

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 499[1,311 words]

"Do you think you're even worthy to bet your car and your arms against mine?" Ragnar barked, anger twisting his face.

He had never met anyone bold-or stupid-enough to challenge him like this.

"I am the son of a duke!" he roared. "And you? A half-slave! A thousand of you wouldn't equal one of my fingers. Our value isn't even comparable!"

"You're right," Alex said with a slow yawn, as if bored.

"So don't bet. If you're that scared of losing to my car, just walk away. No one's forcing you. Honestly, I'm too lazy to waste time pampering a guy like you."

Ragnar froze stunned. No one had ever spoken to him like that. Then he exploded.

"You damn bastard! You think mouthing off makes you my equal? You're a shadow, Alex. A man no lineage would claim."

Alex smiles faintly. "Funny. Every time you open your mouth, your bloodline looks cheaper."

Ragnar's hand twitches. "Say that again."

Alex steps forward, "You're terrified I might be better than you without a title so terrified you need the whole world watching to convince yourself."

Ragnar's bravado flickers. "I fear nothing."

Alex scoffs. "Then prove it. Not with cars. Not with insults. Prove you're something without your father's name stamped on your spine."

Ragnar lunges but stops just inches from Alex, breathing hard.

"You want to know who I am?" Ragnar snarls. "I'm the man who decides your fate."

Alex whispers back: "Then decide your own for once."

His friends immediately jumped in.

"Ragnar, he's provoking you. This loser knows he'll lose. There's no way he can win with that first-generation VÖXEN. He's just trying to get into your head!"

"Yeah, Ragnar. Your VÖXEN Gen-6 against his Gen-1? Why would you even hesitate?"

Ragnar still feared losing but the belief that he could crush Alex was stronger.

"Fine," he snarled. "Let me add one more condition. If you lose, you must divorce Sofina."

Alex went silent.

Sofina and Renata stepped forward instantly.

"Alex, don't respond to this idiot," Sofina snapped.

"Yeah, he's not worth it," Renata added sharply.

Ragnar smirked, sensing weakness.

"What? Scared now? If you're afraid, go wear a woman's skirt. Why are you even here?"

"Me? Afraid?" Alex laughed, low and sharp. "In a bet, both sides must offer something equal. Cars..... arms..... fine. But now you're asking me to put Sofina on the line. She's my heart. So if you really want equal stakes-then you put yours in. Your actual heart. Bet your heart organ. Are you willing?"

Sofina's face flushed red, stunned and flustered.

Everyone else went wide-eyed at Alex's bluntness.

Ragnar erupted again, his rage boiling over.

"You want my heart? You want my life? Who the hell do you think you are? How dare you ask me that!"

Alex shook his head, disgust twisting across his face.

"Talking to you makes me feel like my brain is rotting," he said. "You're the one who asked for the race. You're the one who set the bet. I'm just matching your terms. If you don't want to do it, then don't. Why do you always have to be such an asshole?"

He turned and walked away from Ragnar, muttering loud enough for everyone to hear.

"Talking to this idiot is a waste of brain cells... no-he actually kills brain cells."

As Alex walked off, people around them stared at Ragnar.

"Ragnar, this is a race you always win. What are you scared of?"

"Yeah, Ragnar! Don't you want to prove yourself in front of Sofina and Renata? This is your shot!"

"What's wrong with you, man? Take Sofina, take his car-hell, take his arms too!"

"What? I'm not afraid of anyone," Ragnar snapped, puffing up his chest so he wouldn't look weak in front of his entourage. "I just feel bad he's going to lose everything!"

Then he raised his voice for everyone to hear.

"Let's make the bet official. A government-certified contract. Once it's signed, no one can back out."

"Fine by me," Alex replied. "But I warn you think twice before you sign it. You're going to lose badly."

To Alex, the outcome wasn't even a question.

The VÖXEN Seraphine wasn't just a car. It was a monster. Only ten existed in the entire country-maybe the entire world. Its grade sat at the highest class VÖXEN had ever engineered.

Compared to that, Ragnar's VÖXEN Gen-6-built for public use and impressive only by normal standards was nothing.

If the VÖXEN 6 was an airplane, the Seraphine wasn't even in the same category.

It wasn't built to fly-it was built to break limits.

A rocket.

A spacecraft engineered for raw, merciless speed.

"Me? Lose to you?" Ragnar laughed so hard his shoulders shook.

He tapped his bracelet, and a three-dimensional contract flared to life beside him.

"Watch closely," he sneered, signing his name with a flourish.

"I'll be taking your arm and your wife soon. Just wait."

Since Ragnar already signed, Alex shrugged, stepped forward, and signed as well. Then he added calmly:

"I'm fine with the bet. But I'll give you

a way out. If you refuse to hand over your arm or your heart, then

whatever you give in exchange must match the value-appraised by a third party, and it has to pass my approval."

