

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 61[928 words]

Chapter 61

Sophia stood looking at her grandpa's unconscious face.

The night before, he had called her in, his eyes filled with a sorrow that pierced her heart.

He had expressed deep regret over her betrayal-the choices she had made behind his back.

She had sworn to herself that she would never repeat those mistakes.

Now, with her grandfather lying in a coma, this might be her final chance to make things right.

But her grandmother, Amelia Lancaster, placed the entire blame for the Chris Roland scam squarely on her shoulders, despite orchestrating the scheme herself.

She even went as far as forcing Sophia into an arranged marriage with Peter Smith—a man twice her age from the affluent Smith family.

"Sophia," Amelia's voice sliced through the tense silence, cold and commanding.

"You will ask Alexander for a divorce. Your gather spoiled you, but I am the head of this family now. You'll do as I say for the Lancaster name.'

Sophia met her grandmother's icy gaze without flinching.

"Grandfather told me to stay in my marriage.'

Amelia's eyes narrowed. "Your grandfather is incapacitated! From now on, you answer to me."

"No," Sophia stated, her voice unwavering.

Amelia's face twisted with rage. "Defy me, and I'll cast you out of this family!"

"Do what you must," Sophia retorted.

She knew her grandfather was the only one who truly loved her, and she wouldn't betray his wishes by yielding for the second time!

Amelia turned sharply to Sophia's parents.

"Justin, Florence, make your daughter see reason. If she doesn't divorce that useless husband and marry Peter Smith, you'll all be out on the streets!"

Justin looked at Sophia with pleading eyes.

"Sweetheart, the Smiths are incredibly wealthy. You'd never have to worry about anything again."

"Yes, dear," Florence chimed in. "Peter is a good man."

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+25 BONOS

Sophia's gaze hardened. "Mother, if you think so highly of Peter Smith, perhaps you should marry him yourself. Father and Grandma would surely agree! As for me, I'm married to Alexander Leonhart, and I will not divorce him."

Her parents stared at her in stunned silence.

This wasn't the compliant daughter they once knew.

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Amelia's patience snapped. "Enough! Malvin, Mike," she barked at her son and grandson, take over the Lancaster Group effective immediately. Remove this defiant girl and her useless parents from our home!"

"Mother, please!" Justin begged, desperation tinging his voice.

Amelia sneered. "You're a disgrace, Justin. Weak and ineffective, unlike your big brother. If you can't control your own daughter, you have no place in this family."

With a final, contemptuous glance, Amelia swept out of the room, Malvin and Mike trailing obediently behind her.

Outside, Malvin hesitated. "Mother, isn't this a bit harsh on Justin?" he ventured cautiously.

Amelia's eyes flashed with irritation. "This is my first act as the head of the Lancaster family. They need to understand who's in charge."

"Does it have to be Peter Smith?" Malvin asked. older than I am."

"He.

"Precisely," Amelia replied curtly. "He's promised us a fifty-million-dollar loan. With that, we can stabilize the Lancaster Group. And being older means he'll likely pass sooner rather than later. Then Sophia can marry someone else of my choosing."

Malvin nodded enthusiastically, thoroughly impressed by his mother's sharp decision-making and excellent choice.

"What about the Roland estate? Could selling it help our finances?"

Amelia's expression darkened.

"Don't be foolish. Of the hundred million we lost, fifty million was my personal investment. I intend to recover that first. The estate is mine."

"Yes, Mother," Malvin acquiesced, recognizing the futility of arguing.

He knew better than to cross her when it came to money; she loved it more than her own life.

Caring about anyone else's life? That was never a concern for her.

Back inside the room, Florence clutched Sophia's arm.

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+25 BONOS

"We'll have nowhere to go if we're thrown out," she whispered urgently.

Sophia met her mother's anxious gaze. "When Grandfather wakes up, he'll set things right."

"But what if he never wakes up?"

Justin stepped forward hesitantly. "Sophia, maybe we should consider your grandmother's offer."

"I'll rent a modest place to live," Sophia continued.

"I don't have a job right now, but I'll manage. You're welcome to join me if you'd

like."

Meanwhile, Alexander Leonhart shouldered his worn military backpack as he approached a small, bustling Chinese restaurant in a tiny mining town two hours outside Vancouver.

The Kingston family had provided him with Josephine's address, and after a long journey, he had finally arrived.

The town was a snapshot of hardship-modest homes, weary faces, people scraping by.

As Alex pushed open the creaky wooden door of the restaurant, the aroma of fried rice and spices enveloped him.

A hand-lettered sign caught his eye: "Hiring Waiter: \$3 per hour."

Behind the counter stood a young woman, her hair hastily pulled back, sweat glistening on her brow as she maneuvered between sizzling woks and boiling pots.

She was clearly overwhelmed, the sole worker tending to a room full of hungry customers.

"What do you want?" she called out without looking up, her tone brusque from the strain of the midday rush.

Alex stepped forward, his gaze softening as he recognized her.

Though time and toil had etched lines into her face, the essence of Josephine-the girl he once knew-was still there.

"I'm not here to buy food," he said gently.

She glanced up briefly, a flicker of hope in her eyes.

"Oh," she said, her expression brightening ever so slightly. "You're here about the job? Great! Grab an apron and start delivering orders."

"Actually, I-" Alex began, but Josephine was already turning away, her focus back on the

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+25 BONOS

stove as orders piled up.

"Table six needs their meals," she instructed, sliding plates onto the counter. "And don't forget the soy sauce!"

Alex hesitated for a moment, then sighed.

Setting his bag down on a chair, he rolled up his sleeves and picked up the plates.

The explanations could wait; right now, she needed help.

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As Alex weaved through the crowded tables, delivering dishes and refilling drinks, he deftly dodged rude customers left and right.

Most of them only knew how to yell, lacking any patience whatsoever.

But then again, one couldn't exactly expect gentlemanly politeness from uneducated miners who relied more on brawn than brains, right?

The food was cheap, which explained why people came and went in a never-ending stream.

Out of the corner of his eye, Alex watched Josephine.

She moved with practiced efficiency, but there was a weariness in her every motion, a heaviness that seemed to cling to her like the scent of grease in the air.

When the lunchtime rush finally subsided, Josephine leaned against the counter, wiping her brow with the back of her hand.

"Thanks for the help," she said, her voice softer now.

"Happy to lend a hand," Alex replied.

She studied him more closely, her eyes narrowing. "You seem familiar. Have we met before?"

It had been more than a decade since they last saw each other, and when they parted, they had been so young-barely eight or nine years old.

Memories from that time were hazy, buried under the weight of the years.

Before Alex could answer, a large, grumpy man barged in, his face twisted in dissatisfaction.

He stormed behind the counter and yanked open the cash drawer, grabbing all the money.

