

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 81[995 words]

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Jasmine leaned back in her chair, closing her eyes as a wave of dizziness washed over her.

The room felt unusually warm, and her heart raced uncomfortably.

Had she been pushing herself too hard?

A faint smile touched her lips as she thought of Alex.

Perhaps this was the perfect excuse to reach out to him.

She picked up her phone and dialed his number.

"Alex, I need your help," she said softly,

"Jasmine? What's wrong?" Alex's voice came through.

He was aboard a helicopter, en route back to Vancouver from the mining town, as he still had to check on the old man's condition at Kingswell's main facility.

"I suddenly feel unwell," she admitted.

"My head is spinning, and my body feels... off. It's like I'm overheating, and my breathing is heavy."

Alex frowned, his mind racing. "Did this happen suddenly? Did you eat or drink anything unusual?"

She glanced at the half-empty coffee cup on her desk.

"I just had some coffee, but it tasted different-not like usual."

"Don't drink any more of it," he advised urgently. "It might be contaminated. Are there any other symptoms?"

Jasmine hesitated. "I feel flushed and a bit disoriented."

"Listen carefully," Alex said firmly. "You might have been poisoned. Lock your office door and don't let anyone in. I'm on my way and will be there in fifteen minutes."

"Alright," she agreed, though uncertainty gnawed at her.

With fifty security guards in the building, it seemed unlikely that anything could go wrong.

Chris was the top-ranked fighter in the Noble Knight league in Vancouver.

It simply meant he was the best, unmatched by anyone in the city.

When he got serious, no bodyguard or elite force could stand a chance against him-especially when he struck from the shadows, undetected.

Jasmine was on the 30th floor in the penthouse of Kingston's office building.

Downstairs, the main entrance was tightly secured with guards and surveillance, while a back door was reserved for office staff.

Chris slipped in through the staff entrance, catching two security guards off-guard.

With swift, precise blows to their faces and necks, he took them down. They slumped to the floor, unconscious. Quickly, he dragged them into a storage room, cuffed them with their own handcuffs, and sealed their mouths

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with tape.

Thanks to Bianca's detailed instructions, Chris knew every corner of the building.

Pulling on a security uniform, he moved from floor to floor taking the emergency stairs to avoid the CCTV in the elevators.

On the 10th floor, two more guards spotted him.

Chris raised a hand in a friendly wave. "How's it going?" he called.

"Where are you heading?" one guard asked, suspicion flickering in his eyes.

Before they could react, Chris lunged forward, landing a punch to one guard's stomach and a kick to the other, knocking them both out.

He quickly confiscated their handguns.

Anyone who crossed his path, including cleaning staff-even the women-were no exception; he took them down with cold precision.

Reaching the top floor, he found Bianca waiting anxiously by the office door.

"Chris," Bianca murmured, "Jasmine's a good person. If you just talk to her calmly, she'll understand."

Chris gave her a charming smile.

"Thank you, Bianca. Once Jasmine clears my name, I'll marry you, just like I promised. We'll be happy together."

Bianca's face softened with blush. "Thank you, Chris. Do you want me to go in with you?"

"Yes, please."

But before she could take a step, Chris moved close and struck her sharply, leaving her unconscious on the floor.

His expression shifted to a dark smirk. 1

"You wouldn't want to see what I'm about to do with Jasmine," he muttered, amused.

"Thanks for all the help, anyway." he whispered, easing the door open.

Inside, Jasmine was slumped over her desk, breathing heavily.

Her body felt ablaze, her skin flushed, and her blouse had loosened at the top, exposing a few undone buttons.

"Hello, Jasmine," he murmured, stepping forward with a slow, chilling smile.

Jasmine turned sharply, eyes wide with shock. "Chris Roland? What are you doing here?"

He gave a sly smile and locked the door behind him. "Just tying up loose ends."

A chill crept over her as she backed up. "I don't understand."

"Let's say I'm here to... help you," Chris replied, stepping closer. "Looks like you need someone to warm you up."

"Stop there!"

Jasmine's hand reached under her desk for the panic button, but her movements were slow, her limbs heavy.

Heart pounding, she forced herself to stand, inching toward the balcony, hoping for some escape.

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"Don't run," Chris sneered, moving forward.

