

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 51[907 words]

Chapter 51

"Alex," Jasmine nudged him urgently.

"Quick, how do I respond? This is the first time in my life someone has called me poor."

Alex glanced at her. Jasmine Kingston-the wealthiest heiress in Vancouver-had probably never heard that word directed at her.

"Just smile and say 'thank you,'" Alex suggested calmly.

"Really?" she asked, eyes wide with feigned innocence.

"Absolutely. When they go low, we go high."

Jasmine turned back to Chris with a graceful smile.

"Thank you for calling me poor. This is a new experience for me."

Chris's face flushed crimson.

He slammed his fist on the table. "Are you dense? When someone calls you poor, you're supposed to feel insulted, ashamed!"

"Why should I feel that way?" Jasmine replied, tilting her head slightly.

"I'm not poor."

Chris, barely containing his frustration, threw his hands up. "You really have no brain, do you?"

Jasmine turned to Alex, her gaze curious. "Alex, do you think I have no brain?" "Not at all. In fact, I think you're much sharper than they realize."

Alex said while looking at Chris, he tried to bury Jasmine, but didn't realize she was a seed of his destruction.

She giggled softly. "I do enjoy conversations with intelligent people like you."

Just then, the event manager hurried over. He approached Jasmine and handed her two ornate invitation cards. "Miss Jasmine, here are the invitations you requested."

Chris's jaw dropped. Sophia and Lyra exchanged bewildered glances.

Kingston invitation cards were incredibly exclusive-how did she obtain them so effortlessly?

"Look, Alex!" Jasmine beamed, waving the invitations playfully. "Now we both have our official invites."

Chris glared at them, displeasure written all over his face. "What's there to be proud of? We also have three."

Jasmine turned to Alex with a mischievous smile.

"You know, it's not as fun when only one side gets to play. Mind if I take a turn?"

Alex leaned back casually. "Be my guest. They're not exactly my friends."

For the first time, a steely glint flashed in Jasmine's eyes.

The master of ceremonies took the stage, tapping the microphone.

"Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for joining us this evening. Before we begin, it's my honor to introduce Miss

1/3

Chapter \$1

Jasmine: Jasmine Kingston, making her first appearance at our annual Vancouver banquet!"

The room fell into a hushed silence, all eyes drawn to Jasmine as she stood, smoothing the folds of her gown with practiced grace.

Alex rose as well, extending his arm. "Care for an escort?"

A warm surge of gratitude spread through her chest. "Why thank you. I never knew you were such a gentleman." Together, they made their way to the podium, Alex guiding her up the steps with gentle care.

As she took her place at the microphone, Alex returned to his seat, stealing a glance at Chris and Sophia, whose faces had turned ashen with shock.

Sophia's lips parted in horror as realization struck her-she had just behaved atrociously in front of the very woman whose favor she desperately needed. Chris, once arrogant and self-assured, now looked as though he'd seen a ghost. Jasmine began her speech with poised confidence.

"Good evening, esteemed guests. I want to extend my deepest thanks to everyone here tonight. The Kingston family has long held a deep commitment to philanthropy and community development."

She clicked a remote, and images of impoverished neighborhoods appeared on the large screen behind her. "These are the areas we aim to uplift. Tonight's banquet is not just about business; it's about making a real difference."

After several minutes of explanations, Jasmine continued.

"Now, onto a matter of business that I believe concerns many of you."

"The Kingston family is seeking a new partner for our upcoming medical production line. We will be selecting one company that aligns with our values and vision."

The room buzzed with anticipation, whispers filling the air.

Jasmine's tone shifted, "But before we proceed, I have an important announcement."

Her eyes briefly found Chris's, and something like satisfaction gleamed there.

"It has come to my attention that some of you may have visited one of our stores, The Elegance & Co, I need to inform you that yesterday, our general manager, Jerry White-also known as Jerry Roland-was fired by my father. So, let me warn you all: he no longer represents Kingston, and you should be cautious if he tries to sell anything under our name."

Sophia's face went pale, her body trembling as she looked Chris.

"Your father was fired yesterday? How could he have taken our \$100 million deal?"

Jasmine continued, "We also discovered that Jerry had been abusing his position to help BioHealth Solutions,

owned by the Roland family. This morning, we officially cut all ties with BioHealth."

190

Sophia's legs wobbled as the ground beneath her crumbled.

Chris was drenched in sweat, his composure completely shattered.

He had never imagined Alex, the loser, could be this close to Jasmine Kingston.

"And from my personal experience," Jasmine's voice turned ice-cold, her eyes narrowing with dangerous

2/3

\$29 BONUS

Chapter 51

intensity, "with someone from the Roland family... I will be advising my father never to do business with them again. It seems they're rude enough to call me poor.

Her smile remained, cool and unbothered, but beneath it lay the dagger of her words.

The banquet hall exploded into hushed conversations, the weight of Jasmine's announcement crashing over them like a tidal wave.

The Kingston family blacklisting the Rolands meant their fate was sealed.

Other families would follow, eager to distance themselves from impending disaster.

Chris trembled, his fear now all-consuming.

Women, they say, may forgive-but they never forget.

Chris had mocked jasmine relentlessly, thinking she was easy to bully.

But with one elegant blow, Jasmine was about to send the entire Roland family spiraling into ruin.

Today's Bonus Offer

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 52[884 words]

Chapter 52

Chapter 52

Chris's hands trembled as he stared at Jasmine. If he'd known who she truly was, he would never have dared to insult her-not even with a gun to his head.

His mother and grandfather would kill him for destroying their generational wealth.

Jasmine Kingston's voice remained steady as she continued "And for the business partner in our new medical line, we've carefully chosen the Emerson Group as the best fit for us. Please welcome Lily Emerson as our new partner..."

The hall erupted in applause.

From one table came happiness and uncontained joy, while at the other, murmurs of disappointment filled the air.

There were winners and losers, with every family vying for the same prize.

Especially Sophia. Her face turned ashen, as if all the blood had drained away.

She had paid a hefty \$100 million to secure the partnership, and now she had nothing to show for it.

The Lancasters wouldn't survive after she had drained all their cash and savings. Even the Biohealth deal she'd secured was headed for bankruptcy.

"Chris, what just happened?" Sophia snapped, her voice quivering with frustration. "Alex!" Chris shouted angrily, whirling toward him.

"This is all because of you! You must have fed Miss Kingston false information and convinced her to destroy us."

Sophia quickly looked at Alex, panic flickering in her eyes. "Is this because of you?"

"Of course!" Chris continued.

"It's all on him! He's close to Miss Kingston-he must've brainwashed her into ruining everything my father built. He's the one who canceled the partnership with the Lancasters!"

