

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 85[918 words]

Chapter 85

As Sophia and Alex lay side by side on the bed, a pillow barrier neatly dividing the space between them, an uneasy silence settled in the room.

"Sophia," Alex began softly, breaking the quiet.

"We've been sharing passionate love, and I've seen all of you. Don't you think this barrier is pointless?"

She didn't respond.

"Isn't this a bit childish? We're both adults."

Still, no answer came.

"Are you already asleep?" he whispered, his tone tinged with a hint of teasing.

Sophia fought the urge to reply, nearly blurting out, 'Yes, so please be quiet,' but she remained steadfast, pretending to be asleep.

"Alright then," Alex murmured after a moment.

"By the way, the medallion you returned to me... it's the only connection I have to my parents. Thank you for that."

Her heart softened at his sincerity.

Raised to always express gratitude, she felt a tug to respond but resisted, keeping up her facade.

After another pause, Alex spoke again.

"Sophia, the truth is, I'm actually quite wealthy and influential. If you ever need anything, just let me know. I could help make your dreams come true."

She rolled her eyes internally. "There he goes again," she thought. 'Always bragging.'

Suddenly, Alex began to recite softly:

"We are ever the aloof and silent lovers,
passing each other in dreams."

Sophia's brow furrowed slightly. Was he trying to be poetic?

"Two hearts bound yet apart,
whispering words no one dares speak.

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The moment hung in the air until Alex broke it with a mischievous grin.

"Sophia, I need to say something..."

Sophia's heart raced. Was Alex trying to seduce her with poetry? Did he truly love her? She wasn't ready for such confessions.

Then Alex added with a smirk, "I want to fart. Is it okay if I do it here?"

"No!" she blurted out instinctively, instantly realizing she'd exposed herself.

He chuckled, glancing over at her. "So, you're not asleep after all."

She turned away, her cheeks burning with embarrassment.

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"How shameless can you be, saying something like that!"

"What?" Alex replied, feigning innocence. "You never fart. Guess you're not human then."

"I have a busy day tomorrow. Just go to sleep," she retorted, trying to sound annoyed.

"Alright, alright," he said with a smile in his voice. "Goodnight."

Meanwhile, Bianca walked briskly back to her apartment, her neck still aching from the encounter earlier.

Security had questioned her extensively about the incident with Chris at Jasmine's office, but since she appeared to be another victim, they eventually let her go..

The cold night air did little to soothe her nerves as she approached her building.

Unlocking her door, she stepped inside only to find her apartment in disarray- drawers pulled out, belongings strewn everywhere.

"Chris must have been here," she thought, a mix of fear and frustration welling up inside her.

Before she could process the situation, a strong hand clamped over her mouth from behind.

"Are you alone?" Chris's voice whispered urgently in her ear.

Her heart slammed against her ribcage. She nodded slowly.

"Did anyone follow you?" he demanded softly.

She shook her head, her eyes wide with fear.

"Good," he murmured. "I'm going to let go now. Don't scream."

He released his grip, and she spun around to face him.

"Why did you attack me?" she hissed, anger flashing in her eyes. "You left me unconscious!"

"It was the only way to keep you out of suspicion," Chris replied, his gaze darting around the room. "If they thought you were involved, they'd have arrested you."

She narrowed her eyes. "And what about Jasmine? You tried to kill her!"

"I didn't push her," he snapped defensively. "She jumped on her own when she saw me."

Bianca took a step back, a mix of fear and disbelief coursing through her. "I don't even know who you are anymore."

"Bianca, please," Chris implored, softening his tone. "You know me. All I want is to clear my name and reclaim what's rightfully mine. I'm not a murderer."

"You hit me. You lied to me. How can I possibly trust you now?" she shot back, her voice trembling.

He clenched his jaw, desperation creeping into his eyes. "Because I need you. And you need me. We can still get out of this together."

"Get out of what?" she demanded. "What have you done?"

Taking a deep breath, Chris pulled out a laptop from his bag.

