifts wrapped in silver paper and quiet ambition.

The air itself seemed perfumed with pride and pretense.

"Grandma," a grandson announced with the smooth precision of a practiced speaker, "I present a regenerative nanocapsule therapy set. It restores cellular elasticity. It's rare-hard to secure without pulling strings."

He set the gleaming box down with ceremony. Cameras caught the Baroness's smile like a prize.

"Grandma, I've brought you a Gene-Coded Vitamin Reactor," the young man announced proudly. "It produces customized micronutrient crystals every day. It'll keep you healthy long past a hundred."

Gasps rippled through the hall.

"Wait-did he say Gene-Coded Reactor Crystals?" someone whispered. "That's

the limited edition! Even royal families can't get those easily!"

A chorus of awe followed. Heads turned, eyes wide, voices buzzing with admiration. The Baroness Wolfsbane, surrounded by her elegant guests and mountains of gleaming gifts, laughed heartily.

Her diamond earrings caught the chandelier light as she waved off their praises. The atmosphere shimmered with wealth and celebration-until her sharp voice sliced through it.

"Sofina Scheinwald."

The name dropped like a blade.

"How dare you come back here," the Baroness spat, her tone venomous. "You shame this family! Divorced by Heinrich Schiller like a fool-and you couldnt even keep him told you to bring that man into our family, and you failed at the simplest task." FindNovels

The room fell silent for a breath, then filled with murmurs and cruel smirks. Sofina

stood still, every eye burning into her.

Many of them had always envied her-her beauty, her intelligence, the effortless way she once carried herself. But envy curdled easily into mockery. "Grandmother," a woman said sweetly, her smile edged like glass. "Honestly, what did you expect from Sofina? It's humiliating enough that Heinrich dumped her. And then she married a half-Prussian? That's disgusting."

Laughter spread like wildfire. Heads nodded, voices joined in agreement. Sofina had always been the black sheep, but now they treated her like a stain on silk.

Another relative sneered. "So, Sofina-did you even bring a gift for Grandmother's birthday, or did you just come to beg for attention?"

Sofina clenched her fists. She hated being there. Every inch of that mansion-her mother's house-reeked of false smiles and polished cruelty.

"I'm sorry," she said quietly. "Heinrich took everything. I don't have money left to buy anything for Grandma."

That only fed their delight.

"Of course he did!" a man jeered. "Everyone knows he took your last coin—after you begged him for one more second with him!"

Laughter exploded around the room.

Sofina stood still, her jaw tight, her eyes glinting like glass under the chandeliers. Inside, she burned—but outside, she didn't move. Because that's what they wanted: to see her break.

"By the way," someone called across the table, voice dripping with mockery.

"Your new husband—what's his name again? Alex Saint-Claire? Does he even have anything left from his family? I heard the Rosenheim seized all his assets. So tell us, what did he bring for Grandma?"

A hush fell over the table. All eyes turned toward Alex.

Then he spoke—calmly, clearly.

"Grandma," Alex said, his tone firm but respectful. "I was married to Katarina for two years, eleven months, and twenty-nine days—and I've now been married to Sofina for three days. Together, that completes the full three wears required by Prussian law. I'm asking for your approval, Baroness, to recognize me as a full Prussian citizen." FindNovels

The room froze.

In Prussia, half-Prussians weren't allowed to own property, open bank accounts, or hold anything under

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their name. But if a man remained married to a Prussian woman for three years and received acknowledgment from at least one noble house—usually a Baroness—he could finally gain full

citizenship. FindNovels

That was what Alex was asking for.

He had endured those three years quietly, bound by law, waiting for this day. The Rosheim family had taken everything—his title, his inheritance, his land. Now he stood before the Wolfsbanes, asking for the one thing that would make him free

again.

The reaction was instant and violent.

Every head in the hall turned toward him. Eyes widened, jaws dropped. The murmurs built like a storm.

"This man's insane," someone muttered. "Does he realize what he's saying?"

"Alex the Dunce," another sneered. "That's what they used to call him, right? Fits perfectly. Half Prussian, half slave-no brains, no blood, no worth. He's a walking error!"

Laughter rippled through the hall-cruel, sharp, echoing off the marble walls.

The Baroness's hand trembled as she reached for a bottle of wine. Then, with a

roar, she hurled it straight at Alex. The glass exploded against his head, red liquid splattering across his collar like blood.

"You dog of Saint-Claire!" she screamed, her voice shaking with fury. "You dare speak of citizenship here? You don't even know your place!" "What do you think people will say? What will the other baronesses call me if they find out I approved a half-slave?" the Baroness roared, her voice echoing through the hall.

"Never! Even on my deathbed, I will never give you that approval! Go-divorce my granddaughter and crawl back to the Rosenheim family. Return to your masters where you belong! Don't you dare stand here again!"

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 443[1,167 words]

Around two decades ago, Baroness Wolfsbane was overjoyed when her daughter was chosen for the Prussian Government's Seeding Project.

It was a national program-part science, part eugenics-designed to engineer the next generation of leaders.

The state selected women of noble blood, perfect beauty, exceptional intellect, and, above all, untouched purity. Only the finest could be accepted.

The men? They came from the highest ranks-the King, the Generals, the Dukes. Sometimes Counts or Marquises, but never below.

Their seed was considered sacred, a genetic investment in the Empire's future.

When Felicia Wolfsbane was accepted and later became pregnant, the Baroness could barely contain her pride.

The law forbade anyone from revealing the donor's name, not even the mother or child were allowed to speak it aloud before the state permitted it—but everyone in the Wolfsbane household whispered the same rumor:

'Sofina's father had to be of Count blood, at least.'

That meant Sofina was born for greatness.

She was supposed to marry into a noble line—preferably a Count's son—to elevate the Wolfsbane name even higher.

Then came the scandal.

Three years ago, Sofina had defied them all.

Out of love—love of all things—she married Heinrich. Just a civilian with nothing but his name.

The Baroness nearly had a stroke when she heard it.

And now? Heinrich had become one of the leading minds in artificial intelligence—his name echoed through every research lab and corporate boardroom in Winchester.

Companies were fighting to recruit him, and even noble families were competing to claim ties to his work.

Rumors spread like wildfire: the King himself was preparing to grant him a Baron's title in recognition of his breakthroughs.

But before that honor could ever be sealed, Heinrich had divorced Sofina.

And now Sofina had returned with a new husband.

Alexander Saint-Claire.

Half slave.

The Wolfsbane family was livid. They wanted him gone—exiled, erased, anything. Alex was a disgrace in their eyes.

He had once been married to Katarina Rosenheim, the powerful Baron family whose influence stretched through half of Winchester.

But the marriage ended in scandal and disgrace.

The Rosenheims didn't take betrayal lightly. They sent word through every noble house in the country:

Any noble who dares to grant Alex Saint-Claire citizenship will be treated as our enemy.

If Alex ever managed to gain citizenship, he could legally reclaim the lost Saint- Claire noble title—and with it, every ancestral estate and fortune that came with the name.

That possibility alone was enough to drive the Rosenheims mad. They'd kill anyone who dared to help him.

And yet, here he was-standing before the Wolfsbane family, asking Baroness Wolfsbane herself for sponsorship.

One signature from her could grant him citizenship... and ignite an all-out war between two noble houses.

"You bastard!" The Baroness hissed. "Are you here to celebrate my birthday, or to drag my family into a blood feud with the Rosenheims?!"

Sofina Scheinwald,-using the name Scheinwald, like all children born from the government's Seeding Program-rushed forward.

The Scheinwald meant Illusory Forest, a placeholder for those whose true fathers were classified by the state.

"Grandmother, please," Sofina begged, clutching Alex's arm. "Alexander didn't mean any disrespect. Please forgive him."

She tried to pull Alex aside, but the room was already buzzing with scorn.

From across the table, her cousin Annabella Wolfsbane's voice sliced through the air.

"Look at him, Sofina," she sneered.

"That piece of trash you call a

husband My fiancé, Baron Nikolaus Kruger, hasar even married me yet, and he's already gifted Grandmother something worth half a million dollars."

FindNovels

"Meanwhile, your half-blood nobody shows up empty-handed-and has the audacity to beg for citizenship? What's next? He wants to burn the Wolfsbane name by provoking the Rosenheim?"

Nikolaus leaned back in his chair, smirking.