Alex sighed deeply. "You all live in your own fairy tale. Why don't you try thinking the opposite for once?"

He paused, then continued, "I had promised Abraham Lancaster that the partnership would go to Lancaster, and Jasmine agreed."

"But when word got out that Jerry Roland had made a shady deal behind the scenes, Kingston had no choice but to back out. If people found out Jerry was controlling Kingston, it'd be bad for business."

"So basically, you ruined your own chances by striking a deal with someone the Kingstons despise."

Sophia's body trembled. "Why didn't you tell us?"

"I did," Alex said coldly.

"But no one listened. You should have checked the information before throwing money at it. Greed blinded you, leading to your downfall."

"Liar!" Chris spat, shaking with rage. "This is all a lie! You're the one who ruined everything!"

"You can steal my invitation cards and the jewelry I gave Sophia," Alex replied calmly.

"But stealing from others? Some won't be as forgiving as me."

1/3

Chapter 52

24

Chris's hands shook, but his attention was drawn to his phone, which was silently flashing with an incoming call.

He couldn't ignore the call.

"Mother?" His voice wavered.

"What are you doing at the Kingston banquet? Why are people blowing up my phone, demanding we cancel our contracts with every single one of Roland's companies? What the hell have you done?!"

Panic flooded Chris. He quickly stood up and hurried to a corner of the hall, his heart racing.

Sophia, barely able to stay on her feet, followed closely behind him, her face drained of color.

On the stage, Lily Emerson continued discussing plans with Jasmine, all smiles and excitement.

Left alone at the table, Alex sat in silence, his eyes distant.

Lyra, who had been quiet all evening, suddenly extended her hand toward him.

She was as strikingly beautiful as Sophia, if not more so.

There was something about her-something sharp and calculated behind those eyes.

"Hi, I'm Lyra Thompson," she said smoothly.

Alex glanced at her hand, remembering how she had previously refused to shake his.

He sighed, weary. "You hated me. What changed?"

"Well," Lyra began with a sly smile, "the first time we met my best friend asked me to help her cut you out of her life. I was just doing my duty, right? Plus, back then, you were dressed so plainly- you really weren't my type."

Her smile widened as she continued, "But now that my mission's complete, I have no reason to hate you. And I must say, you've upgraded your style. You're much more to my liking now. I thought it'd be a good time for a fresh introduction." Alex frowned. "Do you not remember how you treated me before?"

"Oh, I remember everything. But I know you're too much of a gentleman to hold a grudge over something so trivial, especially when it was caused by a 'weak' woman like me."

Lyra's confident tone made it hard for anyone to resist her charm. "There are no eternal enemies, nor eternal friends, right?"

Alex chuckled, finally extending his hand. "You'd make a great politician." "Thank you," Lyra replied brightly, shaking his hand. "And I really like you." Alex raised an eyebrow. "What do you really want?"

Lyra's eyes sparkled with mischief. "Will you let me handle your money? I'm really good with investments. I could double it for you."

Alex scoffed. "Why would I? Your father's a politician who bet on the wrong horse, siding with the old regime. Now that the new leadership is in power, your family's fallen out of favor, and your mother's investment company is sinking fast."

He leaned back, his eyes hard. "You're just an empty showpiece-beautiful on the outside, but rotten within." "Investment? Doubling my money? Politicians are all the same. They promise to build a bridge even when there's

Chapter 52

Lyra's playful demeanor vanished, her expression turning serious.

She didn't like her family's failures being mentioned, especially since so few knew about their situation.

"Who are you, really?"

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 53[859 words]

Chapter 53

Chapter 53

Alex stared at Lyra, choosing not to respond.

"Fine," Lyra snapped.

"My father took his shot by siding with the old regime, and my mother backed him all the way. They messed up big time! But I haven't even had my chance yet, and this family mess has ruined it."

She leaned in, her eyes pleading. "Don't you think I deserve an opportunity without being tied to my parents' mistakes?"

Alex sighed, his reluctance evident. "Fair enough."

"Listen, Alex," she pressed.

"I know Jasmine Kingston is on your side now. Maybe you've charmed her, extracted all the secrets you wanted. But how long can that last? Love is fickle-it changes as quickly as the tides."

She watched him intently, searching for a flicker of doubt.

"You've got wealth now, I can see that. But what happens when love fades? Jasmine might grow bored and cast you aside without warning. You can't put your faith in something as unstable as love."

"The money could vanish in an instant, and you'll be right back where you began- back on the streets, in the slums. That's not where you want to end up, is it?"

"While you're ahead, you should take that fortune and make it work for you." "The only thing you can truly rely on is the wealth you hold and the future you secure!"

Alex removed his watch and held it up. "Do you recognize this timepiece?"

Lyra's eyes widened. "Patek Philippe Grandmaster Chime Ref. 6300A-010. Worth \$31 million."

"Good," he nodded, tossing his car key to her. "In my car, you'll find the original box and documentation."

"The Bugatti La Voiture Noire?" she gasped, her excitement barely contained.

"I'll give you one month," he said coldly. "Let's see how much you can turn that into."

"Got it," Lyra grabbed the key.

"You only have one shot," Alex warned.

"And I won't miss," she replied confidently, turning on her heel and striding away.

Outside the grand hall, a tempest was brewing between Chris and Sophia.

"Chris, I trusted you!" Sophia's voice trembled with hurt and betrayal. "How could you deceive me like this?" "I didn't betray anyone!" Chris shouted back,

"This is all Alex's fault-your ex-husband! He wrecked everything with his affair with Jasmine Kingston. You should be blaming him, not me! Go after him for your money! He's torn my family apart too!"

"I may despise Alex, but I'm not blind!" Sophia retorted, her eyes flashing with anger.

"His warning this morning means you knew your father had been fired, yet you still tried to swindle us out of our

1/3

Chapter 53

money."

"I didn't try to take your money!" he snapped back. "You all handed it over willingly, so I accepted it!"

Without thinking, Sophia slapped him hard across the face

"Return our money now, or I'll call the police. Don't even think about running off with it."

Chris's face twisted with rage. "You dare hit me?" he growled.

In a flash, he struck Sophia's head. The force sent her crashing onto the pavement, where she lay motionless.

Breathing heavily, he stared down at her, a storm of emotions raging in his eyes.

Shaking himself, he pulled out his phone and dialed urgently with loudspeaker on.

"Father, the Lancasters weren't chosen by the Kingstons, and now they're demanding their money back. Jasmine has blacklisted the Roland family. How could you miss the chance to kidnap her?"

"Calm down, son," his father's voice was unnervingly composed.

"Calvin Walker and his men are already en route. They should be arriving any minute now."

"The Walker family? The Underworld King?" Chris's voice quivered between fear and anticipation.

Yes."

