

# The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 41[ 843 words ]

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Chris Roland was seated at the dining table with the entire Lancaster family when Amella, Sophia's grandmother, walked into the dining room.

Her eyes lit up as soon as she spotted him.

"Chris Roland, how is your fatho

Jerry, doing?" she asked warmly.

"He's doing great, thanks for asking," Chris replied with a smile.

"I heard your father not only helped us secure three invitations to the Kingston banquet but also sent a gift to Sophia. I haven't had the chance to thank him personally," Amelia said, somewhat coyly.

"It's all right," Chris responded. "He's been very busy."

"No," Lady Lancaster interjected firmly.

"It's impolite not to thank him directly. We have our manners to uphold. Please video call your father. I want to thank him personally, and Sophia should

ds well."

"All right," Chris agreed, pulling out his phone and connecting the call to the large screen in the dining room so everyone could see.

Jerry's face soon appeared, set against the backdrop of a hotel room.

"Father," Chris began, "I'm here with the Lancaster family. They want to thank you for the invitation cards and the jewelry you sent."

Jerry's face twisted in confusion. "What?"

Lyra, who was sitting nearby, picked up the invitation cards from the table and held them up alongside the jewelry that Sophia was still deciding whether to wear to the banquet.

"These cards and this jewelry, from Your Elegance & Co. store," she clarified.

Chris quickly added, "It's not my father's store; it's Kingston's store that he's managed for fifteen years."

Jerry stared at the jewelry on the table, zooming in on the screen.

He recognized it immediately-the same jewelry that had led to his dismissal.

But no one knew he had been fired yet.

"Did I send you those gifts last night?" he asked slowly.

"Yes," Sophia answered, smiling. "Thank you, Uncle."

Jerry's expression remained tense as Lady Lancaster spoke up.

"Jerry," she began sweetly. "I know you've worked hard to get us those three invitations, but could you help us one more time?"

Amelia continued, "Please ensure the Lancasters are chosen as Kingston's partner at this banquet. I've heard they're venturing into biomedical; doesn't that align perfectly with our business in medicine?"

Jerry frowned.

Lady Lancaster pressed on, her voice growing more persuasive.

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"We all know you helped your son by founding BioHealth Solutions and making him the CEO, You leveraged your connections to align Kingston's business with his, didn't you? In just five years, that company has already become more successful than the Lancasters' forty-year-old enterprise."

A glint of greed shone in her eyes as she continued, "I want the Lancasters to ride Kingston's success just like BioHealth did."

She added with a sly smile, "After all, we're going to be family. You know Chris and Sophia make a good couple, don't you?"

Sophia's face turned pale, "Grandma, I'm already married!"

"You will divorce that man and marry Chris, with or without your grandfather's consent!" Lady Lancaster snapped, her patience clearly gone.

"No problem," Jerry said with a dangerous gleam in his eyes, seizing the opportunity. "But if you can promise that Sophia will marry Chris, I'll help the Lancasters secure the Kingston partnership. However, I'll need \$100 million to make it happen. Can you afford that?"

Jerry was desperate.

He had been fired as the general manager of Elegance & Co. and hadn't dared to tell his wife, Kelly Roland

In truth, his real name wasn't Jerry Roland but Jerry White. When he started working at Elegance & Co., he used his position to win the heart of Kelly, the only daughter of the prestigious Roland family.

Her father had insisted he change his last name to fit into the family, and so he did.

He was the type who would do anything to gain favor with the wealthy, but after fifteen years of kowtowing, it had all backfired.

He hated Alfred Kingston, believing he was the one who had made Elegance & Co. successful. How could he be tossed aside so easily?

To make matters worse, friends at Kingston had informed him that the company was planning to cut ties with BioHealth Solutions-the business that heavily relied on Kingston.

His wife's family would blame him for being useless; he could even face divorce because of it.

He needed money to start his own business.

His life was falling apart, and desperation pulls even the strongest into deep waters, where pride and power drown together.

If the Lancasters were offering \$100 million, he saw no reason not to take it and sink with the rest.

He had been thinking about leaving Vancouver, and with that kind of money, he could start fresh.

"\$100 million? Do you really need that much?" Lady Lancaster asked, eyebrows raised.

"Lady Lancaster," Jerry replied, "I've worked at Elegance & Co. for fifteen years. I was supposed to become a director next month, but now I'm just a general manager. To ensure the Lancasters are chosen by Kingston, I'll need to pay off some of the directors, including Alfred Kingston's right-hand man."

She hesitated, her expression torn between ambition and the staggering amount of money.

"Don't worry," Jerry added smoothly, sensing her indecision. "If

But if you are, you'll easily make \$200 million within a year."

aren't chosen, the money will be returned.

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Lady Lancaster shifted in her seat. "Let us think about it first."

"Remember," Jerry pressed, "the banquet is tonight, so you'll need to make a quick decision. And since you've already said Chris will marry Sophia, if you give me the money today, I'll give tell Chris to give BioHealth Solutions to Sophia."

The room fell into a stunned silence.

The Lancasters were shocked-Chris's company was significantly larger than their own business.

"Why?" Lady Lancaster asked, her voice shaking with both greed and disbelief.

"I'm in Los Angeles right now for the new Elegance & Co. branches," Jerry lied, "and I'll need Chris's help to build a new BioHealth company here."

"Since he's my only son, who better to manage our company in Vancouver than his wife?"

Sophia's mother, Florence, leaned in eagerly. "Mother-in-law, this is a great opportunity for us."

Meanwhile, Jerry was already calculating his next move, planning to take out every loan he could under BioHealth Solutions today's and dump the financial burden on the Lancasters, leaving them to manage the company's debts.

Before everyone knows the Kingstons will not support BioHealth anymore!

Jerry could clearly see that greed had already blinded the Lancasters; they would craft their own lies and call them opportunities.

While the Lancaster family was deep in conversation, Chris quietly slipped away to make a private call to his father.

