

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 91[657 words]

Chapter 91

Alex hesitated. "But-"

"No buts. This is a family matter," Charles cut him off sharply.

"Alright," Alex sighed, stepping back, unwilling to get involved in what he now saw as a tangled web of domestic chaos.

Charles turned his attention back to Cathy, yelling furiously, "Don't you think I don't know what you've done behind my back? You threatened and tortured everyone connected to me! Including my ex-girlfriend! You're nothing but a sadistic monster!"

His fists slammed into her motionless body, each blow carrying years of pent-up anger.

"Do you know how much pain you've caused me? You think money can fix this? What's the point of money if I can't find happiness?!"

He picked up a vase from the corner of the room, his face twisted in pure hatred. "You think I'm your worker, your slave, your damn toy?!"

With a final roar, he smashed the vase against her body, shards scattering across the floor.

As the silence settled, Charles stood over Cathy's limp form, chest heaving.

The room was littered with broken furniture, blood, and shattered emotions.

Finally, he staggered toward his broken desk, fumbling hastily with one of the drawers.

Alex watched in stunned silence, unsure of what Charles was doing.

Charles glanced over his shoulder, his hands still rummaging through the drawer. "What are you waiting for?!" he snapped at Alex, urgency dripping from his words. "What?" Alex asked, still dazed.

"Bruno Black is on his way here!" Charles shouted, panic evident in his voice as he scrambled to gather his things. "He'll kill you if you don't leave now!" Despite his rushed movements, there was no sign of remorse on his face for the beating he had just given Cathy Black.

"You hit my wife," Alex said coldly, his eyes narrowing. "Remember?"

"Yeah," Charles replied, tossing a folder onto the desk between them.

"This is the \$100 million loan document your wife has been holding over us. I'll

clear the loan to pay for my guilt. Don't you think that's enough?"

Alex's gaze dropped to the folder, but his face remained unreadable.

"I don't know," he muttered, his voice low and laced with doubt. To him, the offer still wasn't enough.

It just a small money for him.

He reached out, gripping Charles by the arm to stop him from leaving.

"Let me go!" Charles protested, his voice rising in desperation.

"If you're not sure, then ask your wife! If she still holds a grudge, you can come find me!"

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Alex's grip tightened for a moment before he sighed.

"Fair enough," he said, his tone icy. After all, no one could hide from him in this country.

As soon as Alex released him, Charles bolted out of the office, glancing back only once before disappearing into the hallway.¹

"Hey," Alex called after him, "is your wife dead?"

Charles didn't even turn around. "Don't know. Don't care. I'm done!"

Alex watched him go before turning his attention back to the room.

His gaze landed on Sophia, still sleeping peacefully on the couch.

"Maybe it's better if she stays asleep," he muttered, knowing the chaos to come would be too much for her to witness.

Reaching for his phone, Alex dialed quickly. "Carlos," he barked, addressing the head of the Black Snake gang.

"Yes, Master?" came the swift reply.

"Bring all our people. We're attacking the Black Syndicate now."

"Understood. We're moving out immediately."

"Clean them up. Conquer everything," Alex commanded before hanging up.

As he looked out of the tenth-floor window, the sound of tires screeching echoed from the parking lot below.

A convoy of cars raced into the entrance, their sleek bodies glinting under the streetlights.

Alex's sharp eyes caught sight of a limousine in the middle of the fleet.

Even from this distance, he could tell it was Bruno Black.

A slow, cold smile crept across Alex's face.

Without a word, he grabbed a massive chunk of the broken wooden desk beside him.

With a grunt, he hurled it at the glass window, shattering the pane with a deafening crash.

The wood plummeted from the tenth floor and slammed into the hood of one of the approaching cars, crumpling it like paper.

"The best defense is offense."

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A few minutes earlier, Bruno Black had been furious the moment he received the text message from his sister.

"Who dares to threaten my sister? Do they not fear the Black Syndicate?" Bruno growled angrily, seated in the back of the limousine.

He turned his rage toward his private bodyguard.

"Brad, we need to show them who we really are and take control of Vancouver's underworld!"

"Yes, Sir," Brad replied ineekly.

"It's because of your meek personality that people look down on us!" Bruno snapped, glaring at him.

Brad nodded. "I a sorry, boss."

"You... If it weren't for your big body, no one would hire you!" Bruno's anger grew sharper. "Talking to you is like talking to a big, stupid bull!"

"Yes, sir."

Bruno angrily slapped Brad. "Just shut your mouth. You're pissing me off!"

Brad only nodded again, silent as ever.

If Brad weren't over two meters tall and didn't move like a freight train, Bruno wouldn't have kept him around.

The man could act as a meat shield when needed, and that was reason enough.

As their car entered Cole Financing, a sudden loud sound broke through the air, causing the driver to slam on the brakes.

"What happened?" Bruno barked.

"I'll check," Brad said as he climbed out of the car. One step outside, he turned back to report.

"There's a half-broken wooden table stuck to the front of the car."

"A wooden table?" Bruno asked, confused.

"Are you stupid? How can a table end up on the car?"

Brad's face turned serious. Without warning, he grabbed Bruno and pulled him out of the limousine in a hurry.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Bruno yelled.

Just then, another massive chunk of the table came crashing down, completely smashing the top of the car. Bruno stared in shock. A split second earlier, if Brad hadn't yanked him out, he'd already be dead.

"That's how a table ends up on a car," Brad explained plainly.

Bruno, still shaken, smacked Brad across the face. "Shut up! You were supposed to pull me faster!"

"Hei, big man," a voice called out, breaking the tension.

A handsome young man casually approached them, walking through the chaos as if nothing had happened.

Bruno's men-nearly forty of them-had already scrambled out of their cars, checking on their.

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Yet the stranger ignored thigm all, walking straight up to Brad.

"What's your name? You've got good reflexes," the young man said with a smirk.

"I'm Brad," the big man answered, his deep voice steady.

"Good. Starting now, you're following me," the man declared, patting Brad's massive shoulder.

Brad blinked, surprised, but Alex's confident tone made it clear he wasn't asking.

Alex always had a knack for spotting talent, and Brad was exactly the kind of man he needed.

"Sorry, but I work for this guy," Brad said firmly.

"Who are you?" Bruno snapped, glaring at Alex, who seemed unfazed by his presence.

Before Alex could answer, Bruno's phone began ringing. Irritated, he picked up. "What?" he barked in displeasure.

"Sir, our headquarters are under attack!" a panicked voice shouted from the other end.

"What?" Bruno asked in disbelief, his eyes widening. (1)

"They're storming the building right now! It's the Black Snake Gang!"

"Can't you stop them? They're just a small gang!" Bruno shouted, gripping the phone tighter.

"Boss, they're moving like lions among sheep! Our people can't do anything!" Alex smirked knowingly.

Carlos had clearly taken control of the Black Snake Gang, and with the special combat training he provided them, their fighting style was unmatched.

"Hold them there! We'll come back after dealing with this mess!" Bruno ordered hurriedly. He turned to Brad, a frantic look in his eyes.

"You-hit that guy. We need to hurry and find Cathy!"

"Sorry," Brad muttered to Alex before swinging his massive hand.

Alex moved like a shadow, grabbing Brad's arm and redirecting the blow.