"Look at this," he said, opening it to reveal an account balance that made her gasp.

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"Is that... a billion dollars?" she whispered, her mind struggling to comprehend the number of zeros.

He nodded. "Jasmine's assets. With your help, we can transfer it. Half of it is yours."

Bianca stared at the screen, temptation warring with her conscience.

"This is theft," she said quietly. "It's wrong."

"It's justice," Chris argued.

"After everything they've done to me-to us-we deserve this. Don't you see how Jasmine destroyed Roland's family with just a single command? My whole family

is already losing money because of her. This is justice."

She looked up at him, searching his face. "And what exactly do I have to do?"

"Just help me access the accounts. Then we can disappear, start fresh somewhere far away."

They say men can't resist a beautiful woman's seduction, and women can't resist the lure of wealth.

"Do you think we can really get this money?" Bianca asked, her voice trembling. "Half of it is yours," Chris said smoothly, trying to win her over. "Are you in?" Bianca hesitated, the temptation clawing at her.

As an office worker with a modest salary, the allure of such immense wealth sparkled like a distant dream. And yet, it was within her reach-she could claim half of it. Half a billion dollars.

But deep down, she knew the truth. If she said yes, she'd fall into the same pit Chris had-one of crime and betrayal.

Loves

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 86[1,028 words]

Chapter 86

The next morning, Sophia informed Alex that she needed to meet with her family to address the escalating crisis facing the Lancaster Group.

"Will you come with me?" she asked.

"Sure," Alex replied.

They arrived at the Lancaster Mansion, where the entire extended family had gathered.

Her grandmother, Amelia, fixed her with a stern gaze.

"Sophia, as the CEO of Lancaster Group, you're our only hope. The company is teetering on the brink-we won't be able to pay our employees in a few days. And Charles Cole is threatening to seize our assets over the loans Chris took out in our company." 1

Murmurs of agreement rippled through the room.

Sophia took a deep breath. "Grandmother, I plan to meet with Mr. Cole today to renegotiate the loans. Additionally, we've secured a partnership with Kingston Corporation. I'm hopeful he might extend us further credit."

Her grandmother's expression softened slightly.

She stepped forward and placed a frail hand on Sophia's shoulder. "I knew I could count on you. You've grown into a capable leader. We're entrusting this to you."

Alex watched from the sidelines.

It infuriated him to see the family heap all their burdens onto Sophia, expecting her to save them while they offered nothing but pressure.

As they left the mansion, Sophia's shoulders sagged under the weight of responsibility.

"I'll drive you to meet Charles," Alex offered gently.

"Thank you," she replied, her voice barely above a whisper.

They settled into the car, and as Alex started the engine, he glanced over at her. "Have you thought about asking Kingston for an advance on the partnership?"

She shook her head. "I can't risk it. They're a crucial partner, and we've already stretched their goodwill. Asking for more could jeopardize everything."

He wanted to tell her that she could ask for anything-that he had the means to help-but he held back, unsure if she'd believe him.

"Alright," he said quietly. "Just know I'm here for you."

Sophia's phone buzzed.

"Charles is available to meet now," she said, reading the message. She gave Alex the address of Cole Financing.

"Let me come with you," Alex suggested.

She turned to him, her eyes earnest. "Alex, this is a Lancaster matter. I don't want to drag you into our family's problems."

He met her gaze. "I'm your husband."

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A faint smile touched her lips. "People might find it odd for a husband to accompany his wife to a business meeting."

He chuckled softly and stopped the car as they arrived. "Perhaps. But I'm just a call away if you need me."

"Thank you," she said before stepping out of the car.

As she walked toward the imposing building of Cole Financing, Alex couldn't shake a sense of unease,

Inside, a receptionist escorted Sophia to a sleek office at the back.

Charles Cole rose from behind his desk, flashing a practiced smile.

"Ms. Lancaster, welcome," he said, extending his hand.

"Mr. Cole," she replied, shaking it firmly.

"Please, call me Charles, it is my pleasure to have one of the top beauties of Vancouver in my office."

