

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 71[1,139 words]

Chapter 71

Chapter 71

Sophia stood at the centre of the banquet hall, her eyes fixed on Alex, who lingered unobtrusively in the corner.

Words caught in her throat as confusion and disbelief swirled within her.

How had Alex managed to make Peter Smith, of all people, tremble with fear? Even the powerful Lancaster family couldn't command such a reaction from him. Watching Peter's desperate pleas, she was certain Alex must have tricked him somehow-probably with his usual swagger and exaggerated tales.

He was, after all, the king of braggarts.

At least she hadn't been gullible enough to fall for his antics like poor Peter had.

"Peter, please stand up. People are watching," Sophia urged softly, a flush of embarrassment creeping up her neck

Peter remained kneeling, his head bowed low.

"Miss Sophia, I beg you-promise me you'll help secure Mr. Alex's forgiveness. Only then will I rise."

"Fine, fine," she relented, hoping to end the spectacle. "Just get up."

Nearby, Malvin, Mike, Amelia, and other members of the Lancaster family watched in stunned silence.

Peter, who moments ago had been raging and even struck them, was now meekly beseeching Sophia, as docile as a chastened child.

Mike, still smarting from the earlier confrontation, saw an opportunity to assert himself. He strode up to Peter with a scowl.

"What on earth are you doing, Peter?"

Without warning, Peter swung his hand, delivering a sharp slap to Mike's face.

"I'm putting you in your place!" he snapped. "Who are you to disrespect Mr. Alex? Stay out of my sight, or you'll regret it every time we cross paths!"

Mike stumbled back, shock and humiliation evident on his face.

He quickly retreated, not daring to provoke Peter further.

"Mr. Smith, please refrain from striking my family," Sophia interjected firmly.

Peter immediately lowered his head. "Yes, Miss Sophia. I apologize. It won't happen again."

Sophia shook her head, exasperated, and turned toward Alex, who stood watching the scene unfold with an inscrutable expression.

Peter trailed closely behind her, his demeanor a mix of fear and deference.

Grabbing Alex's arm, she whispered urgently, "Alex, what on earth did you do to him?"

"I didn't do anything. He approached me, claiming he was engaged to you."

"That's not happening!" she snapped, irritation flaring.

"That's exactly what I told him," Alex replied evenly.

1/4

Chapter 71

She searched his face, skepticism evident. "Then why is he so afraid of you?"

He shrugged lightly. "I have no idea."

Sophia narrowed her eyes. "You must have tricked him, pretending to be someone important."

A faint, knowing smile curved his lips. "But I am someone important."

She rolled her eyes. "You might have fooled him with your tall tales, but you don't fool me. Whatever you've done, just forgive him. He's already humiliated my entire family.

"Don't you think they might deserve a bit of humbling?" Alex suggested, a hint of mischief in his tone.

Sophia's eyes widened, and despite herself, she felt a flicker of satisfaction.

Secretly, she couldn't deny feeling a bit vindicated seeing Peter hit them, especially after her family had tried forcing an unwanted engagement on her.

But she couldn't let Alex see that.

"Just admit you're pleased," he teased gently.

"Shut up," she muttered, trying to mask her grin with a stern look. "Just forgive him."

"Alright," he conceded, pulling out his phone.

He typed a quick message to Alfred Kingston before glancing back at Peter. "Good performance, I've forgiven you." Peter's face flooded with relief, as if a tremendous weight had been lifted.

He bowed deeply. "Thank you, Mr. Alex. I will never forget this kindness! If you ever need anything, just call me- I'll do whatever you need!"

"No need," Alex replied, waving dismissively. "You and your family are too insignificant for me to bother with."

Sophia's eyes widened in disbelief. How could anyone brag so confidently?

Peter's face flushed as he bowed again. "I'm sorry if our family isn't worthy in your eyes."

Even Alfred Kingston had to follow Alex's command-so who were the Smiths in comparison?

Peter started sweating, feeling lucky just to be granted forgiveness.

He hurriedly excused himself. "I'll take my leave now, Mr. Alex."

As Peter departed, Sophia turned to Alex, her eyes searching. "How on earth does he believe all your... b Alex gave a nonchalant shrug. "Who knows?"

ing?"

Meanwhile, determined to salvage the evening, Amelia instructed the Master of Ceremonies to proceed with the banquet.

Guests began to take their seats, the atmosphere shifting as the program resumed.

"Let us welcome the CEO of the Lancaster Group, Mike Lancaster..." the announcer's voice echoed through the hall.

Alex glanced at Sophia, noticing the shadow that crossed her face.

He softened his tone. "Do you want to go?"

Chapter 71

She nodded silently.

"Let's step out, then," he suggested gently. "There's a cozy café down the street.

Maybe we can grab some coffee and pastries?"

A faint smile touched her lips. "I'd like that."

Together, they slipped out of the grand hall, leaving behind the glittering chandeliers and murmuring crowd.

Sometimes, the kindest act is simply to walk beside someone in their quiet moments.

Back inside, the Master of Ceremonies continued, "Please welcome Miss Kelly Kingston."

A poised and striking young woman ascended the stage, taking the microphone with confidence.

"Good evening," she began. "I apologize on behalf of my cousin, Jasmine Kingston, who couldn't be here tonight. I'm here to speak on her behalf."

Polite applause rippled through the audience.

Kelly Kingston was well-known as Jasmine's representative, often stepping in due to Jasmine's health issues.

"Jasmine has a message," Kelly continued, her gaze sharp as it settled on Mike Lancaster.

She wishes to address a matter of importance."

A hush fell over the room.

"She wants to know: Who is Mike Lancaster?" Kelly's voice carried a clear challenge.

"To our understanding, the Kingston family agreed to a partnership with the Lancaster Group under the leadership of Miss Sophia Lancaster."

A murmur spread through the crowd as faces turned toward Amelia and Mike, whose expressions had turned ashen.

Kelly pressed on, her tone unwavering. "If Miss Sophia Lancaster—who has demonstrated remarkable capability and integrity—is not reinstated as the leader

of the Lancaster Group, then the partnership is void."

She paused, letting the weight of her words sink in.

"We are aware that Mike Lancaster's track record does not compare. Therefore, the Kingston family officially withdraws from this partnership."

Handing the microphone back to the stunned Master of Ceremonies, Kelly stepped down from the stage. The atmosphere in the banquet hall shifted dramatically—from celebratory to somber. Amelia's eyes rolled back as she swayed on her feet.

Losing Peter's \$50 million was one thing, but losing the partnership with Kingston meant they were headed for bankruptcy!

Malvin rushed to her side just in time to catch her as she fainted.

"Wait! Miss Kelly!" Mike called out desperately, scrambling toward her.

"I can prove myself! Please, give me a chance!"

Kelly glanced over her shoulder, her expression indifferent

3/4

Chapter 71

"Prove it, then. But it doesn't matter to us."

She turned away, leaving him standing there, helpless.

Amelia, regaining consciousness, clutched at Justin's arm.

Her voice was strained, barely above a whisper. "Quickly... call Sophia back... before Kelly leaves. Now!"

Panic rippled through the Lancaster family.

The very alliance they had boasted about was slipping through their fingers, all because they had underestimated Sophia.

Or perhaps Alex.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 72[992 words]

Chapter 72

Sophia sat across from Alex on a cozy sofa in the café, her fingers nervously entwined in her lap.

"Alex," she began softly. "I want to apologize for everything I've done to you."

Alex looked at her with gentle curiosity. "Why?"

She took a deep breath. "I've realized that so much of my pain comes from clinging to how I think things should be, instead of accepting what they are. I regret not listening to my grandfather."

He offered a reassuring smile. "It's okay."