"But we're up against the Kingstons!"

"Relax. I'm in Los Angeles. I've already used the \$100 million from the Lancasters to secure Sinclair's support. He'll help us and the Walker family bring down the Kingstons."

"Sinclair? The most powerful man in Los Angeles, rivaling the Kingston family?"

"Exactly. Support the Walker family there, capture Jasmine and every wealthy heir inside that hall. We'll ransom them for funds to fuel our campaign."

Unbeknownst to them, Lyra had been listening from the shadows, her heart pounding in her chest.

She recorded every word of Chris's conversation on her phone.

Suddenly, the screech of tires pierced the air as ten black SUVs skidded to a halt in front of the hall.

Men clad in black tactical gear spilled out, weapons glinting ominously under the streetlights. Fear surged through Lyra. She had to act-fast.

She bolted into the hall, her breath ragged. Spotting Jasmine and Alex near a table, she raced over. "Alex! They're here! Men from the Walker family-they're coming to kidnap Jasmine and everyone here!" Alex's eyes narrowed, scanning the room. Turning to Jasmine, he asked urgently, "Is there a back exit?"

"Yes," Jasmine replied.

"Then we need to evacuate everyone through it now," he commanded. Without hesitation, Jasmine grabbed the microphone from the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen, may I have your attention, please! Due to unforeseen circumstances, we need to initiate an emergency evacuation drill. Please remain calm and follow my manager to the back exit immediately."

2/3

Chapter 53

A wave of confusion swept through the crowd, but no one dared to challenge the Kingston.

The guests quickly began making their way toward the back of the hall.

Turning to the security team, Jasmine issued swift orders. "Seal all front entrances and assist guests in evacuating safely. No one gets in through those doors."

The Almighty Dominance

Chapter 54[753 words]

Chapter 54

After the kidnapping incident, Jasmine had prepared with enough bodyguards.

They stood protectively around her, Alex, Lyra, and the other guests, guiding them to evacuate.

As the security team moved to follow their orders, Alex turned sharply to Lyra.

"Where is Sophia?"

"She's outside with Chris. He... he hit her."

Alex's jaw clenched, and he halted.

"You two go first, don't wait for me."

He rushed back to the hall.

Jasmine and Lyra continued to evacuate with the others through the back door.

Outside, forty men from the Walker family were just getting out of their cars.

Chris stepped forward, offering a greeting. "Jerry Roland, my father, asked me to help you."

Calvin Walker's voice was icy. "Where's Jasmine Kingston?"

"She's inside with all the other rich kids," Chris replied, shrugging.

Suddenly, the front door slammed shut, and the alarm echoed through Heaven Hall, signaling an evacuation.

Calvin's eyes narrowed.

"Did you warn them we were coming?" he snapped at Chris

"No, I've been waiting here for you," Chris insisted, stepping back nervously.

Calvin signaled to his forty men.

"The front door's sealed. Looks like they're trying to escape through the back. Cut them off. No one leaves. Ten of you get that front door open."

At the back of the hall, Jasmine was urgently ushering guests out.

"This isn't a drill anymore. Get to your cars and leave now!" she shouted, trying to maintain calm as more and more people scrambled for the exit.

Suddenly, Walker's gunmen arrived, firing into the chaos.

Jasmine, just a few steps outside the hall, was pulled toward a car by her

bodyguard. "Let's run, Miss!" he urged.

But her gaze lingered on the back door.

In a split second, she made her decision and sprinted back inside, shocking her

guards, who scrambled to form a defensive line.

"We'll defend the hall!" the guard called out.

Meanwhile, the Walkers' team radioed Calvin. "We found Jasmine Kingston."

"Did she run?" Calvin asked.

1/3

Chapter 54

"Negative. She went back into the hall. We've got her trapped," the leader reported.

"Some guests managed to escape. Should we chase them?"

"No need," Calvin replied, a cold smile forming.

"The police are on the way. Jasmine is the priority. Secure her. We'll breach from the front while you enter from the back."

Inside the hall, Alex was searching for a way to help Sophia

To his shock, he saw people returning, and suddenly, Jasmine rushed toward him.

"What happened?" Alex asked.

"They cut off our escape route," Jasmine replied.

"Why didn't you just rush out?" he pressed.

"They'll chase after me and endanger the guests. It's better to keep the enemy focused here and let the others get away safely." 1

Alex frowned, his tone sharp.

"If you keep thinking about others more than yourself and leave your life to fate, you're going to get yourself

killed."

Jasmine smiled sweetly, her gaze unwavering to Alex.

"I'm not leaving it to fate," she said softly. "I'm leaving it to you. I trust you'll protect me."

Alex stared into her eyes.

"Help the others gather in one secure place. I'll handle the attackers."

"Yes, they'll only slow you down," Jasmine agreed, quickly making a call to instruct the remaining guests to hide in one spot.

Just then, Lyra rushed back in, breathless.

Alex looked at her, shocked. "Why did you return? You could've been the first out."

Lyra shrugged. "I need to get on Jasmine Kingston's good side."

"What?" Alex blinked.

"Great things never came from comfort zones. I want to turn this whole mess into an opportunity to befriend her. Maybe she'll invest in me," Lyra said, eyes gleaming.

Alex rolled his eyes. "You'll get yourself killed chasing money!"

"It is not death that a woman should fear, but she should fear never beginning to live." Lyra smirked and rushed to help Jasmine coordinate the guests.

She wasn't about to miss her chance to get closer to Jasmine.

Together, passing through this dangerous time, they were sure to get close!

They might even become sisters in arms!

Danger or not, this could be a life-changing moment for her.

2/3

Chapter 54

Protecting Jasmine, even in this chaos, might just pay off if she didn't get killed first.

Suddenly, an explosion rocked the hall, shattering the doors and sending debris flying.

The Walkers' men breached the front entrance.

From the back door, the guards began to retreat as the attackers unleashed RPGs and heavy weapons.

The guards' handguns were no match.

Jasmine rushed with the remaining guests, leading them toward the kitchen.

But just as they reached the kitchen doors, they flew open, and more of Calvin Walker's men stormed in, armed and ready.

"Get back to the hall!" Jasmine yelled, pushing everyone back. They were now trapped in the middle.

From across the room, Calvin Walker entered, his expression cold and menacing.

"Stop running," he warned, raising his weapon. "Or I'll just shoot everyone here."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 55[1,005 words]

apter 55

Chapter 55

In the center of the grand hall, fifteen terrified guests huddled together-the ones who hadn't managed to escape when chaos erupted.

Nearby, five of Kingston's bodyguards lay wounded, their groans of pain underscoring the tense silence.

On the Walkers' side, only thirty men remained of the original forty; the rest had fallen during the fierce firefight with Kingston's guards.