"No one's coming to save you. Better take advantage of my offer, or things will end badly."

"End badly?" she whispered, struggling to keep her balance as she tried to push the glass door to the balcony. "If you don't have sex within the next twenty minutes, The poison will kill you," Chris taunted, watching her reaction.

"But if you give in, everything will be fine."

"Stay back, Chris." Jasmine's voice trembled, the fear raw in her eyes as she edged toward the ledge.

"Come any closer, and I swear I'll jump."

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"You won't," he scoffed, stepping nearer, his eyes darkening with intent.

Jasmine felt a flush of conflicting feelings her mind screaming to resist, her body clouded by the poison's effects.

Her body wanted to have sex with anyone including Chris!

"I'd rather die than be with you!" she shouted, clinging to the balcony railing, her voice filled with desperation. "Wait," he hesitated, sensing she meant it. "Why choose death when you could have a little fun with me?"

Jasmine's grip tightened, her knuckles white against the cool metal, her voice barely a whisper. "Stay back, or I swear, I'll jump."

"Alright, I would stay here," Chris said as he took off his shirt, revealing his perfectly trained body, causing Jasmine's eyes to cloud even more with desire. Chris knew that, in just a few minutes, she would lose control of herself.

No need to rush; he would win in the end.

However, Jasmine wasn't weak-willed; as soon as she felt herself losing control, her eyes locked on Chris, blazing with defiance.

"Better to die a thousand deaths than let you touch my honor," she shouted. 1 With a final, fierce glare, she grabbed the railing and threw herself over.

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Alex was aboard the helicopter when he spotted Jasmine dangling precariously from the edge of a thirty-story skyscraper.

"Get us there now!" he shouted to the pilot, his voice sharp over the thrum of the rotor blades.

As the helicopter surged toward the building, Alex moved to the open doorway, preparing to reach her.

But then his heart lurched-Jasmine released her grip and leaped into the void.

His eyes widened, but only for a split second.

Instinct took over.

With a powerful push, he launched himself out of the helicopter, diving headfirst through the night sky after her.

The sudden shift rocked the aircraft, causing it to sway as Alex plummeted downward.

The cold wind whipped against his face, stinging his skin as city lights blurred around him.

Jasmine fell through the air, the world a swirl of stars and skyscrapers.

Regret and confusion stormed within her.

Had she made the right choice?

Should she have fought back against Chris?

Let him do his worst and face the consequences

later?

Fear and desperation tangled in her mind, but one thought burned brighter than the rest-she refused to let Chris break her spirit.

Amidst the chaos, she glimpsed Alex diving toward her, cutting through the darkness like a beacon.

Her lips parted in a whisper, disbelief mingling with a glimmer of hope.

"You are my heart, my soul, my today and all of my tomorrows?"

Before she could fully grasp it, Alex reached her, wrapping his arms tightly around her.

His other hand shot out, latching onto a massive advertisement panel affixed to the building's side.

The panel shattered under the force, sparks flying as cables snapped, sending a jolt through his arm.

Pain seared, but he held on, the makeshift anchor slowing their descent.

Gritting his teeth, Alex shifted Jasmine into a protective hold, cradling her against his chest as they continued to fall.

His mind raced for a solution.

They were still hurtling toward the ground too quickly.

Just then, a limousine rolled into view beneath them.

Seizing the moment, Alex angled his body and braced himself.

They crashed onto the limo's roof with a deafening impact.

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Metal crumpled beneath them, windows exploded into shards that scattered across the street.

The vehicle shuddered violently, screeching to a halt.

For a heartbeat, silence enveloped them.

Jasmine clung to Alex, her face buried against him, her breath coming in ragged gasps.

Pain radiated through Alex's legs, the force of the landing reverberating up his spine.

But he held firm, arms steady around her.

"I've got you," he whispered, his voice calm amid the chaos

He could only hope the limousine had been empty; the thought of innocent

passengers injured because of their fall weighed heavily on him.

High above, on the rooftop, Chris stood in stunned disbelief.

Jasmine's leap had shattered his plans, leaving him scrambling.

His gaze swept over her scattered belongings-laptop, phone, wallet, handbag. Desperation clawed at him. Snatching an office backpack, he stuffed everything inside, including a Kingston data drive, and slung it over his shoulder.