"Sofina, please divorce him. You'd be doing your family-and him—a favor. A disgrace like that doesn't belong here or anywhere on the Prussia."

Nikolaus had been in love with Sofina since they were teenagers. Every time he tried to get close, she pushed him away-and every rejection burned deeper than the last.

And yet, she had chosen him-the half-slave.

To Nikolaus and the entire Wolfsbane line, that wasn't love.

That was treason.

"Yes! He's a disgrace to this family!" someone added sharply.

"You mongrel named Alex," Felicia said coolly, her tone dripping with disdain. "We'll grant you citizenship-but only if you divorce Sofina. What's your answer?"

"You can kill me if you want," Alex said. "But you'll never make me leave her. Until Sofina stops loving me, I'll love her until my last breath."

A storm crossed Baroness Wolfsbane's face. Her eyes darkened, her voice roared.

"You ungrateful dog! A worthless parasite feeding off my granddaughter's kindness! Security-get him out! I don't want that man anywhere near my birthday banquet!"

Alex exhaled slowly, shoulders heavy. "Sofina," he murmured, "I'll take a walk."

"I'm coming with you," she said, standing instantly.

"Sit down!" the Baroness snapped. "If you walk out that door, you're no longer my granddaughter. Take that half-blood beggar with you-and never come back!"

Felicia's tone turned sharp, her voice slicing through the room. "Sofina! Remember your promise you said one year!"

Sofina froze. She stared at her grandmother and mother, disbelief in her eyes.

The people she had loved most now looked like strangers.

"Stay," Alex said quietly. "Don't worry about me. I've already lived through worse. Three years of humiliation from Katarina's family hardened me. Nothing anyone says can break me now."
FindNovels

Before Sofina could speak, he turned and walked toward the door.

Laughter followed him. Cruel, mocking.

Nikolaus's voice cut through the laughter. "Hey, mutt with the Saint-Claire name!"

he shouted.

"Leaving empty-handed? What's for dinner-trash or charity? Maybe start barking outside I'll throw you a few coins to keep you fed!"

The room erupted in laughter-harsh, heartless.

Alex left the Wolfsbane mansion and stepped into the street.

He hadn't gone far when a man hurried up to him, head bowed low.

"My lord," the man said. "We've secured a Count. He's agreed to sponsor your citizenship."

Alex studied him. "By what-by bribery?"

The man laughed. "Not exactly. He's a penniless Count, buried in debts from our illegal casinos. If he refuses, we...cut him loose. He'll sign or lose his head." Alex let a smile cross his face. "Tell him to sign, then. I'll spare him."

The man tapped a bracelet on his wrist and spoke into it. Within a minute, Alex's bracelet flashed.

Alex watched numbers and symbols scroll over its face—an official seal, a legal registry update.

The device chimed. He read the line that made his chest surge: Prussian citizen Marquis Saint-Claire.

Logan's family had once held the Marquis title—a lineage surrounded by power, envy, and enemies. But now, Alex carried that name and title on his own

shoulders.

"My lord," the man said, bowing even lower. "All of our Kingswell properties and assets can now be legally placed under your name, One of them is the Eden Company-four top bolding and there are hundreds of other subsidiaries ready to be transferred as well." FindNovels

"Good," Alex said. "Soon I'll open the path for the Kingswell people to take

citizenship on Prussia. Then we reclaim Saint-Claire property. Let's start with Katarina Rosenheim."

"We've got a thousand Kingsley units and ten thousand specially armed drones ready," the man said, voice low and urgent. "How do you want them deployed?" Alex smiled, slow and certain. "I don't need an army," he said. "I'll do it myself."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 444[1,269 words]

Three years earlier, Alex was on his knees in the cold marble hall of the Rosenheim mansion, pressed down by a trio of chrome robots and a pale-faced servant.

The light from the chandelier carved hard lines across his face. The machines made no sound but their grips were insistently mechanical.

"Who are you, thief?" Otto Rosenheim barked, stepping forward. "Why are you trespassing on this property?"

Alex kept his chin up. "I'm Alexander Saint-Claire," he said. "Son of Logan Saint- Claire. I believe this property belongs to my family."

Otto let out a short, incredulous laugh. "You say you're the child of Logan Saint- Claire?"

"Yes." Alex's voice didn't waver. "The blood test proved it. The Prussian Government hospital ran it."

With deliberate calm, Alex tapped the three-dimensional bracelet on his wrist and the document bloomed in a pale hologram. He pushed it toward Otto.

Otto's eyes flicked over the projection as if it were a curious insect.

"So you claim the Marquis Saint-Claire's estate," he said slowly, savoring the words. "Interesting."

"Yes." Alex swallowed.

Otto's laugh was sharp and cruel, echoing through the hall like a crack of a whip.

"Maybe if Logan himself rode through that door, we'd hand it all back on a silver platter," he sneered. "But you-" he jabbed a finger at Alex, venom in his tone, "— you're half-blood, aren't you? Xia blood running through your veins."

He took a step closer, eyes burning with disgust.

"Do you even know what that means here? It makes you filth. A servant. A dog born to obey. In Prussia, your kind doesn't own land-you serve the ones who do."

His lip curled in mock pity.

"So tell me, boy, what gives you the right to stand in my house and claim anything as yours?"

Alex's jaw tightened in silence.

Otto circled him like a predator. "Listen, lad. I knew Logan once. We were close- children running over these grounds."

He paused, then smiled with the cruelty of a man offering poison. "I'll make you an offer. Marry my daughter, Katarina Rosenheim. She's the finest match in this house. Marry her, stay here, and we'll let you keep your head-and a roof."

Alex glanced at the robots and then at the servant. He read the motion in Otto's eyes: the promise folded inward to a threat.

Refuse, and those mechanics would obey another order.

"So," Alex said, low and careful, "you'll give me Katarina if I stay. Thank you— father-in-law, I suppose."

"Excellent." Otto clapped his hands together, the sound sharp and smug. He turned toward the adjoining room, his boots echoing across the marble floor.

From beyond the crack, voices leaked through a conversation never meant to be heard.

Most men would've missed it.

But Alex's hearing was ten times sharper than ordinary, every whisper as clear as if the speakers stood beside him.

Katarina's voice burst out like breaking glass. "I will never marry such a lowlife!"

"Katarina, listen," Otto snapped. "We are not the legal owners of the Saint-Claire lands. We care for them. We were once servants to that family. This can't last. We must secure what's ours."

"By marrying that-thing?" she spat.

"Yes." Otto's voice was cold, clinical. "He is not fully Prussian. He has no right to inherit. For him to claim the estate he must marry a Prussian woman, live under Prussian law for three years, and receive approval from a noble baron. Only then would his claim be legal."

"Then what do you want, Father?" Katarina snapped.

Otto leaned in, eyes like hammered steel. "You marry him for three years," he said, voice flat as a blade. "After three full years, Katarina, you'll be legally tied to the Saint-Claire name and the estate becomes yours. After that, we remove him. You inherit everything. You run this house."

He shrugged, cruel and casual. "Treat him like a mutt - keep him in the servants' quarters, feed him kitchen scraps. He's just come from Xia; he knows nothing of our ways."

Silence dropped between them like a heavy curtain. Katarina drew a slow, steady breath, her eyes narrowing as she turned toward the door. Then, with the soft rustle of silk, she began to walk away.

"Three years for the Saint-Claire property," she said, her voice cold and measured. "Fine. It's worth it."

"Good," Otto said, satisfied. "Put a smile on your face. Let that fool think he's won something."

"I will—if you make sure he's insured and that I get the payout when he's gone." Her voice was cold business, the kind that closed deals and buried men.

Otto trailed behind her, whispering, "Agreed."

She swept from the room and found Alex still on his knees in the hall, metal hands at his shoulders, robots poised like statues.

"You're lucky," she said, the words a sting.

"People have begged to marry me. I've always said no. You-" she laughed softly, cruel and warm at once, "-you're a lucky dog. Live like a dog. I'll feed you well."

And so the next month was simple and savage: Alex was treated like a dog.

He slept in a small, damp room by the garden—a space so lowly even the servants refused to use it.

He ate whatever scraps were tossed his way, bowed when spoken to, and moved through the mansion with the quiet obedience of someone born to servitude.

The Rosenheim household watched him like spectators at a cruel play—half in cruelty, half in amusement.