Charles smiles and clutches her hand tightly, refusing to let go. His face turns lustful.

Sophia has to use a lot of strength to struggle free from his grip. She glares at him angrily. "Mr. Cole, I hope you..."

Charles interrupts, his voice dripping with condescension. Relax, Sophia. I'm just being friendly."

Sophia takes a deep breath, her heart pounding.

"Mr. Cole, I came here to discuss business, not to be subjected to your inappropriate behavior."

Charles raises his hand and cuts Sophia off. "Please don't raise your voice here, or I may take the Lancaster company. I'm just mesmerized by your beauty, but that's all. And yeah, a bit angry because my most significant money has not been paid."

Sophia feels anger boiling inside but holds it down for her family's sake.

She hates being in this place. "Let's talk!"

"Shhh," Charles puts his finger to his lips.

"Again, don't raise your voice, don't be in a hurry. Don't test my mood, because I'm thinking of forcefully taking back my 100 million dollars that Chris loaned using the company."

"How about you sit first? We have a light chat, and if we find anything in common, when I can think of you as a friend, I may help you the way you want."

Charles Cole, the owner of Cole Financing, was once a banker and have relationship with mafia.

Eight years ago, Cathy Black fell in love with him. They married, with Cathy supporting him in opening a financing company for his work.

Slowly, he gained success in financing, all because of his wife's money.

Cathy was an unattractive and very overweight woman. Anyone could see that Charles was only after her money, but she wasn't stupid.

She put surveillance on Charles to stop him from having an affair.

They even made a contract that if Charles ever cheated on her, they would go to hell together.

Sophia forcefully manages a timid smile and follows Charles to the table, sitting on the couch.

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She's learned how to negotiate with cultured people, but dealing with someone with an underground background makes her uncomfortable.

They use violence as part of negotiation.

Charles shows her his mini bar. "Wine? Alcohol? Or just mineral water?"

"Mineral water," Sophia says.

Charles takes a new bottle from a pack and pours it into a glass for her. 2

He takes another mineral water bottle, pours it into his glass, and drinks, all the while staring at Sophia.

"Drink a bit, wet your lips and throat, and we can start to talk."

Sophia takes the glass and drinks, while a flash of lustful desire appears in

Charles's eyes. He had put a drug to make Sophia sleep. 16

Author's Notes

Author's Note

Dear Readers,

We hope this message finds you well.

We are sorry to inform you that the author has been receiving medical treatment

and is resting in foye to health issues recently.

The doctor has indicated that if everything progresses smothly, the author will be discharged on Dece However, if further care is needed, the discharge may be delayed until December 19th.

The author sincerely apologizes for the delay in updates and asks for your understanding, during this these

The author is alsdeeply grateful for your continued support and companionship throughost the younery and is eager to return as soon as possible.

Thank you all for your patience, and the author looks forward to rejoining you with

new content very soon.

Best regards, 3

MegaNovel Editor Team

(On behalf of the author.)

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 87[963 words]

Chapter 87

At one of Vancouver's most renowned salons, Cathy Black reclined beneath gentle hands, savoring the soothing rhythm of a facial massage.

The air was sweet with lavender and rosewater, calming her senses, until her smartwatch buzzed insistently, yanking her from blissful repose.

She opened her eyes, annoyance already sparking beneath her lids.

"Yes?" she snapped, answering the call.

"Madame Black, it's Jacqueline, Mr. Charles's secretary," came the crisp voice on the other end.

Cathy exhaled, impatience bleeding into every word. "Well?"

"Mr. Charles has invited Sophia Lancaster to his office and ordered me away from my desk," Jacqueline said.

Cathy's face went cold at the mention of that name.

"Sophia Lancaster," she repeated, as if testing the flavor of it on her tongue.

The esthetician, still smoothing delicate creams over Cathy's face, tried to soften the moment.

"She's the most celebrated beauty in Vancouver," she offered quietly.

"A famous model, back in the day."