"I suggest none of you make any sudden moves, Calvin warned.

"No one has to get hurt. We don't want to damage our merchandise. Each of you is priceless."

He initiated a video call, turning the camera to focus on Jasmine Kingston among the hostages.

"Father, we've secured Jasmine Kingston," Calvin reported

"Excellent," Lucas Walker replied.

"The police are en route to your location, blocking all roads out. It's safer to stay put. Use the hostages as leverage."

"Yes, Father."

"We'll use Jasmine to force Alfred Kingston to surrender his position in Vancouver," Lucas continued.

"We're negotiating with him now. Just hold tight, and victory will be ours." "Understood, Father," Calvin affirmed before ending the call.

He surveyed the room as his men collected weapons from the fallen guards. "Ten of you, keep an eye on them," he ordered, nodding toward the hostages. "The rest, secure this place. Block the entrances with our cars. We need to hold out for a few hours. Alfred will have no choice but to hand over his position."

Meanwhile, across the city at the Vancouver port terminal, Alfred Kingston stood face-to-face with Lucas Walker.

Alfred had tracked down the kidnappers, uncovering Lucas as the mastermind behind his daughter's abduction.

He'd mobilized all of Kingston's special forces, determined to bring down this underworld kingpin and dismantle his operations.

But Lucas had become a far greater threat than Alfred had anticipated.

Alongside his gangsters stood another force-Sinclair's special unit from Los Angeles-matching Kingston's own army in strength.

The situation was a stalemate.

"I never knew you were working with Sinclair," Alfred said.

Lucas smirked. "Alfred, you're too powerful to take on alone. So I called in a favor from an old friend."

"What is it you want?"

"Vancouver! I want to be like you, ruling this city," Lucas declared, ambition blazing in his eyes.

Chapter 55

"You've gone too far. The King won't stand for this," Alfred warned.

Lucas chuckled darkly. "I hear the new King is young and inexperienced, more interested in luxury than leadership. I'll offer him wealth and women-he'll forget all about you."

"You won't get away with this," Alfred said firmly, subtly signaling his men to be ready.

Lucas's expression hardened. "Alfred, your daughter Jasinine is In my hands. If you don't surrender now, her."

Alfred felt as if the ground had dropped from beneath him.

"Think carefully," Lucas taunted. "Will you choose power over your daughter's life?"

I'll kill

In Los Angeles, Dave Sinclair reclined in his opulent study, swirling a glass of fine wine.

A satisfied smile played on his lips as he gazed out over the city lights.

Jerry Roland paced nervously nearby, wringing his hands.

"We've got Jasmine. It's only a matter of time before Alfred Kingston relinquishes his hold on Vancouver," Dave said smoothly.

Jerry's face lit up with a greedy grin. "Mr. Sinclair, when I take over Vancouver, you can count on our unwavering loyalty!"

Dave raised an eyebrow, a hint of amusement in his eyes. "If you take Vancouver, Jerry, you'll betray me the moment it suits you."

"No, Mr. Sinclair! I'd never forget this favor," Jerry protested earnestly.

Dave's expression turned cold as he lifted his hand.

Two imposing bodyguards stepped forward, seizing Jerry by the arms.

"Alfred helped you for fifteen years, and you repaid him with betrayal," Dave said coolly.

"I have no interest in aligning with traitors. Lucas is far more reliable."

"You can't do this to me!" Jerry shouted, struggling futilely. "I orchestrated everything so you could take down Kingston!"

"And I appreciate your efforts," Dave replied dismissively, taking a leisurely sip of his wine. "But I'm afraid our partnership ends here. Dispose of him."

Jerry's pleas turned to screams as he was dragged away.

Back at Heaven Hill, Walker's men moved with swift precision.

Some planted explosives at the doors, sealing off any potential entry points.

Others maneuvered vehicles into place, creating a formidable barricade at the main entrance.

Chris burst into the hall, dragging Sophia behind him.

A dark bruise marred her porcelain skin, and fear flickered in her eyes, though she tried to mask it with defiance.

Chapter 55

Calvin's gaze settled on her, a predatory gleam lighting up his face.

"She's a beauty," he remarked with a twisted smile.

Chris pulled her closer, his grip possessive. "She's mine."

"Is that so?" Calvin sauntered over, reaching out to lift Sophia's chin.

She recoiled, eyes flashing with disgust.

"Don't touch me," she spat.

Calvin glanced at the bruise on her face.

"You hit her? You're a real piece of work," he sneered at Chris.

"It's none of your Business," Chris muttered.

Without warning, Calvin swung the butt of his gun, striking Chris across the face.

A sickening crunch echoed as his nose broke, blood streaming down his face.

"What the hell?" Chris yelled, staggering backward.

Calvin didn't relent. He kicked Chris's legs out from under him, sending him crashing to the floor.

Pointing the gun directly at his head, Calvin's voice dropped to a dangerous growl.

"I lost ten men today. This was supposed to be an easy mission. We came to grab her, but some of our targets had already vanished. Now the police are closing in, cutting off our escape routes."

"You think I set you up?" Chris gasped, wincing from the pain.

"You're the only one who knew the full plan," Calvin snarled, delivering another vicious kick.

"You'd better be worth something. Maybe we'll ransom you back to your family."

"My father's been helping you!" Chris protested, desperation creeping into his voice.

Calvin laughed coldly. "Your father's a traitor to the Kingstons. We don't trust traitors."

Realization and horror washed over Chris. "What are you saying?"

"Sinclair never intended to help your father rise to power," Calvin revealed, his eyes gleaming with malice.

"He thought he could use us, but we've been using him all along. The one who will take Kingston's place is Walker -my father."

Chris stared up at him, his world crumbling. They had played him for a fool.

"You thought you were playing the game," Calvin said, leaning in close. "But you were the game."

Today's Bonus Offer

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 56[964 words]

Chapter 56

Chapter 56

"Leader, the police are here," one of the Walkers informed Calvin urgently.

Calvin could already hear the wail of sirens and the amplified voices echoing outside.

"Attention inside! Surrender immediately, or we will use force!" the police commanded through their megaphones.

He turned to two of his men and pointed at Sophia and Chr.

"Take these two to join the other guests," he ordered.

"Have all of them text their parents-cach-demanding ten million dollars within the next thirty minutes, or we start shooting them."

The guards seized Sophia and Chris, dragging them away as Calvin strode toward the front of the hall. Grabbing the microphone connected to Heaven Hall's sound system, he addressed the authorities outside.

"I demand the immediate release of my brother, Ethan the Giant, from prison," Calvin announced.

"Bring him here, or we will execute one hostage every hour"

The officers exchanged grim looks.

Ethan the Giant was a notorious criminal, a dangerous individual responsible for countless deaths.