"Boss, you need to leave some for-tomorrow's stock," Josephine said, her tone edged with frustration.

"Just use whatever's left," the man grunted.

"I've already used it all," Josephine replied, her voice tense.

The fat man counted the money and slammed down \$300. "Buy the cheapest ingredients."

"Boss, this new guy needs a salary, and so do I. It's been a week."

The man's beady eyes flicked over to Alex with clear disdain.

"Who is this? Who hired you? Jo, I told you. You should handle all this alone."

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"I can't do all of this by myself!" Josephine's voice rose.

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"You can if you try!" The man slammed his heavy hand on the table, the sound echoing in the small diner.

"I only have two hands! I need help!"

"If

you want more help, you'd better open the shop an hour earlier and close an hour later to make up for his salary!" His words hit like a slap.

"We already open at six in the morning and close at eleven at night. So you want us to open from five in the morning until midnight?" Josephine's voice shook with exhaustion.

"If you want to hire extra people, that's what you'll have to do."

There was nothing that made sense when talking to this boss; she thought it was enough, as she was already too tired.

All animals were equal, but some animals were more equal than others

"Boss, just give me my salary. I can't wait anymore. My brother and family need the money now.

The fat man grunted, glaring at her. "I think you're planning to quit after getting the money. Today's earnings are way too low. I believe you've stolen some of it. If you want your salary, you need to earn at least double what you made today! Work more!"

Josephine's eyes welled with tears. "My salary is \$10 an hour, and you owe me \$1,000. Please, I need my money. I can't go home with nothing. There's nothing to eat.

The fat man's face twisted in anger. "You'd better shut up. I just lost at gambling. If I win with this money, I'll pay you."

Desperate, Josephine grabbed the money from his hand.

"You always say that, and you never win! I need you to pay me now!"

The fat man's face flushed as he raised his hand to slap her.

Josephine closed her eyes, bracing for the hit-but it never came.

She opened her eyes to see Alex gripping the fat man's wrist tightly.

"You'd better give her the money," Alex said calmly.

"Who the hell are you? Don't you dare get in the middle of this!" the fat man shouted, spit flying from his mouth.

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Alex tightened his grip, and the fat man let out a yelp of pain.

+25 BONOS

The money slipped from his hand and scattered across the floor. Tears brimmed in his eyes.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" he wailed, his voice trembling like a pig caught in the butcher's grip.

"Let him go," Josephine said softly.

Alex released him, and the fat man stared at them both before turning and bolting out the door.

Josephine knelt down, hurriedly collecting the scattered bills.

"You weren't supposed to hurt him," she said quietly, her fingers trembling as she picked up the money.

"He was trying to hurt you," Alex replied.

"It's not the first time," she admitted with a sigh. "Now I'll probably have to find another job."

"Why stay here at all?" Alex asked. "He's clearly not a good boss."

"He's the worst," she spat.

"But until a few months ago, his mother was still the owner. I worked for her for eight years. She was the kindest person I've ever known, and she helped me and my family when we were in need. She taught me how to cook. I owe her so much."

"Is she..." Alex hesitated.

"No," Josephine replied with a sigh. "She's just old now and wanted to rest, so she let her useless son take over. From four workers, I'm the only one left."

"This is your salary." Josephine handed him a crumpled \$10 bill for three hours of work.

"Do you realize that \$10 an hour for everything you do isn't nearly enough?" Alex asked, his frown deepening.

"Yeah, but for me, it's still better than nothing," she said, her voice resigned. "Why not find a better job?"

"It's hard to find work around here, and there's a stomach to fill every day. Even though the son is useless, his mother used to let us bring leftovers home to feed my families. That helped a lot."

Alex already knew more than Josephine realized.

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+25 BONOS

He had learned she still supported the orphanage in this small town, working long hours for low pay while trying to feed her big family.

The weight on her shoulders seemed unbearable.

Suddenly, the fat man burst back into the diner, dragging along three scruffy thugs behind him.

His face was red with fury. "You're going to die now!!!" he yelled, pointing at Alex.

"You promised to buy us drugs once we finish with him, right?" one of the junkies sneered.

"Yes," the fat man snarled.

The other junkie grinned, his eyes flicking to Josephine. "How about the woman?

Can we have some fun with her?"

The fat man's gaze turned dark, lustful. "Maybe after I'm done with her."

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As Alex contemplated his next move, Josephine burst out of the kitchen, wielding a frying pan like a weapon, fury blazing in her eyes.

"I've had enough of this nonsense!" she shouted.

One of the thugs lunged at her, but with a swift, powerful swing, the frying pan connected with his face.

The sickening crunch of bone echoed as his nose shattered, sending him sprawling to the floor. Alex watched, a flicker of admiration in his eyes-Josephine was as fierce as ever.

She wasn't delicate; she was a storm incarnate, and when she struck, the world felt her wrath. "Get her!" the fat man barked at the remaining two thugs.

Josephine's eyes narrowed. "I cook alone, clean alone, do the laundry alone, wake up early, and come back late every night-all alone!"

She swung again, the pan smacking into another thug's cheek with a resounding crack, knocking him down.

The last thug drew a small knife.

Before he could act, Alex casually tossed an ashtray across the room. It struck the thug's hand, the knife clattering to the ground.

In the same instant, Josephine's frying pan met his face, and he dropped like a stone.

All three thugs lay defeated, groaning on the greasy floor, too afraid to face the tempest that was Josephine.

"You, fat man!" she growled, pointing the frying pan at him.

"I quit! Open your own damn restaurant!"

The fat man, his bravado faltering as he glanced at his fallen goons, tried to sneer.

"Fine! See how easy it is to find another job. You'll come crawling back!"

"Damn you," she spat. "I'll find work that pays better and treats me right, you bastard."

She spun around, marching back into the kitchen to gather her belongings.

The fat man's gaze shifted to Alex, eyes filled with venom. "You-this is all your fault! You turned her against me!"

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+25 BONOS

"Don't start," Alex sighed wearily.

"Damn you!" The fat man charged at Alex, but before he could lay a finger on him,

he was already collapsing to the floor.

The remaining thugs exchanged terrified glances.

"Sleep," Alex muttered.

One by one, they slumped unconscious beside their boss.

When Josephine emerged, a worn bag slung over her shoulder, Alex noticed her red, tear-streaked eyes.

"You really love this place," he said softly, falling into step beside her as they left the diner.

"It holds a lot of memories," she replied, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Why is it so damn hard to find a place to belong?"

They walked together down the narrow, grimy streets.

Alex stole glances at her-her frail frame, clothes faded and stretched from years of wear, skin marked by the scars of hard labor.

She was like a candle in the wind-tired and flickering but refusing to go out.

"You've been through so much," Alex thought, his heart heavy.