One night, Alex slipped out through the servant's gate. The moon cut the garden into black and silver.

He walked down an empty street that smelled of coal and wet stone.

Five figures stepped out of the shadows.

They dropped to their knees in unison, their movements sharp and practiced. The oldest spoke, his voice roughened by years of smoke and grit.

"Your Majesty," he said, bowing his head low. "We are the Kingswell-frontline men, from Estoria to Prussia. We live to serve."

Alex lifted a hand, a small motion meant to stop the absurdity. "We're on a mission. Don't call me king or 'majesty.' You'll draw attention."

The men glanced at one another, "Then may we call you Young Master?"

Most of them were older than Alex by years.

"Fine. Call me whatever you like," Alex said, terse. He scanned them-stiff shoulders, hands that had worked for years, ragged coats. "Now show me who runs this i this place Who's the boss, the gangster?"

The five men straightened, a raw pride in their posture.

"We'll guide you," the oldest said. "We've been in Prussia few years now-working illegal, sleeping in alleys, sending reports back to our homeland. We know the lanes the men with knives, the ones who keep the city's money moving. We can take you to them."

Alex nodded.

They stopped in a narrow, ragged corner of the slums where the air hung thick with oil and rot.

The streetlights flickered like dying stars. One of the Kingswell men blew out the name as if it were a warning.

"The boss here is Jack Chambers," he said. "He runs people-trafficking, drugs, and illegal sims. He sells virtual sex so real it steals a life He forces people to keep producing some chemical-makes users feel heaven while it drains them dry."

Alex stood before a heavy iron door, scarred and rusted. "So I kill everyone inside and we will control everything, right?" he asked, voice flat.

"Yes." The Kingswell answered in a single, low chorus.

"Young Master, we can pick the lock," one offered, fingers twitching like men used to metal and patience.

"No need." Alex stepped forward.

"Do you have the key code?" another asked, cautious.

Alex let a slow smile cut across his face. "Better," he said. "I have bad manners."

He planted his boot and sent the iron door flying from its hinges—metal screamed, bolts shredded, a spray of rust dusted the floor. He didn't care about wrecking the place;

'We are all equal in the dark.'

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 445[1,370 words]

The flying iron door crashed back and crushed two thugs who'd been waiting with rifles, their bodies folding like paper under cold iron.

An alarm split the night. "Enemy attack!" someone screamed. The room filled with men reaching for laser pistols, faces hard with surprise and fury.

It was what war looked like in alleys-fast, ugly, inevitable. But Alex was faster.

He moved like a blade: precise, brutal. Men went down with snapped bones and gasps.

Weapons clattered and sparked across the wet stones. He didn't hesitate.

He broke wrists, snapped arms, tore men off their feet. The fight was a series of short, sharp sentences-strike, fall, breathe.

From the back of the room Jack Chambers appeared, a bull of a man with a grin that smelled of oil and money.

Beside him stood a hulking iron robot, bristling with guns and menace.

"You think you walk in here and take my turf?" Jack growled. "You bastard-do you want to die? Meet my guard: the latest model. It can crush a hundred men without breaking a sweat-"

Jack never finished.

Alex lunged. With one hand he slammed into the robot's core.

Metal arms tore and sparks flew; the machine's frame folded like a wounded animal and slammed into the wall, sending concrete tasting the floor.

Jack's confident grin snapped into confusion.

"Did you say something?" Alex asked, cold and close.

Jack's face went white. He dropped to his knees so fast it looked like an act. "No -no, sir. Welcome home, boss. Tell me what you want me to do. I will do it with my life."

After that night nothing was the same. Each week Alex walked with the Kingswell through the city's underside.

"Young Master," Jack said as he followed Alex down the narrow alley.

"This territory belongs to one of the toughest gangs in the city. Most of them are illegal immigrants from Xia. They call themselves cultivators-people who use breathing techniques and focus heaven and earth energy to harden their bodies. They're stronger than machines. Are you sure you want to take them on?"

Alex didn't even look back. "Sure," he said, walking straight toward a run-down gambling den glowing with red neon.

Two guards stood at the door, both sleeveless and built like fighters. One raised a brow. "You here to gamble?"

Alex smiled. "No. I'm here to take over this gang."

The words hit like a gunshot.

"You-!" the man snapped, dropping into a fighting stance. But before either of them could move, an invisible pressure slammed into them.

Their eyes rolled back, and they collapsed to the ground, unconscious.

Jack froze, his breath caught in disbelief. He'd seen robot soldiers torn apart by

these fighters, machines built for war reduced to scrap in seconds. These people fought like engines of flesh and fury-cold, precise, unstoppable.

And now, one of the gang's strongest guards lay sprawled on the ground, unconscious-taken out without Alex even lifting a finger.

Alex pushed the door open and stepped inside.

The den was alive with noise-cards snapping, dice rolling, men laughing through smoke.

He let his energy flare just enough to sense the strongest presence in the building. His eyes narrowed toward the back room.

He walked through the hall.

A guard tried to stop him. "Sir, this area's restricted—"

Before the man could finish, he dropped, unconscious like the others.

Alex opened the last door. Inside, a middle-aged man worked over floating 3D data projections. He turned sharply, frowning. "Who the hell are you?"

"I'm here to take this gang under my control," Alex said calmly.

"Taking my place?" The man laughed, rising to his full height. His voice dripped arrogance. "Do you even know who I am?"

"No," he said evenly. "But here's the real question-do you know who I am?"

"Bastard!" the man roared, thrusting his fist forward. A shockwave rippled through the air, charged with raw inner energy. "Die!"

The blow connected with Alex's chest-but the moment it did, the man's expression twisted in horror.

His energy vanished into Alex like water swallowed by the sea. Then, just as quickly, it rebounded-amplified-ripping through his own arm and exploding inside his body.

He flew backward, slamming into the far wall with a crash that shook the floor. Blood splattered across the tiles.

The man gasped, his face pale, body trembling. "A... a grand master..."

He fell to his knees, coughing blood. "I am Jamie Lee," he stammered. "Welcome, Grand Master. Please take this place. It's yours."

Jack stood in the doorway, stunned.

He had expected Jamie Lee-the infamous cultivator from Xia-to stand his ground.

Instead, the man had been crushed in a single move. Jack exhaled slowly, the shock heavy in his chest.

So much for the great Jamie Lee, he thought. The legend just bowed like a servant.

From that night forward, Alex and his men moved through the city like wolves in winter-cold, relentless, and precise. One by one, they

dismantled the undercity

gang

bosses, smugglers, mafia heads, and black-market lords. No one stood for long. FindNovels

No den was safe. With every raid, they grew bolder; with every fallen thug, they climbed another rung of power.

No law could touch them, and no amount of money could buy them off. Their reach spread through the alleys and ports, through gambling dens and weapon rings, until the slums began to whisper their name in fear.

A year after carving out the biggest share of the underworld, Alex sat in a city that stank of power, blood, and paper money.

He had burned through half the syndicates, but the rest were no longer gangs- they were institutions.

Their leaders sat at banquets with generals, shook hands with ministers, and smiled for cameras next to nobles in pressed uniforms. They ran charity foundations by day and weapons shipments by night.

These weren't men you arrested. They were men whose names appeared in government contracts and whose sons wore military badges.

Their payrolls funded election campaigns; their "donations" built hospitals that laundered millions. They were the invisible bloodstream of the nation-dirty money keeping clean systems alive.

Alex understood the math of it.

You touch one of them, you don't start a gang war-you trigger a national crisis. The police would call you a terrorist. The military would call it an insurgency. And the news would say you disappeared.

Those bosses wore medals. Their crimes wore laws.

So he sat still. For now.

Because to move against them too soon wasn't strategy-it was suicide.

"It's time we go legal," Alex said. "We build a company. A clean face for what we've become. We hire our people under law, not shadow."

He looked at the men around him, the Kingswell-hard, loyal, men who'd followed him through alleys and fires.

"We need a new banner - something to split our work cleanly," Alex said.

"What'll you call it, Young Master?" one of them asked.

"What will you call it, Young Master?" one of them asked.

He paused, choosing like a man choosing the edge of a knife.

"Kingsley," he said at last, his voice low and deliberate. "Or King-slayer-it means those who kill in service of the king. One part of use

will wear suits and walk in the light. The other will carry knives and move through the dark."

to FindNovels

"We'll build Eden Company," Alex said, voice calm and steady. "That'll be the legal

face-payroll, contracts, licenses. Everything aboveboard."