Gathering her courage, she confessed, "I... I don't have our signed divorce papers."

"What do you mean?"

She bit her lip, hesitating before continuing.

"When I was planning to marry Chris, he said he'd handle the divorce papers and

the marriage certificate. I thought after everything that happened, he wouldn't send them. But I never received any confirmation."

Alex remained silent.

"That means we're still husband and wife," Sophia whispered, her cheeks flushing.

He leaned forward slightly. "And if he already sent them?"

She swallowed hard, her eyes meeting his. "Then... would you consider marrying me again?"

"You sound a bit desperate."

She looked away, fiddling with her napkin. "Maybe I am. They're trying to force me into another marriage if we're divorced. And... Grandpa Abraham thinks highly of you. I don't want to disappoint him."

Alex tapped his fingers gently on the table. "But what about you? What do you want?"

She looked back at him, confusion flickering in her eyes. "What do you mean?" "Do you like me?" Alex asked

Her eyes widened, emotions swirling as she searched for an answer. "I... I don't know..."

He nodded thoughtfully.

"Tell you what I'll keep pretending to be your husband. Even if we find out the divorce paper

I'll stay by your side until you figure out what you truly want."

"Is that okay?" she asked hesitantly. "I can pay you for your trouble..."

He chuckled warmly. "I don't need your money. I never have."

She gave a small, skeptical smile. "Always bragging."

"Just stating the truth," he replied with a wink.

re processed,

She sighed softly. "I don't have a job right now, but I'm looking. About the apartment-it's small, just one bedroom. We'll have to share, but... don't get any ideas."

He grinned, leaning back. "Oh, I'm not worried about me. I'm more concerned you might try something with me."

1/3

Chapter 72

She rolled her eyes. "You're impossible."

"Remember, you made the first move when we met," he teased.

Her cheeks flushed crimson at the memory. "That was different."

He shifted the conversation smoothly. "By the way, I have a feeling you'll get your job back soon."

She shook her head, her expression dimming. "No, once Grandma makes up her mind, she doesn't change it. And Mike is her favorite grandson."

"You never know. They might just come begging for you to return."

1

She laughed lightly, the tension easing from her shoulders. "There you go again, always bragging."

For the first time in a long while, talking with Alex like this made the burdens feel a little lighter.

Back at the grand banquet, Lady Amelia Lancaster paced anxiously.

"Have you found Sophia yet?" she demanded.

"She's not here," Justin replied nervously.

"And she's not answering her phone," Florence added, worry creasing her brow.

"Grandmother," Mike approached hastily, his voice edged with concern. "You've appointed me as CEO of the Lancaster Group. You're not thinking of giving the position back to Sophia, are you?"

He had already boasted about his new title to everyone he knew. The thought of losing face now gnawed at him.

Without warning, Amelia turned and slapped him sharply across the face. "How dare you think only of yourself when the Lancaster Group is on the brink of collapse without the Kingston partnership! Can't you see what's happening? Peter has already pulled his investment!" 1

Mike recoiled, stunned.

"But you pushed Sophia out," he protested weakly.

"I never pushed her out of this family," Amelia declared fiercely, her gaze

sweeping over Justin and Florence." Have I ever cast anyone aside?"

Justin hesitated, then shook his head. "No, Mother. You've never done such a thing."

He knew the truth-that they had been all but forced out, scraping by in a modest home-but now was not the time to challenge her narrative.

"Mother," Malvin interjected cautiously, his eyes narrowing. He despised the idea of Justin's family regaining any influence.

"If we sell the mansion Father left us, we'll have enough to keep the Lancaster Group afloat. We don't need the Kingston partnership. Let Mike remain as CEO."

As if on cue, Amelia's smartwatch buzzed insistently.

She glanced at the screen, surprise flashing across her face. 'It's your father...' she murmured 1

An uneasy silence fell over the group.

None of them knew that Abraham had awakened from his coma.

2/3

Chapter 72

She answered the call, trying to steady her voice. "Hello?"

"Amelia," Abraham's voice was firm, carrying an authority that hadn't diminished. "I've returned the mansion to its rightful owner. How dare you try to transfer it while I was incapacitated! And I've filed for divorce. From now on, we're living separately."

Amelia's face went white. The mansion he referred to-Top Silver Mansion-was even more opulent than their family estate.

The realization that he was awake and undoing her schemes sent a chill through her.

"You... you can't do this!" she stammered, anger and panic rising. "How dare you strip me of everything and leave me burdened with debt!"

He cut her off sharply.

"You're the one who coerced Sophia into sending \$100 million to that fraud, Chris Roland-the very man you tried to force her to marry. This mess is yours to clean up. And don't think I won't report you for assaulting me. I won't rest until I see you

rot in prison!"

With that, the line went dead.

Amelia's face turned ashen, her hands trembling.

She should have made sure Abraham didn't just slip into a coma; she should have ensured he was gone for good.

But she knew he wouldn't dare report her.

She knew Abraham well. He loved her too much.

Yet she also knew he wouldn't lift a finger to save the Lancaster Group now, a mistake that was clearly hers. Clenching her fists, she turned to the others, her voice tight with desperation. "Find Sophia-now! She can't be far from here."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 73[1,024 words]

Chapter 73

"Sophia! What on earth are you doing here?" Olivia Lancaster burst into the café.

"Everyone's been looking for you!"

Before Sophia could respond, Olivia grabbed her arm with an impatient grip.

"Grandmother wants to see you. Now," she demanded, her tone dripping with irritation.

Taken aback by her cousin's abruptness, Sophia pulled her arm free. "Olivia, what's going on? Why are you acting like this?"

Olivia scoffed, crossing her arms. "Don't play innocent. You disappear when the family needs you most? Typical."

"Disappear?" Sophia echoed. "I wasn't aware anyone needed me."

"Maybe if you paid attention to something other than yourself, you'd know," Olivia snapped.

Alex glanced between them. "Perhaps you should explain what's happening."

Olivia shot him a withering look. "You loser, this is a family matter. Stay out of it."

Sophia squared her shoulders. "Alex is my husband. Anything involving me involves him."

"Fine," Olivia huffed. "Just hurry up. You're holding everyone else back."

Reluctantly, Sophia stood up. "Alright, let's go."

Back at the grand banquet hall, the Master of Ceremonies took the stage, his voice steady over the murmuring

crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we apologize for the brief delay. Please enjoy the refreshments while we address a minor matter. We are awaiting Miss Sophia Lancaster's return to resume her position as CEO. Rest assured, our partnership with Kingston remains strong."

As Sophia walked to the hall, escorted by Olivia, her family stood near the entrance-her parents, Lady Amelia, Malvin, and Mike-all wearing expressions ranging from anxious to furious.

Mike stormed toward her, his eyes flashing with anger.

"So, you think you can undermine us by going behind our backs to Kingston?" he hissed. "Do you believe the Lancaster Group belongs solely to you?"

Sophia stared at him, genuinely perplexed.

"I have no idea what you're talking about. I haven't spoken to anyone from Kingston."

"Don't lie!" Mike snapped. "Why else would they insist you return as CEO? You've clearly been plotting to push us out."

"Anyway, we have a proposition for you," Mike sneered.

"We'll let you have the title of CEO, but I'll handle all the real work. You'll receive a generous allowance for doing nothing. Isn't that what you want?"

Lady Amelia's voice rose, "Yes, Sophia, you can have the title. We'll give you thirty percent of your former salary for simply existing-enough to enjoy yourself at your apartment."

Chapter 73

Sophia stood there, her mind racing, utterly baffled.

"Justin!" Lady Amelia's voice rang out, sharp and unyielding

"Tell your daughter we're showing her respect. That money should be enough to support all of you, isn't it? Don't push your luck."