Cathy's body tensed as if struck by a live wire.

In a sudden rage, she bolted upright, knocking the esthetician off balance.

Her open palm connected sharply with the woman's cheek, sending the poor girl sprawling onto the floor.

A collective gasp choked the air.

The manager hurried forward, bowing deeply.

"Please, Madame Black," he pleaded, voice trembling.

"She meant no harm."

"Just clean my face," Cathy ordered coldly.

Then, turning her attention to the bodyguard stationed in the corner, she barked, "Bernard, ready the car. We're going to my husband's office immediately-no excuses, no delays."

Bernard inclined his head and reached for his phone.

"Yes, madame."

Lowering his voice, he added into the receiver, "The madame is furious. Prepare for our arrival."

Inside Charles Cole's office.

Charles sat at his desk, heart hammering in his chest, perspiration coating his palms.

Once, he'd been a charming young man who had no trouble winning female attention.

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Chapter 87

Then he met Cathy Black. Everything changed the day he crossed into her world.

Cathy was no ordinary woman; she was the younger sister of Bruno Black, who ran the fearsome Black Syndicate.

With their illicit wealth at her fingertips, Cathy served as the family's calculating accountant.

Charles, always keen on advancing himself, had charmed Cathy into channeling millions from the syndicate's coffers into his own financial company.

When the trap snapped shut and Cathy demanded marriage, he tried to refuse. She gave him a cool smile and left without a fuss.

Hours later, he dangled upside down over a river, with Bernard holding the rope that decided his fate.

"You have two choices," Bernard had said, voice devoid of emotion. "Marry her, or die."

From that moment on, Charles's life was no longer his own

He had money beyond measure, yet lived in endless dread.

Defying Cathy was not an option.

The one time he'd dared protest, he ended up with both arms and a leg broken by her enforcers.

The old saying haunted him like a cruel joke: Happy wife, happy life.

"The fuck," he muttered under his breath

"Mr. Cole?" Sophia asked, startled by his sudden outburst.

Charles forced a quick smile, shaking his head.

"Nothing," he said too fast. "Just something unpleasant I remembered."

Now, across from him sat Sophia Lancaster.

Her beauty was legendary and her presence graceful.

He eyed Sophia closely, noting the subtle signs that the sleeping drug was taking hold.

Her pupils would soon grow heavy, her voice would slow, and then, she'd be powerless.

He gripped the edge of his desk, reminding himself to be patient.

Fifteen years of marriage to Cathy Black had turned him into a trapped animal, pacing a cage built from fear and frustration.

Love or divorce-neither word belonged in his vocabulary.

He couldn't even be near another woman without risking life and limb.

Years of pent-up desire had hardened inside him, pressed into a dark corner where the only solace he found was in his own hand, caressing his manhood, immersed in a world of alluring videos and images of captivating beauties.

And yet here sat Sophia Lancaster, a woman he had once admired from afar- admired so intensely had used her image to fuel his fantasies.

Now he had her here, in the flesh.

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"Today," he thought wildly, "today I can have what I've only ever dared to imagine." Sophia's voice, still steady, pulled him back.

"Mr. Cole, as I mentioned, the loan was taken by Chris Roland. My company is liable. Now that we've partnered with Kingston, we'd like to adjust the payment schedule to meet our new deadlines."

Charles nodded too eagerly.

"No problem," he said, surprising her.

He watched relief bloom across her face as she rose to leave

"Thank you, Mr. Cole," she said, warmth and gratitude casing her features.

But then, as she took a step, her balance wavered.

She caught the back of the sofa, confusion and sudden weakness flooding her eyes.

"I... I don't feel well," she murmured.

"No problem at all," Charles repeated, his voice eerily calm

He watched as the drug tightened its hold.

Sophia's vision blurred, her words slurred until she surrendered to unconsciousness, collapsing softly onto the cushions.

Charles stood over her, a triumphant grin twisting his lips.

"Yes! Yes!! Yes!!!" he shouted, hysteria rolling through him

He'd been denied his desires for too long.