"Father, what happened? Why did you let go of BioHealth? Mother will be furious!" Chris exclaimed in disbelief, knowing the company was funded with his mother's money

"Son," Jerry quickly began, "yesterday, I met a young man decent-looking, though dressed in a cheap white shirt. Who is he to Sophia Lancaster?"

Chris recalled seeing Alex in those same white clothes the day before.

"That's Alex, Sophia's husband. A shameless bastard! He even admitted that he sent out the invitations and the jewelry."

"Alex," Jerry muttered, hatred lacing his voice.

"Father, are you planning to help the Lancasters partner with Kingston?" Chris asked.

Jerry knew Alfred Kingston had great respect for Alex. There was a 99,999% chance Alfred would favor the Lancaster family if Sophia was Alex's wife.

"Don't worry about that. Just get their money. The Lancasters will be chosen." "Thank you, Dad!" Chris replied.

"You fool!" Jerry suddenly snapped, recalling something important.

"What are you doing with the Lancasters when I told you to pursue Jasmine, Alfred's daughter, for the sake of our family! Why are you wasting time with that poor, greedy family?"

"Father, the poison we gave Jasmine was cured before I even had the chance to offer my help to Alfred Kingston!"

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Chris said, frustration evident in his voice.

They had bribed Kingston's maid to lace Jasmine's daily food with a slow-acting poison.

The plan was to swoop in at the last moment, cure her, and make Jasmine feel indebted to Chris, possibly leading to marriage.

But the plan failed-someone else showed up before them and stole the credit! "Listen closely," Jerry's tone darkened.

"I've arranged for an attack on Jasmine today when she goes out. You must make sure you're the hero who saves her. Be ready!"

"Yes, Father," Chris replied.

"Have you prepared the Aphrodite poison?" Jerry asked.

It was the only way for Chris to send his soldiers inside Jasmine.

Once she was carrying his child, it would be too late for anyone to stop them!

Chris nodded, pulling out a small bottle with two pills inside.

"There were supposed to be three. What happened to the other one?" Jerry's eyes narrowed suspiciously.

Chris managed a nervous smile.

He had tried to pay Calvin Lecter to drug Sophia, but the plan had failed miserably.

He still didn't know how Sophia had freed herself from the poison, especially since he was supposed to be the one to 'cure' her.

"Stop playing games," Jerry snapped, his patience thinning

"If you don't secure Jasmine and tie the Kingston family to ours, I'll work with someone who can take Kingston down!"

Jerry had plenty of connections.

While no one in Vancouver dared challenge Alfred Kingston many outside the city were waiting for the opportunity.

"So, what should I do with the Lancasters?" Chris asked, shifting his tone to business.

"Make them pay the \$100 million. Marry Sophia if you have to, or don't-it doesn't matter. Just dump the company on them, I will tell you the reason later. Play with her if you want, but never let her into our family. They're beneath us, unworthy!" Jerry spat, his voice thick with disdain.

Chris smirked. "I completely agree."

That had been his plan all along. He would sleep with Sophia and discard her.

Only someone like Jasmine was worthy of his attention.

But for now, the Lancasters were still useful to him.

He ended the call and quietly returned to the dining hall, slipping back in unnoticed.

Lady Lancaster was already leading a quick meeting, using the time while Grandpa Lancaster was away for a hospital check-up.

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"This is an excellent opportunity! A \$100 million deal to partner with Kingston, plus we'll acquire BioHealth, which is valued at no less than \$150 million. There's nothing to lose," Lady Lancaster declared, her eyes gleaming with ambition.

"This is a rare chance for us. If we don't take it, there won't be another opportunity."

Almost everyone nodded in agreement, except for Sophia.

Lady Lancaster had already instructed her to divorce Alex before the banquet,

ensuring Grandpa Lancaster wouldn't find out.

"And tell that worthless man to keep quiet from your grandfather, or I'll make sure he never speaks again," Lady Lancaster added, her greed taking over.

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Sophia felt a sinking sensation, as if she were being asked to betray her grandfather.

Suddenly, Mrs. Lancaster interrupted sharply.

"Sophia, you need to ask that loser for the \$100 million back. We need that money to secure Lancaster's future with Kingston."

"\$100 million?" Sophia's confusion deepened.

"Word is, you handed that nobody \$100 million just for not sleeping with you!" Mrs. Lancaster sneered, her voice dripping with contempt.

All eyes in the room snapped to Sophia.

Lyra, her voice rising with fury, demanded, "You gave that loser \$100 million?!"

"No!" Sophia quickly defended herself, knowing there had to be some mistake.

"He was just boasting again. I only gave him \$100,000 for accommodation for not seeping here. Where would I even get \$100 million?"

But Lyra wasn't buying it.

She snatched Sophia's phone aggressively. "Let's call him and demand the money back."

"But..." Sophia stammered, her voice shaky.

"No buts. You're divorcing him tonight! Why leave any money with him now?" Lyra hissed, already dialing and connecting the call to the large screen for everyone to

see.

She was determined to humiliate Alex-that pathetic fool who didn't know his place.

He didn't belong in their wealthy world, and they weren't going to be his easy targets for some get-rich-quick scheme!

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Meanwhile, Alex and Jasmine sat frozen as heavily armed men yanked open their car doors.

"Miss Jasmine, are you alright? We were sent by your father," one of the men, Arnold, said as he approached.

He was one of Alfred's most trusted.

"I'm fine," Jasmine reassured him, recognizing Arnold instantly.

Arnold then turned toward Alex, bowing his head slightly in respect.

"Sir, I've heard you helped Miss Jasmine. Please accept my gratitude."

Alex stepped out of the car and waved it off casually. "No need. I just happened to be here."

Morris hurried to Alex's side. "Sir Alex, I've arranged another car to take you home."

Before Alex could respond, his phone buzzed.

Glancing at the caller ID, he saw Alfred Kingston's name flashing across the screen. He gestured to the others.

"Excuse me, it's Mr. Alfred. I need to take this."

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The group nodded with understanding. It wasn't every day that the powerful Alfred Kingston called someone. "Master Alex," Alfred's voice began, "I don't even know how to thank you anymore. The Kingston family owes you our lives."