Justin, always soft-hearted and unsure, stood frozen.

His brother Malvín quickly chimed in, "Just get her to agree, brother. Tell Sophia to accept it!"

"Sophia..." Justin, nudged by both his mother and brother, turned to her with resignation.

Before he could respond, a calm voice interjected from behind her. "Don't accept it, Sophia."

Sophia turned to see Alex standing by her side.

"What are you doing here, loser?" Mike sneered irritably. "Stay out of family matters."

Alex smirked. "I'm her husband, so I think I have a right to advise her."

"Sophia, just refuse their offer. Instead, tell them that if they want you as CEO, you must have full control of the company."

"They can advise, sure, but you will have the final say in everything."

Sophia's pulse raced as she took it all in.

"Of all the animals, Alex, you are the most ungrateful!" Lady Amelia's face flushed red with anger.

"Don't test us, Sophia!"

Alex glanced at Sophia with a reassuring wink. "Trust yourself, Sophia. Be clear about what you want. You don't have to keep letting others decide for you. What is it you truly want?"

Before she could respond, Olivia yelled, "Ungrateful! If you'd rather be jobless, fine. We're offering you money for nothing, and you're turning it down? You're so ungrateful!"

"Better to trust and be disappointed than to mistrust and be miserable all the time," Alex added.

Mike's patience snapped. "I've had it with you meddling!"

He lunged at Alex, grabbing his collar. "Do you have a death wish?"

Alex remained remarkably calm. "I'd advise you to let go."

"Or what?" Mike challenged, his face inches from Alex's.

Without warning, Mike swung his fist. Alex deftly caught his wrist mid-air.

"Let go... Let go," Mike whimpered like a pig at butchering, feeling the iron grip crushing his hand, as if his bones might snap.

The pain forced him to bow involuntarily.

"Say please," Alex replied.

"Please..." Mike forced out, wincing in pain.

"After you kneel," Alex twisted his hand sharply, and Mike had no choice but to drop down, kneeling under the pressure.

2/3

Chapter 73

"Good boy." Alex released him smoothly. "There. Was that so hard?"

Flustered and humiliated, Mike stumbled back.

"You'll regret this," he snarled.

Mike clutched his wrist, glaring. "Sophia, we offered you a chance, and you threw it away! Don't expect to be the Lancaster CEO!"

Sophia's heart wavered.

Was she rejecting a good opportunity? Doubt started to creep in.

But Alex only laughed, stepping closer, resting his hands firmly on her shoulders.

"If Sophia doesn't get the CEO position with full control, Kingston will never agree to partner with Lancaster Group. So, feel free to refuse her terms but you'll be watching your precious company go bankrupt."

Faces around them drained of color.

"And I have no doubt," Alex continued, "that since Kelly Kingston is fond of Sophia, she'll give her any job she wants. As for the rest of you, well, the Lancaster name might mean nothing soon enough."

"Enough with the boasting," Mike spat. "She'll never be CEO."

Lady Amelia's hand flew out, landing a sharp slap across Mike's face.

"How dare you speak to your cousin like that! She is the CEO of Lancaster Group!"

Mike's face flushed, his jaw clenched. "Grandma, wasn't it you who promised I'd lead this family? You told me I'd be the CEO!"

Lady Amelia's glare hardened, her patience gone. "One more outburst, and you're out of this family entirely!" Mike nearly exploded, but Malvin gripped his arm tightly. "Silence. Or your allowance is gone, as well." Forced into silence, Mike simmered, his eyes burning.

Lady Amelia turned to Sophia, her tone softening, almost pleading. "Sophia, please, I'm begging you. You're now the CEO of Lancaster Group, with

full control. Just make things right with Miss Kingston. If you don't... we're finished."

Sophia looked to Alex, her mind still spinning.

He shrugged, a small, knowing smile on his face. "I told you-trust your husband."

Chapter 74

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 74[998 words]

Chapter 74

"Quickly, Sophia! Kelly Kingston only gave us ten minutes. Amelia grabbed Sophia's hand and hurried her toward the hall.

Earlier, Amelia had persuaded one of the board executives to delay Kelly's departure, convincing her to wait just a few more minutes.

Now, as they entered the hall, Kelly was already preparing to leave.

"Miss Kingston!" Sophia called out urgently.

"My grandmother wanted me to inform you that I've been appointed CEO of Lancaster Group. I'll be handling the partnership with Kingston Group directly. We hope you'll consider giving us another chance."

Kelly turned, "Well, if you're personally managing Lancaster Group as CEO, then there's no issue. But let me be clear-if anyone else steps in, the deal is off."

"This partnership isn't a game where you can place just anyone in charge without competence." Her gaze shifted sharply toward Amelia and the Lancaster team, a clear warning evident.

"Thank you so much, Miss Kingston," Sophia said sincerely.

It almost felt as though Kingston Group was more supportive of her than her own family.

Kelly smiled softly. "This was actually Mr. Alfred Kingston's idea. We'll fully support you as long as you remain at the helm of Lancaster Group. And if you ever decide to leave, we'd be more than happy to have you as a CEO at one of our companies. Think it over."

Sophia's heart raced with a mix of bewilderment and gratitude. "Thank you for your kindness. I'll do my utmost to ensure our partnership is a success."

Amelia, visibly relieved, quickly added, "I apologize for any earlier misunderstandings. Would it be possible to make a partnership announcement on stage? We'd like everyone in Vancouver to see that our alliance is stronger than ever."

"Not a problem," Kelly replied with a nod. "Please, go ahead."

The master of ceremonies took the cue, promptly announcing that the main event would proceed.

Sophia took a deep breath, steadying herself as the crowd buzzed and the bright lights illuminated the stage.

The atmosphere in the banquet hall shifted instantly. Guests exchanged impressed glances.

Securing a partnership with Kingston was no small feat, and everyone recognized the significance.

As the guests settled back into their seats, Amelia took the stage, holding Sophia's hand firmly.

"I sincerely apologize for any earlier confusion. That was my oversight. Sophia here is the most outstanding member of our Lancaster Group. Thanks to her dedication and hard work, we've secured this wonderful partnership with Kingston. She's truly accomplished something remarkable."

At the back of the hall, Alex observed the scene, watching the polite exchange and shared vision between the two companies.

Lyra approached him, a glass of wine in hand. "Here, have your drink," she said softly.

"Thanks," Alex replied, taking the glass as Lyra stood beside him.

After a moment of silence, she couldn't resist asking, "Aren't you curious about the progress of your investment?"

1/3

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Chapter 74

"Has it been a month already?" Alex raised an eyebrow, glancing at her.

"Not yet, just a few weeks."

"Then I'm not asking," he said, his gaze returning to the stage.

Lyra studied him intently, feeling a slight flutter of nerves,

This man had entrusted her with \$35 million to invest-yet he didn't seem the least

bit interested in checking on

1. it.

"Do you trust me that much?" she asked quietly."

"Trust?" Alex chuckled lightly. "We haven't reached that point-not even close."

"Then why don't you seem to care about the money?"

Alex looked at her, a hint of impatience in his eyes. "It's only \$35 million. Why should I worry about small change like that?"

Lyra felt a mix of astonishment and skepticism.

"What if I lose this \$35 million investment?" she pressed carefully.

Then it would reflect on your capabilities," he replied calmly.

His response took her aback-Alex genuinely didn't seem concerned about the money.

She took a deep breath, biting her lip before asking, "How much money would it take to get your attention?"

"Billions, perhaps," Alex shrugged, his gaze drifting back to the front, seemingly unfazed.

Lyra stared at him, resisting the urge to call him out for boasting. But his expression was serious, making her wonder if he truly meant it.