He knew his accounts were frozen, his resources dwindling.

If he wanted any chance of escape, he'd need leverage-something to bargain with.

A loud banging echoed from the door.

Security was breaching the entrance, their tools battering against the wood.

Thinking quickly, Chris pressed himself against the wall beside the door.

As it splintered open and guards surged into the room, he slipped out behind them, moving silently into the hallway.

Dressed in a security uniform, he navigated the corridors with feigned purpose, his pulse pounding.

When a group of guards confronted him, one demanded, "Where are you headed?"

"Miss Jasmine jumped from the building!" Chris exclaimed urgently. "I'm heading down to assist!"

The guards exchanged alarmed glances before rushing toward the stairwell.

In the ensuing chaos, Chris slipped away, exiting through a back door. Outside, a scene was unfolding.

The limousine driver stood beside the wrecked vehicle, gesturing wildly.

"Look at my car! My boss is going to kill me!"

Broken glass and twisted metal littered the street, the roof caved in from the impact.

Jasmine's vision blurred, her senses overwhelmed.

The clamor of the crowd, the flash of cameras-all faded into the background. In that moment, only Alex existed.

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She looked up at him, emotion welling in her eyes.

Without hesitation, she reached up and pressed her lips to his in a fervent kiss.

For a moment, Alex was still, surprised. 1

Murmurs rippled through the onlookers, and more phones were raised, capturing the unexpected scene.

Meanwhile, back at the orphanage, Josephine sat by the window, gazing out at the stars scattered across the night sky.

The events of the day replayed in her mind-the fear, the relief, and the unexpected help from Alex.

A soft knock at the door pulled her from her thoughts.

Ruth wheeled into the room, her eyes kind. "Couldn't sleep?"

Josephine smiled faintly. "Just thinking."

"About that young man?" Ruth ventured, a knowing look in her eyes.

"Maybe," Josephine admitted. "He's... different."

"Good different?"

She nodded. "He stood up for me when no one else would. I don't even know why."

Ruth reached over, placing a gentle hand on her arm.

"Sometimes, people come into our lives when we need them most. Don't question it too much."

Josephine sighed softly. "I just wish I knew more about him"

"Perhaps you will, in time," Ruth said reassuringly. "For now, rest. Tomorrow is a new day."

"You're right," Josephine agreed, feeling a sense of peace settle over her.

As she prepared for bed, a quiet hope blossomed in her heart-a hope for new beginnings and the promise of better days ahead.

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The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 83[1,007 words]

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As Jasmine leaned in to kiss Alex, the sudden roar of helicopter blades filled the air.

Powerful gusts whipped her hair around her face, forcing her to shield her eyes.

The helicopter descended with expert precision, hovering just a few meters above the ground, its downdraft sending debris swirling across the street.

Reacting swiftly, Alex scooped Jasmine into his arms and sprinted toward the aircraft.

With a fluid leap, he boarded the helicopter, holding her securely against him. "Continue to the destination!" Alex shouted over the deafening noise. "Understood, sir!" the pilot responded, steadying the aircraft as it began to ascend.

The forceful winds sent nearby pedestrians scrambling, and Kingston's guards could only watch helplessly as the helicopter rose swiftly out of reach.

Inside, Alex gently laid Jasmine on a seat.

Her breaths came in shallow gasps, her complexion radiating desire.

Without hesitation, he placed his hands on her shoulders, channeling a calming warmth into her.

She stirred slightly, her tense features softening. His technique dulled the effects of the poison coursing through her veins, buying her precious time.

Pulling out his phone, Alex dialed Alfred Kingston.

"Yes, Master Alex?" came Alfred's calm yet alert voice.

"I have Jasmine. Someone poisoned her, and I'm bringing her to the Golden Mansion. I can't trust anyone else right now."

There was a brief pause before Alfred replied, his voice laced with barely restrained anger at the thought of someone daring to harm his daughter.

"Thank you, Mr. Alex. Once again, we're indebted to you. Please, keep her safe." "She'll be fine. I promise."

Minutes later, the helicopter touched down on the sprawling garden helipad of the Golden Mansion.

Alex carried Jasmine into a luxurious bedroom, gently laying her on the silk- covered bed.

Her eyes fluttered open, and she looked up at him with a mix of fear and vulnerability.