Alex sighed. "No need to make a fuss. We people from King well need to look out for each other."

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"I'll never forget this debt. Whatever you need, just tell me and I'll make it happen," Alfred promised sincerely.

Alex paused before speaking, his tone shifting to seriousness.

"For now, I need you to check your people. I believe someone might have planted

a tracker on your daughter's car and there's a possibility she was poisoned with a slow-acting toxin earlier."

Alfred fell silent, the weight of Alex's words sinking in.

Finally, he replied grimly, "I'll take care of it immediately."

As Alex ended the call, Arnold and Jasmine were already waiting by his side, the road now cleared of attackers thanks to Arnold's men.

"Doctor Alex," Jasmine said with a graceful bow, "I will take my leave now."

"Take care," Alex said as she and Arnold left with their squad in tow.

As Alex walking to the new car prepared by Morris, a new video call came through. (1)

"Sophia?" Alex muttered in surprise as he answered.

Lyra, along with the entire Lancaster family, stared at the screen.

Behind Alex, the rundown slums could be seen in the background.

Lyra's lip curled in disgust. "What are you doing in that slum? Collecting garbage?

Or is that where you live now?"

Before Alex could respond, she snapped, "Sophia wants her money back."

"Why?" Alex frowned, clearly confused.

Mrs. Lancaster jumped in, her voice tight with irritation.

"That money doesn't belong to you. We need it to ensure Lancaster becomes Kingston's candidate."

Alex's frown deepened. "What do you need the money for, again?"

He had promised his grandfather, Abraham, that he'd help the Lancasters secure

the partnership with Kingston, and they would get it without any issues.

Yet here they were, panicking about money for that?

Lyra rolled her eyes dramatically. "Chris's father is helping us win the partnership with Kingston. It requires money-something a fool like you wouldn't understand."

Alex's expression shifted from confusion to contemplation

He was a man with many secrets, and when he considered someone an enemy,

he had a way of digging deep into their past.

People like him, with enemies everywhere, had to be vigilant.

He had already looked into Chris the moment he first showed himself.

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Chris's father was Jerry White, now known as Jerry Roland the same man Alfred had fired just yesterday.

So, with complete honesty, Alex replied, "I don't think Chris's father can help you. Jerry Roland was fired from Elegance and Co. yesterday, and his son's company, BioHealth Solutions, is going bankrupt since Kingston cut their partnership."

A heavy silence fell over the room.

Then, like an explosion, laughter and insults erupted.

"Bragging again!"

"Idiot!"

"Liar!"

"Get lost!"

Chris's face turned pale as Alex hit all the right points.

Sweat dripped from his brow as he stood up, shouting, "I can tolerate a lot, but slandering my father and my company crosses the line! How could someone like you possibly know more about my company than I do? There's a limit to how much you can brag, and you've gone way beyond it!"

Turning to Lady Lancaster, Chris bowed deeply.

"If you actually believe this fool, then don't bother sending the money. After all, it

was you who came to us for help, not the other way around."

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Lyra's voice shook with anger as she said, "Yesterday, you claimed the invitation card and the jewelry were from you. And now you're saying that BioHealth Solutions-a company that's been profitable every day and has a long history as one of the best in Vancouver is going bankrupt

She laughed bitterly.

"Really? You're going to such lengths to blame Chris! I have to admit, you're consistent."

Alex's expression turned cold as he looked at them through the screen of his phone.

"Kingston will cut ties with BioHealth. It'll become a worthless company," he said flatly.

"Cut off by the Kingston family?"

"A useless company

One by one, disbelief spread through the room.

"Nonsense, all of it is nonsense. How could Kingston cut a decade-long

collaboration while my father is in Los Angeles opening a new Kingston branch?" Chris asked sharply.

"Alex," Jack called out, "everyone except you knows that BioHealth is doing well- even better than our Lancaster company. I suggest you keep quiet before Chris calls his people to deal with you."

Mrs. Lancaster, Sophia's mother, couldn't let Alex's claims ruin their plans.

"I never liked you, and what you're doing now just proves why. You're only here to cause trouble when we need Chris the most. You're devious and cruel!"

Lyra quickly added, "That's right! He's just slandering Chris because he's jealous of Sophia and refuses to return her money."

The murmurs grew louder, everyone chiming in, convinced Alex was nothing more than a poor scammer trying to take advantage of Sophia.

Chris, on the other hand, was admired-a top-ranked fighter, a successful CEO, and part of the wealthy Roland family.

Sophia, however, kept her distance.

As a CEO herself, she had learned to be cautious. With so much money at stake, she asked, "Alex, do you have any proof of what you're saying?"

"What I'm saying is the truth," Alex replied firmly.

"But if you need proof, you can find it yourself. It shouldn't be difficult for someone like you."

Lyra scoffed, adding fuel to the fire. "If you don't have proof, you're just spouting nonsense!"

Sophia understood all too well.

It seemed Alex was making false accusations again. Maybe divorcing him was the right choice after all.

Chris, ever the gentleman, spoke up. "Everyone, I don't want to cause any more trouble. How about we just forget all this? I'll tell my father the Lancasters don't need our help, lest I upset anyone here. It's hard to be kind these days."

His words were perfectly timed, and he looked every bit the victim.

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The Lancaster family began to grow restless.

"Chris, you've helped us get three invitation cards, and now we're just one step away from partnering with Kingston and acquiring BioHealth!" Mrs. Lancaster said, glancing at Lady Lancaster for support.

Everyone seemed to share the same opinion, unwilling to let the fortune slip away. Lady Lancaster's gaze hardened as she turned to Alex.

"You loser, return the money Sophia gave you, and never come back here. You're not welcome anymore!"

"You really have malicious intent to harm this family!"

Alex's eyes grew cold. He had been trying to help them, but it only led to him being treated like a scammer.

Before Alex could respond, Lyra cut off the connection, "Everyone, let's forget about this scammer."

Lady Lancaster looked at Chris warmly.