Instead of hitting him, Brad's fist smashed straight into Bruno's face, sending him sprawling onto the ground with a loud thud.

"What the hell are you doing?" Bruno roared, holding his nose in shock.

Brad looked at his fist in confusion, then back at Alex, his brows furrowed.

He tried again, this time swinging his other fist.

But somehow, Alex redirected the punch effortlessly, and Brad's fist landed squarely on Bruno's face again, knocking him flat to the ground.

"You...you big idiot! You're fired! I'm going to kill you after this!" Bruno shouted, his voice muffled as he struggled to get up.

Alex grinned, looking at Brad. "Well, you're fired now. Want to jump ship and work for me?"

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Bruno, furious, shouted at his men. "Kill this man!"

At his command, Bruno's forty-odd men surged forward, blades, machetes, and knives gleaming in the light as they closed in on Alex.

Amid the chaos, Brad turned to Alex, his voice low and serious. "Who are you?"

Alex stood calmly, still smiling as if none of the danger mattered. His eyes gleamed with confidence.

"Me? I'm the number one in this country," he said with a smirk.

As Alex spoke, a surge of power expanded from his body, and all the men who

had been attacking him suddenly collapsed to their knees, unable to move.

"Are you rich?" Brad asked, his expression still comically blank.

"Very," Alex replied with a smirk.

"Can you raise my salary to double?" Brad asked hopefully

"How much is your salary now?" Alex questioned, raising an eyebrow.

"\$1,000 per month. My mother says it's too cheap, and I need to negotiate well when I find a new job," Brad explained seriously.

Alex chuckled. "Well, I'll triple it and give you a bonus when you perform well."

"Good!" Brad grinned wide, shaking Alex's hand enthusiastically. "Now I work for you. Do you have a command for me?"

"Yeah," Alex said, his voice calm but firm. "Hit your ex-boss and make sure he faints."

"Don't you dare hit me!" Bruno suddenly yelled, still dizzy and barely able to stand.

By now, he knew Alex wasn't an ordinary guy and felt fear creeping into his voice.

"Please sleep," Brad said, walking over to Bruno with his massive fists ready. Without hesitation, he swung, and Bruno collapsed to the ground, out cold.

When Sophia awoke from her deep sleep, she found herself lying on a soft bed in a room she didn't recognize.

Disoriented, she sat up and looked around, her memories hazy.

Someone had hit her-that much she remembered.

But as she touched her face, there was no pain, no scar.

Slowly, she got up and opened the door, stepping into what appeared to be an office.

Recognition dawned.

Cole's office? But instead of Cole, there was someone else waiting for her.

A man stood near the desk and turned to face her.

"Madame Sophia, you're awake," he said politely.

"Who are you?" Sophia asked, her voice still groggy from sleep.

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"I am Carlos," the man introduced himself. "You were drugged by Cole, but my master saved you. He was in a hurry and left me here to take care of you. Sophia frowned, confused. Carlos handed her a document, which she hesitantly took.

"This is your \$100 million loan. My master has already cleared it for you," Carlos explained.

Sophia's eyes widened in shock as she looked over the papers.

The ownership of her company was returned to her, and the loan was marked as fully paid.

It was all real. Someone paid \$100 million for me?

"Who... who is your master?" Sophia asked, her voice trembling.

Carlos smiled slightly. "You will meet him soon enough."

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Chapter 93

Alex burst into Kingston's penthouse office, heart pounding

Just moments earlier, Jasmine had called him in tears-something he never thought he'd witness from her.

Inside, the tension felt thick as smoke.

Jasmine was curled up on the plush leather sofa, her face buried in her trembling hands.

Nearby stood Kelly, tapping briskly on her smartwatch.

The instant Jasmine spotted Alex, she sprang from the sofa and flung herself into his arms, sobbing so hard he could feel the quake of it through his chest

This wasn't the pised, controlled Jasmine he knew; this was someone shattered, clinging to him like he was her only lifeline. 1

"Jasmine," he murmured, fighting to keep his voice steady "what happened?"

She couldn't answer, her sobs stealing her words.

Instead, he turned to Kelly, who regarded them both with a cold detachment. "Kingston just lost about a billion dollars," she said flatly.

A billion?

The number slammed into Jasmine like a punch. Her cries intensified, her grief pouring out in ragged gasps. "How?"

Kelly's gaze hardened. "Chris Roland stole Jasmine's laptop-the one with all the critical financial data." Alex frowned. "And the passwords?"

"Bianca helped him," Kelly said, her tone clipped.

"Jasmine's own secretary. She's been Chris's devotee for years, following his every Knight Game. Apparently." Jasmine looked up, her tearstained cheeks flushed with betrayal yet she still looks really gorgeous.

"I never never imagined she'd do this." Her voice wavered, raw and shaken.

"Do you think it's possible for the two of them to pull this off alone?" Alex's brow furrowed.

Kelly's expression hardened. "No. This operation was too big for those two alone. Someone high up must have helped them. Maybe even someone from the Kingston family."

"Are you sure?"

"No," Kelly admitted, lowering her gaze.

"Either someone close to the family betrayed Jasmine, or Chris and Bianca are smarter than we thought."

His mind raced. "Where's the money now?"

Kelly glanced uncertainly at Jasmine, who gave a tearful nod.

"Crypto," Kelly answered at last.

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"They converted everything into Bitcoin and slipped it into digital wallets controlled by the Empire of the Earth. Chris stole the hard drive yesterday."

"Where's Chris?" he asked, grim.

"We've mobilized every Kingston resource to track him," Kelly said, frustrated. "No hits so far. He might've skipped the city or even the country,"

Alex tried to keep his voice calm. "Does your father know?"

Jasmine shook her head vigorously.

"Not yet. I'm the newly appointed CEO here in Vancouver. my father finds out I've lost a billion, it'll look like I've already failed. I can't let that happen, Alex. I have to fix this myself."

Alex wasn't so sure Alfred Kingston was in the dark.

Men like him rarely missed a trick-more likely, he was working behind the scenes, giving Jasmine the space to handle it herself.

Yet if Alfred truly knew, then part of the Kingswell group under him must have already been mobilized to find Chris

But still, no trace of him. It didn't add up.

Alex's gut tightened.

Something about this situation felt bigger than it seemed.

Chris Roland-small-time and feeble-shouldn't have been a real threat.

But now, the issue was snowballing.

Jasmine raised those bright, red-tinged eyes to him, desperate and vulnerable.

"Without that money, every Kingston project here will grind to a halt. Please... do you have any ideas?"

He hesitated. The simplest solution was to ask Alfred.

A billion was staggering, but not beyond Kingston's reach.

"Your father would front you the money," he said gently. "It would be a loan, just to keep the projects alive."

"No!" Jasmine's voice cracked on the word. "I can't give him that satisfaction. Not now."

Alex sighed, running a hand through his hair.

"You can borrow from me."

Jasmine blinked, shocked. "You're... wealthy enough for that?"

He shrugged, trying to sound casual. "I'm not the richest man around, but I have enough."

Tears welled again, but this time, they carried relief.

She hurled herself at him once more, clinging tightly.

"You've saved me," she whispered, voice muffled against his shirt. "You saved me before, again and again and now this. You must be my soulmate. Promise you'll stay by my side."