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"Whatever," Ragnar burst into loud, mocking laughter. "I'm not going to lose. Enough talking-let's race already!"

"Alright," Alex said with a calm nod. "How do you want to start?"

Ragnar jabbed a finger toward the stadium and answered with a cocky grin.

"We start together. Ten laps around the entire stadium. First one across the finish line wins. What do you say?"

Alex smiled, cool and confident.

"No problem."

"I already got permission to use the stadium," Ragnar bragged. "The tournament doesn't start for another forty minutes, so hell yeah we're using it."

His friends erupted in cheers. They were thrilled. Racing in the biggest stadium in Winchester guaranteed a huge crowd-and they believed Ragnar would steal the show.

Sofina hurried to Alex, "Alex, he's doing this on purpose. Don't let him provoke you. Let's not race."

Alex gave her a warm, steady smile.

"Don't worry, my dear. Your husband will handle this."

Sofina stared at him, wide-eyed. "Are you sure you're okay with this?"

"I'm more than okay," Alex replied. "Actually, I was just thinking... Eden Group is sponsoring the Winchester Mobile Suit Tournament, right? What if we call Countess Modena von Adler and ask her to open the betting? If we wager everything we have, we could make a fortune."

Sofina looked at him like he'd grown ten extra heads.

"Alex... you do realize this is a race between a first-generation VÖXEN and a

VÖXEN Gen-6?"

Alex smirked.

"Yeah. But the previous owner of my car was a complete VÖXEN fanatic. He swapped the entire interior with VOXEN Seraphine components. What he modified the inside too-boosting the speed to match the real Seraphine?"

Sofina's eyes narrowed. "Are you sure about this?"

"I am," Alex said. "Judging from the speed-I'm convinced he upgraded it. We're winning this race. One hundred percent. So why not let people bet and let the money roll in?"

Sofina grabbed Alex's wrist, voice trembling.

"Alex... I know you're confident. But this this feels reckless. What if the Seraphine mods aren't real? What if he crushes you out there?"

Alex softened instantly. "Sofina. Look at me."

She did-eyes full of dread.

"I'm not racing because of pride," Alex said quietly. "I'm racing because he used you as a bargaining chip. I can't let that slide."

Alex shook his head, voice low and steady.

"No. It's about reminding him you're not something he can toy with. I'll always stand between you and anyone who tries. What kind of man would I be if I couldn't protect the woman I love?"

Her expression faltered-not from fear, but from an emotion far heavier.

"Alex... I didn't know you felt that strongly."

Behind them, Ragnar's voice cut through the tension.

"Aww, how romantic. Will you two kiss before he loses?"

Sofina spun around, fury blazing in her eyes. "Ragnar, shut up."

Ragnar actually froze-stunned that Sofina had spoken to him like that.

Then his face twisted with outrage.

"How dare you," he spat. "A mere woman telling the son of a Duke to shut up?"

Before anyone could react, Ragnar lunged toward Sofina, lifting his arm- ready to slap her across the face.

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Sofina squeezed her eyes shut-

but the slap never landed.

Alex's hand shot out like lightning, catching Ragnar's wrist mid-air.

"Why don't you pick on someone your own size?" Alex said, voice cold enough to freeze stone.

"Do you want to finish this in the race or right here in a fight? I'm open to both. And if we fight... I'm taking this hand of yours."

"Don't you dare touch me, you half-slave!" Ragnar roared, trying to yank his arm free.

Alex tightened his grip. "I'd rather not lay hands on a man carrying five sexually transmitted diseases."

The bones in Ragnar's wrist ground together. He screamed-high, sharp, almost like a woman shrieking.

Alex could've crushed the entire arm without effort.

But Sofina rushed forward. "Alex, don't hurt him!"

At her voice, Alex released Ragnar instantly.

Ragnar stumbled back, face drained of color, humiliation burning through him.

"You'll pay for this! I'll take your arms and your wife! Just wait!"

He spun and stormed back toward his car.

Sofina turned to Alex, breath unsteady, anger and adrenaline shaking through her.

"Fine. That jerk has gone too far. You have to destroy him."

Alex's eyes glinted. "That's the plan."

Her resolve hardened.

"I believe in you. I'll bet every coin I have on you. I'll call Countess Marlana... even though I don't know if she'll actually open the betting."

"Just call," Alex said with a wink.

Minutes later, Sofina returned, still stunned.

"Countess Marlana agreed to open the bet."

And right then, across the massive floating stadium screen, the betting counter flickered to life-numbers glowing bright as the crowd erupted in excitement.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the Eden Group-your official betting house-proudly announces a sudden special exhibition match," the announcer boomed across the stadium.

"A friendly showdown between a VÖXEN Series 6 and a VÖXEN Series 1... or whatever that thing is. And yes-betting is now officially open."