"Chris, I have money set aside-meant to be our family's last resort. And Sophia, can you gather all the available cash from the Lancaster company and give it to Chris?"

The Lancaster family agreed with Lady Lancaster's decision, showering Chris with praise.

"Chris, don't worry about that loser. He'll be divorced by today, and we'll all be family soon!"

"Yes, Chris, you'll be my son-in-law soon. That loser is clearly jealous of you- handsome, successful-we all believe in you."

Just then, Sophia's phone chimed with a notification. Amidst the compliments to Chris, she checked her phone and found a transfer of \$100,000 from Alex.

"Alex has transferred the money I gave him," Sophia announced.

"One hundred million dollars?" Lyra asked, surprised.

"I told you, I only gave him a hundred thousand," Sophia corrected.

Mrs. Lancaster's face twisted with anger. "He clearly said a hundred million, so he must return a hundred million!"

Jack chuckled. "Where do you think he'd get that kind of money if he's already so poor?"

Sophia glanced at a text Alex had sent her: "Chris is lying to you."

Before she could react, Lyra grabbed the phone and replied for her, "It's none of your business!"

She handed it back, adding, "Remember, Sophia, you can't give someone like him another chance. He'll only use you! I suggest you divorce him before the banquet."

Lyra turned to Chris with a smirk. "So, Chris, are you going to sign the marriage papers today?"

Blushing, Chris glanced at Sophia. "I've always loved her with all my heart." 1

Sophia blushed too, and the Lancaster family beamed with happiness.

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## The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 45[ 814 words ]

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"Alex, these are the divorce papers Sophia prepared. All you need to do is sign them," Lyra said, placing the documents on the café table.

"Where is Sophia?" Alex asked, his eyes fixed on Lyra.

Despite her undeniable beauty, every word she spoke dripped with venom.

"She's busy transferring money. Listen, Alex," Lyra leaned in, her voice icy.

"While I'm still being civil, just sign the papers. End this. You can't keep scamming her. For God's sake, let her go!"

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Alex sighed. His only reason for marrying Sophia was to find clues about his mother and to honor his master's wish.

"If she wants a divorce, she should tell me herself," he replied calmly. 1

Lyra shook her head. "I know you're not happy about this, but just accept it. You're not right for her. Don't make this harder-just sign the papers."

He crossed his arms, sensing her disdain.

Maybe she didn't just hate him; maybe she despised all men without wealth.

"Alex, stop dragging this out!"

"You can yell all you want, but I need to hear it from Sophia," Alex said firmly. "Then I'll sign. You heard me."

"Don't you have any dignity?" Lyra spat with disgust.

"Dignity?" Alex scoffed as he stood up. "I think we're done here."

Just as he was about to leave, the café door swung open. Sophia walked in with Chris beside her.

Chris shot Alex a triumphant look, as if he'd already won Sophia's heart.

"Sorry I'm late," Sophia said, approaching Alex. "I had to get to the bank before it closed."

"Did you look at the divorce papers Lyra gave you?" she asked.

"He wouldn't sign them," Lyra cut in before Alex could answer. Sophia sighed, as if she'd expected as much.

Chris's temper flared. "You'd better sign those damn papers, or you'll never leave Vancouver!"

Sophia quickly placed a hand on his arm. "Can you two give us a minute?"

Chris scoffed but stepped away. "I'll be right over there if you need me."

As Lyra passed Sophia, she muttered, "You can't go easy on guys like him."

"Let's sit," Sophia said softly, gesturing to the table.

Alex sat across from her, their eyes meeting with unspoken words.

"Alex," she began gently but firmly, "this wasn't an easy decision. My grandfather might like you, but my grandmother and parents don't. We both know this marriage won't work."

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"Do you dislike me?" he asked quietly.

"No," she replied honestly. "These past few days have been so chaotic. If we had more time, maybe I could get to know you better. Part of me wants to try, but... time isn't on our side."

"So you're going to marry Chris?" Alex asked.

"My family wants that. I've known Chris for a long time. I'm not sure if I love him, but they approve of him. I could learn to love him," she admitted, uncertainty in her voice.

Alex gave a bitter smile. "Because he has money and power"

Sophia shook her head.

"Let's not get into that. Please, can you sign the divorce papers? And could you keep this from Grandpa Abraham? He's old, and I don't want to upset him."

"Won't you regret this?" Alex leaned back, searching her eyes.

"You won't even give me a chance to show you who I really am. You're pushing me away, but I think you'll regret it. Deeply."

"Maybe I will," Sophia said coolly. "But maybe I won't. Looking at you now, with no money and no power... I don't think I'll regret divorcing you."

"Are money and power that important to you?" he asked.

"I don't know how you've lived, but yes, for most people, money and power mean everything. I can't deny they're important to me too. I'm willing to do whatever it takes to get them," she confessed, her eyes hardening.

"If I told you I have more money and power than you could imagine, would you believe me?" Alex asked, picking up the pen and hovering it over the paper.

He paused, waiting for her response, ready to reveal himself if she showed any faith.

"I wish I could," Sophia said softly. "But it's clear you lack both."

Alex sighed and signed the divorce papers. "You only see what you choose to believe. You're blind to what's beyond. You think Chris is rich, but he's on the brink of bankruptcy. You see me as having nothing, but I have everything you want."

He slid the papers back to her. "I wish you happiness. I'll keep this from Grandpa Abraham."

"Thank you," Sophia said, pulling out an old medal and placing it on the table.

"I don't have much to give you as a parting gift, but I remembered buying this from an antique shop years ago and forgot about it. When I looked at it recently, I saw your name on it. So, it's yours."

Alex took the medal and read the inscription: "Alexander Kingsley," etched in intricate lettering.

Suddenly, a sharp pain shot through his head as memories flooded back—flashes of a woman handing him this very medal.

"Mother," Alex whispered, his voice barely audible as the memory overwhelmed

him.

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## The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 46[ 913 words ]

Alex sat at a café table, his mind drifting as fragments of his memory began to unravel.