Alex rolled his eyes skyward. "Let's focus on getting out of this mess first, okay?"

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From across the room, Kelly watched them. Her sharp gaze turned colder than ice, pinning Alex with a look that felt like knives in his back.

In a different part of the city, at the cold, polished offices of Cole Financing, Sophia Lancaster sat waiting

Carlos suddenly answered a call. He ended it with a respectful, "Yes, Master."

Afterward, Carlos approached her with a polite bow. "Madame Sophia, unfortunately, my Master is unable to come. He still has pressing matters to attend

to."

Sophia tilted her head slightly.

"Sir," she began, addressing him formally.

Carlos interrupted, smiling gently. "No need for that. Just call me Carlos."

Sophia's lips curled into a faint smile. "Carlos, then. Do I know your Master?"

"I'm sorry, I cannot say more," Carlos said politely, his tone firm but kind. "But he knows you very well, Madame."

Sophia's mind spun back to her modeling days, to admirers and sycophants who would've done anything for a glance of approval.

But a hundred million dollars was not a simple favor.

This was beyond gratitude-this was power.

Still, accepting such a fortune without offering anything in return felt wrong.

"Carlos," she began, voice soft and uncertain. "This is... enormous. I'm not comfortable taking so much without understanding why."

Carlos didn't waver. "To you, it might be huge. To my master, it's a negligible sum. He truly wants to help you. Please accept his sincerity."

She stood there, stunned.

Whoever this mystery patron was, he possessed a wealth and generosity that bordered on the unreal.

A part of her dared to wonder if this was fate, if maybe, just maybe, her true soulmate was out there, pulling strings to support her, to lift her when she stumbled.

When she exited the building, the brisk evening air cooled her heated thoughts.

Just as she reached the curb, Alex pulled up, clearly in a rush.

He jumped out of the car, his face apologetic.

"Sorry. Traffic was awful. Ready to go home?"

Sophia turned to face him, exhaling a heavy sigh.

Her heart sank as she looked at her useless husband.

He was nowhere to be found when she was in danger, and whenever she was in need, he could do nothing but add to her troubles.

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Her heart sank again as she pictured the unknown benefactor's quiet strength, in stark contrast to Alex's endless bragging.

Fate had dealt her a cruel hand, she thought, as she climbed into the car beside him.

What rotten luck she'd had in choosing him.

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Inside the car's quiet interior, Sophia leaned her head against the window, her mind drifting back to the stranger who'd come to her aid earlier.

Could it be fate?

Was this mysterious figure the soulmate she'd always dreamed about the one who would stand by her forever?

She breathed out heavily, shaking the thought away.

She didn't even know him.

"You don't look happy," Alex said, breaking the silence.

Sophia managed a faint smile.

"On the contrary, I'm very happy. Someone paid a hundred million for me, clearing the loan that haunted me and the Lancasters."

Alex smiled, his heart lightening.

He was glad to see his wife finally accept the help.

Later this noon, as she drifted into sleep, he gently healed her and pulled a blanket over her, making sure she was warm and comfortable.

Meanwhile, behind the scenes, he'd ordered Carlos to take control of the entire Black syndicate.

Charles Cole, Cathy Black, Bruno Black-their fortunes and futures now lay quietly in his hands.

"I'm glad you're pleased," Alex said at last, leaning back in the driver's seat as they continued down the road. Sophia looked at him, puzzled. "Pleased about what?"

He gave her a playful wink. "The debt. I arranged for it to be cleared."

She stared at him, her breath catching.

For several long moments, she said nothing, struggling to piece everything together.

"Sophia? Are you alright?" he asked gently.

She took a measured breath. "Alex... let's be honest with each other, okay?"

He tensed slightly, unsure where this was going. "Of course."

Her gaze was steady, searching his face. "I know who you are."

Alex's brow furrowed. He hadn't expected that. "Really?"

"You're ex-military, recently discharged. And I'd bet your grandfather or father worked with mine to arrange this marriage."

Alex frowned, her assumptions way off the mark.

Sophia pressed her lips together.

"Look, I can see you putting on airs, trying to seem confident, maybe to protect your pride. But I've already accepted you as you are. There's no need to lie. It'll only make me resent you."

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Alex looked away, uncertain how to respond.

"Just be yourself," she whispered. "That's all I'm asking."

He met her eyes. "And who do you think I am?"

She sighed, turning toward the window.

"We both know we're just playing our assigned parts for my grandfather's sake. Until I find the person truly meant for me, we're stuck like this. At least it stops my

parents from pushing me into another forced arrangement."

Alex's voice held a trace of bewilderment. "So, what's your point?"

"Just stop bragging," she said quietly.

"I'm not bragging."

"Then stop talking-especially about things that make you sound like someone you're not." She folded her arms, clearly exasperated. "I don't need that. Just... be real with me. I don't care if you're poor."

Alex sighed, feeling the tension coil in the air.

"Alright," he said simply.

"Thank you." Her voice softened, remorse slipping in.

"I'm sorry, Alex. It's been a rough day, even if it ended on a bright note. I'm happy

the debt is gone, but everything else has been so... complicated."

He eased his grip on the steering wheel. "No worries. I'll be careful with my words from now on."

She offered a tiny smile. "I do think of you as a friend. I accept you as you are. No need to pretend you're wealthy or anything else."

Alex resisted the urge to roll his eyes too dramatically. "Fine, fine. I'm just a poor, broke ex-soldier, is that it?" Her smile softened into something more genuine. "See? That wasn't so hard-to just be who you really are."

He shook his head, a wry grin tugging at the corners of his mouth.

He could have told her the truth-about the fortune he controlled, the power he wielded-but it would only feed her disbelief.

For now, it was easier to let her think what she wanted.

"Anyway," Sophia said, changing the subject, "we're late for dinner with Lyra. Can you head straight to the restaurant?"

"You set up dinner with her?" Alex asked.

She shrugged. "In case I needed to borrow money from her. Now I don't. But let's still go. I'm hungry, and Lyra's waiting."

As they drove, Sophia added quietly, "No secrets between us at dinner, okay? Lyra's been my best friend for a long time, but... she really despises anything-or anyone-who seems cheap."

Alex shot her a glance, annoyance flickering in his eyes. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means she'll probably look down on you. Your clothes, your everything. If she's hostile, just ignore it. I'll try to

help her see things differently, but don't let it get to you. I'm sick of the two of you being, at each other's throats whenever we meet."

Pulling up to a grand, upscale restaurant, Alex parked and stepped out.

He moved around the car to open Sophia's door for her.

She emerged gracefully, smoothing her dress.

"So, earlier," he said, holding the door, "what was your point in laying all that out?"

Sophia's eyes drifted to the restaurant's entrance. "I just hope you and Lyra can get a bit closer. Or at least be civil."

He sighed. "I'll try."

They walked inside, the soft hum of conversation and the scent of exquisite dishes filling the air. 1

Lyra was already seated, dressed to captivate.

With her natural allure-rivaling even Sophia's-and the memory of her days as a famed model in Vancouver, she shimmered beneath the warm glow of the lights.

Men had clearly tried approaching her, only to be coldly dismissed.

As soon as she spotted Sophia and Alex, Lyra rose from her chair and strode over.