'Could he be for real?'

Suddenly, she gripped his arm, her breaths fast and shallow

Alex glanced at her, puzzled. "Is everything alright?"

"I'm... having an orgasm," Lyra breathed, biting her lip.

Alex's eyes

went wide. This woman clearly had a screw loose.

After a deep, trembling breath, she spoke again. "Have you heard of chrometophilia?"

Alex knew exactly what she meant.

Chrometophilia an intense attraction to wealth, even to the point of arousal at the thought of it.

For some, financial security could be a powerful fantasy, a real source of pleasure.

Lyra's gaze was unfocused, her breathing still heavy. "Alex, when you said 'billions'... it was really, really sexy."

Alex rolled his eyes. This woman was something else.

"Alex, would you ever give me a billion?" she asked, her voice dropping to a breathless whisper.

"Depends."

2/3

Chapter 74

"Depends on what?" Lyra asked eagerly,

Alex thought for a moment. He had everything he needed except reliable talent.

"Depends on how good you are at handling money," he said finally.

Lyra's grip on his arm tightened. "Your \$35 million? I've already turned it into \$45 million in less than a month. What do you think?"

"Not bad," Alex shrugged.

"So... would you give me a billion?" Lyra pressed, her eyes gleaming with hope.

"No," Alex replied with a faint smirk.

"But I might increase my investment to see just how good you really are with money."

To Lyra, his words were pure ecstasy. Her heart raced, breaths shallow.

She felt herself growing aroused again, keenly aware of her own attraction to wealth.

She couldn't deny it-she had a serious case of chrometophilia.

Raised by a bribery-reliant, politically powerful father and a controlling, investment-savvy mother, she lost everything when her father's alliances failed, leaving her with an intense attraction to wealth as a symbol of power, security, and lost stability.

"Alex," Lyra purred, her voice a soft whisper, "they say money isn't the most important thing-love is. Lucky for me, I'm hopelessly in love with money. Trust me; yours is in good hands."

Her eyes sparkled with mischief as she leaned closer. "I'll do anything to make you happy. Just give me a command... and let your money lead the way."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 75[1,091 words]

Chapter 75

"Lyra, where have you been? You left the table ages ago."

Oscar's voice cut through the soft chatter of the banquet hall as he approached, his eyes darting suspiciously between her and Alex.

He noticed how closely she stood to Alex, a subtle lean that made Oscar's jaw tighten.

Lyra turned to face him, her expression shifting from sultry to cool indifference. "Must I report my every move to you, Oscar?"

He bristled.

"Well, we came here together, didn't we?" His tone was laced with jealousy.

Oscar had pursued Lyra for years, longing to win over one of Vancouver's most renowned beauties.

Their relationship had seemed promising, especially after he'd invested in her business.

Alex observed the exchange, noting the swift transformation in Lyra's demeanor- from a seductive vixen to a poised, unyielding queen-as she confronted Oscar.

Now he clearly understood why people said a man wants a lady in the streets and a freak in the sheets.

"That doesn't give you the right to question me," Lyra replied firmly.

Oscar's gaze shifted to Alex, a sneer forming on his lips.

"I know you," he said coldly. "You're the guy who married Sophia for her money, right? A gold-digger scamming his way into fortunes. Now you're trying to do the same with Lyra?"

"Enough, Oscar," Lyra interjected. "You have no idea what you're talking about."

"I'm just warning you," he retorted. "Don't let this con artist take advantage of you."

Ignoring his accusations, Lyra pulled out her smartphone and tapped the screen with practiced ease.

"I've transferred your two-million-dollar investment back to you, along with the three hundred thousand profit. Check your account."

Oscar stared at her, bewildered. "What? Why?"

"We're done," she stated plainly. "I don't want to see you, speak to you, or have any further dealings with you. I'm tired of your attempts to control me."

His face paled.

"You're breaking things off with me for this... nobody?" Disbelief and hurt laced his voice.

She met his gaze unflinchingly. "And if I am? That's my choice."

"Lyra, you can't do this," Oscar pleaded. "I thought we had something special."

She gave a slight, dismissive shrug. "We did a business arrangement. But clearly, that doesn't mean as much as you thought."

Desperation flashed in his eyes. "I'll double my investment-make it five million."

Lyra shook her head slowly. "Not interested. You invested two million and acted like you owned me. I won't be

1/3

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Chapter 75

bought."

"That's a significant amount of money!" he protested.

"Not to this gentleman," she replied coolly.

"He is a scammer!"

"Enough! Off you go!"

Oscar's expression hardened as he shot a venomous glare at Alex.

"This isn't over," he spat before turning on his heel and storming out of the hall.

As the tension dissipated, Lyra exhaled softly and turned back to Alex. "I'm sorry you had to witness that."

Alex regarded her thoughtfully: "You shouldn't treat your investors like that," he advised gently. "Burning bridges isn't good for business."

She offered a sly smile. "Perhaps, but right now, I'm more interested in focusing on you as my sole investor."

She leaned in slightly and asked in a seductive voice, "So, tell me, how much are you planning to invest in me? I'm willing to do anything for you."

Alex reached into his pocket, pulled out a small glass vial containing six tiny, translucent pills, and handed it to her.

Lyra took the vial, examining the pills with curiosity. "What are these?"

"Each pill has remarkable healing properties," Alex explained.

"They can cure almost any injury, and for someone in good health, they might even extend life by up to ten years."

Her eyes widened. "Are you serious? Where did you get these?"

"A miracle doctor known as God's Hand. Think of them as my investment. I want you to sell them."

"How much are they worth?" she asked, her mind already calculating potential buyers.

"Each one is valued at a minimum of ten million dollars," he replied. "But feel free to negotiate for more if you can."

Lyra's breath caught. "Ten million... per pill?"

He nodded. "That's the starting price. There are six pills. I'm even giving you one

to keep-for personal use. Think of it as a gesture of goodwill."

Her mind raced as she tried to process this.

She was still wrapping her head around the offer when Alex stepped closer, his hand brushing her neck, fingers barely pressing, a hint of a warning in his touch.

"Remember, everything about me is a secret. Breathe a word of it to anyone, and that lovely neck of yours may pay the price."

He moved back, leaving her breathless.

His message was clear-keeping his secrets safe would protect her, too, from the dangers surrounding his world.

Lyra's eyes stayed wide, her pulse racing.

'Did he just threaten me?'

2/3

Chapter 75

But her thoughts spiraled Alex clearly wasn't an ordinary investor.

His wealth ran deep, his world far darker than she'd realized.

People like him... they had unimaginable resources, and the danger they carried was equally seductive.

A thrill shot through her.

There is a charm about the forbidden that makes it unspeakably desirable.

With the pill in her hand, Lyra wasted no time lingering at the banquet.

She stepped quickly outside, climbed into her car, and drove straight to her parents' mansion.

Twenty minutes later, Lyra pulled up to her family's estate-a grand mansion that had seen better days.

The once-pristine gardens were overgrown, and the façade showed signs of neglect.

Only two servants remained where there had once been dozens.

Financial struggles had taken their toll.

She hurried inside, making her way to her father's room.

She quietly pushed open the door and saw him lying in bed, looking frail and worn.

He had been suffering from a stroke for many months already, and the doctor had already said he was incurable.

"Lyra," he greeted weakly, a faint smile touching his lips.

"Father," she said softly, approaching his bedside.

She pulled out her smartphone, setting it to record a video. 'I want to document something important.'

He looked at her quizzically. "What's this about?"

She held up one of the pills. "This is a miracle pill from a legendary doctor known as 'God's Hand.' It can cure even conditions already deemed impossible to treat."

Hope flickered in his eyes. "Is that possible?"

She nodded. "I believe so. Do you want to try?"