Josephine sniffed, then stopped abruptly. "Sorry I cost you your job."

Alex shrugged. "He didn't seem keen on hiring me anyway. If anything, I made you lose yours."

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She scoffed, wiping her eyes with the back of her hand. "I was done with his attitude. So, where are you headed?"

"I'm not sure," Alex admitted. "Just got out of the military. Got some savings... Think you could help me find a place?"

She looked him over, a hint of a smile tugging at her lips.

"You look like you could afford better, but I have a place. It's old and cramped, but if you don't mind, you can rent it cheap."

"Sounds perfect," Alex replied. "I've slept in worse places. As long as it's affordable, I'm in." "Ten bucks a day."

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+25 BONOS

"Deal."

She sighed, glancing back toward the diner. "Before I show you the place, could

you help me pick up some things for my family?"

"Of course.

They headed toward the bustling market.

Vendors shouted their wares, the air thick with the scent of spices and fresh produce.

An old woman called out, "Jo! Stocking up on cheap ingredients again? Your boss still trying to run a restaurant on scraps?"

"Not anymore," Josephine called back, a spark returning to her eyes. "I quit!"

"Good for you!" the old woman cackled. "Come work for me. Can't pay you, but you'll eat well.

"Tempting," Josephine laughed. "I'll look for a job first, but I'll help you out when I can."

As they weaved through the market, people greeted Josephine warmly. She belonged here; these people were her community.

She glanced down at the crumpled bills in her hand-\$550.

"You should have taken the \$300 he owed you from the register," Alex said quietly. "He still owes you a thousand."

"I wanted to," she admitted, her shoulders slumping.

"But if I did, he wouldn't have enough to restock. Consider it my parting gift... a small way to honor his mother."

She purchased bulk staples: rice, beans, cooking oil, powdered milk, eggs-the basics to keep her family fed. The total came to \$325.

She stared at the remaining money, a deep crease forming between her brows. "Still have to pay the electric bill, water bill, my brother's school equipment..." Alex watched her, feeling a tug at his heart.

They made their way to a run-down house on the edge of town.

A group of children sat on the porch, their faces lighting up as they approached.

"Sis!" a little girl shouted. "That man from the city came again! He was yelling at Grandma!"

Voices overlapped as the children clamored for attention.

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+25 BONOS

Josephine's face hardened. She set down the bags and grabbed a wooden stick leaning against the wall.

"I've told them-we're not selling our home!" she fumed, striding toward the house. Suddenly, a gunshot rang out from inside.

Alex's heart lurched.

Dropping everything, he sprinted after her, fear gripping him like a vice.

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"Stay here," Alex instructed the children firmly, rushing into the house without hesitation.

Inside, two men stood menacingly: one aimed a gun directly at Josephine, while the other struggled to rise from the floor-a clear sign that Josephine had already put up a fight.

An elderly woman sat silently in her wheelchair, her eyes filled with both fear and defiance.

"Drop that stick," the gunman barked at Josephine.

"This time, I won't miss. I'll shoot you!"

Josephine stood her ground in front of the old woman, her arm bleeding from a grazed bullet wound.

"We're not selling the land," she declared fiercely. "Go back and tell your boss he can go straight to hell!"

The man fired a warning shot at the floor near her feet, causing splinters to fly. "Looks like you don't understand who you're dealing with," he sneered.

The other man, clutching his injured leg, glared at her as he staggered upright.

"You little bitch," he hissed.

"You dare to fight back? Take off your clothes. Sign the papers to sell the land, or I'll kill the old woman and make you wish you were dead."

His gaze roamed over her with a lecherous glint; despite her simple attire, Josephine's beauty was unmistakable.

"I wouldn't advise that," Alex's voice cut through the tension as he stepped into the room.

"Who the hell are you?" the gunman asked.

This was supposed to be an easy job-an old woman, some kids, and a young woman who wouldn't resist.

He never expected this to be so difficult and time-consuming; his boss was already rethinking his capabilities.

"Take one more step, and I'll shoot," the man warned, aiming his weapon at Alex. Unfazed, Alex continued to advance.

Before the gunman could react, Alex swiftly disarmed him, twisting the gun out of his grasp.

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+25 BONOS

"When you threaten to shoot someone, you should know what it's like to be on the other end."

Alex turned the gun on the man and fired into his thigh.

The man cried out, collapsing as blood seeped through his pants.

"I aimed for the flesh-you'll live," Alex stated flatly.

"Now kneel and apologize, or the next one's going in your head."

Panic flashed across the man's face. "You... you wouldn't dare..."

Without a word, Alex shot him in the other leg.

The man screamed, pain and fear overtaking him.

"Stop wasting time," Alex commanded. "Say you're sorry."

Whimpering, the man dropped to his knees.

His partner, seeing the resolve in Alex's eyes, quickly followed suit, bowing his head in submission. "We are truly sorry."

Josephine's face was pale, her eyes wide with concern.

"Alex, these men are with the mafia. You need to leave. They'll come after you."

Alex glanced down at the wounded men.

"Are you going to come back and harass them?"

"We... we won't," the man stammered.

Alex gave a curt nod. "Good, I don't buy it. Take me to your boss."

He grabbed one of them by the collar, lifting him slightly. "Let's go."

"Alex, what are you doing?" Josephine exclaimed, grabbing his arm. "These are dangerous people. You can't just confront them!"

He looked into her worried eyes. "I injured their men; it's only right I meet their leader."

"They belong to the Black Snake gang," she insisted urgently. "They're one of the biggest mafia groups around since the Walker syndicate fell!"

Alex offered a reassuring smile. "Trust me. I have stood on fields where bullets fell like rain. Their threats are nothing but empty words to me."

"Please, promise me you'll be safe," Josephine pleaded.

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+25 BONOS

"I promise," he said gently, before leading the two men outside.

They climbed into the mafia's black SUV. As they drove, Alex glanced at the men.

"Take me to your boss."

They exchanged uneasy looks but complied, secretly hoping their gang's headquarters would be the end of this idiot.

Alex took a first-aid kit from the dashboard and tossed it into the back seat. "Tend

to your wounds."

The injured man glared but begrudgingly began to bandage his legs.

"You," Alex addressed the driver coolly, "why does your boss want their land so badly?"

The driver smirked, confident that Alex's fate was sealed.

"Big redevelopment plans in the Vancouver slums. Some part of the land used to be an orphanage. Our boss wants to buy it cheap and flip it to developers for a huge profit."

Alex's jaw tightened; it was his plan.

"So you've been strong-arming others out of their homes?"

"Yeah," the driver admitted smugly. "We've scooped up lots of properties, selling them for twenty, fifty times what we paid. Easy money."

Disgust churned in Alex's stomach. "Exploiting the vulnerable for profit."