Sophia expected a welcoming embrace-but Lyra swept right past her and wrapped her arms around Alex instead.

"Lyra!" he blurted, startled. "What are you doing?"

She looked up at him, smiling brilliantly. "Just greeting my best friend's so-called husband. After all, Sophia wanted us to get closer, didn't she?"

Alex stiffened, trying to maintain some personal space. "Closer doesn't have to mean an ambush hug." Lyra laughed, ignoring his discomfort, and looped her arm through his, guiding him toward the table.

Sophia followed, her eyes wide, wondering what had gotten into her friend.

Last time she checked, Lyra treated Alex like a cockroach that had scuttled into

her cereal bowl, yet now the woman was doting on him like some long-lost father figure.

"You wouldn't believe how many creeps tried flirting with me while I waited," Lyra teased. "I need you to ward them off."

In the background, at a corner table, a group of men watched with jealous eyes. One muttered bitterly, "Great. That perfect goddess is already taken."

The man beside him sneered. "Taken by a nobody, from the looks of it. Maybe we should show him his place." Their leader leaned forward, malice dancing in his gaze. "Yes. Let's see how tough he is."

Unaware of the simmering hostility in the corner, Sophia and Alex took their seats, Lyra still clinging a bit too closely for comfort.

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Sophia picked up the menu and glanced over at Lyra, her mind spinning with confusion.

There was Lyra, practically leaning against Alex, an intimacy that would make any observer assume they were the married couple, not her and Alex.

"Alex, I bet this is your first time here," Lyra said brightly

"Sophia and I have VIP status at this place. Let me recommend a few dishes-I'm sure you'll love them."

Alex managed a polite smile. "Thanks."

Lyra beamed, flipping through the menu. "Order whatever you like. Don't worry about the bill, I'm covering it tonight."

Sophia nearly choked.

Lyra stingy, penny-pinching Lyra-offering to pay? For man, of all people?

Lyra never spent her money on men.

Every luxury in her possession was typically gifted by them.

This was the first time Lyra had ever offered to foot the bill for a man.

Sophia narrowed her eyes. "Lyra... are you feeling alright? Did you forget to take your meds this morning?"

Lyra raised a cool eyebrow. "What's with the shock, Sophia? I've always been generous. You're acting like you've never seen this side of me."

Sophia's jaw went slack.

She'd known Lyra her whole life, and she had never seen her so willing to part with her money-especially not for

a man.

Something was off.

Before either of them could say more, two men approached their table.

One sneered down at Alex. "What kind of man lets a woman pick up his tab? No pride or dignity, huh?"

Lyra's gaze turned icy.

Anger simmered beneath her calm exterior.

She was trying to curry favor with Alex so she could get more of those miracle pills to sell.

The last batch had sold like peanuts at prices she never thought people would pay.

For Lyra, money was more important than pride, dignity, or even her life.

But she knew that, for some, life and health mattered more than money.

"Excuse me," Lyra said, her voice sharp, "I'm sure I told you earlier that I'm taken. Why don't you leave us in peace?"

The man smirked and gestured toward Alex. "Taken? By him? Just look at the guy-plain clothes, cheap shoes. You think he can afford your skincare products?"

Lyra frowned. Why was this jerk so fixated on Alex's appearance?

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"No means no. It's a complete sentence."

The other man chimed in, oozing arrogance. "Ladies, don't miss your chance, whatever he can give you, I can give ten times more-no, a hundred times. Just give me a chance and you'll see."

Lyra suddenly laughed, a bright, mocking sound that rang through the air.

"A hundred times more? Alright, I'll give you a chance. How about you pull out a billion dollars right here?"

Their self-assured grins faltered.

A billion dollars was an impossible sum for anyone in Vancouver, except perhaps Alfred Kingston himself.

"Come on, that's insane," one of them muttered, annoyed. No one can toss around a billion unless it's Kingston."

Lyra shrugged with exaggerated sweetness.

"Well, he could." She nodded toward Alex.

The men turned their scrutiny on Alex, all but rolling their eyes. "Yeah, right. Tell

us, what do you do for a living? Judging by your look, you're scraping by."

Alex opened his mouth to answer, then caught Sophia's eye

Her gaze was intense, waiting.

He sighed and gave in. "Fine. I'm just a poor, retired soldier. I'm unemployed at the moment."

They burst into laughter.

One of them puffed out his chest, pride radiating from him.

"I'm a top businessman in this city, featured in magazines, running a company that employs hundreds. If you need work, I might have a cleaning job for you."

Lyra stood abruptly, fury dancing in her eyes.

"Shut up and leave. I don't care how rich or powerful you think you are. He's worth more than a thousand of you put together." Her voice shook with indignation.

Sophia stared at Lyra, astonished.

Her best friend, who usually worshipped wealth and status, was now fiercely defending Alex-the supposed "poor man" against a wealthy suitor.

It was like the world had flipped upside down.

The man's face reddened with frustration. "We're not leaving until you accept us. Trust me, sweetheart, you'll regret missing this opportunity."

Lyra's face flushed with anger.

Alex tensed, ready to step in. But before he could, a figure emerged from behind the intruders.

With a swift kick, one of the men stumbled to the floor, cursing and scrambling up to face his attacker.

"Marco Ashford!" the fallen man exclaimed, eyes widening as if he'd just seen a ghost.

Marco stood tall, dressed in a tailored suit and flashing expensive accessories.

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His presence commanded the room. Fear flickered across the intruders' faces, Marco was a name that made men think twice.

"You know me?" Marco said calmly, arins crossed.

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"Of course, Mr. Ashford," the man stammered. "Everyone Vancouver knows you. You're the biggest player in town now."

Though he considered himself just a step below Chris Roland in influence, Chris had recently fallen from grace, his reputation tarnished by criminal allegations. That left Marco as the city's most sought-after figure.

Marco tilted his head, unimpressed.

"These women are my friends," he said, pointing to Lyra and Sophia. "Do us a favor and get out."

They hurried to obey, helping each other up and disappearing without another word.

Marco turned his sharp gaze toward Alex. "You're really not much of a gentleman, are you? Couldn't even handle two insects bothering these two beauties?" "Marco," Sophia suddenly called out, her voice soft and curious. "Are you here to see Lyra?"

She knew Lyra had been chasing Marco for a while now.

Lyra had always aimed for the most eligible bachelors, and since Chris Roland loved Sophia-and Sophia once loved Chris-Marco had become Lyra's second choice.

Marco shook his head. "No," he said quietly. "Actually, I came to see you, Sophia." Sophia's breath caught. "Me?"

Marco nodded. "I was supposed to meet you at Cole Finance earlier, but I got held up."

He offered her a meaningful look, and in that moment, Sophia thought-Marco was the one who had secretly helped her.

He was the reason her burdens had lifted.

He was the Master.

He had loved her for a long time, she realized.

A rush of emotion washed over her: gratitude, confusion, and something else she couldn't quite name.

"Charm is a way of getting the answer yes without ever asking a clear question."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 96[1,027 words]

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Chapter 96

Chapter 96

That morning, the Lancaster mansion was anything but peaceful.

In the grand living room, Florance stood in front of Justin, practically shaking with anger.