"Yes," he whispered.

Gently, she placed the pill in his mouth, helping him swallow.

She watched him closely, her heart pounding with anticipation.

"If this pill really works," she thought, "it wouldn't just fetch \$10 million-she could sell it for \$40 million to the right wealthy buyer, someone who values health and longevity beyond any price."

Minutes passed, and she noticed a subtle change in his complexion. His

breathing steadied, and a hint of color returned to his cheeks.

"How do you feel?" she asked cautiously.

He moved his fingers slightly, then his hand. "I... I can feel my limbs," he said,

wonder filling his voice.

3/3

Chapter 76

Chapter 76

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 76[1,041 words]

Chapter 76

"It's working," Lyra whispered, her voice barely audible.

Her father, Joe Thompson, with some effort, managed to sit up. He swung his legs over the side of the bed.

"It's like a miracle," he murmured.

Lyra captured each precious moment on video, her mind racing with possibilities.

This was more than she had ever dared to hope for.

For the wealthy, nothing was more priceless than their health.

"Father, I'll go call Mom," Lyra said, standing up.

She quietly left the room, her heart pounding with excitement.

Meanwhile, Joe glanced at the smartphone beside his bed.

After being confined for so long, his mind was churning with thoughts. Taking a deep breath, he dialed a number he hadn't called in years.

"Alfred Kingston?" he said when the line connected.

"Joe Thompson?" Alfred's voice held a note of shock.

Joe had once been his fiercest competitor in Vancouver. "I heard you were bedridden after a stroke."

"My daughter obtained a medicine from a legendary doctor known as 'God's Hand.' I'm healed now," Joe explained, a hint of humility breaking through his usual demeanor.

Alfred knew of God's Hand. "Why are you calling me?"

"Use me," Joe said, swallowing his pride.

"I heard you've moved to Los Angeles, leaving your daughter to handle Vancouver. If there's any role I can fill, let me help. I have nothing else to do."

Everyone in Vancouver knew that Alfred and Joe were sworn enemies, as incompatible as fire and water.

For Joe to ask to work for him-it was a staggering gesture, setting aside a lifetime of rivalry.

"Why?" Alfred asked, genuinely surprised.

"I may have lost as a politician, but I refuse to lose as a father. I can still work, Alfred."

After a moment of silence, Alfred relented. "Alright, I'll assign you as a senior advisor to Jasmine. Your experience and connections could offer her guidance."

"I'll take it. Thank you, Alfred."

Alfred sighed, knowing well Joe's formidable reputation as a sharp mind. If not for pure chance, he might have lost to him long ago. "Joe, if you do well, I'll speak to the new king. He's seeking talents like yours."

"Thanks, Alfred, but I think my time has passed. This is the younger generation's era. I'll be content just being an advisor. Maybe you can help my daughter instead."

"Alright... if you say so."

1/3

Chapter 76

A few minutes later, Lyra joined her father Joe and her mother Nancy at the dining table.

"Mom, Dad," she began, glancing at Nancy, who was holding Joe's hand tightly, joy evident in her eyes at his

recovery.

"I believe it's time for me to lead the Thompson family. With your support, I know I can restore our family's glory.

11

Joe looked between Nancy and Lyra, a shadow of regret passing over his face. "I'm sorry for the wrong decisions that brought us down. I never thought a young king, barely in his twenties, would be able to take down the old king so decisively."

"Honey, no one could have predicted it," Nancy said softly. If the old king had won, we'd be as powerful as the Kingstons. But Alfred made the right call, and we backed the wrong leader. No one is to blame."

Joe sighed, the weight of past mistakes heavy on his shoulders. "Now that I'm well again, I'll be working with Jasmine Kingston.

"Are you sure?" Nancy asked, surprised. "You were once Alfred Kingston's fiercest rival."

Joe shook his head. "There's no shame in working with the Kingstons. Politicians survive anything."

"Dad, I'm glad you're moving forward," Lyra said, sensing his relief. "And what about you, Mom?"

"I'm not sure," Nancy replied. Her investment company was gone; she had little left to do.

"Mom." Lyra leaned closer. "Will you be my advisor? I have \$45 million to invest and five healing pills. If we do well, I believe he'll invest even more."

Nancy's eyes narrowed. "How much more?"

"Billions," Lyra whispered.

Nancy's eyes lit up with newfound excitement. "There's no one in Vancouver with that kind of wealth-not even Alfred. Seems like you've met someone interesting."

She's well aware that Alex is Sophia's husband-her best friend's, no less.

But really, where's the harm? Sophia might have the privilege of marrying Alex's body, but she knew full well that she's truly committing to his bank account. "Are you in, Mom?"

"Absolutely," Nancy said, feeling the old investment gears in her mind start turning again.

For the Thompsons, a new dawn was finally breaking.

"Chris, are you awake?"

Chris Roland stirred, blinking as he saw Bianca standing in the doorway, her professional attire accentuating her striking beauty.

"Bianca, are you heading to work?"

"Yes. Miss Jasmine has us swamped already," Bianca replied, leaning down to kiss him gently, "Be good while I'm gone. I made breakfast for you. See you later."

With that, Bianca left, and Chris sat alone at the breakfast table, the silence pressing in around him.

2/3

Chapter 76

Once, he had been Vancouver's most eligible bachelor-handsome, wealthy, successful, with high-ranking status among the elite.

Women had flocked to him, sending love letters and harboring dreams.

Bianca had been one of his most devoted admirers.

A few weeks ago, as the police searched for him, Chris knew he couldn't return home.

Desperate and with nowhere else to turn, he had shown up on Bianca's doorstep. "Who's there?" her voice came from behind the door.

When she saw him, her eyes widened in shock. "Chris Roland?"

"Can I come in?" he asked, looking exhausted and desperate.

Bianca hesitated, glancing at the television where a live search for Chris played, but finally, she stepped aside. "Of course."

"What happened, Chris?" she asked as he slumped onto the sofa. "Sophia Lancaster and her husband Alex-they stole my company and accused

me of things I didn't do. They lie to the police. They want me out of the picture to take over my things and life," he said, his voice breaking.

A tear slipped down his cheek.

Bianca, who had loved him from afar for so long, felt her heart ache.

She sat beside him, wrapping her arms around his trembling shoulders. "I believe you, Chris. I'll help you clear your name."

"Thank you, Bianca. I need you," he whispered, leaning into her embrace.

He wrapped lies in sweet words and let Bianca ate them like candy, forgetting the poison underneath.

From that moment, they had shared her bed, with Bianca utterly convinced of his innocence.

Now, sitting at the breakfast table, Chris took out a small, concealed vial. The aphrodisiac pills.

It was time to persuade Bianca to use it on Jasmine.

Chapter 77

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 77[1,159 words]

Chapter 77

Josephine stood over the sizzling stovetop in the restaurant Kitchen, the familiar aroma of sautéed vegetables and spices filling the room.

With the old staff retired, she no longer had to shoulder every responsibility alone.

Four dedicated workers bustled around her, two of whom were seasoned cooks from the restaurant's ownership.

In this small, struggling, mining town, Josephine was a rare blessing, and the camaraderie in the Kitchen warmed her heart.

"Hey, Jo, where did that handsome helper disappear to? I haven't seen him these past few days," Stacey asked, a playful glint in her eyes as she wiped down the counter.

commer

"How should I know?" she replied with a casual shrug, "His ex-wife showed up, and he left with her."

"Did he say if he's coming back?" Shirley pressed.

"Not a word," Josephine said, a hint of infatuation creeping into her voice. "Honestly, I'm considering letting him."

"Oh, don't be hasty!" Shirley protested. "It's not every day we get someone that easy on the eyes around here. Give him a chance."