He couldn't quite recall his mother's face, but he remembered this medallion she had given him.

"Alex, if you ever get lost, use this medallion to find your way home." Her voice had been urgent, full of warning.

He remembered her telling him to hide, someone was chasing them. But who? He couldn't piece it together.

The next memory was of him waking up at the orphanage, the medallion already gone from his possession.

These must have been his memories before he ended up there.

Touching the cold, surface of the medal, Alex knew he had to track it down to find his mother and reclaim his past.

Suddenly his phone rang.

"Alex," Jasmine's voice was soft but tense.

"Yes?"

"Can you help me by accompanying me to my banquet?"

Alex wanted to refuse, but he remembered his promise to Abraham-to ensure the Kingston partnership was handed over to the Lancasters, even though Sophia had divorced him.

His mission to find his mother's trace was already solved by Sophia's medallion. This had been the purpose of the marriage from the start, after all.

As he hesitated, Jasmine added, "My father forbade me from using our car, saying there might be a tracking device or possibly an attack. And now I can't reach him. He seems so busy, and my banquet starts in a few hours. It's my first one, Alex."

"Alright," he sighed. "I'll take you to your banquet."

"Thank you, Alex," Jasmine replied with relief.

He hung up and glanced at himself.

He couldn't show up in something so plain as Jasmine's partner, not for her first public appearance.

He needed to make her look good.

Picking up his phone, he said, "Julia, arrange my suit and everything I'll need for the banquet."

"Yes, Master," she replied.

Meanwhile, at the Lancaster mansion, Sophia had just finished transferring money to Chris, who had already signed the BioHealth Solutions ownership papers over to her.

"Chris, why don't you just sign the marriage papers now?" Mrs. Lancaster asked with a sly smile.

"Mrs. Lancaster," Chris responded politely.

"Don't call me Mrs. Lancaster. Call me mother-in-law. Or mother is fine."

Chris nodded awkwardly.

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"Mother, Sophia just signed the divorce papers. Signing a marriage certificate and a divorce paper at the same time doesn't feel right. But tomorrow morning, we'll go to the government office first

thing! I'll bring all the BioHealth documents tomorrow too. It's late now, and we need to attend the banquet to secure the Kingston- Lancaster partnership."

"You're right," Mrs. Lancaster agreed, satisfied.

What she didn't know was that Chris had no intention of signing the marriage papers.

Today, his father had secured a \$100 million loan, using BigHealth as leverage. Chris knew the company was on shaky ground. All he needed to do was handing the ownership papers to Sophia.

This meant the Lancasters would have to repay the loan to reclaim full control of BioHealth.

Not far away, voices echoed from the living hall.

"What are you doing behind my back? Why are people at the office saying you're draining all of the Lancaster Group's cash reserves?" Abraham's voice boomed, filled with frustration.

"What do you know, old man?" Grandma Lancaster's voice cut in, sharp and dismissive. "We need that money to secure our partnership with Kingston!"

"Why do you need money to secure the partnership?" Abraham asked, confusion coloring his tone.

"You're too old to understand. Just take care of your health and let the younger generation handle the business," Grandma Lancaster snapped back.

A long silence followed before a butler entered and called for Sophia.

"Master Abraham needs you in the living hall."

Sophia's heart raced as she made her way to the hall.

"Grandpa," she greeted softly.

Abraham sat weakly in his chair, his eyes weary but focused 1

"Sophia, I gave you the position of CEO of Lancaster Group-not your parents, not your uncle, and certainly not your cousins. I know you're smarter than all of them."

"I'll take care of Lancaster Group, Grandpa," Sophia reassured him. "Just focus on your health."

Abraham sighed heavily. "Listen to me, Sophia. When I was younger, I signed a contract with a secret organization. I'm bound by that contract, unable to reveal the full truth-not even to my family."

Sophia stared at him, stunned. She had never known this.

"The Lancaster Group was built with their help," he continued. "All I ask is one thing-please don't divorce Alex."

Sophia's heart pounded faster, guilt creeping in. She had already filed for divorce.

"Your grandmother and the others can't see what's hidden in people. They don't judge character well. I would never put you in harm's way. Believe me, Alex is more than he lets on."

She bit her lip.

"All I ask is for you to take the time to get to know Alex. He'll explain everything to you," Abraham said, his eyes piercing as he looked at her.

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"Has he ever tried to tell you about himself?"

"Well..." Sophia thought back to the few times Alex had tried to explain, but she hadn't believed him and never let him finish.

"But all he does is brag," she muttered, clinging to her doubts,

Abraham's gaze deepened. "What if everything he's said is true? Have you ever considered that?"

"But it all sounds so exaggerated. I don't believe he's that powerful."

"What if he is?" Abraham pressed, his voice serious.

He was once part of Kingswell, a secret organization that serves the highest powers in the country-the king himself.

Those within Kingswell have remarkable futures ahead of them.

Alex was a direct student of the Master.

Though Abraham didn't know exactly who Alex was, he could hold a high rank or even be royalty.

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**The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 47[ 845 words ]**

## Chapter 47

## Chapter 47

It was evening at Heaven, the most exclusive club in Vancouver-a place where only the wealthiest mingled. The building resembled a colossal glass dome, showcasing the splendor of the night sky-though the view could be adjusted to suit any desired theme.

Tonight, it was transformed for a "Royal Gathering," replicating a banquet celebrating a king, a queen, and a princess's first public appearance.

The décor was classic yet elegant, adorned with

ptures Inspired by antiquity, exuding an air of grandeur. Guests began to arrive, strolling through the gardens and admiring the fountains and ornate decorations.

A sleek black Mercedes pulled up to the entrance, where the red carpet awaited.

A stunning woman in an elegant evening gown stepped out immediately drawing every gaze.

Shortly after, another equally beautiful woman arrived, capturing everyone's attention.

"Who are those gorgeous women? Are they famous actresses?" a reporter whispered, snapping photos rapidly.

"That's Sophia Lancaster of the Lancaster family. A few years back, she was named Vancouver's Most Beautiful Woman. The one with her is her friend, Lyra Thompson," another reporter replied. Moments later, a handsome man emerged behind them.