"You're worthless as a father!" she shouted. "All you do is sit around watching garbage on TV!"

Justin frowned, more irritated than surprised: "What do you want from me?"

"How about acting like a dad for once? Our daugliter is in trouble over that massive loan. You need to help figure out a solution!" Florance's frustration bled through her every word.

Justin let out a tired sigh. "And what exactly do you expect me to do?"

"Look at the bigger picture! Your brother is already waiting for Sophia to fail so he can give Mike her position in the company. We can't let that happen!"

Rolling his eyes, Justin scrolled aimlessly on his phone. "I don't have that kind of money, and you know it." Florance glared at him. "You're good for nothing except your so-called manhood!"

"Fine!" Justin snapped. "What do you want me to do?"

"Marco Ashford," Florance said, her voice firm. "He's always liked Sophia. Now that Chris Roland's out of the picture, Marco might be interested in her again."

"But Sophia's already married," Justin pointed out, his brow creasing.

Florance scoffed. "Not officially, not in our eyes. That man she married is just a leech clinging to our daughter." Justin gave a weary shrug. "Have it your way."

A satisfied smile spread across Florance's face as she dialed her phone. "Marco, hi! It's Florance. How have you been?"

"Florance! Good to hear from you." Marco's friendly tone purred through the receiver. "What's on your mind?" "Oh, nothing urgent," Florance said sweetly, dancing around her true intentions. "Just wanted to catch up on how you've been."

Marco chuckled. "I'm doing fine, thanks. How about Sophia?"

Florance's smile tightened. "She's doing very well, actually She just took over as director of the Lancaster Group." "Congratulations to her!" Marco replied, genuinely pleased

Florance handed the phone to Justin, hissing under her breath, "Ask him to help our daughter!"

"What?" Justin whispered back, clueless. Still, he lifted the phone. "Marco, I need some advice."

"Sure, Uncle. What's going on?" Marco asked politely.

Justin cleared his throat. "Sophia took over Chris Roland's business and discovered a huge loan with Cole Financing. Since you know your way around the finance world..."

"I do," Marco confirmed. "I know the head of Cole Financing personally."

Justin's relief was obvious. "Great. Think you can talk to them? See if they'll give Sophia more time or adjust the payment plan? She just landed a partnership with Kingston so she'll have resources soon."

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"Wait-Sophia's partnerling with Kingston?" Marco asked surprised.

"Yes," Justin said quickly.

"Alright, I'll help," Marco replied. "I'll make a call."

"Thank you," Justin said, exhaling with relief.

Florance immediately snatched the phone.

"By the way, Marco," she said with a sly sweetness, "if you have time, could you meet Sophia? Now that Chris Roland is gone, she's been missing your company."

Marco hesitated. "But I heard she's married."

"Oh, that's just some arrangement her grandfather forced on her," Florance said dismissively. "It's nothing."

"Fine," Marco sighed. "I'll meet her today."

"Thank you, Marco," Florance cooed, satisfaction evident.

The moment the call ended, Marco dialed Cathy Black. She was riding in her limousine, phone pressed to her ear.

"What is it, sweetie?" Cathy asked, her tone silky yet edged

"Darling, I have a friend-Sophia-who borrowed from Cole Financing. Could you ask them to go easy on her? Maybe extend the terms or lower the installments?" Marco asked, slipping easily into charm.

At the mention of Sophia's name, Cathy's expression darkened.

She knew her husband, Charles Cole, had tried to toy with Sophia behind her back.

This favor for Sophia felt like a slap in the face.

Yet, Cathy managed to force a smile, though venom simmered just beneath the surface.

"Sure, Marco," she said, a sly curl forming at the corners of her lips.

She was certain she'd kill Sophia on sight. "I'll take care of it. But in return, you know you owe me our usual... arrangement."

"No problem," Marco agreed smoothly. "I'll see you tonight."

Hanging up, Marco felt reassured.

If Cathy promised, it meant Sophia's loan would be sorted. He waited all day for Cathy's call, but it never came. Impatient and suspicious, he decided to track Sophia down using info from her parents.

By the time he found her at a restaurant, the sight of her stunned him.

Sophia had grown more elegant and self-assured.

Now the head of the Lancaster Company and an official partner of Kingston, she radiated confidence.

Marco felt an almost desperate need to be near her, to remind her of his place in her life.

But there was Alex-the so-called "husband"-sitting by her side.

Marco made a silent vow to remove that obstacle, whatever it took.

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"Sophia," he said, stepping forward with an inviting smile

"Did you help with my loan?" she blurted, voice trembling with hope.

Marco, convinced Cathy had come through, nodded confidently. "Of course. It was no trouble."

"But..." Sophia faltered, frowning. "That money is a lot, Marco."

He offered her a gentle smile, all the while thinking, What the trouble with arranging a loan? You just have to pay it back later anyway.

"Sophia, I value you far more than any amount of money. Please, don't let something like this burden you. If I ever need a favor, I'll let you know."

Sophia's face brightened with relief. "Thank you, Marco. You have no idea how much this means to me."

Marco pulled out a chair beside her and leaned in.

"You mean a lot to me, Sophia," he murmured, eyes intent on hers. "More than anything."

Sophia's cheeks flushed, her gaze dropping in shy embarrassment.

From the other side of the table, Lyra elbowed Alex sharply leaning in to whisper,

"Aren't you going to, I don't know, cough or something?"

Alex raised an eyebrow. "And why would I do that?"

Lyra rolled her eyes. "To snap them out of this... pink bubble they're in. She's your wife!"

Alex met her glare calmly. "She's a free woman, before marriage and after."

Lyra stared, taken aback. "Then what does marriage mean to you?"

Alex's voice was soft but resolute. "It means having a special place beside the woman I love. Giving her everything without ever asking for anything back. Being happy just being with her."

Lyra's eyes widened.

She opened her mouth before thinking, blurting out, "Will you marry me?"

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The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 97[1,096 words]

"Marry you?" Alex's eyebrow arched sharply, his frown deepening.

The number of women wanting to marry him could fill a line so long, it'd make the biggest encyclopedia look tiny in comparison.

"Do you even love me?" Alex asked, his tone flat.

"I love money—and especially your money," Lyra replied, straight-faced.

"You know, in the end, women always have to make a choice: marry the man they love or marry the man who loves them and learn to love him later."

Lyra shrugged, her expression unapologetic.

"I can let you stay around me, love me, and pamper me. Just like you did with Sophia. Your love is so.... unattached. I'd even give you the honor of loving me."

"Has anyone ever told you that you have an unbelievably thick face?" Alex said, his tone laced with incredulity.

"This woman is sometimes fugitive, deceptive, sharp, ravenous, fierce, and cruel; she also possesses a great spirit.

Lyra's lips curled into a teasing smile, her gaze unflinching

"With all the layers of makeup I wear, I'd be surprised if it hasn't gotten thicker," she quipped, biting her lower lip playfully.

Then, without missing a beat, she leaned in slightly, her voice soft yet daring. "So... will you?"

"No," Alex said firmly. "You'd leave me the moment you found someone richer."

"Is there even anyone richer than you?" Lyra asked, her tone full of faux innocence.

Alex paused, considering.

Within the country, probably not. But outside? On the empire continent? There were still mountains beyond mountains of wealth.

