



## Chapter 0017

"A mahogany casket?!" The entire banquet hall was in shock.

What was Alexander thinking, giving Donovan a birthday gift like this?! If he showed no repentance, Donovan would never show mercy!

Donovan's face was so ashen that everyone thought he might have a heart attack.

"You are out of your mind, Alexander!" Donovan roared, his face contorted in anger.

What a way to ruin his seventieth birthday. The feast had not even begun, and Alexander had completely disrupted it. This was simply unacceptable!

Alexander would pay for this! 1

"Sir Chesire, it seems you're quite fond of this mahogany casket," mused Alexander as he stared at Donovan's livid expression proudly. Then, he continued, "My wife and my daughter suffered for five years. After years of military service defending the North, I'm finally back. How do you feel about that? Donovan, it's your turn to speak!"

Donovan was fuming, trembling as he shouted, "You're outrageous! Alexander, do you really think I won't kill you?"

Around him, many of the Chesire family relatives, as well as

the closest guests, joined in with accusations and berated Alexander.

"Alexander, you've gone too far!"

"Disrespecting someone in a higher position is a crime that deserves death!"

"Mister Dorvall, you have to say something. How should we deal with Alexander? We can't let him leave here alive!"

Herbert had an evil grin on his face and spoke with a stern tone, "Alexander, you—" 1

"I haven't settled my score with you yet!" Alexander turned to Herbert, his gaze cold, and said, "You and Zoe are truly despicable! Olivia's fifth birthday is in seven days, and I want both you and Zoe to kneel at the entrance during her birthday banquet and bow a thousand times, begging for her forgiveness. Otherwise, I'll annihilate the entire Dorvall family!"

Herbert was furious.

Donovan punched the main banquet table, and his temper was on the verge of boiling over.

The guests stared at Alexander incredulously as if they were seeing this man for the first time.

Alexander was insane, and genuinely so!

Setting a seven-day ultimatum for Herbert, gifting Donovan

a mahogany casket, and threatening to wipe out the entire Dorvall family?

He had gone beyond madness; he was a complete lunatic!

Amber desperately tugged at Alexander's sleeve as tears streamed down her face.

'Alex, don't you realize what you're doing? It's too late to apologize now; even kneeling and begging won't work! We could've talked it out and found a solution together. Why... Why are you so foolish?!

"I've said what I need to," Alexander continued, ignoring the judging gazes around him and seemingly unfazed. "Remember, your fate is in your own hands. The deadline is just seven days!"

With that, Alexander immediately left, holding the pale-faced Olivia in his arms and Amber.

Herbert's eyes were bloodshot, and he growled, "Alexander!"

The family of three had already exited the grand banquet hall, taken the elevator down, and walked out of the hotel's main entrance.

The warm sunlight shone brightly, and everything seemed clearer.

Maxine and the four armed guards all bowed respectfully, greeting, "M—Mister Kane, Miss Chesire. Is there anything else you'd like to command? We're at your service."

Alexander smiled at how quick-witted Maxine was. He did not need to say anything for her to naturally call him 'Mister Kane'.

He could definitely get used to the title.

Still in shock, Amber raised her trembling hands as if attempting to use sign language. 1

"Amber..." Alexander gently shook his head, reaching into his pocket and taking out the Skyflower again.

When he first brought out the Skyflower last night, Amber had covered her ears, unwilling to listen to his explanation. Even before coming to the birthday celebration, Amber was in a gloomy mood, and they shared the ride in silence.

He could finally reveal this unique flower to his beloved Amber.

It was not to show off. It was a gesture of love and, most importantly, a ray of hope for Amber to speak again.

"This flower can help your throat recover, allowing you to regain your voice," Alexander explained as he held the flower stem carefully and placed it into Amber's hands. His eyes were filled with boundless affection as he added, "Don't worry; trust me. We're going to the hospital now. In no more than two hours, I want to hear you call my name."

Amber held the Skyflower and stared at this man overflowing with deep affection. Her lips moved slightly, and

her eyes gradually filled with tears. 1

'Alex... Can I really speak? Is this flower truly as miraculous as you say? I'm not sure about this, but I'm willing to give it a try!'

"Let's go!" Alexander took Amber's hand, and they both got into the limousine parked by the roadside. They headed toward Ol' Mare Hospital.

Alexander did not want to waste a single second and rushed to get Amber treated.

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Ol' Mare Hospital was on lockdown, with more than 500 heavily armed elite soldiers guarding the hospital. Anyone, including the doctors, was forbidden to make noise. Besides the emergency routes for treating patients, all other entrances and exits were sealed shut.

This tight security was all for the arrival of one man—the Lord of War, Alexander.

Zachary Kramer, the hospital's director, accompanied by two assistant directors and several highly respected senior doctors from the ENT department, approached a soldier cautiously.

With a forced smile, Zachary asked, "May I ask which division you belong to and who the commanding officer is? What exactly is the Temple of War? We've never heard of it

before."