His capture had cost the lives of fifty officers and soldiers.

Releasing him was out of the question.

But Calvin knew that. His demand was a ploy-a tactic to buy time.

Freeing his brother from the most secure prison would take days, mired in bureaucratic red tape.

It was all a smokescreen, meant to distract the authorities long enough for his father to secure control over Kingston's empire.

Once they held that power, even the police would be under their sway.

"We expect a positive response within the hour," Calvin warned, signaling to his men.

One of them dragged a wounded Kingston bodyguard to the entrance and shoved him forward.

"Run," Calvin barked.

The bodyguard stumbled into the open, desperation in his eyes.

Before he could reach safety, a gunshot cracked through the night. Calvin had shot him from behind.

His body hit the ground, lifeless, before the police could reach him.

"That's one!" Calvin shouted. "In exactly one hour, we'll send another to their death. You'd better be ready!"

A heavy silence fell over the scene. The police now grasped the deadly seriousness of the situation.

Meanwhile, Chris, battered and bleeding, stumbled toward the cluster of hostages. His eyes locked onto Lyra.

Chapter 56

"Lyra, please," he implored. "My nosebleed... it won't stop!"

Lyra's gaze hardened, her eyes slicing through him like daggers.

"And who," she sneered, "do you think you are?"

"Lyra!" Chris gasped, disbelief washing over him.

The cold, contemptuous woman before him couldn't be the same Lyra he once knew—the one whose kindness had been his closest companion.

"It's me, Chris. What's going on? Why are you acting like this?"

A cruel smirk twisted Lyra's lips.

"Oh, Chris," she spat his name like it was poison.

"I don't waste my breath on vermin like you. Don't even think of addressing me— you make my skin crawl! And stop saying my name. It's tainted every time it leaves your filthy mouth."

Chris's heart plummeted, her words striking him like physical blows. Never had anyone spoken to him with such disdain.

"Me? Vermin?" His anger surged, fueled by humiliation and the sting of her rejection in front of everyone.

Shame burned hotter than his wounds. "Say that again, I dare you!"

"You're nothing but a repulsive, conniving rat!" Lyra's voice dripped with venom, each word sharper than the last. "You swindled Lancaster out of his fortune, your treacherous father betrayed Kingston and threw us all to the wolves. And you know what's truly pathetic? You're penniless-a worthless nobody! Alex surpasses you in every conceivable way!"

Chris felt as if the ground had shifted beneath him.

This couldn't be the Lyra he thought he knew. Her scathing contempt was unbearable.

"You... how can you say that?" His voice wavered, the betrayal cutting deep. "What?" Lyra's eyes blazed with fury.

"Don't you dare look at me! Being near you makes me sick. Your family's in ruins, your father's probably rotting somewhere, and you... you're less than nothing. Stay away from me! You disgust me!"

Turning sharply, Lyra called out, "Sophia, take legal action against this loser. Make him repay every cent of the hundred million he stole from you!"

"He's the real parasite here, the epitome of failure. He even had the audacity to

lay a hand on you! Someone should put him out of his misery."

Chris stood there, his mind reeling. Moments ago, he had been one of Vancouver's elite-the celebrated heir of the affluent Roland family, a man who could turn heads with a glance.

Now, he was being torn down, piece by piece.

A rage unlike any he'd known ignited within him.

He stormed toward Lyra. "I'll make you regret this," he snarled.

Lyra darted behind Alex, her movements quick but not quick enough to hide her disdain.

2/3

Chapter 56

"Regret? You think you can touch me? Alex could crush you without breaking a sweat. Look around-everyone sees you for what you are: a pathetic has been who couldn't lay a finger on Alex even if he tried!"

Chris's eyes widened, a mix of rage and disbelief.

His gaze shifted to Alex, his fury intensifying. "This is all because of you!"

Lyra's laugh was cold. "No, Chris. When a man loses his wealth, he loses everything-friends, lovers, even his dog despises him. Do you think I'm worth less than a dog? You're delusional."

Overcome by rage, Chris lunged forward, determined to make her eat her words.

But before he could reach her, Alex moved-so swiftly that Chris didn't even register it.

An instant later, pain exploded in his chest, and he crumpled to the floor, powerless.

Lyra stepped over his fallen form, leaning down so her words would be the last thing he heard.

"In the eyes of a woman, a man without wealth is the greatest sinner. Do us all a favor-disappear. Perhaps in hell, you can atone for your failures."

For the first time, Chris felt a despair so profound it threatened to consume him.

The cold floor pressed against his cheek as her words echoed endlessly in his mind.

Love may conquer all, but it's money that pays the rent. When the rent's overdue, even love starts packing its bags.

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The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 57[939 words]

Chapter 57

Most of the hostages were young, affluent men and women attending Jasmine's debut.

Under the stern gaze of the Walkers, they frantically called their families, voices shaking as they explained the dire situation.

Calvin Walker demanded ten million dollars from each family in exchange for their safety.

Sophia, too frightened to contact her grandfather, decided to call her grandmother instead.

"Sophia, I've been waiting for your call," Grandma Lancaster answered, her voice bright with joy and anticipation.

"I assume we've secured the partnership with the Kingston family, right? Do you want a grand wedding with Chris tomorrow?"

Sophia's heart sank, a lump forming in her throat.

She took a deep breath. "Grandma, the Emerson family got the partnership. We lost it."

"What do you mean, we lost it?" Lady Lancaster's voice sharpened with disbelief. "We didn't secure the deal with Kingston," Sophia repeated softly.

"But we paid a hundred million! How could we not get it? Did the Emersons offer more?"

"No, Grandma. Alex was right. Jerry was fired from Kingston; he doesn't have any influence anymore." "What?" There was a stunned silence as Lady Lancaster tried to process the news.

"But we still have BioHealth Solutions, don't we? That's worth a hundred and fifty million."

"Grandma, Kingston has already cut ties with BioHealth. It's practically on the verge of bankruptcy."

"What?" The shock hit Lady Lancaster like a physical blow

She sank into a chair, her strength leaving her.

"Can we sell BioHealth quickly to recover our losses?" she asked desperately.

Sophia sighed. "When I found out, I asked our financial manager to check BioHealth's records. Today, they took out a loan of a hundred million dollars."

"What does that mean?"

"It means we'll have to cover BioHealth's debts too."

A heavy silence hung between them.

"This isn't some kind of joke, is it?" Lady Lancaster's voice was faint, almost pleading.

"No, Grandma," Sophia whispered.

After another long pause, Sophia realized there was nothing more to say.

"I have to go now. There's something I need to do."

She ended the call and turned to find Alex watching her.

"You're not asking for money to save yourself?" Alex's voice was gentle, his eyes searching hers.