Josephine rolled her eyes, trying to mask her own conflicted feelings. "We'll see. Let's finish up and get out of here. There are plenty of eligible men out there for you, Shirley."

"None as handsome as him," Shirley teased, winking,

Forcing a smile, Josephine retreated to the back room to change.

As she opened her locker, she noticed a small box with a handwritten note attached. It had been there for a few days already,

She unfolded the letter:

"You're right—we poor folks have to stick together. No one messes with one of our own. I heard you're getting married soon, and I hope to be there. In case I can't make it here's a little gift for you."

She lifted the lid of the box to reveal two neat stacks of bills—\$20,000 in total.

"That jerk," Josephine whispered.

"Jo, your fiancé's here!" one of the staff called from the front

"Coming!" she responded, quickly tucking the box into her bag

She composed herself and headed outside, where Carlo waited in his pickup truck.

Climbing in, she closed the door gently as he started the engine.

Carlo chatted animatedly during the drive, but Josephine found herself distant, his words fading into the background.

Her mind was elsewhere, tangled in thoughts she couldn't quite unravel.

As they pulled up in front of her modest home, Carlo noticed her silence. 1

"You okay?" he asked.

Chapter 77

She turned to look at him, taking in his familiar features.

He was older, with a tough demeanor.

In hard times, accepting his financial help-and his proposal-had seemed like the only option. But now, everything felt different.

"Carlo, I've been thinking," she began softly. "I still want to be close to my mother. She's all I have left."

He sighed, irritation flashing across his face. "We've been over this, Jo. I told you, I don't want your mother interfering in our lives."

Her heart tightened.

"She's my family. And the orphanage we just got word that a donor is planning to rebuild it back in Vancouver. Once it's ready, we'll be moving back. It could be six months, maybe a year."

Carlo's grip tightened on the steering wheel.

"You should sell that place, Jo. Let the kids be sent somewhere else, and put your

mother in a care facility. We need to focus on our future."

She shook her head, resolve hardening in her chest.

Reaching into her bag, she pulled out the small box.

Carefully, she slipped off the engagement ring and placed it inside before handing it to him.

"I owe you \$18,500," she said, meeting his startled gaze. "I've added \$1,500 for interest. Thank you for everything you've done, but I can't go through with the engagement."

He stared at her, disbelief etched across his features. "What are you saying?"

She opened the door and stepped out. "There's no need for us to see each other anymore."

"Wait just a minute!" Carlo exclaimed, scrambling out of the truck. "You can't just walk away like this."

She turned to face him. "We don't have anything in common, Carlo."

"Then you need to change to fit into my life!" he snapped.

"Why should I be the one to change?" she countered calmly

"Because I'm the man! It's your job to follow my lead."

A bitter smile touched her lips. "I'm sorry you feel that way but I'm done."

"Is this because you've come into some money? Think you're too good for me now that you own that restaurant?" His words dripped with resentment.

"Believe what you want," she replied, turning to walk toward her house.

Before she could take another step, Carlo seized her arm tightly. "You're not going anywhere. You're my fiancée- you belong to me."

A surge of anger rose within her.

When tyranny becomes law, rebellion becomes duty. 1

She yanked her arm free. "I'm not your property, Carlo. Even if we were married, I wouldn't be."

2/4

Chapter 77

"Don't you dare walk away from me!" he shouted, his face twisted with rage as he grabbed Josephine's shoulder. "No one defies me."

"Let go, or I'll scream," she warned.

He sneered. "Go ahead. Who's going to come? All you have are a bunch of kids and an old woman who can't even walk."

He lunged toward her, trying to pull her into an embrace.

Panic and fury collided within her.

"Get off me!" she cried, struggling against his grasp.

"I should've done this a long time ago," he growled, attempting to force a rape.

With all her strength, Josephine drew back her fist and struck him square in the nose.

He stumbled backward, clutching his face as blood seeped between his fingers. Breathing hard, she dashed toward the house.

Grabbing a sturdy wooden pole that rested by the porch, she turned to face him. "Leave now, Carlo, before I call the police."

He straightened, wiping his bloody nose with the back of his hand.

His eyes burned with malice. "You forget-I have the police in my pocket. I run this town. If anyone's getting arrested, it's you."

At that moment, the front door creaked open.

Ruth rolled out in her wheelchair, a shotgun resting confidently across her lap.

She aimed it steadily at Carlo.

"Evening, Carlo," she said coolly. "I think it's time for you to head on home."

He hesitated, glancing between the barrel of the gun and Josephine's determined stance.

"This isn't over," he spat, backing away slowly. Climbing into his truck, he sped off into the night.

Ruth lowered the shotgun, her eyes softening as she looked at Josephine. "Are you alright, dear?"

"I'm fine."

"Come inside," Ruth urged gently.

They entered the warm glow of the house.

Ruth studied her closely. "Why did you call off the engagement?"

Josephine sank into a chair, exhaustion washing over her. "We were never right

for each other. I realized that now more than ever."

"And the money?"

"It's all settled. I paid him back, with interest."

Ruth raised an eyebrow. "Do you have anything left?"

She shook her head. "No. I used the gift Alex left me."

Chapter 77

Ruth reached across the table, taking her hand. "You did the right thing."

A heavy knock suddenly echoed through the house.

"Who could that be at this hour?" Ruth wondered aloud.

Josephine's heart skipped a beat as Ruth wheeled over to the door.

"Who is it?" she called.

"Police, ma'am. We're here to arrest Josephine for assaulting Carlo. She needs to come with us."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 78[797 words]

Chapter 78

Alex stood before the weathered facade of the old eight-story apartment building, clutching the worn postcard Ruth Everheart had given him-the only clue to his forgotten past.

The faded letters read, "813."

Climbing the creaking stairs to the eighth floor, he found the door marked with the same number. He knocked firmly but received no response.

Just then, the door of the neighboring unit, 812, creaked open. An elderly man peered out, his eyes clouded with

age.

"No one's lived there in years," he rasped. "Place has been empty as long as I can remember."

"Thank you," Alex replied, offering a polite nod.

As the old man shuffled away, Alex turned back to the door. Taking a deep breath, he carefully picked the lock and slipped inside.

Dust motes danced in the slivers of sunlight piercing through the drawn curtains. The air was thick, heavy with neglect.

Alex moved cautiously through the dimly lit rooms, his footsteps echoing softly on the worn wooden floors.

In the bedroom, he stopped short.

Lying on a dilapidated bed was a man-gaunt, pale, and barely clinging to life. His shallow breaths were barely perceptible, as though he were in hibernation.

Alex's heart tightened. "Hang on," he whispered, rushing to the man's side.

He retrieved a small vial from his pocket-a life-restoring elixir he had crafted himself.

Gently, he administered a dose, watching as the liquid was absorbed.

Placing his hand on the man's forehead, Alex closed his eyes, channeling his own energy to stabilize him.

As their energies intertwined, he sensed the depth of the man's injuries.

This was no ordinary individual; the immense power within him was almost extinguished, like a fading ember.

"A legendary warrior," Alex thought, awed by the realization. The man's abilities surpassed anything he'd encountered before.

Hours passed as Alex worked tirelessly to mend the stranger's fractured life force.

Finally, he felt a faint but steady pulse of energy. The man was stable, but his recovery would require rare and costly resources-herbs and elixirs not easily obtained.

Alex pulled out his phone and made a call to the Kingswell's people.

"I need immediate assistance at this location," he instructed. "There's someone here who needs specialized care. Bring everything necessary."

As he ended the call, his phone buzzed again. "Hello?"