"That's Chris Roland-he's renowned for topping Vancouver's international knight competitions."

Together, they made quite an impression-young, wealthy, and undeniably attractive.

As they walked the red carpet, it was clear they were aware of the effect they had on everyone around them, especially Sophia, who was accustomed to drawing attention wherever she went.

Suddenly, the murmurs ceased as a sleek, black Bugatti La Voiture Noire pulled up to the entrance.

"That's the only one in the world!" a reporter exclaimed. "What's it doing here?"

From the exclusive Bugatti stepped out a woman in a white gown, and the crowd fell into stunned silence.

Every eye followed her, mesmerized by her grace.

"She must be a goddess," someone whispered, forgetting to take a photo.

"Who is she?" another person asked.

But no one knew; this was her first public appearance.

Moments later, from the other side of the car, a young man stepped out. His presence was equally striking-fit and dressed in an impeccably tailored suit.

"Look at his watch! That's a Patek Philippe Grandmaster Chime-it's worth \$31 million!" one reporter gasped.

"Who is this man?" a model-turned-reporter chimed in, her eyes assessing. "From his watch to his suit, shoes, even his cufflinks... he's wearing over \$35 million! And no one knows who he is!"

People couldn't stop admiring the man and woman.

They were clearly the king and queen of the event, commanding everyone's attention.

Even Sophia and Lyra were forgotten the moment the mysterious pair appeared.

1/3

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## Chapter 47

"Could that be Alex?" Lyra whispered, her eyes fixed on the couple approaching the entrance of Heaven.

Sophia recognized him instantly.

Alex, who was usually dressed in modest clothes with a humble demeanor, had transformed.

Tonight, he was suited up in luxurious attire, exuding charm and confidence.

His handsomeness was undeniable, making him the most captivating man in the entire club.

"Alex," Sophia called out, her voice filled with confusion.

She wanted to ask him about his true identity, especially since her grandfather had hinted at secrets about him. Maybe there was still a chance for answers, even though she had already sent the divorce papers.

But as she approached, Sophia hesitated.

She noticed how close Alex was to the woman in the white gown-her dress glittering as if adorned with diamonds,

The woman exuded elegance, her beauty almost ethereal, like a queen herself. They seemed inseparable.

As Alex and the woman, Jasmine, entered the club, the reporters and uninvited guests were left outside.

Sophia, her mind clouded with confusion, found herself walking toward Alex. Alex turned to her with cold eyes. "Miss Lancaster, how can I help you?" Sophia stared at him, bewildered.

This wasn't the Alex she once knew-the man who was brash and cocky.

Now, he seemed regal, dressed to perfection with styled hair and an aura of authority.

"Alex," Jasmine said curiously, glancing at Sophia, "is she a friend of yours?" "She's my ex-wife," Alex replied flatly.

Jasmine blinked in surprise. "Really? But you told me you were married just this afternoon."

"It happened between then and now," Alex said nonchalantly.

Jasmine broke into a warm smile as she extended her hand toward Sophia. "Hi, I'm Jasmine. Nice to meet you."

Sophia couldn't understand why Jasmine seemed genuinely happy, and for a fleeting moment, a tinge of jealousy stirred within her as she looked at Alex with Jasmine.

"I'm Sophia Lancaster," she introduced herself, shaking Jasmine's hand.

"Do you have a last name, Miss Jasmine? I don't think I've seen you in Vancouver before."

Jasmine smiled politely. "I usually don't share my last name. It's kind of... intimidating," she added with a hint of mystery.

An awkward silence settled between them.

Jasmine was now practically clinging to Alex's arm, and Sophia could feel the tension rising

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25 BONUS

Chapter 47

"Alex," Sophia said softly, "could I have a moment alone with you?"

"Why?" Alex asked sharply.

"I need to ask you something important," Sophia insisted.

"Just ask," Alex replied, unmoved.

Sophia's eyes widened. "Do you have to be so difficult?"

"You're about to marry Chris Roland," Alex scoffed. "I do want to cause you any problems. Being seen with this 'poor guy' will only make things worse for you.

His words stung, and Sophia found herself at a loss for how to respond.

## The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 48[ 736 words ]

### Chapter 48

Sophia just wanted to ask Alex politely-just as her grandfather had advised— about who he really was.

It dawned on her that she'd been prejudiced against him from the start, never giving him a fair shot. Maybe there was still something worth salvaging.

But did Alex have to make everything so damn difficult?

"Alex, I get it-you hate me for divorcing you, and now you're parading your new arm candy around to rub it in my face. Do you realize this is exactly why I left you?" Sophia didn't hold back.

"My mistake, huh?" Alex raised an eyebrow, feigning ignorance.

"I gave you countless chances to redeem yourself, but you were too clueless to get it!" she snapped, her patience wearing thin.

"A chance?" Alex looked genuinely puzzled.

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"Can't you see? I tried to talk to you in private, but instead, you flaunt your ego and make everything worse, Sophia's tone was icy. Her CEO pride wouldn't let her back down, especially not with Jasmine hanging off his arm like that.

"So let me get this straight-I'm wrong before, and I'm still wrong now?" Alex chuckled bitterly.

"You never respected your ex-wife when I asked for your understanding!" Sophia fired back, her eyes flashing with anger.

"Fine," Alex sighed.

"But you need to understand that respect is a two-way street. Do you think by tossing me a 'chance' now, we'd just waltz back into marriage? You didn't even give me a heads-up when you divorced me. Let's drop the charade. You never liked me to begin with, so why keep pretending?"

Sophia's face hardened.

Truth be told, she didn't know what she wanted anymore.

Initially, she despised the marriage, but when her grandmother pushed for the divorce, she hesitated.

Now, after her grandfather's advice, she was starting to regret her hasty decision.

But her stubborn pride wouldn't let her admit it.

"Alex, do you seriously think a loser like you can win Sophia back? Keep

dreaming," Chris butted in, seizing the opportunity.