An hour later, they arrived at a towering twenty-story building-the gang's headquarters.

"Tell your boss I wish to speak with him," Alex ordered.

The driver didn't need to be told twice.

He bolted from the car, shouting, "There's a guy out here who attacked our men! Get out here and finish him!"

Alex shook his head, unperturbed. He glanced at the wounded man in the back seat, who sneered defiantly.

"You're a dead man," the thug spat. "And because of you, those orphans will suffer. I will make that young lady scream, you jerk!"

Without hesitation, Alex raised the gun and shot the man.

"That's for your lack of remorse," he said coolly.

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Stepping out of the car, Alex stood tall, his gaze fixed on the building.

"Criminals like you are a cancer on this city," he murmured.

"And like any cancer, it's hard to destroy-but I happen to be a doctor."

He squared his shoulders, his gaze steady.

Above, shadows shifted behind the windows as armed men moved into position, weapons glinting ominously.

About a hundred people were ready.

Alex took a step forward.

One man's courage can defy an army; one heart can be stronger than a thousand weapons.

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Alex walked fearlessly toward the group of gangsters, each armed with knives, machetes, katanas, and handguns-all poised to confront him.

"How dare you attack our men? You'll die here!" snarled a man with a tattooed face, stepping forward to challenge Alex.

Without breaking stride, Alex delivered a swift slap across the man's face, sending him sprawling to the ground, unconscious.

A hundred gang members tightened their grips on their weapons, eyes narrowing as they watched him.

But none moved to attack. Something about him was off-different.

Anyone else facing such a formidable crowd, surrounded by menacing killers wielding an arsenal of weapons, would show at least a flicker of fear.

But Alex's eyes held none.

He strolled forward as if he were merely walking through a quiet park.

The casual ease with which he'd dispatched one of their own left them stunned.

They were used to bullying the weak, flaunting their power.

But this impenetrable man left them at a loss.

They had never encountered someone so fearless; they didn't know how to handle him.

Many men, when they look into the eyes of death, blink. But this man seemed like the one who made death blink first.

"Take me to your boss," Alex commanded, stopping in front of them.

"Who are you?" one man asked, his voice wavering.

"A guest. Is this how you treat guests?" Alex replied coolly.

One of the gang members, more arrogant than the rest, shouted, "I'll kill you first, then take you to our boss!"

Bang!

A gunshot echoed, sending a ripple of tension through the crowd.

The arrogant man dropped to the ground, dead.

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+25 BONOS

His eyes stared lifelessly, a bullet wound in his side.

"What the hell are you doing?" one of them shouted at the gunman beside him. The man with the gun stammered, "I didn't pull the trigger... it just went off!" The crowd exchanged uneasy glances, sensing that something was very wrong.

"I want to meet your boss," Alex repeated into the tense silence.

"You bastard, who do you think you are?" someone else yelled, raising his gun at Alex.

Another gunshot rang out, and the man who had pointed his weapon at Alex suddenly fell, shot in the head by his friend standing behind him.

Blood splattered across the crowd as he collapsed to the ground.

The shooter looked down, horror etched on his face.

"The

gun

moved on its own!" he shouted, his voice trembling as he flung the weapon away.

Many in the crowd took a step back, fear creeping into their eyes.

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ched two men die simply for challenging this stranger, yet they couldn't

ow it had happened.

ointed to the driver who had brought him.

omised to take me to your boss. Lead the way."

The driver's legs shook visibly, terror gripping him.

A few others moved to block Alex's path.

"I don't want to kill all of you," Alex said evenly. "Even if you're sinners, some of you may not deserve to die. Don't test my patience, or I'll erase every last one of you from this earth."

He stepped forward, his gaze cold and unyielding. "Kneel."

A crushing force seemed to press down upon them, and one by one, the hundred

gang members fell to their knees, except for the quivering driver.

"You, lead the way," Alex repeated.

"Y-yes... yes," the driver stammered, stumbling forward.

The men tried to stand, but an invisible weight bore down on them, making it impossible. Fear hung thick in the air. 1

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+25 BONOS

They had heard stories of enhanced people-beings with supernatural abilities who could kill as easily as swatting a fly.

Like deadly war machines wielding terrifying power.

Many averted their eyes, too frightened to meet Alex's gaze.

Internally, they cursed the driver: 'Why did he bring this monster here?'

The driver led Alex hastily to the boss's office on the twelfth floor, throwing the door open without knocking.

"Who dares to enter without knocking?" the boss roared, standing abruptly.

He was right in the middle of an intimate moment with his beautiful assistant, just

a few "push and pulls" away from the grand finale-when suddenly, they both got caught off guard in the most awkward way possible.

His assistant scrambled to cover herself, retreating to the side.

Alex's gaze was unflinching. "You're forcing people to sell their land. I've come to ask you to stop."

The boss, furious and unashamed, yanked open a drawer and pulled out a Magnum, aiming it at Alex. "Who the fuck are you?"

"Will you stop forcing people to sell their land?" Alex asked calmly, his eyes steady.

"This is my territory, my rules. I do whatever I want," the boss sneered arrogantly. Then, something shifted.

The boss's hand, still gripping the gun, began to twist against his will. The barrel slowly turned until it was pointing into his own mouth.

Panic flashed in his eyes. He tried to resist, but his muscles betrayed him.

His gaze locked onto Alex, terror and regret evident.

The gun discharged.

The boss slumped over the desk, blood pooling around him.

The woman's scream echoed through the room.

The driver, already trembling, collapsed to the floor, paralyzed by fear.

Just then, a man stepped forward, kneeling beside Alex.

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"I am Carlos from Kingswell," he announced. "I heard your call, my lord."

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"Carlos," Alex said, "if we simply eliminate the underworld, others will rise to take their place. I want you to take over this gang, keep them in check, and train them as Kingswell attack dog."

Carlos bowed deeply. "Your will is my command."

"Maintain appearances," Alex instructed. "Let them operate as usual."

With that, Alex turned and left.

Back in the mining city, Josephine waited anxiously.

When a black SUV pulled up, she rushed forward.

As the door opened and Alex stepped out, she couldn't help herself-she ran to him and hugged him tightly.

"Thank God you're safe!"

Alex's eyes widened, surprised by the sudden embrace. He hadn't pegged

Josephine as the hugging type.

The driver climbed out of the car and knelt before her.

"Miss Josephine, we won't ask to buy your land anymore. Our boss has canceled all plans and sends his sincere apologies. This is his gift."

He pushed a large bag into Josephine's hands, bowed again, and hurried away, not daring to stay near Alex any longer.

"What happened?" she asked, glancing at Alex.

He shrugged. "We had a good talk."

When Josephine opened the bag, her mouth fell open in shock.

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There were ten stacks of crisp \$100 bills neatly arranged inside the bag-\$100,000 in total.