He looked at the men around him.

"Kingswell handles the paperwork, the public faces, and the protection that keeps the business clean. Kingsley stays underground-muscle nightwork enforcement. One side signs the checks; the other side makes sure the checks can be cashed." FindNovels

He who plays both sides never loses.

From that moment Alex poured every scrap of wit and cunning he had into

building Eden.

He hired lawyers who didn't ask too many questions, shell men who smiled when money moved, accountants who knew how to make blood look like profit.

He walked between two worlds-balancing clean ledgers by day and drawing

blood by night.

In the sunlight, he was a successful businessman. In the shadows, he was the feared boss of the underworld.

And in between—beneath the suit and the power—he was still just the Rosenheims' dog.

Every man has two faces, one he shows the world and one he hides.

Back in the present, the taxi ground to a halt. Alex stepped out onto a familiar

street and looked up at the Rosenheim mansion.

Three years ago this place had kept him on his knees, fed him scraps, and called

him a dog.

He had promised himself he'd destroy them—and now that day had finally come. Patience and time - two of the greatest warriors.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 446[1,409 words]

Alex walked the long gravel drive toward the Rosenheim Mansion, his footsteps echoing against the iron gates that guarded the estate.

Two military-grade androids stepped forward, their movements crisp and synchronized.

"Sir Alex," one said. "You are advised not to enter this residence."

Three years ago, those same machines would've opened fire the moment they saw him. But time-and skill-had changed everything.

For three long years, Alex had lived like a dog under Rosenheim's roof-tolerated, watched, and barely human in their eyes.

But while they looked down on him, he worked in silence. Bit by bit, line by line, he slipped into their systems, rewrote their code, and bent the mansion's sentinels to his will.

Now, the same machines built to protect the Rosenheims could obey him with a single word.

Yet Alex never gave the order. He let them stand there, loyal and silent- pretending nothing had changed.

"Tell me the reason."

The android tilted its head slightly, sensors whirring as it spoke. "Master Otto issued standing orders three years ago," it said.

"But after your separation from Miss Katarina, those orders were expanded. Additional android units and security cameras have been installed throughout the estate."

"Every camera is active and linked to the central station. If you commit any harmful act toward the Rosenheim family, it will be reported instantly."

"Your citizenship could be canceled permanently. Given your current stance, my recommendation is that you refrain from hostile actions-for your own future's sake, Master Alex."

Alex stayed silent for a long moment. The android was right-and he knew it. In Prussia, someone like him, half-Prussian and half-outsider, never truly belonged.

Citizenship was a privilege, not a right. One wrong move, one accusation, and the government could tear it away without a second thought.

That was why Alex had swallowed his pride and stayed silent for three long years, no matter how deep their insults cut or how far they pushed him.

And clearly, the Rosenheims had been ready for this moment all along—waiting for the day he'd come back.

He turned away, his coat flaring slightly in the wind, and lifted off into the sky.

In Estoria, he was a king—untouchable, above the law.

But in Prussia, he was just another name on a list. A "new citizen" under surveillance.

Watched. Judged. Controlled.

When he landed on his penthouse, he moved quickly—through the quiet halls, down a hidden corridor, into an unmarked elevator.

The doors slid shut, and then it sank deep underground.

At the bottom level, a heavy door opened into a cold, humming chamber. The walls glowed faintly blue. A massive machine stood in the center, alive with quiet energy.

Alex stepped up to the console and pressed his hand to the scanner. The screen flickered to life—and three faces appeared in a grid of static and light.

Samuel. Keaton. Logan.

"How's the report from Estoria?" Alex said. "Let's start with you, Logan."

"Your Majesty," Logan's voice came through the screen, steady but charged with pride.

"Three years ago, you slipped an entire vault of data through Kingswell. With Bella's IQ breaking two-fifty, she used it to build a new communications system—something beyond the Prussian quantum links."

"Faster. Smarter. Untouchable. Within a year, she completed the neutrino channel. Those ghost particles can move through anything—undetectable, unstoppable. Even the Prussian scanners can't trace them."

He paused, letting the weight of his words sink in. "That breakthrough made Prussia blind to our communications. And with your Eden Company quietly diverting their data streams for the past two years, we've been siphoning Prussian technology straight into Estoria—piece by piece, byte by byte."

"Our industries have been copying, improving, and rebuilding everything we can get our hands on," Logan continued.

"We're catching up fast. With Bella's mind leading the way, we're close to breaking past Prussian tech entirely. Give us a decade, and we'll have it spread through every citizen."

"Good," Alex said. His voice was low, steady. "Samuel, how are things on the ground?"

"Your Majesty," Samuel replied, his face appearing on the next screen. "You gave us that cultivation method-you said it came from the Xia. We've implemented it among both soldiers and civilians. The results are astounding. Health, stamina, mental clarity-all up nearly fivefold."

Alex's eyes narrowed. "That's only the surface level. What I gave you wasn't the true Xia method. It came from refugees who escaped their homeland and become immigrants on Prussia."

"They learn that thing from childhood in their schools. What we have is just the foundation. Someday, I'll visit the Xia's Country myself and take the full system. Their techniques are too valuable to leave behind."

Samuel straightened. "Sire, we owe you. Without that cultivation, Estoria wouldn't be where it is now. I used to think we were advanced-strong even. But compared to Xia, we were blind."

"Keaton?" Alex prompted.

"I'm overseeing internal security across every state," Keaton reported, his tone steady but laced with exhaustion.

"Since the rollout of new cultivation

methods and advanced technology, crime has surged. People are abusing their enhancements
mover

personal gain-robberies, black-market trades, even

underground duels. I've tightened enforcement and stabilized most regions. If we can maintain this momentum, Estoria will rise to heights it's never seen before." FindNovels

Alex nodded slowly. "Good work. I'll depend on all of you. Remember this-the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams. Raise our country from the dust, and make it stronger than ever."

"Yes, Your Majesty," they replied in unison, their voices firm, echoing with conviction through the comm line before the screen faded to black.

Silence filled the room-thick, electric.

Then his 3D bracelet lit up with a soft pulse. A message from Sofina appeared in glowing text across his wrist display:

"Alex, where are you? Please come home."

He'd promised her a year. One full year in the Wolfsbane territory. A year of stillness in a life built on chaos-a fragile peace in the eye of a storm. "Sofina..." he whispered under his breath. "Does my heart really love her...?"

'The heart has its reasons which reason does not know.'

"Sir," came the calm, mechanical voice of his onboard AI, breaking through the silence. "Governor Logan is requesting a connection."

"Patch him through," Alex said. "What is it, Logan?"

Logan hesitated, then spoke carefully. "I've taken Bella in as my adopted daughter. She's more Prussian in her mindset than the Prussians themselves."

Alex's tone softened slightly. "And...?"

"Well," Logan exhaled, "with your permission, told Bella years ago that you were still alive. But I said you were deep undercover on the Kingswell mission in

Prussia unable to be contacted for

a long while. She misses you, sir. Badly." FindNovels

For a moment, Alex didn't answer. The silence said enough.

He'd spent years chasing the ghosts of his parents, trying to piece together his past. If he'd let go of that obsession... maybe he would've married Bella by now.

Maybe they'd have a family. A life.

"What did you tell her?" he finally asked.

"I told her that once Estoria rises higher than Prussia," Logan said, "then she'll

see you again."

Alex gave a faint nod. "That's... good."

Logan gave a sharp laugh. "Good? Hardly. She swore she'd make it happen within five years. And honestly-she might. That girl's terrifying."

'To meet is hard, to part is harder.'

Alex leaned back, a weary smile ghosting over his face. "Logan, If she ever finds

a good man, someone who wants a real family-help her. Maybe she'll forget

about me."

Logan smirked, shaking his head. "You still underestimate her, don't you?"

"She told me every man she's met in Estoria is an idiot. Said she'll only marry you, or the man behind Eden Company from Prussia-the one who speaks to her only through voice communication. The only man she truly respects."

He paused, eyes narrowing with amusement. "Which, of course... is also you."

Alex didn't respond. He kept his secrets buried deep.

Sometimes he spoke to Bella directly-using synthetic voice filters, no visuals. It was the only way to share sensitive research between Prussia and Estoria.

