

His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar

#Chapter 252 – 300

Read His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar

Chapter 252

Chapter 0252

If this had been the same Alexander from earlier, Manager Jencks would not have given him a second thought. However, then, Alexander's words held a weight he could not ignore.

"Mister Jackman!"

Manager Jencks fumbled for his cell phone, his voice quivering. "Trouble at the plant! Our waste disposal isn't up to code, and someone's demanding justice for the Chesire estate. If we don't...they're threatening to take

down the Jackman family!"

Hmm?

The line went dead for a tense few seconds before a chilling laugh echoed. "Waste disposal? Some folks really don't know how the world works, picking a fight with the Jackmans.

"He wants a scene... Alright, let's give him a show!"

The call ended with a decisive click.

"Sir?"

Still in Alexander's grip, Manager Jencks managed a weak smile. "I've made the call. Maybe you could...let go now?"

Alexander scoffed and tossed him aside, then stood with Asher in silent anticipation.

Half an hour later, the roar of a helicopter sliced through the silence, landing with precision at the Jackman factory gates.

The sound of footsteps followed as a young man in a laid-back suit, flanked by four muscular guards, stepped out. He gave Manager Jencks a dismissive glance, then turned a sly smile on Alexander. "You're the one after the Chesire estate?"

His eyes roamed, landing on a shiny red Porsche nearby, and he chuckled. "Nice car. Didn't peg you for someone with taste. However..."

Glancing back at his private jet with a smug grin, he boasted, "Who can talk about having a fortune in front of the Jackmans? They're nothing but insignificant bugs!"

Alexander ignored the show-off, his eyes steady and serene. "Cut the chatter. You're here, so let's hear it. How do you plan to deal with the factory's pollution?"

It was all about the money, was it not?

"Bring it on!"

The young man sneered and gestured with a flick of his wrist. "Show him the money. Open his eyes!"

Four muscular bodyguards headed back to the chopper, each hauling a pair of suitcases. They flipped them open nonchalantly, revealing stacks of cash—each suitcase stuffed with at least 75000 dollars.

+15 BONOS

"This is how | solve problems."

He tilted his chin up, a mocking smile on his lips. "The villagers are sick, right? Then throw money at the problem! I'm not here to waste words. Take the cash and get lost!"

He waved dismissively once more.

The bodyguards exchanged glances, hoisted the suitcases, and hurled them into the air. The cash exploded outwards, a torrential downpour of banknotes, engulfing Alexander and Asher in a cascade of currency.

Laughing wildly, Mister Jackman watched the spectacle. "My money doesn't come easy. You want a payout? Then get down on your knees and pick it up, bill by bill!"

As the money continued to flutter down, Alexander looked up, his expression unchanging, his voice then carrying a chill. "Money can be a blessing. Use it right, and it can ward off disaster. Use it wrong, and it can destroy everything you have.

"It's clear you're the latter type!"

With those words, his right hand snapped with a sudden force.

The bill, poised to fall, froze mid-flight before it rocketed forward, slicing through the air with the sharpness of a thrown dagger. Its whistling cut so swiftly that it was invisible to the eye. It slammed into Mister Jackman

with a series of hisses.

The bill was as lethal as a blade.

Mister Jackman did not even try to dodge. He screamed, a sound of pure agony, as his pricey designer suit was effortlessly slashed to ribbons by the flying money, his body instantly soaked in blood.

In a single strike, he was critically wounded, teetering on the brink of death.

Mister Jackman's face had been twisted with smugness just moments ago. He was then rendered into a mangled mess, crumpled on the ground. Writhing and howling, his body was a map of pain with no refuge in

sight. "Mister Jackman!"

The four bodyguards were petrified where they stood, too terrified to move.

They had good reason to be scared.

Those men, protectors of the Jackman family, had witnessed true martial arts masters. However, not even the revered Grandmaster, supported by the Jackmans, could unleash such a fearsome power.

Banknotes turning into airborne weapons?

Who was this enigmatic young man behind the wheel of a Porsche?!

Chapter 0253

"You're not going to die."