Josephine stared at the money, her eyes wide with shock.

"Well, that's quite a sum," Alex remarked casually. "Looks like they regretted their actions."

Josephine snapped the bag shut and thrust it back toward him.

"We can't accept this."

Alex raised an eyebrow. "And why not?"

"Because it's dirty money!" she exclaimed.

"They earned it by selling drugs, extorting innocent people, forcing others out of their homes. Who knows what other terrible things they've done? I won't have any part of it."

Alex studied her resolute expression.

Despite her obvious need, her principles remained unshaken. "Maybe we should ask the old lady inside. She might have some advice."

Inside the modest house, Ruth, the elderly woman in the wheelchair, eyed the money spread out on the table.

"I'm sorry, Alex," she said softly. "We can't accept this kind of money."

"Why not?" Alex frowned. "Money itself isn't evil. Politicians and businessmen use funds like this all the time and live comfortably. The children here desperately need help."

But both Josephine and Ruth stood firm.

Alex sighed, running a hand through his hair.

"Alright then, let's look at it differently-the money isn't for you or the orphanage, at least not directly."

Josephine looked puzzled. "What do you

mean?"

"It's a payment to me," he explained. "Compensation for my time and effort in dealing with their boss."

He gathered all ten stacks from the table, his gaze turning serious. "I'm a good citizen. I served my country, pay my taxes, and try to do the right thing. When I make mistakes, I seek forgiveness. So, I'm a decent person."

1/4

Chapter 66

+25 BONOS

Josephine and Ruth exchanged a glance, taken aback by his self-justification.

"So, I'd like to donate \$80,000 of this money to the orphanage," Alex continued. "Coming from someone like me, there's no reason to turn it down, right?"

They looked at each other, uncertainty flickering in their eyes.

After a long pause, Ruth finally nodded. "Alright."

Josephine eyed the remaining \$20,000 in Alex's hand. "And what about those two stacks?"

A sly smile played on his lips. "Consider it a processing f*e. Dirty money in, clean money out. Even good deeds come with expenses."

She glared at him, her voice laced with disdain. "You're shameless."

With that, she turned on her heel and left the room.

Alex watched her go, then turned to Ruth. "Do you think she hates me now?"

Ruth chuckled softly. "On the contrary, I think she might be starting to like you." "Really?" He arched an eyebrow, a hint of surprise in his eyes.

"Come here," she said, opening her frail arms. "It's been so long since I last saw you. Over a decade, isn't it? You've grown into quite the man."

"You remember me?" Alex moved closer, embracing her gently.

"How could I forget one of my own?" she replied, her eyes misting. "How is the master who adopted you? Is he well?"

He let out a light laugh. "That old rascal? Still as stubborn as ever.

11

She reached up and touched his cheek tenderly. "Have you told Josephine who you are?"

Alex hesitated. "Not yet. She doesn't seem to recognize me."

"Could you keep it that way?" Ruth asked gently.

"Why?"

"She holds a lot of resentment toward you," Ruth explained. "She believes you abandoned her

11

He looked away, guilt flickering across his face.

"She waited for you, you know," Ruth continued softly. "For ten years, she you'd return and take her

// Dedy

But you never came back."

2/4

Chapter 66

+25 BONOS

"I got caught up in the war," he said quietly. "It was chaotic. I couldn't return until now."

"And it was just a childhood promise, wasn't it?" Ruth looked at him knowingly.

He sighed, recalling that distant memory-their shared words, the innocence of youth. "I didn't realize how much it meant to her.

"To her, it meant everything," Ruth said. "I tried to help her move on, to let go of the hope that was holding her back."

"But I'm here now," he whispered.

"Yes, the promises of childhood are written in water, but the scars they leave are carved in stone." she

acknowledged, "but she's ed.

The wedding is in a few months."

"Engaged?" Alex shocked. (1

"Don't hold it against her," Ruth said, squeezing his hand.

"Carlo is a good man, the mine owner's son. He's been a great help to the orphanage. Josephine feels indebted to him. That's why she

accepted his proposal."

She paused. "If she knew you were back, it would only complicate things for her."

Alex nodded slowly. "I understand."

"Thank you," Ruth said, relief evident in her eyes.

"Now, would you mind pushing me to my room? There's something I've been keeping for you all these years."

He guided her wheelchair down the narrow hallway to an old room.

Ruth retrieved a small iron box, carefully unlocking it. From inside, she drew out a faded postcard with worn edges.

She handed it to him. "This has the address of the person who first brought you to the orphanage. He can tell you about your past."

Alex studied the postcard, emotions swirling within him.

As he stepped outside, the evening sun cast a warm glow over the yard.

Josephine stood by the doorway, arms crossed. "Leaving already?"

He slipped the postcard into his pocket, offering a faint smile.

"Actually, I think I'll stick around for a few days. Might as well make good use of my money."

She rolled her eyes, but a subtle smile tugged at her lips. "Suit yourself."

3/4

Chapter 66

+25 BONOS

"Don't miss me too much," he teased.

"Jerk," she shot back, but there was a softness in her gaze that hadn't been there before.

Chapter 67

The Almighty Dominance

Chapter 67[1,094 words]

Brock was furious when he discovered that Josephine had the audacity to resign.

Seething with anger, he burst into his modest home, the door slamming behind him like a thunderclap.

"Grace!" he shouted at his wife, who was quietly folding laundry in the living room. Tomorrow, you're opening the restaurant!"

Grace looked up, startled by his outburst. "What happened with Josephine?"

11

"She quit! Don't ask any more questions!" he snapped, pacing the room like a caged animal.

Grace's face paled.

"But... I don't know how to cook."

"Just do it like you always have!" Brock barked.

"Brock," she pleaded, her eyes welling up. "I really don't know how to run the restaurant. Can't you find someone else?"

"Don't argue with me!" he shouted, shoving her aside.

Grace stumbled, catching herself against the wall.

"When I tell you to do something, you do it!"

The next morning, Grace stood alone behind the counter of the bustling restaurant, her hands trembling as she struggled to keep up with orders.

Brock sat at a corner table, arms crossed, glaring at her with a mixture of disdain and impatience.

The customers were growing restless.

"Hey! When's our food coming? My break's almost over!" a burly man called out, tapping his watch.

"This is ridiculous," another customer muttered, pushing back his chair. "I'm leaving."

Brock's temper flared.

He stormed over to Grace, his face contorted with rage.

"It's simple! Why can't you handle it? The money is slipping away because of you!"

Grace's patience snapped. "If it's so simple, why don't you do it yourself?"

1/5

Chapter 67

"You ungrateful-" Brock snarled, raising his hand.

A miner who had been watching stood up from his seat.

"Hey, pal, that's enough. Keep your hands off her."