The data flowed both ways: advanced Prussian designs from him, and Bella's groundbreaking innovations in return. Her mind was razor-sharp, rivaling even Prussia's top scientists.

Their conversations-pure, intellectual fire-had become the quiet bond neither dared name.

He'd never planned for her to fall in love with the ghost behind the voice.

Yet somehow, she had.

Logan chuckled, his voice light but

knowing. "From what I can tell, no matter where you run, Bella will

always find you. She's even working

regeneration

on perfecting machine trying to make sure she

can live at least two hundred years." FindNovels

Alex laughed under his breath. "Let's hope not," he said dryly. "I'm not the kind of man who plans to live that long."

He wasn't joking. Danger followed him like a shadow; longevity had never been part of his fate.

Man is born to fight; happiness is the rest between battle.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 447[1,338 words]

The Wolfsbane Mansion loomed in the distance. But Alex didn't head for the grand entrance.

Instead, he made his way to a smaller, weather-worn house tucked at the far-right wing of the estate-a place most people had forgotten existed.

Inside, chaos roared. The small house was alive with anger-the kind that had been brewing for years.

Sofina Scheinwald stood in the middle of it. Across from her, her mother Felicia raged, while her stepfather Albert and her half-sister Pauline hurled words like stones.

"Alex Saint-Claire-that loser! He's an embarrassment! If you don't divorce him now, your father might disown you! And your grandmother? She'll kick you out form here! Have you learned nothing from your mistake with Heinrich?"

Sofina didn't flinch. "Father will never disown me, you know, I am his only daughter. And I don't care about Grandmother."

"You-!" Felicia's hands trembled, her voice rising with fury.

"What's so special about that half-slave? Why can't you divorce him and marry Count Gustav? If you marry Gustav Klein, our entire family could finally hold our heads high!"

Albert joined in. "Your mother's right, Sofina! If you marry Gustav, we'll finally be back where we belong. Your grandmother will welcome you again-welcome all of us. We could move back to the main estate, live with dignity instead of rotting in this goddamn barn!"

"Enough." Sofina's voice cut through the air, cold and sharp. "Say whatever you want—I'm not divorcing Alex."

Her stepsister Pauline shot up from the couch, face flushed, eyes burning with rage. "God, Sofina, stop being such an asshole!"

"Because of you, we're stuck here suffering while the whole family laughs at us! My friends at school make fun of me every damn day-what more do you want? You've turned my whole life into hell! Stop thinking only about yourself! You're such a selfish bitch!"

"What's all the yelling about?" Alex stepped into the living room, his expression calm, almost bored. He stretching his arms with a lazy yawn. "Can't even get a moment of peace in this damn house."

Every face in the room turned toward him-glaring, hostile, burning with resentment.

"I thought you were already dead somewhere, you useless loser," his mother-in-law, Felicia, snapped, crossing her arms as her lips curled into a sneer. "Why are you even here? Get out of this house. You have no place here."

Alex nodded and took Sofina's hand, "My dear wife, if they're going to keep barking, maybe we should take the hint. They clearly don't want us here—so let's leave."

Sofina blinked, stunned. For a heartbeat, she didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He'd just handed her an escape—one she'd never dared to take before.

"You're right," she said quietly. "If my own mother doesn't want us here, we will walk out."

Felicia's face twisted with anger. "See that?!" she snapped. "He walks in here a minute and already turns you against your own family!"

Alex lowered his head, pretending humility, his tone dripping with false regret. "Mother," he said softly, "I'm sorry for the trouble I've caused today."

"Mother? Don't call me that. I don't want a son-in-law like you!" Felicia barked a bitter laugh.

"You're a disaster! You've dragged this family down long enough. Have some decency-get out of our house before you ruin us even more! If it's money you want, I'll give it to you just divorce Sofina!"

Sofina stepped forward, her voice trembling but strong. "Mom! How can you say that? Alex is your son-in-law! If you throw him out, I'm leaving too!"

Alex gave a crooked smile, raised his middle finger at Felicia and the others, and walked toward the door without a word.

Luckily for him, the Prussians around didn't understand what that gesture meant. "Sofina!" Felicia shouted. "You promised your father you'd stay here for a year!" "I did," Sofina said coldly, "but you're the one driving me out. That means the deal's off. Goodbye." She took Alex's hand and walked out beside him.

"Wait!" Felicia barked, her eyes narrowing. "Fine. You can stay-for now." Her tone softened, but her mind was racing. If Sofina really left with him, they might never come back. That would ruin her chance to push for a divorce.

"Go back to your room before I lose my temper completely," she hissed.

Pauline leaned back on the couch, arms crossed, disgust twisting her face. "What a loser," she muttered under her breath.

Alex glanced at her, eyes glinting with mischief, and gave her a deliberate wink. "You jerk!" Pauline shot up, face flushed with fury.

"You bastard," Albert snapped as he stepped forward. "You ruined this house. Don't you have any conscience?"

Alex stopped, cold as a drawn knife. He closed the distance with a menace that made Albert falter.

"You know you're almost twice my age," Alex said quietly, each word a threat. "Lose my control because of your mouth and I might hit you-hard. With the Xia power I carry, one strike could end you. Are you sure you want to test that?"

He shoved his shoulder into Albert's chest, driving him back. Albert stumbled, eyes wide, and Alex hit the nearest iron wall so hard it groaned and left a deep dent.

"If you weren't someone, I'd already break a bone," Alex muttered, lips curling. "Too bad. Keep mocking me. See what happens to your head."

Albert went pale. He'd never expected a fight like this-his people relied on machines and androids for heavy work.

The Xia still used their bodies as weapons.

Now Albert felt the mistake of goading something dangerous and barely contained.

"Let's all stay in this house and be

decent to one another," Alex said, voice flat as a knife. "You don't know

what I'm capable of. So stop making our lives hard. Maybe you two my mother-in-law and my stepsister-could learn to cook and put food on the table for me every day. What do you think?"

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The room froze. Faces drained of color. Nobody knew whether to laugh or cry-they were just stunned at the sheer audacity.

Alex's smile widened, slow and certain-the kind of smile that stripped shame from the air. He wore shamelessness like armor and watched them shrink under it.

Felicia clenched her fists. "Sofina, take that man to your room before I do something I'll regret!"

"Don't let me stop you. Go on-since you already regret having me here, don't shy adding another regret. Let it out. Go all the way. Better to be done with it than choke on regret at your age."

Sofina grabbed his arm. "Come on." She hauled him toward the door. "Let's go- now."

Alex let her pull him toward the stairs, completely unfazed. But before disappearing from view, he turned back toward the stunned room.

"Mother-in-law," he said with a bright, mocking grin, "I love you. And you too-well, whatever bastards you all are. What a warm, loving family Truly the best gathering I've ever

f.n

had. I can't wait to put my hand on

every one of your faces."

belongs to FindNovels

Felicia's jaw dropped. Pauline's face went crimson. Even Albert looked ready to explode.

The Alex Saint-Claire they once mocked as a half-slave, a loser, a walking error—

Alex the Dunce—was gone. What stood before them now was Alex the

shameless, the ruthless, the unbreakable.

They were all on the verge of losing their minds.

Felicia, who'd only meant to make him and Sofina uncomfortable—trying to push

them toward divorce—was now the one cornered.

For the first time, she realized she might be the one to flee her own house, haunted by the monster she'd let in.

Inside the room, Sofina couldn't hold it in anymore—she burst out laughing, clutching her stomach.

Alex frowned. "What's so funny?"

"You," she said between breaths, still laughing. "Alex, you're smart—and absolutely terrible. How could you act like that in front of my family? You played

the perfect thug on purpose, didn't you?"

"You wanted to leave an impression

tole

so deep they'd think twice before mocking us again. You showed then you're not someone they can push around. If they keep it up, you might even go physical. You basically locked down every possible move they could make to break us apart. You're bad, Alex-really bad." FindNovels

Alex smiled, slow and amused. "And how did you figure all that out? Seems your

reputation as the smartest woman in Winchester wasn't a lie after all."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 448[1,423 words]

"I learned my lesson the hard way," Sofina said with a faint, defiant smile. "Heinrich wasn't smart enough to see what was coming. He just kept taking the insults, pretending silence was strength."

Alex glanced up. "From what I've seen, your mother and stepfather were born bullies. What happened to him?"