Now, finally, the universe had presented him with this chance.

He trembled as he knelt beside her, touching her shoulder, her hair.

He inhaled the scent that hovered around her skin.

She was lovely, and unconscious-his for the taking.

A sick exhilaration coursed through him, his body throbbing as the tide of desire surged, overwhelming him.

Every nerve screamed for release, a torrent of pent-up longing clawing its way to the surface after years of repression.

His trembling hands fumbled at his waistband, heart pounding with the feral

hunger he had kept buried for fifteen agonizing years.

This time, he swore to himself, nothing would stop him.

But at the height of his frenzy, the heavy office doors crashed open, the sound echoing like a gunshot.

Charles froze, terror carving through him. In the threshold stood a person.

"And what," the person demanded, its tone so cold it seemed to burn, "do you think you're doing with that filthy penis of yours?"

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Tim, Cathy Black's driver, was drenched in sweat beneath his thin cotton shirt.

He gripped the steering wheel so tightly his knuckles turned white.

He could feel Cathy's icy gaze boring into the back of his neck from the rear seat.

Ever since Bernard's warning call, Tim had prepared himself for something terrible-but this went beyond his worst fears.

He slammed the gas pedal to the floor, weaving, recklessly through Vancouver's crowded streets.

The usual thirty-minute drive to Cole Finance had to be cut down to ten, no matter the cost.

Cathy's voice stilled in his ears:

"Get me there in ten minutes, or you'll be six feet under."

Her tone had held no trace of doubt.

Up ahead, Black Syndicate enforcers on motorcycles roared through traffic, forcing cars aside with shotguns and sheer menace.

They formed a path of chaos, snarling at anyone who dared slow them down.

Tim followed in their wake, heart hammering, ignoring every traffic light, weaving between honking cars and shrieking pedestrians.

He no longer cared if someone else died in this mad dash-survival overwhelmed all other instincts.

"After this," he muttered through clenched teeth, "I'm done. I'm leaving this damned life."

He had told himself the same thing a hundred times for years, but this time-this time-he meant it.

At last, Cole Finance's building loomed ahead.

Tim slammed the brakes, tires screeching against asphalt as he pulled up at the entrance.

He risked a glance at the dashboard clock: exactly ten minutes.

Relief washed through him, his lungs flooding with shaky gratitude.

But his relief was short-lived.

Cathy glanced at her watch, her face tightening with cruel satisfaction.

"You're ten seconds late," she said softly, her words like venom.

"Madame, please-" Tim started, voice trembling.

He never got the chance to finish.

Cathy's gun flashed as she pulled the trigger.

Bullets tore through the seat and punched into his back, scorching pain and sudden darkness coll

He slumped forward, blood staining his shirt.

He realized then, too late, that he had waited far too long to escape.

g in his mind.

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Cathy stepped away without a backward glance, her heels tapping briskly against the pavement. Bernard and five other bodyguards fell in behind her as she pushed into the building.

Outside, rain pattered gently on the windshield, washing over the final, motionless seconds of Tim's life.

"Do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."

In front of Charles Cole's office, Cathy's fury coiled and writhed, ready to strike.

Bernard stormed ahead and kicked the door open with a savage crash.

The heavy panel slammed against the wall, revealing a tableau that brought Cathy's rage roaring to the surface.

Charles stood with his pants half-lowered, his exposed flesh leering shamelessly toward Sophia Lancaster, who lay limp and unconscious on the office sofa.

The moment froze: Charles's breath caught, his face went pale, and his bravado shriveled in an instant.

Cathy's voice sliced through the stunned silence.

"And what," she hissed, each word like a knife drawn slowly from its sheath, "do you think you're doing with that filthy thing of yours?"

Charles's mind raced.

He saw only one chance-twist the truth before Cathy tore him apart.

In one desperate motion, he slapped Sophia across the face.

The sharp crack sent her head snapping to the side, stirring her from her drugged haze.

Her eyes fluttered open, confused and unfocused.