"Alex! It's Rudyard!" came the urgent voice of one of the children from the orphanage. "Josephine's been arrested! They took her away, and we're scared!" Chapter 78

Alex's grip tightened on the phone. "Tell me everything," he said calmly, masking his rising concern. As Rudyard explained the situation, Alex's mind raced.

"Stay together and keep the doors locked," he instructed. "I handle this."

Without wasting a moment, he dialed another number. "Julla, arrange for a helicopter to pick me up immediately.

11

"It's on its way," Julia confirmed.

Within twenty minutes, the rhythmic thump of Helicopter Blades echoed above the apartment building. Alex boarded swiftly, his thoughts focused entirely on Josephine

Upon landing near the mining town, a vehicle awaited him. He drove straight to the local police station.

Inside, Josephine sat alone in a stark interrogation room, the harsh fluorescent light casting deep shadows under her eyes. Across from her, a stern-faced officer leaned back in his chair, a smug expression on his face.

"We have a report that you assaulted Mr. Carlo," he began, tapping a pen against a notepad. Josephine met his gaze steadily. "He tried to rape me," she replied firmly. "I was defending myself."

The officer's eyes narrowed. "That's not what I asked. Did you strike him, yes or no?"

Frustration flared within her. "You're ignoring the fact that he was the aggressor!"

He slammed his hand on the table. "Watch your tone. Mr. Carlo is a respected man in this town. His family's influence runs deep. Do you really think anyone will side with you over him?"

She felt a knot tighten in her stomach but refused to look away. "I know what's right."

He sneered. "Rights? Let's discuss those."

Reaching into a folder, he produced a small baggie containing a suspicious white substance, placing it deliberately on the table.

"We found this in your home. Care to explain why you're in possession of illegal drugs?"

Her eyes widened in disbelief. "That's not mine! You planted that!"

He shrugged nonchalantly. "Possession is a serious offense. You're looking at significant jail time."

Understanding dawned on her- a setup meant to intimidate and control her. "What do you want?" she asked quietly.

The officer leaned forward, his gaze cold. "Mr. Carlo is willing to drop all charges- under certain conditions"

"What conditions?"

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He smiled thinly. "He'd like you to reconsider his proposal. Agree to meet with him privately for one night, and this all goes away. Refuse, and we'll proceed with the charges-three-year minimum jail time."

Josephine's hands clenched into fists under the table. "You're asking me to compromise myself to avoid false charges?"

"Think carefully," he replied, his voice dripping with feigned concern. "One meeting, and you walk free. Otherwise, prepare to spend a long time behind bars."

2/2

Chapter 79

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 79[1,151 words]

Chapter 79

Josephine met the officer's gaze, anger simmering beneath her steady demeanor.

"I know all of you are taking bribes from Carlo, silencing anyone who dares speak out against his mine poisoning our town and making people sick."

"Watch your mouth, lady," the officer sneered. "Stick to the charges and stop throwing around baseless accusations."

It was no secret that every cop in this mining town was on Carlo's payroll, turning a blind eye for a fat envelope and a promise of more.

She squared her shoulders, refusing to back down. "I'd rather face false charges than be coerced into anything by you or Carlo."

The officer's expression darkened.

Stepping forward, he grabbed a fistful of her hair, yanking her head back sharply. "You'd better take the offer while I'm being nice," he hissed, his grip tightening painfully.

Instead of cowering, Josephine locked eyes with him and spat in his face. "You're the real criminal here."

Rage twisted his features as he wiped the spit from his cheek.

He raised his hand to strike her just as the interrogation room door swung open.

Alex stood in the doorway, his eyes cold and unwavering. "I suggest you let her go," he said, his voice dangerously

calm.

The officer glared at him. "And who might you be?"

"Her attorney," Alex replied smoothly, stepping inside with an air of authority.

"I need a moment alone with my client."

The officer snorted. "This isn't some big-city law firm. You can't just barge in here."

"Actually, I can," Alex said, locking eyes with the officer. "Unless you want to explain to your superior why you denied her right to counsel."

The officer hesitated, uncertainty flickering across his face

"Fine. Five minutes." He released Josephine roughly and stomped out, slamming the door behind him.

Josephine looked up at Alex, a mix of relief and surprise in her gaze. "How did you?"

"Just tell me what happened, and I'll get you out," he said softly.

Her shoulders slumped as she explained and then added.

"Alex, they control everything in this town. The police, the officials-everyone's under Carlo's thumb. You're not supposed to be here. Please, just go. Don't put yourself in danger."

"Trust me." Alex gave a small smile and winked. "In this country, nothing moves without my say-so. Carlo's thumb isn't nearly as heavy as he thinks."

Josephine's eyes widened before she suddenly burst into laughter.

"You can't take on all of them."

Chapter 79

He grinned. "Watch me."

Outside the room, the officer hurried over to Carlo, who had just entered the station with a smug look.

"How's it going? When will she be brought to my villa?" Carlo asked.

The officer muttered, "She's being difficult."

Carlo smirked, his gaze darkening. "Then push a little harder. Make her feel the pain."

At that moment, Alex emerged from the interrogation room.

"I need to speak with whoever's in charge."

The officer crossed his arms. "That's me,"

"Good," Alex replied. "My client has been unlawfully detained. I'm demanding her immediate release."

Carlo scoffed, laughing derisively. "Do you have any idea who you're dealing with?"

"Do you?" Alex replied calmly.

"Watch your tone, young man. You're speaking to someone in control here. If you don't want to end up buried in this town, you'd better kneel."

Alex smirked. "So you're Carlo? I heard you tried to assault Josephine."

Carlo's expression didn't change. "And if I did? So what?"

Without another word, Alex delivered a punch straight to Carlo's face, sending him crashing to the ground.

"I'd say her hit wasn't nearly enough for you."

The officer quickly raised his gun, pointing it at Alex. "I'm arresting you for assault."

"No, you're not," Alex said coldly. "I'm placing you under arrest for accepting bribes, along with every officer

here."

The officers exchanged glances, one of them chuckling darkly. "Who do you think you are?"

"Bill, get him," Carlo ordered, wiping blood from his nose, his front tooth chipped and jagged.

"I want him dead."

The first officer lunged, but Alex sidestepped effortlessly, delivering a calculated strike that sent the man crashing into a desk.

Two more officers rushed forward. Alex moved with precision, deflecting blows and incapacitating them with minimal force.

More officers rushed him, but with swift, well-placed punches and kicks, Alex took them down, one after another.

"Stop, or I'll shoot!" shouted the officer with the gun.

Alex glanced at him calmly. "Go ahead."

"Do it!" Carlo screamed.

The officer smirked, tightening his grip.

But as he pulled the trigger, his aim suddenly veered toward Carlo, the bullet piercing Carlo's leg.

Chapter 79

"Bill, what the hell are you doing?" Carlo shouted, clutching his bleeding leg

Bill looked utterly baffled, staring at his own hand in shock

Before he could react, Alex struck him across the head, knocking him out cold.

Around them, the station was in disarray, officers groaning on the floor.

Carlo writhed in pain, fury contorting his features.

"My father is the city mayor-you just wait. You'll pay for what you've done!" Carlo yelled, seething.

"Really?" Alex replied, barely interested.

"I don't think your father will have time to cover for you this time."

He walked to the interrogation room and knocked. "Miss Josephine, it's safe for

you to come out. Let me escort

you."

Josephine opened the door, eyes widening at the sight of the officers lying unconscious around the room.

She looked at Alex in shock, realizing he had taken them all down. "Josephine!" Carlo shouted, his face twisted with rage. "Just wait-my people will burn that orphanage to the ground because of you!"

Josephine's face went white at the threat, but Alex reached over, grabbed a thick, leather-bound law book from the table, and placed it firmly in her hands.

"Seems like he needs a quick lesson in law. Don't you think?"