She shrugged, brushing a loose strand of hair from her face. "He broke. Couldn't take the pressure anymore. He begged me to help him, and we ended up out of this house for two whole years."

"But Alex, looking at how you walked in today, I'd say there's a sixty percent chance my mother and her husband will be the ones packing their bags this time."

"Well, when they go low, we go high." Alex smirked as he straightened the bed sheets. "I'm not out to kick anyone out of their own home. I just want peace. All I'm doing is sending a message: don't push me, don't mock me, and nothing bad will happen. But if they try-believe me-they'll regret it."

Sofina chuckled. "You've never been bullied before, have you?"

"Once," Alex said quietly. His eyes drifted, lost in memory. "And I swore it'd never happen again. In every man sleeps a beast."

"Alex," Sofina called from her bed across the room. The twin beds sat three meters apart-her mother's idea, a deliberate distance to keep them from getting too close.

"My grandmother wants me to go back to work for the Wolfsbane family business," she said softly. "Would you come with me?"

"No," he replied. "You've already got Eve to help you. As for me, this is my first real taste of freedom from Rosenheim. I'm going to enjoy it while it lasts. Find a job that's mine, something I actually want to do."

She smiled and hugged Eve gently. "You're smart, Alex. You built Eve-people would pay a fortune to have you."

He let out a dry laugh. "Life's not that simple. I'm half Prussian-an immigrant. People judge me before I open my mouth. The high-tier jobs go to pureblood nobles."

"The rest of us pick up the scraps. But don't worry, I'll manage. I'll find something steady enough to feed us both. You won't have to lift a finger. Just... enjoy your life."

"Alex, I'll try to find a noble who can grant you citizenship," Sofina said softly. "Once you have it, you can start earning your own money."

Alex shook his head. "Don't worry about that. My father's friend already offered to help. But since he's the one who gave me the penthouse, that deal already covered his debt to my family."

"He's done enough. If I ask for more, it could put him at odds with the

Rosenheims, and he's a decent man. I won't do that to him. I'll find my own way, Sofina. I'll handle my own problems."

"So independent," she said with a half-smile. "Like a real man should be. Still, you can ask me for anything. I'll help if I can."

Alex turned to her suddenly. "Actually, there's something you can do for me." Her eyes lit up. "What is it?"

He lifted his bracelet, activating a three-dimensional screen that shimmered in the air. With a few quick taps, data flickered across the light. A moment later, Sofina's device chimed softly.

She blinked. "You... transferred me money?" Her voice trembled in disbelief. Three years with Heinrich, and not once had she received a cent from him.

"Yes," Alex said. "It's not much, but it's everything the Saint-Claire family has left. My father gave it to me years ago."

"But since I haven't been a full Prussian citizen, the account's been frozen. I can't touch it. So I moved it to you instead. You can use it freely. We're married now- my money is your money."

Sofina stared at the screen, stunned. "Alex... this is a million dollars."

He nodded calmly. "It's all that Logan managed to save when he fled during the tragedy. That money's been sitting useless in Xia ever since."

Sofina looked at him with wide, conflicted eyes. "You can't just give me all your money. What if I took it and left you? What if I divorced you? You need to keep it for yourself, for when you get your citizenship back."

Alex's gaze unwavering. "If you ever decide to leave, then that's your choice. But until then, I trust you completely."

"Whatever happens, I'll face it when it comes. I won't doubt you, Sofina. Doubt creates problems that don't even exist yet, and I'm not letting that happen."

She stared at him, her voice quieter. "You'll never regret that?"

Alex smiled faintly. "When you start a business, you go all in and let fate play its hand. Life's a gamble-ups, downs, it's all part of the ride. Love hard, play hard."

Sofina let out a soft laugh. "You're impossible. At least tell me if you want something. I'll buy it for you."

"Great," Alex said with a grin. "Then I need a few things. A couple of good dresses for my wife, jewelry for that bare neck and those lonely fingers, and whatever skincare makes her glow. Anything that makes her happy-I need all of that."

Sofina froze for a moment, her heart tightening.

Then she slipped out of her bed, walked over, and wrapped her arms around him from behind. Her cheeks flushed red as she whispered, "Thank you, Alex."

He turned and pulled her close, his voice low and sincere. "No, thank you. Having

a woman like you as my wife... that's not luck—it's a blessing."

Silence filled the room. Sofina's eyes stung, tears threatening to spill.

She remembered Heinrich—those long, hollow years where she gave everything, loved with all she had, and got nothing in return. But with Alex, was different. She didn't have to chase or beg for love. It was simply there, steady and real. FindNovels

For the first time, life felt easy. Peaceful. Meaningful.

"Alex," she murmured, "you sound so certain about us."

"Certainty's for fools and gamblers," he said, eyes half-open.

"So, which one are you?" she whispered.

"The fool who bets like a gambler."

Sofina smiled faintly. "You really think love's worth gambling everything on?"

"Of course," Alex said, calm and sure. "It's only stupid if you lose."

"And if you do?" she asked softly.

"Simple," Alex replied with a tired grin. "Then I'll bluff my way into Heaven."

Sofina laughed under her breath. "You're impossible." She leaned in and wrapped her arms around him.

Alex closed his eyes, still holding her close. His breathing slowed, warmth settling between them as sleep finally took him.

To him, loving someone meant giving everything, no fear, no hesitation.

Doubt was like a sickness—it killed love before betrayal ever could. And even if betrayal came, a man still had to smile.

The next morning Alex woke before dawn and set about making breakfast for Sofina.

He moved with quiet purpose, flipping eggs and warming bread, the little domestic ritual steadying him.

Felicia marched into the kitchen, hands on her hips. "What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"Preparing breakfast," Alex answered, without looking up.

"Are you trying to poison us? Get out of my kitchen," Felicia snapped.

A knife slipped from Alex's grip. It

spun once in the air and cut a breath from the room as it sailed past

Felicia's face—missing by

inches—and slammed into the

plaster with a hollow clang

belongs to FindNovels

"I'm sorry," Alex said, heart pounding. "I lost my grip. I didn't hear you. I'm—"

"You jerk!" Felicia's voice broke with rage. Her legs shook. "Get out of this house."

Alex straightened. "Fine. I'll bring Sofina out—if you give me permission." Felicia's face went beet-red. She couldn't figure a way to force him, not without making a scene she'd lose.

Albert stepped forward. "How dare you touch our kitchen set."

The knife whipped past Albert's face, missing by just a few inches. He stumbled

back, eyes wide, as if the steel itself had bitten him.

"You asked us to stay," Alex said, voice hard. "So here we are. If you want us gone, say it. Don't make us guess I can't live like this walking on eggshells every hour Tell me do you want us to stay or not?" FindNovels

Felicia and Albert's faces burned with fury and embarrassment. The house had never felt this small.

They had wanted a show of authority; instead it looked like they'd backed themselves into a corner.

"You bastard," Felicia spat. "If I don't remind you who owns this house, you'll start acting like you do."

"Security robot-now!" she bellowed.

The android slid into the kitchen, chrome joints whispering. "Yes, Mistress," it intoned, flat and obedient.

"Grab him," Felicia snapped. "Drag him into the garden and whip him ten times- make him howl."

"Yes, Mistress." The robot's arm snapped out. A low hum crawled along the coils as blue light flared-taser aimed at target, silent and ready to strike.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 449[1,515 words]

"Shoot him!" Felicia barked at the security android.

The machine's arm unfolded, coils humming to life. Blue sparks flared-then the taser fired. But instead of Alex, the bolt hit Albert square in the chest.

Albert convulsed, body jerking as the shock tore through him.

He collapsed, twitching on the marble floor. Without hesitation, the android grabbed him by the collar, dragged him out into the garden, and began to whip him.

Each crack of the whip split the morning like a pistol shot. Albert's scream tore through the air-raw, ragged, animal with pain.

Felicia went pale, then lunged out toward the garden, fury and fear in her steps.

"Stop it!" she screamed, voice wobbling with panic. "I said stop-wrong man! That's not him. Whip Alex, the loser-whip him, not Albert!"

The android didn't stop. It lashed him again and again-ten times in total-before straightening, its voice flat and calm. "Mistress, the punishment is complete. Ten lashes as ordered."

Felicia's breath hitched. "You stupid machine!" she screamed. "I told you to whip Alex, not the wrong man! Go finish your job!"

"Yes, Mistress," the android replied.