"Sure. I could easily be considered the poorest among them"

"Don't worry," Lyra said smoothly. "I'd let you love me until I found someone better. It's good for both of us, right?"

"Do you even understand what you're saying?" Alex asked, starting to think this woman was utterly shameless. "Of course," Lyra replied. "I'm just as beautiful as Sophia. Our fan bases are almost the same. We're among the top five beauties from Vancouver. Naturally, you'd enjoy loving me and spending your money on me." 'Beauty provokes harassment, the law says, but it looks through men's eyes when deciding what provokes it.' Alex rubbed his temples, a headache forming. Talking to this woman was exhausting.

"Just tell me what you really want. Don't beat around the bush."

"The miracle pills," Lyra said, her eyes lighting up. "Will you let me sell your miracle pills again?"

"How much are you selling them for this time?"

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"Double the price you said last time," Lyra replied, her smile dazzlingly confident.

"Seriously?" Alex stared at Lyra, genuinely shocked this time.

This beautiful woman seemed to have an uncanny knack for turning anything into a money-making scheme.

"Do you want to know how much money you have right now?" Lyra asked, her tone playful.

"Has it reached a billion?"

"Not yet," Lyra pouted, crossing her arms in mock frustration.

"Then I don't care," Alex replied flatly.

He pulled out a small bottle filled with twenty pills, one he always kept on him.

His trip to this poorest city in the country suddenly didn't feel like a total failure-not after meeting this woman.

Lyra smiled, her gaze fixed on Alex. "This is the first time you've shown any interest in me," she said softly.

"Really?" Alex raised an eyebrow.

"Yes," Lyra said with a dramatic sigh. "You always look at me so coldly, so uninterested. It hurts, you know."

That's just your imagination," Alex said, though he couldn't deny there was some truth to her words.

He found himself thinking.

Maybe he'd give her more time-time to grow, to prove her true worth.

"Just do your best," he said at last. "Maybe I'll surprise you later."

Lyra's hands suddenly gripped Alex's shirt, tugging him closer.

"You look at me with interest and then try to hide it. Hiding is painful, Alex. With me, you don't have to hide anything."

"Don't worry," Lyra said casually, deftly taking the bottle of pills from his hand.

"If you love me, just say it. I'll always say yes. I'll marry you. We can skip all the romantic drama. Your money can buy and get straight to the fast track to my heart."

Alex stayed silent, watching this bold woman.

She wasn't just a gold digger-no, maybe she owned the entire mining operation.

"I already can't live without you," Lyra added with a grin. "You're always on my mind."

"Me or my money?" Alex asked with a smirk.

"Both," Lyra answered without hesitation. "Your money is just part of your awesomeness."

"What are you two doing?" A sharp voice cut through their conversation. Sophia locked her eyes to them, her expression hard, her arms crossed.

Lyra and Alex both turned, startled.

"Nothing," Lyra said quickly, releasing Alex's shirt. "I was just keeping Alex busy while making sure we didn't bother you and Marco."

Sophia's gaze shifted to Alex, suspicion flashing in her eyes. "Did you just seduce my best friend?"

Chapter 97

"I did not," Alex said firmly.

Marco shook his head, letting out a mocking laugh.

"Buddy, your wife is right here. You're not supposed to seduce her best friend in front of her. You really need to control your lower part better-don't let your desires run wild."

It was clear Marco wanted to elevate himself by dragging Alex down. His smug grin made that obvious.

'Beneath calm waters, rival tides churn; for not all smiles are born of peace.'

"But let me warn you," Marco continued, turning his attention to Lyra.

"Lyra isn't just any woman you can get close to. You're totally out of her league. You're just..."

He eyed Alex up and down with deliberate disdain. "Too poor for her. You'll only embarrass yourself if you keep trying to seduce her."

Alex rolled his eyes. "I'm not flirting."

Marco laughed louder, the sound grating.

"Hahaha! Brother, just admit it. You got caught by your wife. You and Lyra were way too close just now-it's obvious you were making a move."

"I really wasn't," Alex insisted. "Believe it or not."

"Sophia," Marco said, turning to her with feigned concern, "you see what I'm talking about, right? He's obviously trying to get closer to Lyra."

Sophia's gaze shifted to Lyra, her expression uncertain. "Lyra," she asked, her

voice firm, "did he do something to you?"

Lyra let out an exaggerated sigh of regret, shaking her head "That's the problem..."

"He seduced you?" Sophia pressed.

"No," Lyra said quickly, raising her hands as if to stop the misunderstanding. "He didn't do anything to me!" "Excuse me?" Sophia blinked, confused. "Then what's the problem?"

Lyra smiled slyly and tilted her head.

"Sophia, we've known each other for so long. Why don't we make a deal? You can have Marco, and I'll take Alex."

Alex's frown deepened, leaving him utterly speechless. This woman seemed to have no boundaries when it came to morals.

She was brutally direct: "In the game of greed, some wear smiles and play fair,

while others devour with open hands and razor-sharp teeth."

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Chapter 98

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Chapter 98

Sophia frowned. "Are you serious, Lyra? This isn't like you at all."

"Actually," Lyra replied, leaning back in her chair with a lazy smile, "I've never been more serious in my entire life."

She locked eyes with Sophia. "Let's face it: we won't stay young forever. We need a place-and someone-that makes us feel safe when life catches up with us."

She sighed, a wistful look passing over her features.

"I've always pictured having a perfect little family, you know? A handsome son, a beautiful daughter... raising them to succeed. Then I could leave this world in peace."

Sophia's eyebrows shot up. "But you used to say you wanted tons of money so you could 'buy' any man you wanted!"

Lyra's expression darkened briefly. "We all had wild dreams when we were younger. People change, Sophia. And now I've met my soulmate. I want something real."

"Alex?" Sophia repeated skeptically. "He's your soulmate? You've always said that money was your one true soulmate."

"I have to agree with Sophia on this one," Alex joked.

Lyra shot Sophia a pleading look-one that clearly said, Why aren't you backing me up here? You literally asked me to push him away so you could be rid of him. Marco, sitting off to the side, decided to chime in, amusement dancing in his eyes. "Lyra, are you for real? Alex is an unemployed, ex-military guy. Why fight over someone like him?"

Lyra's head snapped around. "Someone like him'? And what, we should fight over someone like you instead?"

Marco raised his hands in a mock-innocent gesture.

"Hey, I'm not complaining. I am one of Vancouver's most eligible bachelors. I own several companies while he's basically..." He motioned at Alex dismissively.

"Come on, Lyra, did you skip your meds? Even Sophia doesn't like her own husband. Why in the world are you chasing him?"

"So you think the two of us should focus on you?" Lyra shot back, her sarcasm razor-sharp.

Marco smirked. "I'm not saying that. But I'm definitely not opposed to it."

Lyra rolled her eyes. "You're not even on Alex's level."

Marco gave an incredulous laugh. "Unbelievable."

Sophia stepped in, hoping to de-escalate the conversation. Lyra, calm down. You're acting like you're in some sort of race. This really isn't like you."

Lyra leaned forward, pinning Sophia with a serious gaze. "Let's be honest: you don't even like Alex. You told me yourself you wanted him out of your life. And now I'm here, offering to do just that-take him off your hands. I'm helping you!" Sophia's cheeks flushed. "You're... serious?"