"You bitch!" Charles bellowed, forcing a show of outrage.

"How dare you pull down my pants? You think you can buy off your hundred- million-dollar debt by throwing yourself at me?"

"Do you know who I am?"

His voice was shrill, desperate, as he struck her again.

"I already have a beautiful wife. You're nothing but a cheap slut no one could ever love!"

Sophia, still reeling, struggled to understand.

Charles yanked his pants back up, then turned to Cathy with a feverish grin.

"My love, can you believe her nerve? She tried to seduce me! I would never betray you-never!"

He stumbled toward Cathy, words tumbling over each other, "I swear, honey. I adore only you!" Cathy said nothing at first. She stared, her features carved from stone.

Then, without warning, she slapped Charles hard.

The crack of her palm across his cheek rang in the silent room.

Charles bowed his head, forcing a tight smile through his trembling lips.

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"Please, my wife, believe me! She's lying! I live only for you!"

Cathy's eyes narrowed, and she slapped him again.

He remained bowing, voice quavering but clinging to subservience.

"My darling," he croaked, "my entire life is in your hands. Please trust me."

She let him grovel for a long, bitter moment.

"Man is not what he thinks he is, he is what he hides."

Finally, she gave a single nod, as if acknowledging a pathetic show.

"Good," she said, voice cold as winter air. "You'd do well to remember who you belong to."

Without warning, Cathy's hand shot forward, seizing Charles's manhood in a crushing grip.

He gasped, face contorting in agony, sweat beading on his brow.

"This is mine," she whispered, leaning close. "Show it to anyone else, and I'll cut it off. Understood?"

"Yes yes," Charles choked, tears of pain gathering at the corners of his eyes.

Cathy released him with a disgusted push, turning her attention to Sophia, who remained slumped in shock and confusion.

With merciless swiftness, Cathy's hand slammed down on Sophia's head, the impact reverberating through the

room.

Sophia let out a small, helpless cry as Cathy wrenched her by the hair, dragging her face close.

"You," Cathy said, voice so quiet that it made Sophia's skin crawl, "will die slowly. I promise you that."

Sophia trembled, words failing her completely.

She felt the cold, murderous intent in Cathy's gaze.

The fear was choking, suffocating, leaving her unable to respond.

Then, a deep, commanding voice shattered the silence, rolling in from the hall like distant thunder:

"I swear, she will be fine. But as for the rest of you-I can't promise the same."

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The Almighty Dominance

Chapter 89[880 words]

Chapter 89

"Who the hell are you?" Charles snarled, voice cracking into a shrill pitch.

"If my wife says she's going to die, then she's going to die!

Alex stepped into the office, calm and deliberate.

His eyes swept over the scene before settling on Sophia.

Even from across the room, he could see her condition was anything but normal.

She looked drugged, unsteady, and vulnerable.

"Get your filthy hands off my wife," Alex said quietly.

His voice was steady and low, yet it carried a firm authority that made everyone pause.

Cathy almost laughed out loud, disbelief flickering in her eyes.

She prided herself on never feeling fear, but when she met Alex's gaze, a strange chill gripped her.

For the first time in years, her knees weakened, and her hands trembled.

She released Sophia's hair, letting the young woman slump back onto the sofa. "Good," Alex murmured, moving closer to Sophia.

Cathy studied him, unsettled.

He seemed like any fit young man-handsome, maybe-but nothing special.

Still, something about him set her nerves on edge.

Determined to restore her dominance, she called out, "Bernard, capture that man!"

Bernard sighed, rolling his eyes.

Cathy had a habit of collecting "playthings" in her secret basement, and Bernard knew the drill all too well.

He didn't relish this task, but orders were orders.

Cathy flashed a saccharine smile at Alex.

"Come quietly, young man. If you behave, Bernard might not break too many bones," she purred, disappointment lurking behind her eyes.

She hated damaging her new toys.

Alex's lips curved into a faint smirk. "I'd be more concerned about him breaking his own bones."

Cathy threw back her head and laughed, her plump body shaking with mirth.