He'd been eyeing Jasmine the whole time, thinking she was a significant upgrade from Sophia.

He cursed himself for missing out on such a stunning woman.

Eager to impress Jasmine, Chris continued, "Alex, this lady beside you might not know you're a nobody, but we do. You're just a broke con artist who preys on women for their money. Pathetic."

Before Alex could reply, Chris shifted his attention to Jasmine.

"Miss, I'm Chris Roland. In case you haven't heard, I'm one of Vancouver's elite- wealthy, influential, the whole package. Trust me, I'm far more reliable than this clown. You'd be better off ditching him before he takes advantage of you."

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Chapter 48

25 BONUS

Jasmine, despite her lifelong illness, was sharp from managing her family's business behind the scenes,

She was far more astute than she let on.

"Oh, is that so?" Jasmine feigned surprise, glancing at Alex "He doesn't strike me as a poor man. Maybe you're mistaken."

"No mistake," Chris insisted quickly.

"His ex-wife can vouch for it. He's a total nobody with nothing to his name. I bet everything he's wearing is a cheap knockoff, just trying to impress you."

Jasmine clutched her chest dramatically.

"Oh my goodness, Alex! But, well... I'm just a lonely woman without a boyfriend, and he's all I've got. I can't possibly leave him You know, it's just so sad being alone at an event like this."

She sighed, her eyes turning wistful. "If only there were a great gentleman like you-the top-tier, wealthy Chris Roland-but alas, you're already engaged. What can I do but stick with this gentleman here?"

She winked subtly at Alex, who had to suppress a laugh.

The only word that came to mind when he looked at her was "vixen."

Chris felt his heart race. He realized this captivating woman was hinting that he had a choice to make her or Sophia.

He knew all about Sophia; aside from her looks, her family's wealth had taken a nosedive, especially after he siphoned off a good chunk of the Lancaster fortune.

This woman, however, was clearly in a different league.

Just comparing their dresses was enough to tell.

Hurriedly, Chris said, "Don't worry, miss. I'll rescue you from this con artist. I'm sure Sophia will understand. Right, Sophia?"

"What?" Sophia's voice wavered with disbelief.

"We have to help this lady out, save her from Alex the scammer. At least we'd be doing something worthwhile." Sophia's eyes widened, shock washing over her.

Was Chris actually suggesting she step aside so he could be with this woman? Was the next step him proposing to her?

Had she misheard? Or had she just never realized who Chris really was?

# The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 49[ 827 words ]

Chapter 49 Chapter 49

Lyra, standing beside Chris, suddenly chimed in, "Chris, your wedding is tomorrow. Maybe try not to ogle every woman who crosses your path?"

Chris frowned, shooting her an annoyed glance. "Since when is being nice a crime?"

"Nice? There's a fine line between being nice and being a creep," Lyra retorted, firmly siding with Sophia. "Fine," Chris muttered, knowing his little trick wasn't working. He turned back to Jasmine. "Gorgeous," he called out, flashing a grin. "How about you join us? That man there is undeserving of your attention. He'll only try to scam your money."

Jasmine gently touched Alex's chin and smiled.

"Oh, Alex," she said softly. "All I have is money. If that's the only reason you'll give me your attention, just name your price. I have a hundred million with me now. If that's not enough, just tell me-I still have some more at home."

"Lady," Chris interrupted suddenly, trying to sound suave.

"You're beautiful, and you don't need to give money just to get attention. People would line up to give you all the attention you deserve!"

"Really?" Jasmine asked, her eyes narrowing in skepticism

"But I'm a lonely woman, and the only men I know are Alex and you. Since you can't give me the attention I need, how can I believe your words? All I have is money, and I think it's quite fair to exchange it for attention."

Chris's heart pounded.

If this woman was truly that desperate for attention, and all she had was money...

Chris's gaze swept over her diamond-studded bracelet, her designer dress, the glinting watch on her wrist.

She was easily wearing fifty million worth of luxury. And clearly, she was loaded. He could almost hear the gears in his head turning.

Should he dare to jump ship from Sophia to this new, rich opportunity? Sophia had nothing left to offer him now. And this woman was far more beautiful!

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Before Chris could choose, Alex stepped in and looked at Jasmine.

"I don't want your money, Jasmine. We're friends. Let's go to our seats."

Jasmine chuckled softly, her eyes twinkling.

"See, Mr. Chris Roland, how can I believe you when you say this man is a scammer? I've offered him money, and he keeps refusing. Don't you think he's quite an outstanding man?"

"Outstanding? Are you kidding me?" Chris snapped, his facade cracking.

"He's just playing hard to get. It's all part of his act. Once you let your guard down,

he'll bleed you dry Trust me, he's a loser of the highest order."

"Well," Jasmine said with a teasing smile, "I guess I'll have to take that risk. Besides, he seems far more charming than you."

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## Chapter 49

Chris's pride was wounded by Jasmine's words, and his tore turned sharp as he lashed out.

"Listen, you're making a huge mistake. This guy was thrown out by his own wife because he's worthless. Being seen with him will only ruin your reputation. I'm doing you a favor by warning you."

"Maybe," Jasmine mused, locking eyes with Alex, "because I see something in him that her wife clearly doesn't."

Sophia's gaze sharpened, her voice icy. "So you've known each other for a while, huh, Alex? Guess I was right- you were cheating on me all along."

Alex sighed, his expression weary. "Believe whatever helps you sleep at night, Sophia. You never cared to hear the truth anyway."

"Because I'm never wrong!" Sophia snapped, her eyes flashing with anger.

"But this time, you are," Jasmine interjected, her smile unwavering.

"I just met him yesterday. When this morning I told him I liked him, he said he was married, and I was heartbroken. He's never had an affair with me. So, I should thank you, really, for giving me the chance."

"No need to thank me," Sophia sneered. "He's a nobody, a con artist. Frankly, calling him trash would be an insult to garbage."

Jasmine's eyes widened in mock surprise. "I never knew Sophia Lancaster held such high standards. Calling a guy

like Alex 'average,' or even 'trash'..."