"Alex... I was poisoned," she whispered, her voice shaky.

"I'll die if I don't..." She hesitated, her cheeks flushing. "If I don't have sex with you."

Tears welled in her eyes as she reached for the buttons of her blouse. "Please, help me."

"What are you doing?" Alex asked, a mix of concern and confusion in his voice. "Oh, right," Jasmine said suddenly, as if remembering something.

Her expression shifted, and she reached toward Alex, starting to unbutton the top of his shirt.

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"Miss Jasmine," Alex said sharply, stepping back slightly, care to explain what you're trying to do?"

"You have to sleep with me to cure me," Jasmine said desperately.

Alex blinked, his confusion clear. "But you're already cured"

"No, I'm not!" Jasmine insisted, her tone frantic.

"Chris Roland said he gave me an aphrodisiac poison. If I don't... if I don't have sex in a few minutes, my brain will explode! I'll die! You have to help me!"

He gently took her hands, stopping her. "Miss Jasmine, listen to me. I've already neutralized the poison in your system."

Her eyes widened in disbelief. "You... you have?"

He nodded reassuringly. "You only ingested a small amount. It wasn't enough to cause lasting harm. I've taken care of it."

She stared at him, processing his words. Relief began to wash over her face, but was quickly replaced by a hint of embarrassment. "Are you sure?"

"Positive," he affirmed. "I'm a doctor, remember?"

She bit her lip, her gaze dropping momentarily.

Then, summoning a bit of courage, she looked back at him. "Well, maybe... just to be safe... we could-"

He gave a soft chuckle, shaking his head. "Jasmine, you're already cured. You need rest, not... that."

'A woman is often braver in jest than a man is in earnest.'

A faint blush colored her cheeks. "Right. Of course."

She sighed, leaning back against the pillows. "I'm sorry. I just.... panicked."

He smiled gently. "Understandable, given the circumstances."

"I feel so foolish," she murmured.

"Get some rest," he replied softly.

As he turned to leave the room, she called after him. "Will you stay? Just until I fall asleep?"

He paused, then nodded. "Of course."

He pulled up a chair beside the bed, and she closed her eyes comforted by his presence. A short while later as Jasmine already slept, the doorbell echoed through the mansion.

Alex moved out to check the security monitor and saw Kelly Kingston standing at the gate.

He remotely opened the gate, and moments later, Kelly stepped into the living room. She carried herself with a poised elegance, her features striking and her demeanor cool.

"Jasmine is upstairs, resting," Alex informed her calmly.

Kelly, known as the cold beauty, carried herself with poise.

Her features were stunning, but her demeanor was icy and calculating.

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She rarely spoke, and when she did, it was only when necessary.

She had faithfully served as Jasmine Kingston's shadow for years, always loyal, always silent.

"Mr. Alfred Kingston, my uncle, told me to follow your commands," Kelly said, bowing stiffly. Her voice was devoid of warmth. "You can order me as you see

fit."

Alex studied her for a moment. She was undeniably beautiful, not far behind Jasmine or Sophia in charm, but her beauty was unique-sharp and striking in its own way.

"Then I'll ask you to lower your killing intent toward me," Alex said coolly, his gaze unwavering

Suddenly, Kelly reached into her sleeve and produced a slender knife, flinging it toward him with swift precision. With a calm flick of his wrist, Alex caught the blade mid-air, pinching it between two fingers.

The knife had been aimed squarely at his face.

"What is this about?" he demanded.

"You married Sophia, and now you're seducing Jasmine!" Kelly shouted, her voice trembling as unexpected tears streaked down her cheeks.

"You've forgotten your promise to me, haven't you?"

Her voice cracked, and her body shook with barely contained rage.

"Promise?" Alex frowned, confusion clouding his expression. "I don't remember making any promises to you."

Kelly closed her eyes, her jaw tightening as two more tears slid down her face.

The pain she bore seemed almost too much to endure.

"Fine, then. If you want to forget, so be it. I was foolish to believe in you in the first place."

Without another word, she turned sharply and ascended the staircase to retrieve Jasmine.

"Hey, wait-what promise?" Alex called after her, still stunned.

She said nothing, her eyes like shards of ice as she drove away.

Her silence louder than any words she could have spoken.

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