Chapter 98

"As a heart attack," Lyra insisted. "You free yourself to be with whoever you really want-like, say, Marco. And I get Alex. Simple."

Sophia hesitated, grappling with her own mixed feelings.

Lyra, noticing Sophia's uncertainty, threw up her hands in exasperation. "Ugh, there you go again! Second-guessing everything. Just do it, Sophia! I saw the way you and Marco were gazing at each other. Why not admit you'd rather be with him?"

"Lyra!" Sophia's face burned red, both embarrassed and annoyed.

Lyra shook her head. "We're adults now, Sophia. Make a choice. Opportunities don't always come a second time."

Sophia squared her shoulders. "That still doesn't explain your rush. Why must this be decided here and now?"

Lyra's voice grew tense. "Because chances slip away. If I don't make a move on Alex, someone else will swoop in. I won't lose him just because you keep dragging your feet."

Alex, who had been listening quietly, finally spoke up. "Uh, I'm still here, you know."

Lyra turned to him with a flirtatious smile. "Don't worry, darling. We're just chatting. You're too much of a gentleman to interfere with two best friends, right?"

Sophia's eyes widened in shock. "Darling'? Did you just call him darling?" (1

Lyra flashed a smug grin. "I've claimed him. If you don't want him, I'm next in line." Alex raised an eyebrow. "Shouldn't I have a say in this?"

"No, darling," Lyra replied, completely unfazed.

"You're a gentleman, and you'll let me love you. If you reject me, I'm sure you'll do it in the nicest way possible. You'll f*el so guilty about breaking my heart that you'll pay a 'fixing f*e.'" She ended with a playful wink.

Sophia groaned in disbelief. "Lyra, we're best friends. We can't really be fighting over a guy, can we?"

Lyra leaned back in her seat with a shrug. "In war and love, there's no real fairness. Besides, I'm just taking someone you claim not to even want."

"Why must you rush?" Sophia asked again, exasperation mixing with confusion. "Because," Lyra said, her voice taut, "someone else might grab him first."

Marco, who had been silent for a moment, scoffed loudly. "Him? This poor, jobless nobody? You two need to get a grip. He's not going anywhere."

Before anyone could reply, a cool, measured voice sliced through the tension. "If you're all finished," it said, "I'd like to speak with Mr. Alex."

Heads turned to see a woman standing nearby-one of Vancouver's famed top beauties, radiating a presence even more commanding than Sophia or Lyra.

Her elegant bearing and formidable reputation demanded everyone's attention. She stepped forward, her gaze trained on Alex.

"Only both of us."

In that moment, the entire restaurant seemed to hold its breath.

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Chapter 99

Chapter 99

Kelly Kingston stood confidently on the table, her piercing gaze fixed on Sophla and Lyra.

She was once the most famous person in Vancouver.

Though she was not a model, everyone knew she could have easily been one of the top if she had chosen that path. Instead, Kelly was celebrated as the most

brilliant woman

Vancouver's history.

At just 17 years old, she graduated from the most prestigious university in the city and caught the attention of Alfred Kingston.

Alfred adopted Kelly and brought her into the Kingston Enterprise at a young age. Though not formally part of the direct family line, her association with Alfred made her a cousin to Jasmine in the public eye.

When Kelly joined Kingston Enterprise, newspapers couldn't stop raving about her brilliance and hailed her as a prodigy in her field.

Everyone knew she was one of Alfred Kingston's most trusted confidants.

"Miss Kelly," Sophia quickly stood up, her voice tinged with both surprise and respect. "What brings you here?"

"I need to borrow Alex, if you don't mind," Kelly said, her tone cold and detached, yet magnetic.

Her beauty, framed by her sharp gaze and glasses, made people feel both charmed and awestruck. "What's the problem?" Alex asked, still seated.

Kelly gracefully walked to his side, leaned down, and whispered something in his ear.

Alex's expression shifted instantly, turning serious.

"Alright, guys," Alex said as he stood up. "I need to go with her. See you around, Lyra and Sophia. Sorry, I can't take you home."

"Wait, Kelly" Lyra suddenly interrupted, her tone firm as she stepped forward. "You have to queue like everyone else if you want to take Alex."

Kelly turned to Lyra, her gaze sharp and unwavering. "I heard what you said. If we're talking about queues, I believe I'm first in line before anyone here."

"What does that mean?" Lyra asked, her brows furrowing.

"Nothing," Kelly replied, her voice icy, as she walked toward the entrance.

"Sorry, we'll talk later," Alex said, following Kelly outside.

"What is all this about?" Lyra muttered, sitting back down at the table, her eyes locking on Sophia.

"This is all because of you," Lyra added. her tone a mix of annoyance and blame. "She just swooped in and took Alex. If you hadn't hesitated so long, none of this would've happened. Doubt kills more dreams than failure ever will."

"Calm down," Marco added, leaning back in his chair. "She's probably just offering him a security job or something."

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Chapter 99

"Do you really think it's that simple?" Lyra snapped, narrowing her eyes,

"It looks like that to me," Marco said with a smirk. "Kelly probably saying, 'I'll give you a job as a security guard if you follow me around like my loyal dog.'" He chuckled, trying to be funny.

"And Alex can't help but follow, desperate as he is for any kind of job," he added with a shrug.

"Whatever makes you happy," Lyra muttered, crossing her arms and glancing toward the entrance, her irritation evident.

"Envy is the art of counting the other fellow's blessings instead of your own."

"Come on, he'll come back later," Marco said nonchalantly

Sophia looked at Marco. He was the one who had helped her with her loan problem, the man she trusted.

"You're right, Marco. Let's have our dinner. He's not going anywhere."

Lyra sighed, finally picking up the menu. "Sophia, you're about to lose something so precious, and you don't even realize it."

"What?" Sophia frowned, confused.

"Nothing. Just stay like this," Lyra said flatly. "I don't want to add to my competition."

Marco's gaze shifted to Sophia.

He was determined-no matter the cost, he had to win her over.

This woman, for some reason, clearly liked him, and he couldn't afford to miss the opportunity.

'You have to strike while the iron's hot.'

As for Alex, Marco thought with a smirk, maybe he could ask Cathy Black to send someone from the black Syndicate to turn him into dog food to smooth things out.

Outside, a brisk breeze rippled through the dimly lit parking lot.

Kelly spun toward Alex and, to his surprise, gave a respectful bow.

"I apologize for being so abrupt inside, sir. Master Alfred instructed me to keep you a low profile in public."

"He's right," Alex replied.

"While Mr. Alfred Kingston is away from Vancouver, I'll be managing all Kingswell operations and reporting directly to you," Kelly continued, her voice steady and professional.

"I never knew you were part of Kingswell," Alex said, his brows raised as he looked at Kelly with newfound curiosity.

"I've been part of Kingswell since I was seven," Kelly answered calmly.

Alex studied her for a beat. "Would you mind telling me about your past?"

Kelly's eyes flashed with caution. "Is that a request as my superior, or just personal interest?"

"Personal," Alex said gently. "You don't have to tell me if you don't want to." She shook her head. "I'd prefer not to."

She then pivoted to the matter at hand.