She chuckled, her gaze shifting toward Chris. "The man you're about to marry must be a real treasure then."

"Of course!" Sophia snapped, refusing to back down. "He's the CEO of BioHealth Solutions, his father works with the Kingstons at Elegance & Co, and he's ranked highest in the international knight competition." <sup>1</sup>

At that, Jasmine burst into laughter, the sound rich and unrestrained. The room fell silent, all eyes turning toward

her.

Alex knew why Jasmine was amused.

This wasn't a fair fight anymore-Jasmine, the heir to a Kingston's empire, being compared to a worker from her family's company.

For anyone who understood, it was painfully embarrassing. The difference between them was just too big.

"Jasmine," Alex said softly, "let's head to our seats. The banquet will start soon." "You're right," she agreed, patting his arm. "Let's go."

They both turned and walked away, ignoring Chris and Sophia completely.

But the last look Jasmine gave them-one filled with disdain-wouldn't be forgotten

by any of them, especially Chris and Sophia.

It was a gaze that told them just how far beneath her they were.

"She's insane," Chris muttered, his ego bruised.

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# The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 50[ 849 words ]

Chapter 50

Chapter 50

"Let's just forget him," Sophia said, her mood already souring.

She realized she'd never understand that jerk. "The banquet is about to start. Let's find our seats."

The banquet was set with round tables, each seating about six guests.

The closer the table to the front, the more important the guests were.

To Sophia and Lyra's shock, when they checked their invitation cards, they were assigned to the very front-the VIP table.

"Chris, your father really pulled some strings to get us the best invitations, didn't he?" Sophia commented.

Chris wore a proud expression. "Of course, my father is very important to the Kingstons. That's why I told you not to worry about the partnership-you'll have it."

As they moved toward the front, they were stunned to find Jasmine and Alex already seated at their table, laughing and talking closely.

"Alex," Chris approached, irritation clear in his voice. "Do you know this table is reserved for special invitations only? How dare you sit here? And how did you even get an invitation?"

"We both don't have invitation cards." Jasmine replied.

Chris smirked. "Lady, it's one thing to sneak into a luxury banquet, but without an invitation? Someone could report you to the guards, and you'd be dragged out. That would be quite shameful, don't you think?"

This time, Jasmine looked genuinely shocked.

"Do I really need an invitation card to enter this banquet?" As if she found the whole situation ridiculous.

"Of course! Do you have something wrong with your brain? Chris snapped, growing frustrated.

Jasmine burst into laughter, finding Chris's arrogance amusing.

"I'm also wondering how you three got your invitation cards. Could it be that you used stolen ones?"

Sophia's heart pounded in her chest. The last thing she wanted was to be accused of something like this, especially when she needed to make a good impression at the banquet.

"Be careful with your accusations," she warned.

"These invitation cards are real. Chris's father got them directly from the Kingston family. They're completely legal. You two, without any invitations, should be the ones worried."

Jasmine turned to Alex. "Alex, I believe these three seats were supposed to be given to you. Did you hand over your invitation cards to them or to Chris's father?"

Alex shrugged, looking casual. "I handed out the invitations to Sophia, but somehow they think it was Jerry Roland who did it."

Jasmine laughed heartily. "You know, Alex, I've laughed more today than I have in an entire year. You really have some amazing people around you."

Chris bristled. "So now you're spinning lies to impress her?"

He glared at Alex before turning to Jasmine. "Don't let this loser fool you. There's

no way he could've gotten those invitations. He's feeding you nonsense."

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## Chapter 50

Jasmine was practically doubled over, laughing as she hit the table in amusement.

Alex sighed, rubbing his forehead, knowing full well Jasmine was the one who issued the invitations.

Of course, she knew everything.

"Jasmine, maybe let it go," Alex suggested calmly. "They're determined to believe their own fairy tales."

"You're right," she agreed, still giggling. "No point in shattering their illusions."

Chris, Sophia, and Lyra took their seats, barely masking their irritation.

"You two need to leave," Chris demanded coldly. "Or I'll have the guards escort you out."

Jasmine bit her lip, trying not to burst into laughter again. Chris, I checked on your father, Jerry White or Jerry Roland, right? He was fired yesterday after preventing Alex from buying a piece of jewelry."

Jasmine's eyes moved to Sophia's neck. "That necklace."

Sophia instinctively touched the jewelry around her neck. "What are you saying? This necklace was a gift from Chris's father."

Jasmine couldn't hold back her laughter any longer and collapsed onto Alex's shoulder, patting his arm. "Alex, you live in a wonderful little world. Have you never told them the truth?"

"I tried, but they're stuck in their own fairy tale," Alex replied.

Chris had enough. Standing up, he called for the guards, waving his hand with a polite but firm gesture.

When the guard arrived, Chris spoke confidently. "Guard, I believe these two people don't have invitation cards. I'd like you to remove them from this table."

The guard glanced at Jasmine, who was still laughing, then back at Chris, as if questioning his sanity.

"Do you really think Miss Jasmine and her guest need invitation cards?"

"Of course they do!" Chris snapped, his frustration mounting.

"Everyone here needs an invitation to attend!"

Jasmine laughed even harder, her voice filled with amusement.

"Guards," she managed between giggles, "for the sake of fairness, please kick us out."

The guard shifted uncomfortably.

He knew that if he chased out Jasmine Kingston-the host of the banquet- everyone would have to leave with

her.

"Miss, if you'd like, I can provide you with invitations," he offered cautiously.

Chris scoffed. "You think Kingston's invitations are just handed out like flyers? They're exclusive. Not that you'd understand."

Jasmine's eyes widened, looking at Alex with mock seriousness. "Alex, are invitation cards really that rare?"

"I don't know," Alex replied honestly.

Throughout his life, invitations to banquets and events piled up on his table.

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Chapter 50

He could walk into any event without one, and people would still feel honored by his presence.

That's why I hate talking to poor people who don't know anything the exclusivity of high-society events." Chris sneered, his frustration turning to contempt.

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