Tears welled up in Sophia's eyes.

"The Lancasters don't have any money left," she admitted, her voice barely above a whisper.

Suddenly, Calvin grabbed Sophia's hand, a predatory smile spreading across his face.

"That won't do," he said smoothly.

"You might not make it out of here alive without paying. But I'll let you off the hook if

f you can pleasure me."

"You're disgusting!" Sophia snapped, yanking her hand away.

"I like a woman with temper," Calvin sheered, his eyes turned lustful.

"Makes me horny," he said, grabbing her wrist again, his grip like a vice, suffocating and relentless.

He leaned in closer, his eyes raking over her body with a hunger that made her stomach churn.

His breath, hot and invasive, brushed against her skin.

"You're beautiful," he whispered. "I'll make you scream for me. You'll beg for more, I promise."

A low, vulgar laugh escaped his throat, sending a wave of revulsion through her.

Sophia tried to pull away, but his hold was relentless.

"Let her go!" Lyra shouted, stepping forward to intervene.

214

But one of Calvin's men intercepted her, grabbing her arm with a leering grin.

"Don't worry, sweetheart," Calvin said. "We'll get to you soon enough." Calvin, "Jasmine spoke up. You orchestrated all this just to kidnap me. Stop involving everyone else."

Calvin chuckled darkly. "Princess, the world doesn't revolve around you. I do as I please. Now, keep quiet, or I'll let my little brother have his way with you everywhere."

"Disgusting!" Jasmine spat, her eyes flashing with contempt.

"You should take your hands off her," came a calm voice from behind.

Calvin turned to see Alex standing there, his expression unreadable.

"And who might you be?" Calvin sneered.

"That's not important," Alex replied evenly. "Let her go."

Calvin laughed mockingly. "And if I don't?"

"Then you'll regret it in your dead."

Calvin's laughter grew louder.

"You think you're some kind of hero? This isn't a fairy tale

He gestured to one of his men, who promptly shoved a male guest to the ground

and pressed a gun to his head. "I'm going to have some fun with these lovely ladies," Calvin announced, his eyes glinting with malice.

"And if you make a move, my friend here will splatter this guy's brains all over the floor. So, what's it going to be, hero?"

2/3

Chapter 52

Alex's face remained calm, "I'll just have to take you both down."

Calvin smirked. "You have no idea who you're dealing with You've got guts, I'll give you that."

"No," Alex said quietly. "But I do know that if you don't let her go, you and all your people here will be a dead man in five seconds."

The room fell silent.

Calvin let out a booming laugh.

His men, quick to follow their leader's lead, erupted into laughter, the sound growing louder and more mocking. "Seriously? Who does this guy think he is?" Calvin sneered, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Let's see how you plan to kill all of us in five seconds. And remember, if I'm not dead in five, you will be."

Ten walkers raised their machine guns, all aimed at Alex's head, surrounding him.

In seconds, they would turn his skull into a beehive of bullets.

Alex held his gaze for a moment, then simply said, "Execute."

Elsewhere, Lucas Walker laughed. "Alfred, your time is almost up. Make your

decision now, or your daughter dies."

Alfred Kingston stood rigid, his mind racing. He had already received a call from Jasmine, fully aware of the dire situation.

"Fine," Alfred said finally, his voice heavy with resignation
His daughter's life meant more to him than anything.

"Smart choice," Lucas sneered. "You should have agreed sooner."

Suddenly, Alfred's phone rang. Glancing at the caller ID, he quickly answered.

A single, reassuring sentence came through the line:

"The Kingswells are here."

A slow smile spread across Alfred's face,

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 58[899 words]

Chapter 58

At Heaven Hall, a single word-Execute-turned the room into a graveyard.

A sudden, chilling cacophony of shattering glass and bodies hitting the floor echoed through the room.

In an instant, all of the Walkers' men-except for Calvin-collapsed, each felled by a single, precise shot.

Thirty lives extinguished like candles snuffed out by a sudden gust.

Weapons clattered as they slipped from lifeless hands, and their bodies lay sprawled across the marble like puppets with their strings severed.

The crowd stood rooted in stunned silence, faces pale and eyes wide, too shocked to react.

It seemed the snipers outside had finally taken action.

Calvin stared in disbelief at the scene before him.

Alex took a step forward.

"We can always rely on the police, can't we?" he said, even though he clearly knew it was Kingswell who handled things, not the police.

Calvin's eyes burned with rage.

"You bastard!" he snarled, drawing his gun and pointing it at Sophia's head. "Stay back, or I swear, you'll only get her dead body if you come any closer!" "Really?" Alex replied calmly, his gaze unwavering as he continued to advance. "Die!" Calvin screamed, pulling the trigger.

Sophia squeezed her eyes shut, bracing for the inevitable.

But nothing happened.

Before Calvin could react, the gun was no longer in his hand.

Alex stood before him, holding the weapon with a firm grip

For a moment, Calvin was stunned, his mouth agape.

Then, a piercing scream tore from his lips as Alex delivered a swift, brutal kick to his groin.

"I'll postpone your death," Alex said coldly. "You need to suffer first."

Calvin collapsed to the ground, agony searing through his body. He gasped for breath, his face contorted in pain.

Warm blood soaked his pants as he realized the damage Alex had inflicted.

His most prized possession, the part of him that brought him countless pleasures, was now reduced to a pulpy

mess.

Sophia hurried to the other side as the police stormed in, securing the area and attending to the hostages. Despite his torment, Calvin let out a bitter laugh. "You're dead! When my father finds out... all of you are dead!" Alex looked down at him with a steely gaze. "Do you want me to make it worse?"

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Chapter 58

"Alex, stop!" Sophia pleaded, her face pale with fear.

"He's the son of Lucas Walker, the head of the underworld. You can't harm him!"

"I'm not afraid," Alex replied flatly.

"Stop acting like you're some kind of hero!" Sophia snapped.

"Do you have any idea what you've done? When he retaliates, it won't just be you-everyone around you will pay for it!"

Calvin, still writhing in pain but grinning maliciously, was dragged away by the police.

"I'll remember both of you... especially the Lancasters. Just wait until my father hears-every single one of your family will pay!"

Whispers rippled through the remaining crowd.

Many knew that Lucas Walker's sons were untouchable, especially Calvin, his favorite. Anyone who dared cross him faced dire consequences.

Sophia turned to Alex, dread filling her eyes. "Do you see what you've done? What if they come after my family now?"

Alex sighed, a hint of frustration in his voice. "No matter what I do, it's never right in your eyes."

"Maybe you shouldn't have intervened at all!" Sophia retorted, her emotions boiling over.

"Ever since you came into my life, everything's been falling apart! Chris cheated on me because of you, and now my family could be ruined because of you! This is all your fault!"