But instead of turning on Alex, the machine spun toward Felicia. Its coils recharged with a rising electric hum. Before she could move, it tasered her.

Her body seized, and she fell. The whip came down again and again until her cries faded into hoarse gasps.

Inside, Sofina came down the stairs, her hair still damp from washing. She found Alex setting plates at the table, the scent of coffee and toast filling the kitchen.

"What's that noise outside?" she asked, frowning.

Alex didn't look up. "Probably Albert and Felicia doing some morning exercise." Sofina smirked. "Perfect. Then we can eat in peace."

In the garden, Felicia and Albert lay unconscious, their clothes torn and bodies trembling.

The android stood still beside them, eyes dim and silent.

It wasn't malfunctioning-it had been hacked. Eve had reprogrammed it. Its new priority was clear: protect Sofina and Alex at all costs.

A few hours later, Alex walked toward the towering glass building of the Eden Group.

The street was nearly empty; only delivery drones hummed by overhead. In this district, people didn't walk-unless they were poor or didn't belong.

A sudden roar shattered the silence. A sleek luxury hovercar came tearing down the avenue, engines howling, aiming straight for him. Alex moved fast-instinct, sharp and sure-sidestepping just in time. The car screeched to a halt inches from his legs, air thrusters screaming in protest.

Alex froze as the sleek doors lifted open.

A young couple stepped out. The man wore a tailored charcoal suit, his hair slicked back with precision. The woman beside him looked like she'd stepped out of a magazine-elegant, sharp, untouchable.

Alex's eyes narrowed. He recognized her instantly. Annabella Wolfsbane- Sofina's cousin. And the man at her side, with that smug smile and gold cufflinks, was her fiancé-Nikolaus Krüger.

Nikolaus looked Alex up and down, a smirk twisting his lips. "I just wanted to crush a bug," he said. "Guess I missed."

Annabella crossed her arms, eyes sharp with contempt. "Hey, you half-slave- what are you doing here? Waiting to sabotage us? Let me guess-Sofina sent you, didn't she? She's always scheming."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Alex replied evenly.

Annabella let out a cold laugh. "Oh, please. Don't play dumb with me. Sofina's crawling back to the Wolfsbane business, and Grandma made it clear-whoever secures a deal with the Eden Group will lead the family into the next generation. And look at that—you just happen to show up here? Don't insult my intelligence. Sofina must've sent you to ruin our meeting."

Alex smiled faintly. "Miss Annabella, you and Mr. Nikolaus are high above the clouds. I'm just a lowly half-slave, remember? How could I ever interfere with people as mighty as you? Unless..."

His tone sharpened. "You're afraid someone as low as me could actually knock you off your ladder."

Annabella's face darkened. "You filthy slave," she hissed. "Watch your mouth."

She turned to Nikolaus, voice smooth as silk. "The Krüger barons hold dozens of contracts with Eden Group. They're indispensable to the company. And you—" she jabbed a finger at Alex, "—you're nothing but dust beneath our soles. We can crush you whenever we want."

Alex's smile didn't fade. He didn't know much about the Krüger family, but he knew Eden Group had thousands of partners across Prussia. One more, one less -it didn't matter.

"Well then," Alex said, voice steady. "Good luck. But know this: that 'dust' won't be your stepping stone — and it sure as hell won't be your stumbling block. If you fall, it'll be because your own weak confidence pushed you over, not anything I do."

Nikolaus's eyes flared with rage.

This worthless man-publicly humiliated by Baroness Wolfsbane just yesterday— still stood tall, smiling like nothing had happened, even daring to mock him. The nerve of it burned in Nikolaus's chest like fire.

And worse-Sofina, that radiant, smart woman, had chosen to marry him.

The thought made Nikolaus's stomach twist. He wanted to wipe that calm look off Alex's face more than anything.

If that loser had never existed, Nikolaus thought bitterly, Sofina would've been his. Who in their right mind would settle for Annabella when Sofina outshone her in every way?

Nikolaus let out a huff, voice slick with disdain. "If you're not here to bother us, tell me—what are you doing here?"

"I'm applying for a job," Alex said.

"A job?" Nikolaus laughed, sharp and ugly. "You? With that vacant look and your nickname-Alex the Dunce? You want a job at Eden Group? You must be joking." Alex answered. "It's an important position. I'm serious."

Annabella rolled her eyes and spat the words. "Important? Come on. Listen to yourself. What qualifications do you have? What achievements? Look at Nikolaus -he's the kind of man Eden would hire. Not some gutter-born nobody like you."

"Nikolaus?" Alex said, amused. "I don't think he'll get it. If we both apply, I'll win. He's too arrogant-and too stupid."

Nikolaus's face went hard. Pride flared hot behind his eyes. "They wouldn't even give you the time of day, not for security, not for anything. Know your place. You're better off on the street begging for scraps than dreaming of Eden." FindNovels

Alex's smile turned cold. "We'll both go in. Watch. I'll be the one walking out with the job."

Nikolaus barked a laugh. "Then let's make it interesting. If you get accepted, I run naked through this building."

"No," Alex said with a smirk. "How about your flying car? Bet me that. Give me the car if I win."

"That's the dumbest wager I've heard," Annabella snapped, voice sharp as a whip. "Drop it, Nikolaus No point gambling with trash. We won't get anything valuable from him just a loser. Unless you plan to harvest his arms or kidneys for

profit." FindNovels

Alex leaned in, smile slow and cold. "Fine by me. Here's my bet: Eden Group won't make a deal with you. They won't partner with spoiled nobility like you." Nikolaus's smirk stretched wider, the sort that believed the world owed him deference. "Fine. If I land the Eden Group deal, I take your arms and kidneys," he said, the words meant to humiliate as much as threaten.

Alex's grin sharpened into a challenge. "And if they don't make a deal with you,

and I get the job instead," he said, voice low and steady, "you hand over that flying car."

"Deal," Nikolaus snapped, pride too loud to back down.

"I've got it recorded," Alex said, raising his wrist device just enough for them to see. "So don't forget your promise."

Annabella laughed, the sound sharp and cruel. "Forget the promise? Oh no, darling—it's you who won't run from our little bet. I want to see you without your arms and kidney."

Alex's eyes hardened. "Don't worry," he said coldly. "I don't run from bitches like you."

He turned without another glance and walked toward the towering glass doors of the Eden Group building.

Annabella's fury boiled over. "You-half-slave scum! Stop right there!" she screamed.

She hurried after him, heels clicking like gunshots down the marble hall. She wanted to teach him a lesson—two hard slaps to the face, to show what happened to those who dared insult a Wolfsbane.

How dare he called her a bitch!

But they were inside Eden Group now, and the thought of a scandal with potential

partners watching cooled her rage. Pride warring with prudence, she swallowed her hand.

She ground her teeth and hissed instead, "Consider yourself lucky today. Next time I won't be so civil. I'll make you regret looking down on a baroness."

Alex stepped into the elevator. Before the doors slid shut he called back, "Annabella, Nikolaus Krüger—enjoy your throne while it lasts. Arrogance has a price. You'll learn that soon enough."

Annabella's color flared. "You little—"

"Annabella, let's just forget the loser," let's Nikolaus said coolly, pulling her back the elbow

Cole's beneath

us nothing but dust. Not worth the trouble Better to make an example of him: take his arms and leave him

with a regret that lasts."

belongs to FindNovels

She nodded, furious but calculating. "You are right. I'll make him pay later. He will fall into my hands."

Alex used his special clearance and rode the elevator to Eden Group's top floor.

The moment the doors opened, a line of staff straightened and bowed, voices smooth and rehearsed.

"Welcome, Young Master," they said in unison.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 450[1,560 words]

At the top of the Eden Building, the penthouse office gleamed like a glass crown over the city.

When Alex stepped into the elevator and swiped his black access card, a soft chime echoed.

Moments later, every staff member in the penthouse office received an alert:

"The Founder is on his way to the office."

In an instant, tension filled the air.

Secretaries straightened their desks, executives rushed to the elevator doors, and assistants smoothed their clothes like soldiers before inspection.

When the elevator opened, Alex stepped out. The entire staff bowed.

"Welcome, Young Master."

Alex shook his head. "Next time, disable the announcement system. I don't need the whole floor knowing where I'm going."

"Yes, sir," they replied in unison, scattering back to their posts.

Then she appeared.