"Bernard's an ex-heavyweight boxing champion, darling. One punch and you'll be out cold for days. Bernard stepped forward, cracking his knuckles.

He slipped into a boxer's stance, confidence shining in his gaze.

"One jab is all I'll need," he sneered.

He lunged forward, fist flying straight for Alex's face.

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But Alex didn't flinch. He caught Bernard's punch in midair, fingers closing around the man's knuckles like a steel trap.

Bernard's face contorted in agony as Alex's crushing grip forced him to his knees.

A scream tore from Bernard's throat. "Arrghhh!"

"I warned you," Alex said evenly, "your bones would break"

The remaining two bodyguards leapt into action, whipping but machetes.

They rushed him, blades slicing the air.

But Alex seemed to move faster than thought itself.

He dodged their strikes effortlessly and delivered a swift, open-handed slap to each man's face.

Both dropped to the floor, unconscious before they even realized what had happened.

Across the room, Charles fumbled desperately behind his desk.

With shaking hands, he retrieved a pistol and aimed it at Alex.

His lips twisted into a triumphant grin. "Think your fancy moves make you bulletproof?" he snarled. "Let's see you dodge a gun."

"Go ahead," Alex replied quietly, his voice colder than ice.

"Die!" Charles pulled the trigger twice. The shots rang out, echoing in the office.

But to Charles's horror, Bernard's body was now between them.

Alex had hauled the big man upright as a human shield.

The bullets tore into Bernard's flesh, his eyes wide with shocked betrayal.

Bernard managed a strangled whisper: "You..."

"He's the one who killed you," Alex said calmly, nodding toward Charles.

"Don't waste your last breath hating me."

With that, he shoved Bernard's dying body straight into Charles, knocking him backward into the desk.

Charles's gun skittered across the floor.

"What are you going to do?" Cathy's voice trembled with fear.

"My brother is Bruno Black. He'll kill you!"

Alex didn't even spare her a glance. He stepped past her, his focus solely on Sophia.

Her disoriented state made her movements sluggish.

She flinched, raising her arms to protect herself, her eyes cloudy with fear and confusion.

Alex's face softened, his tone gentle. "It's okay. I won't hurt you."

He placed two fingers gently against her neck, checking her pulse.

"Just rest," he murmured, his voice soothing. "I'll handle everything."

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Sophia relaxed, slumping into a deeper, more peaceful sleep.

Alex studied her bruises, anger simmering behind his calm exterior.

He noticed the distinct patterns of violence: smaller handprints and one larger one, likely from Cathy and Charles both.

Rising, Alex fixed his gaze on Cathy and Charles.

Charles was still trying to shove Bernard's corpse off him, while Cathy hovered nearby, reaching into her handbag with trembling fingers.

She drew a gun, struggling to steady her aim.

Alex barely spared her a glance. Instead, he focused on Charles, who had finally freed himself from Bernard's lifeless weight.

"I want an explanation," Alex said, voice low and deadly.

"How did my wife end up drugged, beaten, and left like this?"

Cathy's gun wavered. "Your wife tried to seduce my husband!" she spat.

"She deserved what she got, demanding payment on loans-"

"Oh really?" Alex interrupted, unconvinced.

He strode toward Charles, who scrabbled desperately for his pistol on the floor.

Too slow.

Alex caught his wrist and twisted until Charles cried out, eyes bulging with panic.

"I think you drugged my wife," Alex said softly, "and planned to rape her."

"No!" Charles screamed, face ghost-pale.

But Alex's hand flew at him, slapping him hard.

Blood and a handful of teeth sprayed out of Charles's mouth.

"Tell me the truth," Alex said, voice as calm as death.

Charles whimpered, trying to shape words.

Another slap rattled his skull, sending more teeth clattering to the floor.

The tongue that wags with lies will bleed, for truth demands its final deed.

Alex hovered over him, ice in his stare.

"Speak. The. Truth," he ordered, each word measured and merciless.