Then his tone shifted into something sharp and dramatic.

"And this isn't a lighthearted race. The drivers have wagered their arms and their hearts. This is a winner-takes-all match. The loser... will face misery. Even death!"

The entire stadium erupted. Tens of thousands roared with excitement, slapping their wrist-bracelets to open the betting interface.

They had all come for the Mobile Suit Tournament, bringing in massive corporate crowds-and now they were eager to gamble on anything that moved. People immediately focused on Alex's car-his old VÖXEN First Series. Most of them burst out laughing.

"Is this guy insane? He's racing Ragnar's VÖXEN Gen-6 with that antique?" "This is a joke, right? That Gen-1 can't even compete. What's he thinking?"

Winchester Stadium was huge an oval track designed for high-speed mobile units. Once a car synced with the magnetic line, the system mapped the fastest possible path.

After that, everything depended solely on engine power.

Even the dumbest man in Winchester knew that.

"So why the hell is Alex-driving a first-generation VÖXEN-agreeing to race a VÖXEN Gen-6?" one spectator asked.

His friend snorted.

"Simple. Alex is the walking Error-and the dunce of the century. Only a certified idiot would enter a race like this with a Gen-1 VÖXEN."

The crowd agreed instantly. Bets piled onto Ragnar's side. The VÖXEN Gen-6 percentage jumped like a rocket.

Ragnar raised both arms, thrilled by the momentum.

"Alright! Everyone, watch closely! The race begins now!"

He slid into his VÖXEN Gen-6, engine rumbling like a beast ready to devour the track.

Alex climbed into his own vehicle and eased up beside him, bumpers aligned.

A massive digital screen lit up in front of them—

COUNTDOWN: 5

A line of text blinked: Start when the number hits zero.

Ragnar rolled down his window and yelled,

"You bastard! I'm taking your arms! Kneel now, and maybe I'll show mercy!"

"How about you kneel first?" Alex shot back. A cold smile touched his lips as he switched his VÖXEN into

Seraphine Mode spaceship

configuration.

Most people couldn't even start a car in that mode-its speed was terrifying. The gravitational force alone could spike to ten times enough to snap bones and crush a heart

from sheer pressure. One wrong move, and everything would turn to dust.

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But Alex?

Alex's mind moved in perfect sync with precision, instinct, and machine. Controlling

this little monster was as natural to him as breathing.

The countdown dropped-

3... 2... 1... 0

Ragnar's VÖXEN 6 roared forward, launching like a bullet.

And then-

Alex's car, the supposed "weak Gen-1," slowly jolted backward instead of forward.

The entire stadium gasped in shock, thousands rising to their feet in disbelief.

Alex's car rolled backward a full twenty meters before coming to a stop-

then it inched forward, slow and gentle, almost lazy, like someone taking a relaxed Sunday drive to the beach, admiring everything along the way.

Meanwhile, Ragnar had already slammed the accelerator to the floor. His VÖXEN Gen-6 shot ahead, screaming past 200 km/h in seconds.

Alex's car?

Barely 20, maybe 30 km/h.

The crowd exploded in outrage.

"ARE YOU INSANE?" one spectator roared. "I bet money on your damn courage!"

Another scoffed loudly. "Idiot! You bet on the dunce of Winchester!"

"Yeah, if he's handing out money, he might as well keep driving backward!"

Inside the car, Alex scratched his head, annoyed but helpless.

He was pushing the spaceship-mode-its fastest configuration—but the car refused to accelerate.

It stubbornly focused on mapping the entire track, scanning every curve, every airflow, every shift in wind pressure.

The system needed perfect data before choosing the optimal racing trajectory in full speed.

So it continued crawling at moderate speed, cameras and sensors recording everything.

By the time Alex completed one lap, Ragnar had already finished five.

People had already given up on Alex.

Some started counting the winnings they expected to pocket.

Others were shaking their heads, already calling him a lost cause.

Then it happened.

A crisp voice echoed through the cockpit:

"Mapping complete. Initiating first acceleration phase. Beginning at 200 km/h and escalating toward 2,000 km/h. Driver, prepare for ignition."

A deep, resonant hum rolled across the stadium-heavy, metallic, alive.

Then the impossible happened.

Something on the back of the

VÖXEN First Series unfolded, splitting open like the wings of a machine-beast awakening. A burning yellow glow surged from within shifting into a fierce electric bite then to a blinding, colorless heat so intense the air itself warped.

Wind blasted across the arena.

Spectators shielded their faces.

The stadium trembled.

Alex's VÖXEN Seraphine locked into position, the frame tightening as if bracing for war-

and then the engine detonated into a roar, a violent metallic scream that shut the entire stadium into stunned silence.

Alex's lips curled into a sharp grin.

"The real race," he said, eyes narrowing,

"starts now."