Brock whirled around. "Mind your own business! She's my wife; I'll do as I please." "Not here, you won't."

"Fuck off!"

+25 BONOS

Before Brock could react, the miner landed a solid punch to his face, breaking his nose with a sickening crunch.

Brock stumbled backward, blood gushing as he let out a howl of pain.

"You'll pay for that!" Brock screamed, grabbing a chair and swinging it wildly.

Two more miners joined in, and together they subdued Brock, leaving him bruised and battered on the floor.

Meanwhile, at the orphanage, Alex was hard at work with a toolbox by his side.

He fixed the children's beds, repaired the creaky bathroom door, and mended the worn sections of the old fence.

The children buzzed around him, pointing out things that needed attention and chattering excitedly.

"It's such a blessing to have a capable young man around," Ruth said from her wheelchair at the kitchen table.

"Just so you know, this is all volunteer work," Josephine reminded Alex as she stirred a pot of stew. "We don't have any money to pay you."

Alex wiped the sweat from his brow and grinned.

"Don't worry. Where kindness meets duty, it feels a lot like love." 1

She glanced at him, a hint of a smile tugging at her lips. "Suit yourself."

He smirked. "Besides, if you were paying me, you couldn't afford my hourly rate anyway. Just * be grateful and maybe whip up some of that amazing fried rice for me!"

Josephine rolled her eyes. "Confident, aren't we? Unemployed and full of yourself -you must think you're a real prince."

"I'm more than a prince," he shot back playfully.

2/5

Chapter 67

"Keep dreaming," she retorted, shaking her head. 1

Their banter flowed naturally, each teasing remark met with a quick-witted reply.

Ruth watched them with a twinkle in her eye.

+25 BONOS

The orphanage had been filled with worry for so long, but now, laughter echoed in the halls. The children's faces were brighter, their smiles wider.

Suddenly, Ruth's phone buzzed with a notification. 1

She glanced at the screen, her expression turning serious.

"Josephine, Alex, you need to get to the restaurant right away."

A few minutes later, they stood in front of the restaurant, their hearts sinking at the sight.

The place was half-destroyed, windows shattered, tables overturned.

Inside, Mrs. Doris was attempting to sweep up broken glass, her frail hands trembling.

"Mrs. Hathaway, please, let me help you," Josephine said gently, rushing to her side.

Alex began clearing debris.

"Jo," Doris said softly as she eased into a chair.

"I spoke with Ruth. She's agreed to rent this place for a year. I want you to have it."

Josephine stared at her in disbelief. "But... why?"

Doris picked up a faded photograph

Doris Parby table, her eyes r

from a

in the hospital, he wo to run this place."

"That's terrible. I'm so sorry."

"Just say you'll keep it alive," Doris whispered.

be

She gave Josephine's hand a gentle squeeze before rising to leave, Grace helping her to the door.

As they left, Josephine stood amidst the wreckage, a mixture of hope and uncertainty swirling within her.

"So, boss, are you hiring?"

She turned to Alex, arching an eyebrow. "Afraid I can't afford someone with such an inflated' hourly rate.'"

Chapter 67

+25 BONOS

He shrugged casually. "For a hardworking, charming woman/ket you, settle for three hour. Just like we agreed." C

A faint blush colored her cheeks. "You're insufferable."

"And yet, here I am," he quipped, a mischievous glint in his eye.

They spent the rest of the day cleaning the restaurant together.

Later, they headed to the market to gather supplies for the grand reopening.

"Alex, could you grab that sack of rice?" Josephine asked, pointing to a hefty bag on a high shelf.

He reached up effortlessly. "You mean this one? Didn't think you'd be able to lift it with those noodle arms of yours."

She shot him a playful glare. "And I didn't think you'd be so full of yourself."

He grinned. "Confidence is key."

As they walked through the market, their bickering continued, each exchange more lighthearted than the last.

"Thank you, Mrs. Stone," Josephine said warmly to the elderly grocer as she paid for their items.

Mrs. Stone smiled kindly. "Always a pleasure, dear."

She turned to Alex, handing him an apple. "Here you go, young man. On the house."

"Wow, thanks!" Alex took a bite, savoring the crisp sweetness. "Delicious."

The old woman leaned in conspiratorially. "You take good care of her, you hear?"

He nodded earnestly. "I'll do my best."

"See that you do," she said with a wink.

Over the next few days, the restaurant began to come alive again.

Alex helped with repairs, and Josephine rehired some of the old staff.

One afternoon, as the lunch rush was winding down, Josephine called out, "Alex, could you take this fried rice to table five?"

"On it," he replied, grabbing the plate.

As he approached the table, he stopped short.

4/5

Chapter 67

+25 BONOS

Sitting there were Sophia Lancaster and her parents.

in.

Mrs. Lancaster's eyes narrowed. "Well, look who it is. Working place like this. How much are they paying

you? Ten dollars ane

"Three dollars an hour, actually," Alex responded calmly.

She scoffed. "I suppose everyone ends up where they belong."

Sophia's gaze lingered on Alex, doubt clouding her expression.

This man was really poor... did she want to reconsider him as a husband?

Today's Bonus Offer

GET IT NOW

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 68[939 words]

Chapter 68

"You know what, you're right-I do belong here," Alex said, locking eyes with Florence." Anything else you need?"

Florence's lips twisted into a sneer. "In case that thick skull of yours hasn't figured it out, I'm insulting you, you worthless drifter."

"It's a free country, ma'am. You're welcome to say whatever you like." Alex shrugged lightly. "Doesn't mean I have to take offense."

"You pitiful excuse for a man," she spat. "Do you really think ignoring me keeps your dignity intact?"

"In my view, you're poorer than I am. Why should I feel insulted by someone who's not worth my time?"

"You're shameless," Florence hissed. "I wish you'd just disappear!"

His smile turned icy. "And I wish you a long life-to savor your bitterness even longer."

Florence's face flushed crimson.

Rising abruptly, she called out across the restaurant, "Owner! Is this how you treat paying customers? This man is insulting me!"

From the kitchen, Josephine slammed down a pan and marched over, her anger. She positioned herself beside Alex. "What's going on here?"

Alex looked genuinely puzzled. "What did I do?"

let

your staff

eyes flashing with

Florence smirked, thinking she'd gained the upper hand. "He's been nothing but disrespectful. I demand you handle this!"

Josephine sighed, a sly grin tugging at the corner of her mouth. "Oh, Alex, you're supposed to deal with this like so."

She grabbed a plate of fried rice and, without hesitation, dumped it onto Florence's expensive dress.

Florence gasped and stood, outrage twisting her features. "How dare you!"

Unfazed, Josephine grabbed a glass of water from a table and splashed it in Florence's face.

"Consider yourself warned. Now get out."