Without another word, Alex turned and walked away.

"Wait, Alex!" Jasmine called after him, hurrying to catch up.

Sophia stood there, a mix of anger and regret swirling inside her.

The weight of the day's events pressed down on her, leaving her feeling overwhelmed.

Lyra approached gently. "Sophia, he was only trying to help."

"I know," Sophia whispered, her gaze distant.

"And it's not his fault. He warned you about Chris, but you chose to ignore it."

Sophia nodded slowly, guilt gnawing at her. 1

The thought of Chris reignited her frustration.

She scanned the hall, realizing he was nowhere to be seen.

"Where's Chris?"

"He might have slipped out during the chaos," Lyra suggested. "We should find that bastard."

Meanwhile, Chris, having taken advantage of the commotion, slipped away unnoticed.

He hurried to his car, his mind a whirlwind of anger and humiliation.

As he started the engine, he muttered through gritted teeth "Alex, Sophia, Lyra... you'll all pay for this. This isn't over."

2/3

Chapter 58

At the Vancouver port, Alfred Kingston pocketed his phone a confident glint in his eyes.

"Lucas, this is the end for you and Sinclair."

"No, Alfred," Lucas Walker replied smugly. "This is just the beginning for us."

Suddenly, the entire port was plunged into darkness.

The hum of machinery ceased, replaced by the sound of hurried footsteps and muffled struggles.

Cries of pain echoed through the night.

Moments later, the lights flickered back on, revealing a startling scene.

Sinclair's men lay scattered across the ground, unconscious or incapacitated.

"What... what happened?" Lucas stammered, his bravado fading.

"Take them down!" Alfred commanded.

His special forces moved swiftly, overwhelming the remaining members of Lucas's crew.

"Stop this, Alfred!" Lucas shouted, desperation creeping into his voice.

"Aren't you worried about your daughter's safety?"

"You should be more concerned about your own son," Alfred retorted sharply.

A pang of fear stabbed at Lucas's heart. Had something happened to Calvin?

Alfred drew his weapon, aiming it squarely at Lucas's head.

"You wouldn't dare," Lucas whispered, trying to mask his fear.

"My brother, Marlene Walker, rules San Jose. He's more powerful than you can imagine. If you harm me, he'll come for you."

"You threatened my daughter," Alfred replied, his voice cold and steady. "Did you really think there wouldn't be consequences?"

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 59[990 words]

Chapter 59

In the grand Lancaster Mansion, the hall was filled with tension as the entire family gathered.

Grandma and Grandpa Lancaster sat at opposite ends of the table, anger burning in their eyes.

On the left side sat Sophia, Jack, and their parents, Justin and Florence.

On the right side were Malvin, the firstborn, his wife Linda and their children, Mike and Lily.

"Now, you tell me, how did the Lancasters lose \$100 million of company money and end up with BioHealth Solutions, a company drowning in debt for the same amount?"

Abraham started, his voice thundering through the room.

"This is all because of that boy you forced to marry Sophia! Amelia spat, her voice sharp. "Chris Roland said we were supposed to get the partnership, but that loser convinced Kingston to do otherwise!"

"I heard the partnership was supposed to go to the Lancasters because Alex asked Kingston," Abraham shot back, his voice rising. "But since you bribed Roland, whom Kingston despises, they chose the other option!"

"That's how Jasmine twisted the facts!" Amelia accused, her finger pointed accusingly.

"That loser is the reason for all this mess."

The meeting had dragged on for an hour, but it was all just finger-pointing with no real solution in sight.

"Alex warned you not to give the money, but all of you believed that Chris, and now look-we've been scammed!"

"What do you know about it?!" Amelia snapped back. "It's your loser who caused all of this!"

Grandpa Lancaster sighed deeply. "We can't agree on anything anymore... Let's divorce."

The entire hall fell into stunned silence.

"Father," Justin finally spoke, his voice strained. "You and mother are already so old. Why divorce now?"

"None of you respect my decisions," Grandpa Lancaster replied bitterly.

"You've all been acting behind my back. I don't think I belong in this family anymore. It's better we each go our separate ways, so we don't harm anyone further."

Justin and Malvin hurriedly pleaded with Abraham to reconsider, but he remained unmoved. His mind was set.

As Abraham left the hall, he called out to Sophia. "Come to my room."

"Grandpa, I'm so sorry for what I've done," Sophia blurted out the moment she entered, her voice shaking.

"It's okay, Sophia," Abraham said, settling into his chair.

"I know your grandma and parents must have pushed you into this. Your grandmother's greed is driving them. I can't even remember why I married her anymore."

Sophia fell silent

"Sophia," Abraham's voice softened, "is Alex happy being married to you?"

The question caught her off guard, her heart skipping a beat.

"Grandpa, shouldn't you be asking if I am happy being married to him?" she countered.

28 BONUS

Chapter 59

Abraham smiled faintly.

"That's what most women think, but Sophia, you can't be selfish. You need to think about the other person's feelings too."

"I think he's happy," Sophia quickly added, her voice defensive. "He married a beautiful girl like me, and I'm rich. He's just a poor guy."

Abraham sighed deeply, shaking his head.

"Have you ever considered that he might be wealthier than you could imagine? That maybe he's been lowering himself to marry you?"

"Impossible," Sophia blurted, disbelief coloring her tone.

"I put you as CEO because I thought you were different from the rest of them, but

it turns out you're just blindly following their lead," Abraham muttered, his

disappointment clear as he shook his head again.

"You can leave now, I need to rest."

Meanwhile, in Los Angeles, at David Sinclair's luxurious penthouse, something felt off.

David had suddenly lost all contact with his people in Vancouver.

His eyes were fixed on the dark city skyline, the distant lights flickering through the night.

He whispered to himself, "What's happening over there?"

"David Sinclair," a voice echoed through the room, cutting through the silence. "Care to explain why you sent your people to Vancouver?"

David spun around, startled.

A young man sat casually at his table, feet kicked up, exuding an unsettling calm. "Who are you? How did you get in here?"

"David," the man said smoothly, ignoring the question, "when the new King rose,

he let you keep your position, even though you backed the old King. Do you

realize your actions today have made the new King very unhappy?"

A chill ran down David's spine, sweat forming on the back of his neck.

"Are you... Kingswell?"

He had heard rumors-whispers of the Kingswells, the secret operatives working in the shadows for the new King.

"I don't think Alfred Kingston is fit to lead Vancouver," David sneered. "Tell the King I could serve him better than Kingston ever could."

The young man smiled calmly.

"The King now believes that Kingston is better suited to lead Los Angeles than you are."

David, sensing the danger, hastily reached into the table drawer, pulling out a handgun. But before he could aim, a sharp pain pierced his chest.