Yet, Cathy secretly raised the gun and fired, the shot piercing Alex's back.

"Die!" she screamed. 1

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The Almighty Dominance

Chapter 90[667 words]

Chapter 90

Cathy Black laughed as she fired all of her shot, yet only to freeze in disbelief.

Alex stood before her, unscathed-no bullet hole, not even scratch.

"Impossible," she gasped, her eyes widening.

She glanced at her gun, empty now, as the hollow click confirmed her worst fear.

Alex's lips curled into a cold smile. "You're truly lucky, I don't hit women."

He turned away, striding toward Charles, who was trembling near the wooden table.

"But you," Alex continued, grabbing Charles by the shoulder, his grip firm as iron,

"you hit my wife. Seems like you're good at hitting women."

"No! No, I'm not!" Charles stammered, his body quaking like a leaf.

Alex's voice dropped, a venomous edge creeping into his tone.

"Your wife hit my wife. Don't you think it's only fair you take the hit as payment?"

Without waiting for an answer, Alex slammed his fist into the sturdy wooden table beside him.

The deafening crack echoed in the room as the table split clean in two, the pieces scattering across the floor.

Charles's face turned ghostly pale. "Please, don't! My wife's the one who hit her! Don't hurt an innocent man like me!"

"But you're her husband," Alex replied, his brow arching as if he'd heard something utterly ridiculous.

Charles's desperation spilled over.

"She should pay for it herself! If you won't hit her, I'll do it for you!" His words tumbled out like a frantic plea.

Alex's expression darkened, his fist tightening.

"That's a tempting idea, but no. You'd go easy on her, and it wouldn't count." He raised his hand, poised to deliver a blow, but Charles, wild with fear, stumbled toward Cathy.

"I swear I'll hit her! I'll repay her debt ten times over!" Charles cried.

His steps were frantic as he rushed toward Cathy, who was distracted, typing away on her phone.

She looked up just as Charles's shadow loomed over her.

"What?!" she snapped, her tone sharp.

Before she could react, Charles's fist struck her square in the face.

The impact sent her sprawling backward, blood pouring from her broken nose.

She stared up in stunned disbelief, her phone clattering to the floor.

Alex watched, taken aback, as Charles delivered the blow without hesitation or restraint.

"I'm sorry, my dear wife," Charles said, his voice trembling but resolute. "I have to do this, or this gentleman will kill me."

With that, Charles raised both fists high and brought them down on Cathy again, driving her to the floor.

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The force of his blows was merciless, each one fueled by something far darker than fear.

'Man's heart is a violent seed, and given the right soil, it will always bloom.'

Cathy's cries echoed through the room as Charles's face twisted into something cruel, something long buried.

Deep down, he had hated her for years.

Now, Alex's presence gave him an excuse to unleash it all.

His fists clenched tighter as he whispered under his breath "This is for everything."

"You... you bastard!" Cathy spat, blood dripping from her broken nose as she lay sprawled on the floor.

Her voice, though weak, carried venom.-

"I've called my brother. He and all his men will be here in ten minutes. You'll all be dead by then."

Charles froze for a moment before snarling.

"Wife, don't twist the story! It's not me who wanted this-it's this gentleman who forced me."

His voice was desperate, but his eyes betrayed no remorse as he grabbed a wooden chair and brought it crashing down on her.

The sound of splintering wood echoed through the room, followed by Cathy's piercing scream.

"You bastard!" she yelled, writhing in pain. "I'll kill you after this! You hear me?"

"Don't blame me. I don't want to do this," he muttered, though his twisted smirk said otherwise. Without hesitation, he raised his leg and kicked Cathy hard in the face, silencing her screams as she fell unconscious.

But he didn't stop. Charles kept hitting her, his movements fueled by years of bottled rage.

"Wait!" Alex finally intervened, his voice laced with unease "She'll die if you keep this up!"

"Then let her die!" Charles snapped, his tone unflinching. "This woman has destroyed more lives than you can imagine. I should have done this years ago."

Chapter of

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