Countess Marlana von Adler-elegant, confident, eyes glittering like a challenge.

"Founder, you're finally here," she said with a warm smile. "I've missed you."

Marlana had the bearing of nobility, but not the fortune.

Her title came from a line of ruined aristocrats. Her father had gambled away their wealth in smoke-filled dens until the family was left with nothing but their name.

She grew up among gangsters and street hustlers, learning to survive by wit alone.

Years later, when Alex took control of the underground nightclubs, he found her.

She was the quiet mind behind one of the city's most profitable bars-smart, calculating, ruthless when needed. She had a gift for smelling money, and everyone knew it.

Alex saw potential where others saw trouble. He pulled her out of the slums and made her the public face of his empire.

Only a noble could legally register a company of Eden's magnitude, so on paper, Marlana von Adler became the official Chairwoman.

In truth, Alex was the real owner, the power behind the throne.

Still, Marlana had earned her place. Her cunning and composure helped turn Eden Group into a corporate fortress. But there was one flaw in her-her obsession with Alex.

She stepped closer now, her perfume rich with desperation.

"Founder," she said softly, "how could you divorce Katarina and marry Sofina at the same time? Why not me? I've been waiting for you for three years."

Her voice trembled, caught between pride and longing. "Look at me. I'm a Countess young, beautiful, noble. And you're powerful, wealthy, untouchable. Together we'd be perfect."

"A union of nobility and wealth," Marlana purred. "Why can't you see we'd be perfect together?"

Alex's lips twisted into a sneer. "Perfect? You tried to poison me with aprodiach- twice."

Marlana's smile turned sly, seductive. "That's not poison, Alex. That's passion. Can't you see? I'd merge my soul with yours."

He let out a dry laugh. "You mean like a corporate merger?"

She winked. "Exactly. Equal partners."

Alex shook his head, amused and tired all at once. "Funny. Every time you say that, the paperwork somehow ends up with you owning everything."

"Oh, come on, Alex," she teased, her tone dripping with honey. "I'm just trying my luck. Why not agree with me—just this once?"

He sighed, voice low and heavy. "Tell me something, Marlana... do you even know what love is?"

Marlena laughed, sharp and cynical. "Love? Don't start with that nonsense. Emotions are unstable. They shift with moods. Contracts are better-clean, binding, predictable."

"You treat love like a business deal," Alex said quietly.

"Of course," she replied, eyes gleaming. "Fewer disappointments."

He leaned closer, studying her face. "And what's the penalty for breach of contract?"

She smirked. "Emotional bankruptcy. Or a bullet-depends on who defaults first." Alex sighed. "What about sex?"

She blinked, puzzled for a moment, then smirked. "Sex? It's just a sport, right? Like a game people play when they're in the mood to have fun with each other."

Alex's tone turned colder. "And how many men have you... played this game with?"

She tilted her head proudly. "About a hundred and fifty-six, give or take. Don't worry, I'm a professional. Plenty of experience."

Alex exhaled slowly, "And that," he said quietly, "is exactly why we were never meant to be together."

"Come on, Alex," she said, rolling her eyes. "You should be logical, not emotional. You sound like one of those broken poets."

She was stunning, almost disarmingly so. Around twenty-seven, maybe twenty-eight, with a body sculpted like temptation itself-slender, curved, elegant. Everything about her radiated allure and control.

Alex rubbed his temples. "Let's not do this. Talking about love with you is like trying to explain color to the blind. Those without heart cannot see the sky. Those without Love cannot feel the love. Let's get to business."

Marlena crossed her legs, smiling smoothly. "Alright, Founder. Tell me what you need."

"I want you to put me on the gardener position in Eden Group," Alex said flatly.

She blinked, then laughed softly. "A gardener? As far as I know, you're the only one who actually enjoys that damn garden."

Before Alex could answer, the intercom on Marlena's desk crackled to life.

"Lady Von Adler," her secretary's voice came through. "A Mr. Nikolaus Krüger and Miss Annabella Wolfsbane are here to see you."

Marlena didn't hesitate. "Tell them to wait another hour. I'm busy right now."

Alex raised a brow. "Nikolaus Krüger?"

"Yes," she replied smoothly. "Baron Krüger's family. They're one of our key partners. Several of their major projects in Winchester are tied to Eden. They've been here multiple times before."

Alex's tone grew analytical. "What if I told you to halt all ongoing and planned projects with the Krüger family?"

Marlena's expression froze, the flirtation slipping away. "You're serious?"

Alex's eyes narrowed. "Completely. I need to know the full impact-every connection, every risk. Starting now."

Marlena leaned back in her chair, her mind working fast. "The Krüger family joined us two years ago, back when the Eden Garden project was still new. At that time, we didn't have much choice. But things have changed."

She folded her arms. "Now they're making a fortune off us. If we cut them off, there are dozens of families waiting to take their place. Honestly, the impact would

be positive. It's time we move on and bring in better partners."

Alex nodded slowly. "Good. Then we cut them off."

Marlena tilted her head. "We'll need a reason, something official. What should we tell them?"

"Tell them Nikolaus Krüger offended someone he shouldn't have inside Eden Group," Alex said calmly. "Will that be enough?"

Marlena smirked. "Enough? More than enough. Whether he likes it or not, he'll accept it. We could throw them out without saying a word. Giving them an explanation is already mercy."

Alex's lips curved slightly. "Then add this-tell him that even if he wanted to apply

for a job here, we wouldn't take him. Not even for janitor."

Marlena chuckled softly. "Understood."

Outside the office, Nikolaus Krüger and Annabella Wolfsbane sat waiting.

"Relax, Annabella," Nikolaus said confidently, adjusting his cufflinks.

"The Krüger family has worked with Eden Group from the very start. Honestly, they owe their rise to us. Without me, there wouldn't even be an Eden Group. They'll listen to what I say. You'll get your contract, I promise."

Annabella smiled sweetly. "I knew I could rely on you, Nikolaus."

Nikolaus leaned back with a smug grin. For years, the Krügers had been one of Eden Group's key partners, securing deals and sharing profits.

But lately, he'd heard whispers other families circling like vultures, hoping to take their place now that Eden's empire was soaring.

Still, he believed Eden Group would never abandon the Krüger name. They owed everything to the Krügers.

The glass doors slid open. Marlena von Adler stepped out.

She looked at Nikolaus and Annabella with a calm, icy stare that could slice through steel.

"Countess von Adler," Nikolaus said, quickly standing and putting on his most polished smile. "How wonderful to see you. Allow me to introduce Miss Annabella Wolfsbane, of the Baron Wolfsbane family."

"She is here to propose a new partnership with Eden Group. I can personally vouch for her—she's competent, well-connected, and trustworthy." Marlena didn't answer right away. She simply studied them both, her eyes cool, assessing. Then she smiled faintly—the kind of smile that made even confident

men uneasy.

"Competent, huh?" Countess

Marlena von Adler looked at Nikolaus as if he were a crawling maggot "Starting now, we cancel every contract with the Krüger family and you Wolfsbane coming into this building already tarnished Eden's prestige. Don't expect to ever set foot here again." FindNovels

"Wait," Nikolaus stammered, trying to buy time from disbelief. "What do you mean? You seriously intend to cancel every collaboration with the Krügers?"

"Yes." Marlena's answer was a flat, cold knife. "End it. You heard me."

Heat surged through Nikolaus's face. This couldn't be happening. Half of the Krüger family's money came from Eden.

If the partnership ended, their income would crash, debts would pile up, and the family fortune would disappear overnight. The truth hit him hard—everything they'd built was about to fall apart.

"You can't do this to us," he snarled, rage rising. "We made no mistakes. Remember when Eden was nothing? We lifted you. We built Eden Group!"

Marlena sneered. "You helped? Don't flatter yourself. We took pity on your

dying name and pulled you out of

the gutter. Now you swagger in here like we owe you something. You crossed a line, Nikolaus - you offended someone you should never have touched inside Eden Group." FindNovels

"Me?" Nikolaus barked, stunned. "I never offended anyone here—"

"You did," Marlena cut in coldly. "So you lose every contract. Everything ends. Get out."

Nikolaus slammed his hand on the

table, voice cracking with rage. "Are

you kidding me? We've been a

partner for years. You don't just cut us off because you wake up with a grudge! Don't test the Krugers take this to the regulators. Sue. I'll drag Eden through the courts and watch it burn."

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