He gasped, unable to breathe, his eyes wide with terror as he looked at the young man.

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Chapter go

David's body collapsed to the floor, his breath slipping away.

Suddenly, the young man's phone rang.

He answered it without missing a beat. "Yes, Grandpa?"

"Alex, do you know the Lancasters are having some trouble?" Abraham's voice was weary but clear.

"Yes," Alex replied, standing up and leaving David's lifeless body behind in the tooth. "Please, don't worry."

29 BONUS

"Kingston has agreed to give Lancaster the partnership and resume cooperation with BioHealth. That should fix most of the issues, right?"

"And also, I won a bet-a house from Chris Roland. I'll transfer the ownership to you. You can sell it and recover some of the lost money."

Abraham's eyes grew wet with emotion.

"Thank you, Alex," he whispered, the weight of gratitude heavy in his voice. "Please don't thank me. We're family," Alex replied before ending the call. Abraham felt a rare happiness wash over him.

It seemed, finally, the storm had passed, and everything was falling into place.

But then, a sinister voice broke the silence behind him. "So, now you are going to keep all the good things for yourself and leave us?"

"What?" Abraham turned in shock, but before he could react, someone struck him hard, sending him crashing to the floor.

"You're better off dead! How dare you greed over the divorce settlement!" the voice snarled, filled with venom.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 60[934 words]

Chapter 60

Chapter 60

When Alfred Kingston returned home, Jasmine was already waiting anxiously by the front door.

As soon as he stepped inside, she rushed forward and embraced him tightly.

"Thank God you're safe, Father," she whispered, relief evident in her voice.

Alfred hugged her back, his grip firm. "And you as well, my dear. I was worried."

He pulled back and looked into her eyes.

"Come inside; there's something important we need to discuss."

They moved to the living room, the soft glow of the fireplace casting warm shadows across the room.

Once seated, Alfred turned to her with a grave expression.

"Jasmine, what I'm about to tell you must remain between us. Can you promise me that?"

She nodded, concern knitting her brow. "Of course, Father. What's going on?" He took a deep breath, gathering his thoughts.

"You know that our family holds significant influence here in Vancouver. We've always been loyal to the new king, carrying out their directives faithfully."

Jasmine nodded, remembering the turbulent times when the new king fought the old one for control of the country.

Her father had chosen to support the new king, and in the end, the new ruler had won.

Alfred's eyes met hers, a hint of excitement breaking through his seriousness. "The king has asked me to take over operations in Los Angeles."

Jasmine's eyes widened. "Are you serious?"

Their country had twelve major cities, each one controlling different parts of the land.

Vancouver was ranked last-city number twelve-filled with poverty, slums, and the least education among all the cities.

Los Angeles, on the other hand, was ranked number eleven.

Being asked to take over that city meant the new king fully supported Alfred.

He nodded, a proud smile spreading across his face.

"But what about Vancouver?" she asked softly. "Who will manage things here?"

Alfred reached out and took her hand gently.

"That's where you come in. The leadership has agreed to let you oversee Vancouver in my absence. You'll need to manage our operations here, including dealing with any factions that may oppose us."

Jasmine hesitated. "Do you really think I'm ready for this?"

Alfred's gaze softened. "Jasmine, you've always been the smartest and most capable person I know. My success is because of your insight and guidance. I have complete faith in you."

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She looked down for a moment, then met his eyes again. "What about David Sinclair? I know he opposed you

Chapter 60

fiercely."

Alfred's expression turned steely. "David Sinclair passed away suddenly-heart attack, they say. His organization is in disarray. It's the perfect time for us to make

our move

"Alright, Father. I'll do it. I'll take care of Vancouver while you focus on Los Angeles."

He smiled warmly. "That's my girl. Remember, I'm just a call away if you need anything."

"What about Charles?" she asked.

"Your brother will accompany me to Los Angeles," Alfred replied. "He needs to learn the ropes firsthand."

Jasmine took a deep breath, steeling herself. "I won't let you down."

"I know you won't," he said softly.

Late that night, the Lancaster family was thrown into turmoil. Abraham Lancaster had been rushed to the hospital.

"What happened to Grandfather?" Malvin demanded as he paced the hospital waiting room, his face etched with

worry,

"I don't know," Mike replied, his voice shaky. "When I got to grandpa room, he was already on the floor."

After what felt like an eternity, the doctor emerged, his expression serious.

"How is he?" Justin asked urgently.

The doctor sighed. "He's stable for now, but he's slipped into a coma. We found a bruise on his head. Did he have a fall recently?"

Grandma Amelia stepped forward, her face pale. "He was alone in his room. Perhaps he fell and hit his head." The doctor nodded thoughtfully. "At his age, a fall can be serious. We'll do everything we can, but it's hard to say when-or if he'll wake up."

A heavy silence settled over the family as they absorbed the news.

In Abraham's hospital room, the family gathered around his bed. The steady beep of the monitors was the only sound.

Malvin cleared his throat, his eyes glistening. "I was looking through Father's belongings," he began.

"I found some documents and messages on his smartwatch. It seems he was working tirelessly to secure a future for our family."

"What do you mean?" Florence asked.

"He reached out to his old contacts and managed to secure a partnership with the Kingstons," Malvin explained. "and BioHealth company will receive their support back. We're saved."

Gasps and murmurs spread through the room.

"Is this true?"

Malvin nodded. "And that's not all. Somehow, Father acquired one of Chris Roland's mansions, It's worth forty million dollars. We can use it to stabilize our finances.

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Relief and joy washed over the family members.

2/3

\$28 BONUS

Chapter 60

Tears welled up in Amelia's eyes as she moved to her husband's side. "Abraham, you've always taken care of us," she whispered, gently holding his hand. "I'm sorry for any pain I've caused you. Please come back to us,"

She turned to face the family, her expression resolute. "While your grandfather is recovering, I'll assume leadership of the Lancaster family."

She looked directly at Sophia. "As for you, Sophia, your involvement with Chris led us into this crisis. You'll step down as CEO."

Sophia felt her heart sink. "Grandmother..."

Amelia raised a hand to silence her.

"Furthermore, you've ended things with Alex. It's time you moved on. The Smith family's grandson has shown interest in you. You'll marry him."

Sophia's eyes filled with determination. "I haven't divorced Alex. Grandfather wanted us to stay together, and I intend to honor his wishes."

Amelia's eyes narrowed. "But you signed the divorce papers."

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"I tore them up," Sophia replied. "Alex is my husband, and that's not going to change."

"You're being foolish," Amelia snapped. "Think of the family. The Smiths can offer us stability."

"I will never betray Grandfather again," Sophia declared, making her choice at last.

34

3/3