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Chapter G9

"Sir, about the man found in that apartment-Kingswell operatives discovered a hidden message coded beneath his skin during his treatment.

"What does it say?" Alex asked, intrigued.

Kelly handed him a folded piece of paper. As Alex read it, his expression hardened in shock.

"Alexander, forget about me and your past if you haven't reached level 120,"

Level 120. The words felt like a warning

Most ordinary humans hovered between levels 1 and 50.

Above 50, one was considered superhuman.

Hitting 100 could put one on par with world leaders.

But 120? Even Alex hadn't achieved that.

He swallowed hard. "So he's telling me not to come after him-or not to dig into the past-until I'm that strong."

Kelly nodded, empathy flickering in her eyes. "He's severely wounded. At level 110, we can't properly treat him here. We need the capital's advanced facilities, plus the best medical herbs, to keep him alive."

A guard at level 110-a step above Alex. Dark questions rattled in Alex's mind. What kind of enemies-or friends did his past involve?

They were all much bigger than him.

"Take him to the capital," he said at last. "Make sure no one else learns of him."

"Yes, sir," Kelly agreed.

Suddenly, the hum of rotor blades cut through the air as a helicopter descended onto the nearby restaurant empty park. 1

Inside the restaurant, Lyra and Sophia watched with wide eyes, clearly baffled at the sight.

"Why does it look like Kelly's treating Alex as her boss?" Lyra asked, squinting through the glass.

Marco let out a loud, dismissive laugh. "Come on, Lyra. Don't let your imagination run wild. That guy-her boss? Love really has you delusional."

And yet, outside, Kelly was giving Alex the deference due to someone far above her station.

As the helicopter door slid open, she ushered him in with the kind of quiet respect that comes from serious power dynamics.

Seconds later, the roaring blades lifted them both into the night sky-leaving behind a swirl of questions that none of the onlookers inside could begin to answer.

The Almighty Dominance

Chapter 100[891 words]

Chapter 100

Chapter 100

A helicopter touched down on the airport runway, where a sleek private jet waited with its engines softly humming.

As the rotors slowed, Kelly Kingston led Alex across the tarmac.

Her posture was poised, her gaze focused.

"The old man's already inside," Kelly said, her tone calm yet purposeful.

Around the jet, Kingswell personnel snapped to attention, saluting Alex.

One young recruit, stared in awe, still grappling with rumors that Alex was an elite figure in the organization-handpicked by the King himself.

And there stood Kelly, the so-called "Cold Goddess of Kingswell."

Her brilliance and beauty wer the stuff of legends, making her the dream of many men.

The young recruit wasn't immune-his secret stash of Kelly's photographs, carefully clipped from online newspapers and magazines, was proof enough.

And he wasn't the only one.

Inside the jet, Alex found the old man resting on a makeshift hospital bed.

Although the man's face was peaceful, Alex knew the stillness belied his true condition.

"He's improving," Alex murmured, though frustration flickered in his eyes.

www

Despite all his skill, he couldn't heal the man. The reality was humbling: the old man was at a higher level than Alex.

Alex had lingered at Level 99 for three years, seemingly blocked by an invisible barrier.

Months ago, his master the immortal sage said, "Go to Vancouver. You'll meet your wife and find the old guard who holds your secret."

So, Alex had gone, only to have that marriage fall apart. Now here lay the old guard himself, unconscious and frail.

The plane's engines roared as it took off into the night sky.

Alex placed his hand on the man's arm once again, trying to channel his energy.

But it felt as though the old man's body was an endless void, soaking up every bit of Alex's strength without returning any sign

of progress.

For an hour, Alex refused to quit, each minute draining him further.

A bead of sweat slipped down his forehead-then a gentle hand swept it away.

"You need to rest," a soft voice said.

He turned to see Kelly, her icy demeanor thawed by genuine concern.

He blinked, caught off-guard. "Why do you care about me?"

Her composure returned with a snap, her gaze turning glacial again.

"You're my boss," she replied, stepping back.

She paused, half-turned away. "Sir, are you sure you want to save him?" she asked quietly. "It could be dangerous."

"He's the only link to my past," Alex said, exhaling slowly.

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Chapter 100

"Sometimes," Kelly murmured, a flicker of sadness crossing her features, "it's better to forget."

Alex shook his head. "Without my past, I'm just a ghost." He studied Kelly's face.

"Do you know something about me? Something you're not telling me?"

Her expression went rigid. "No," she said firmly.

But he could sense the lie.

Just then, an explosion rocked the plane, followed by a violent shudder.

Over the intercom, the pilot's voice rang out, tense and urgent: "We're under attack by an unidentified aircraft! Please secure yourselves; we're taking evasive action."

Flashes of light and thunderous booms rattled the fuselage.

Kelly hurried to lock the old man's bed in place while Alex strode through the chaos without bothering to buckle in, as if turbulence meant nothing to him.

Another detonation shook the jet, causing the lights to flicker.

Kelly braced herself, one hand gripping the bed frame.

Alex kept moving, he slipped into the plane's rear section, checking the live camera feed.

A black aircraft, barely visible against the dark sky, was launching a barrage of missiles.

The Kingswell jet's countermeasures sprang into action, intercepting some rockets in dazzling bursts, but others rocked them

hard.

"That's no ordinary plane," Alex muttered, eyes narrowed. "It's military-grade." From inside the cabin, the tension was palpable.

Sparks showered from overhead panels, and the engines groaned ominously.

elly, keeping her composure, made sure each recruit was strapped in, then met Alex's gaze across the dim, flashing cabin.

"What now?" she shouted above the roar.

Alex glanced at the feed again. "We can't outrun it. This plane has maybe five minutes left before we're done."

A fresh hit shook the aircraft. Alarms blared, and emergency lights flickered.

"Grab the survival gear and prepare to bail!" Alex ordered. "We're abandoning ship."

Kelly wavered, her usual chill cracking with a flicker of concern. "You're not staying behind-

"I'll buy time," he said, voice hard. "Get him"-he nodded to the old man-

She opened her mouth in protest, then thought better of it.

"to safety. That's an order."

"Understood." Her eyes burned with frustration and respect as she pivoted to the old man's bedside.

Alex pushed his way to the cockpit, where the pilots fought to keep the plane steady.

Placing a steadying hand on the lead pilot's shoulder, he said, "Take us down to jump altitude. Once the crew's out, I'll handle the rest."

The pilot nodded, beads of sweat glistening on his brow.

Another round of missiles tore into the tail section, jolting everyone forward.

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Chapter 100

"Start evacuating now!" Alex yelled, glancing at the pilot. "You too"

"But" the pilot began to protest.

"I'll handle the plane while you evacuate!" Alex interrupted firmly

"Sir-"

"This is an order!" Alex snapped.

"Yes, sir!" the pilot responded, reluctantly obeying.

Alex gripped the controls tightly, adrenaline surging through his veins.

"If this is where it ends," he muttered under his breath, "then I'm taking that damn plane down with me."

In the main cabin, chaos ruled as the team prepared to jump.

Alex's voice cut through the clamor one last time, resolute and commanding:

"Go! Now!"

And with that, they began to exit into the swirling darkness-each of them knowing

that this might be their final mission, each placing their trust in the man who refused to let them fall.

Today's Bonus Offer