1/4

Chapter 68

Florence stood there, sputtering with rage. "This is outrageous!"

+25 BONOS

Josephine's eyes narrowed as she grabbed an empty bottle from a table. "Leave now, or you'll find out just how serious I am."

Alex watched the scene unfold with a mix of astonishment and amusement.

Gently, he placed a hand on Josephine's arm. "Easy there, Jo."

She glanced at him, her expression fierce. "How can you let her talk to you like that?"

At that moment, Justin hurried over. "Alex, is this how you treat your mother-in-law?"

Josephine froze, her eyes widening as she looked between Alex and Florence.

"Mother-in-law?"

"Ex-mother-in-law, to be exact," Alex clarified.

"You ungrateful wretch!" Florence screeched. "I'll call the authorities and have this place shut down!"

Without missing a beat, Josephine hurled the empty bottle, letting it crash onto the wall between Florence and Justin. "Get. Out."

Pale and humiliated, Florence and Justin stumbled backward before scurrying out of the restaurant.

Sophia stood alone, a dull ache pulsing behind her eyes.

The moment she'd mentioned seeing Alex, her parents had unleashed a storm of complaints. She'd lost her position as CEO, been cut off from her family, and now faced an uncertain future. Her life was unraveling-all because she'd never chosen for herself. Maybe she should have gone along with her grandfather's plans for Alex from the start, without protest. She'd broken his trust, and now her grandmother Amelia had betrayed her. It felt like fate's cruel joke. Maybe this was her karma. Regret flooded her as she pictured the life she could have had if she'd trusted Abraham. 'Is it too late to fix this?'

2/4

Chapter 68

+25 BONOS

Just then, she turned and met Alex's eyes.

"Alex, I know things are messy, but... please, read the message I sent you."

Alex didn't intend to read anything from her, convinced they had nothing left to say.

Josephine glanced over, watching Sophia leave. "Who was that beautiful woman?"

"My ex-wife."

Her eyebrows shot up. "She divorced you?"

"Thought I was too poor."

Josephine gave him a sympathetic look. "Ouch. Rough break. If you need a shoulder to cry on, I'm available-for a f*e."

"Please don't," Alex replied. "You've had it tougher than me. I'll get you a pillow stuffed with cash so you can cry in style."

She laughed, giving him a light punch on the arm. "Touché."

"Now, get this place tidied up," she said, her tone mock-stern as she headed back behind the bar.

"Us poor

folks gotta stick together. Ain't nobody gonna mess with one of our own."

Alex shook his head with a smile, grabbing a cloth to wipe down the table.

Once he finished, he slipped into the back and pulled out his phone, hesitating for a moment before opening Sophia's message.

Hours later, the soft hum of hospital machinery filled the quiet room as Alex stepped inside.

Sophia sat by her grandfather Abraham's bedside, her eyes red from tears.

"Alex, thank you for coming," she whispered, not meeting his gaze.

He approached the bed, gently placing a hand over Abraham's.

The old man's face was pale, his eyes closed as if in deep sleep.

"Grandfather Sophia began, her voice trembling, "I've made so many mistakes. But I want you to know choose Alex. Completely and wholeheartedly. You've always wanted what's best for me, and I see that now."

She swallowed hard, tears spilling down her cheeks.

3/4

Chapter 68

+25 BONOS

"Grandmother took everything-the

mansion, my position at the

company. She said I can't come

back to

back to the family unless I divorce Alex and marry someone wealthy, someone she approves of

Her shoulders trembled as she went

on. "But won't betray you again.

Even if it costs me everything?

won't leave Alex. Even if we have to live with nothing. Please, forgive me."

Overcome with emotion, Sophia stood abruptly and hurried out of the room, her quiet sobs echoing down the hallway.

Alex watched her leave before turning back to Abraham.

Gently, he released the old man's hand.

"You can stop pretending now," he said softly. "How did things get to this point?"

Slowly, Abraham's eyes opened, a weary sadness reflected in them. "I got hit, but the physical pain was nothing compared to the hurt of my wife betrayal." "Alex," he continued, his voice weak but earnest, "please help Sophia. She's lost and needs someone to guide her. Yes, she's made poor choices, but her heart is good."

The Almighty Dominance

Chapter 69[597 words]

Chapter 69

A few days later, Alex and Sophia arrived at the grand banquet hosted by the Lancaster family.

The opulent hall was abuzz with anticipation.

Amelia Lancaster had organized the event to announce the acquisition of BioHealth Solutions from Roland and to unveil its rebranding under the Lancaster Group.

And their partnership with Kingston would send ripples through Vancouver's business community, marking the Lancasters' bold expansion into something greater.

Whispers filled the room about Jasmine Kingston's attendance.

"Why do we have to be here?" Sophia sighed, glancing at her father, Justin.

He adjusted his tie, his expression firm. "This is our family's banquet, Sophia. We need to show face."

"But they've already pushed us out," she protested softly.

"Regardless, we must attend," Justin insisted.

"Our livelihood depends on the Lancaster Group's shares. Imagine what would happen if your grandmother decided to cut us off entirely."

Nearby, Florence cast a disdainful look at Alex. "You should keep your distance," she warned.

"If Amelia sees you here, she'll be furious."

Alex raised his hands in mock surrender. "Understood. I'll stay out of sight."

Sophia glanced at him apologetically. "I'm sorry, Alex. I'll congratulate Grandmother quickly, and then we can leave together."

He offered a reassuring smile. "No worries."

In recent days, Sophia seemed to be softening toward him.

She hadn't filed the divorce papers, leaving their future uncertain.

For Alex, being by her side was a way to honor his promise to Abraham and to repay her for helping retrieve his mother's necklace.

Across the bustling room, Justin and Florence approached Amelia.

"Mother, we've brought Sophia as you requested," Justin said eagerly.

"Is Peter Smith here yet?"

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Chapter 69

+25 BONOS

A satisfied smile curved on Amelia's lips. "Have you informed Sophia that she'll be getting engaged to Peter today?"

Florence sighed. "She's as stubborn as ever. And worse, she brought that useless husband along."

Amelia's eyes

flashed with irritation. "Why didn't you stop him?"

Mike, the newly appointed CEO, overheard the exchange and stepped forward.

He was banking on Peter Smith's \$50 million investment, which hinged on tonight's engagement announcement.

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"I can take care of him," Mike offered confidently.

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"No," Amelia said sharply. "You're the centerpiece tonight. Don't lower yourself. Just let Peter know that

Sophia's ex-husband is her

causing trouble. He'll handle it."

Mike nodded and made his way to Peter, whispering the situation.

Peter's eyes darkened as he spotted Alex across the room. "So that's the pest clinging to Sophia. Time to swat him away."

Peter approached Alex with a smug

grin.

"Well, look at you," he sneered.