A fierce glint sparked in Josephine's eyes.

She took the hefty book, strode over to Carlo, and swung it down hard across his head.

Then she struck again, unflinching.

"You should know by now, Carlo," she said, her voice steady. "There's law in this world-not just your money."

Just then, a team of federal agents burst into the station, led by a stern woman in a crisp suit.

She surveyed the scene with a keen eye.

"What's going on here?" she demanded.

Alex stepped forward. "Agent Collins, perfect timing."

She gave him a curt nod. "Mr. Alex, I presume. We've received your reports of corruption."

Carlo stared in disbelief. "You can't be serious! He's the criminal here!"

Agent Collins ignored him. "Officers, place Mr. Carlo and the corrupt police staff under arrest. Charges include bribery, assault, and obstruction of justice."

"You have no right!" Carlo shouted as agents cuffed him. "My father will hear about this!"

Agent Collins met his gaze coolly. "Your father is already in custody, facing his own set of charges."

Carlo's face paled. "No... this can't be happening."

She turned to Josephine. "Are you alright, miss?"

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Chapter 79

Josephine nodded, still processing the rapid turn of events. Yes, thank you."

"You're safe now," Agent Collins assured her. She glanced at Alex. "We'll take it from here."

He inclined his head. "Appreciated."

As they stepped outside, they headed toward his truck, a comfortable silence hanging between them.

After a moment, she broke it. "What you did back there... who are you, really?"¹

He chuckled, a hint of mystery in his eyes.

"Just a guy with some connections from my time in the service." ¹

Chapter 80

Chapter 80

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 80[1,014 words]

Chapter 80

When Alex returned Josephine to the orphanage, Ruth and the children were anxiously gathered near the doorway, their faces lighting up at the sight of her.

As she stepped inside, the younger kids rushed forward, wrapping their small arms around her waist.

"Big sister Jo, we were so worried!" one of them exclaimed, tears glistening in her eyes.

"Did they hurt you?" another asked, his voice trembling.

Josephine knelt down, enveloping them in a warm embrace "I'm okay, really," she assured them softly." Everything's alright now."

Rudyard stood a little apart from the group, his eyes meeting Alex's.

"Thank you for bringing her back."

Alex smiled gently, placing a reassuring hand on the boy's shoulder.

"You did the right thing by calling me. You helped save her.

The boy's face brightened with a mix of pride and relief.

19

As the children led Josephine inside, chattering excitedly, she turned back to glance at Alex lingering by the doorway.

"Aren't you coming in?" she asked, a hint of something hopeful in her tone.

He shook his head lightly. "I have some things to take care of."

Her gaze searched his for a moment. "Will I see you again?"

"Count on it," he replied with a soft smile.

She nodded, her eyes reflecting gratitude and something deeper. "Thank you, Alex. For everything."

He watched as she disappeared into the warmth of the house, the door closing gently behind her.

Later that evening, Alex entered the opulent mansion that served as the mayor's residence-the stark contrast between its grandeur and the surrounding poverty was impossible to ignore.

Agents were stationed throughout the property.

Agent Collins approached him in the grand foyer, a file in hand.

"We've uncovered some disturbing information," she said grimly, handing over the documents.

Alex skimmed through the pages, his jaw tightening.

"Bring Donovan in," he instructed.

Moments later, Donovan-the mayor-was escorted into the study, his hands cuffed, eyes darting nervously.

"Mr. Donovan," Alex began calmly, though his eyes bore into the man with an intensity that made him squirm.

"You were appointed to serve this community, to improve the lives of its people." Donovan swallowed hard. "I... I have done my

best."

1/3

Chapter 8o

"Your best?" Alex's gaze hardened. "To what country does this mine belong?"

"It belongs to our country, Axum," Donovan replied with a bow, visibly shaking. Alex's face remained stony.

"In this world, there is one empire that controls six other kingdoms. And Axum, our kingdom, is the smallest and poorest. Do you know why that is?"

Donovan bowed deeply, voice trembling. "I-I don't know."

"It's because of people like you," Alex's voice turned icy. "How dare you keep the discovery of rhodium hidden in this copper mine and secretly sell it to our neighboring kingdom, Prussia!" 1

"Please, forgive me!" Donovan fell to his knees, trembling. "Please, give me another chance."

"Why did you betray your country?" Alex demanded.

Donovan stammered, too terrified to speak, his whole body shaking with fear.

Agent Collin stepped forward, holding up the document. "Copper is priced around \$4 per pound, but rhodium is worth \$75,000 per pound. Instead of sending it to Axum, you smuggled it out to enrich yourself."

"For over twenty years, you've done this, costing our country billions in losses." Alex's gaze grew colder.

The avarice of mankind is insatiable.

"People like you are the reason this country suffers." He turned to Collin.

"Confiscate all his assets and imprison his entire family until he reveals every bit of his hidden wealth. He'll remain in jail until then."

At this, Donovan's trembling turned into a defiant glare. He rose unsteadily.

"You can't jail me. I hold dual citizenship with Prussia. If you lay a hand on me, Prussia will retaliate. I demand you let me see the Prussian ambassador."

"So, a spy as well." Alex's eyes darkened, a dangerous glint in them.

Suddenly, Donovan screamed as his legs gave way beneath him, breaking with a sickening crack.

"Life won't be easy for you."

"Prussia will crush this miserable place!" Donovan shouted, his breath turning shallow as he collapsed, unconscious.

Alex looked to Agent Collin. "Let Kingswell manage this mine from here on."

"But what about Prussia? We're not ready to handle their pressure," Collin replied.

"I have an idea.",

Two hours later, the Prussian ambassador to Axum jolted awake as his secretary called him urgently.

"What?"

"Sir, there's an emergency. Please open the news."

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Chapter 80

He opened the news, his eyes widening at the headline flashing, across the screen.

"There's a massive fire engulfing the mayor's house in the mining city," the reporter announced.

"It appears to be an electrical failure that led to the blaze, and we've just received confirmation that the entire mayoral family, including Donovan and Carlo, perished in the accident,"

The Prussian ambassador turned to his secretary. "What about the rhodium?"

"The police discovered the minerals and reported it to Axum's Federal Bureau of Investigation. It seems the kingdom might trace Donovan's sales to us. What should we do?"

"He's dead now. If the FBI comes knocking, deny everything. We're washing our hands of this."

"Yes, sir."

Meanwhile, Donovan and Carlo were thrown into a dark underground cell.

Agent Collin loomed over them, arms crossed. "Better start talking. Where's the money, and who did you sell it to? Believe me, we have all the time in the world to dig out the truth."

Back at the Kingston Corporation headquarters, Jasmine Kingston sat at her desk, massaging her temples.

She'd received all the reports from her assistant-the mining city, technically under Vancouver's jurisdiction, had been selling rare rhodium illegally while Axum's own supply was dangerously low.

"Bianca, could you bring me a coffee?"

"Of course, Miss Kingston," her assistant replied, disappearing for a moment before returning with a steaming

cup.

Jasmine took a sip and frowned slightly. "This tastes different. Did we change suppliers?"

Bianca shook her head innocently. "No, it's the same as always. Maybe it's just been a long day?"

"Perhaps," Jasmine conceded, setting the cup down.

As Bianca left the room, she pulled out her phone and sent a discreet text to

Chris: "It's done. She drank it. The back door will be unlocked."

Chris replied almost instantly: "Perfect. I'll take it from here."

Bianca hesitated, a pang of guilt twisting in her stomach. But thoughts of Chris-his charm, his promises- pushed her forward.

She was only helping him seek justice, and all he wanted was a chance to talk to

Jasmine. He had promised her.

He wouldn't harm Jasmine."