"Trying to fit in where you clearly don't belong."

Alex met his gaze calmly, saying nothing.

"Did you get lost on your way to the servants' entrance?" Peter added, but Alex remained silent.

"Hey! I'm talking to you," Peter snapped.

"Really?" Alex replied mildly. "I thought I heard a stray dog barking. A lion doesn't turn around when a small dog barks."

Peter's face reddened. "You better fuck off from here. This event is for people of significance."

Alex smirked faintly. "Interesting. I didn't realize arrogance was the new measure of significance."

Peter's face twisted with irritation.

"Listen here. Sophia Lancaster is

about to become my fiancée. I'd

suggest you leave before I have you thrown out."

"Fiancée?" Alex raised an eyebrow. "Last I checked, she's still my wife. Perhaps you should step back."

Peter laughed derisively. "You're nothing but a leech-a nobody clinging to a woman out of

2/4

Chapter 69

+25 BONOS

He glanced at the screen, his smug expression faltering. As he read the messages flooding in, his face paled.

"What... what's happening?" he muttered.

Alex watched him silently.

Peter looked up, panic creeping into his eyes. "What did

"I warned you," Alex replied.

you do?"

Peter's arrogance faltered. "This can't be real," he whispered, frantically dialing

his personal

accountant.

&

"What's going on? How can our accounts are frozen? What do you mean we're under investigation?"

Today's Bonus Offer

GET IT NOW

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 70[915 words]

"I don't know," the accountant muttered. "Give me a moment to figure this out.

Peter turned to Alex, confusion and a flicker of fear in his eyes.

Could Alex truly be behind this catastrophe, or was it merely a terrible coincidence?

Before he could dwell on it, his phone buzzed urgently. He snatched it up.

"Father?"

"You bastard!" his father's furious voice exploded through the line.

"What have you done? Our family's assets are frozen, and we're under investigation! Do you realize the magnitude of this disaster? If you don't fix this immediately, we're finished!"

"Wait, Father! Please, tell me what's happening," Peter pleaded, panic tightening his chest.

"Who the hell did you offend? Alfred Kingston's got our assets frozen and says he's launching an investigation into all our businesses and accounts. Do you think we can withstand that kind of scrutiny? They'll dig up everything, and we'll all end up in prison!" his father's voice boomed with desperation.

A softer, trembling voice came through his mother. "Peter, please," she begged. "I can't bear the thought of spending my remaining years in prison. Ask for forgiveness from whoever you angered."

Peter's hands shook violently as he looked over at Alex, every part of him trembling.

Today, he had only offended one person-this young man who seemed to be nobody.

His body quaked as the truth settled in. Alex was not someone he could cross. What greater grief than the loss of one's fortune, a lifetime's labor turned to ash?

Tremblingly, he lowered himself to the floor, his forehead touching the ground, shaking in

fear.

Everyone around stared, not quite understanding what had just happened.

But Peter knew. With a ruthless investigation looming, they were inches from ruin. There was no way they'd come out clean.

"My lord," Peter muttered, his head pressed to the floor.

"I had eyes,

but I was blind to your power. I ask for forgiveness-please, give me a chance to

1/4

Chapter 70

+25 BONOS

save my family. Please... I beg you. I'll do anything you ask, just spare me.' He hit hard his forehead against the floor, the impact harsh and desperate. Alex gazed at him coldly. "I told you, if you could truly show me your regret for trying to take my wife, I'd consider sparing you. But if you can't, the Smiths will disappear from this earth."

Peter's mind raced, his breath ragged.

"I'll give you five minutes," Alex continued, his tone sharp. "You'd better act as a gentleman should, and remember-keep this to yourself."

A sudden, dangerous glint sparked in Peter's eyes, and he clenched his jaw.

He was on the brink of losing everything his family had worked for.

Bowing deeply, he turned and walked toward the Lancaster family, his steps resolute, his gaze darkening with fury.

All this turmoil because of an engagement he never should have pursued.

Mike spotted him approaching and smirked. "Peter, my brother-in-law. Have you squashed that insect yet?"

Without warning, Peter's fist collided with Mike's face, sending him reeling backward. Gasps erupted around them.

"Watch your mouth!" Peter snapped, his voice echoing through the room.

Mike stumbled, clutching his jaw. "What the hell are you doing?" he spat, disbelief etched across his face.

All eyes were now on Peter as he advanced toward Amelia Lancaster, fury blazing in his eyes.

"Mrs. Lancaster," he declared loudly,

making no effort to hide his

contempt. "How dare you arrange

for me to be engaged to Sophia

when she's already married!"

Amelia blinked in astonishment. "What are you talking about? You knew she was married with a loser!"

Peter slapped Amelia sharply across the face.

She staggered, shock and indignation rendering her speechless.

Inwardly raging, Peter mused, "That so-called 'nobody' just unleashed Alfred Kingston against my family. Our assets are frozen, and we're facing ruin-all because of your deceit!"

Blinded by fury, Peter kicked the old lady, sending her sprawling to the floor.

2/4

Chapter 70

"Peter!" Malvin shouted, rushing forward. "This is unacceptable!"

But Peter had lost all sense of control, his desperation now a frenzy.

+25 BONOS

If he couldn't convince Alex of his remorse, his family was doomed. He had to make this show convincing.

Without hesitation, Peter swung his fist, hitting Malvin squarely in the face, causing blood to trickle from his nose.

He then turned on Justin and Florence, pointing an accusing finger.

"You two bastards! Your daughter is already married to such a fine man, yet you dared to trap me, to set me

up against Mr. Alex! I'll make you

pay!"

Peter slapped Florence and struck Justin, fury twisting his features. Turning back to Amelia, he kicked her again as she struggled on the ground.

"You old hag, the older you get, the more dangerous you become. Why don't you just die already?"

The crowd watched in stunned silence as Peter unleashed his wrath on the entire Lancaster

family.

"Stop this madness," Sophia's voice suddenly cut through the chaos as she stepped forward. "What is going on?"

Peter froze, his anger replaced with a chilling sense of dread.

Just looking at Sophia reminded him of her husband's power, the one who could squash the Smith family in an instant.

He dropped to his knees, trembling.

"Miss Sophia, please, forgive me. I don't dare to continue with this engagement.

You already have a great husband. Please, forgive me."

Sophia's face was a mixture of shock and confusion.

She hadn't even known about the engagement with Peter Smith. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Please, forgive me." Peter's voice cracked, his fear overwhelming him as he kept his head low, barely able to look at her.

"Alright, alright. I forgive you," Sophia said, still trying to process what was happening.

3/4

Chapter 70

+25 BONOS

"Please," Peter begged, his forehead pressing into the floor.

"Could you... could you ask Mr. Alex to forgive me too? Please, Miss Sophia. I owe you my life!"