Alexander looked down at Mister Jackman, who was sprawled on the ground, his cries of pain filling the air.

He held back from further attacks.

He ignored the four bodyguards and Asher nearby, his voice steady. "I've made it clear. Either make a sincere

offer of compensation, or I'll bring down your entire Jackman family.

"Sincerity means following through: A hundred fifty thousand dollars in compensation for each villager, and

the factory shuts down today, with me taking charge.

"In this deal, your Jackman family is getting off easy."

Mister Jackman writhed in agony on the ground, his voice raw from screaming, his words laced with venom

and fury. "You dare to strike me?! You actually dare... Do you have any idea who I am?!
"I'm Matthew, the third son of the Jackman family, and my elder brother is a legend in
the fighters community
up north-Leandro, ranked eighty-third among the Chart of Fighters!
"How dare you disrespect my family. How dare you hurt me like this! My brother will
make you pay! The Jackman family don't

take this lying down!"

The name Leandro meant nothing to Alexander. After all...
Whether it was some hotshot from the Jackman family or even the big boss himself,
none of them were worth a second glance in
front of the Lord of War.
"Finished with your little speech?"
Alexander looked at Matthew icily. "I gave you your chance, and you wasted it. I've got
no mercy for those who
miss their shot."
With those words, he stomped lightly.
The ground shattered like glass, and the flying debris zoomed like bullets, ready to end
Matthew's life.
In that split second...
"Mister Jackman!"
Four bodyguards, eyes wide with terror, leaped in front of Matthew, shielding him with
their bodies. "Please, hold back your
wrath! Even if not for our sake, then for decency's sake, spare us!" they pleaded to
Alexander. 'We'll make it right!"
However, their cries did not stop the stones from hitting home.
The four muscular guards, built like tanks, were as fragile as paper mache against the
flying shards. Bones snapped like twigs,

and it was impossible to count how many were broken. One guard was killed instantly,
his head obliterated by the stony assault.

+15 BONOS

"Alex..."

Next to Alexander, Asher was paralyzed with fear, shaking uncontrollably, his heart
racing to a stop at the horrific sight.
He had pegged Alex as nothing more than Amber's kept man, a pretty face with no real
talent, living off his wife's family.
He finally learned the truth. Alex was a force to be reckoned with. He did not even flinch
when taking down the young master of
the northern Jackman family. With just a few swift moves, he laid waste to those tough-
looking bodyguards.
Was he even human?
He was more like a demon straight out of hell, an unbeatable tyrant!

'Asher.'

Without raising his hand again, Alexander ignored the groans of the bodyguards and Matthew on the ground.

He turned to Asher, offering a slight smile. "You represent the Chesire family estate. It's your call. Should they pay up, or should we end them right here?"

Asher was shaking like a leaf, swallowing hard, his voice quivering, "Alex, maybe we shouldn't kill. I'm scared!

The villagers need money for healthcare. Let's have them pay instead."

Money as compensation? That sounded good.

Alexander's eyes landed on one of the less injured Jackman family bodyguards, and he spoke in a low voice, "The Jackman

family will cover all the losses suffered by the villagers of the Chesire family estate.

"We'll sort out the rest later. For now, get a hundred fifty million dollars ready, to be split among the villagers' accounts.

"Otherwise, there will be no forgiveness."

Chapter 0254

A sleek Maserati with a northern tag eased to a halt on the fresh asphalt of the ring road encircling the New Chesire Group's

burgeoning industrial park, nestled in the northern outskirts of Ol' Mare.

A young man in a crisp white T-shirt emerged from the vehicle, his gaze sweeping over the park, a confident

smirk playing at the edge of his lips.

He was Leandro, the scion of one of the mighty northern clans, the Jackman family.

The Jackman family had dispatched a mere six people to Ol' Mare, and Leandro was among that elite group.

His mission? To seize control of New Chesire Group and claim their pharmaceutical sensation, 'One Life', for his own.

"The boss of New Chesire Group is Amber, isn't she?"

Approaching the park's gate, Leandro peered inside, a low laugh escaping him. "Rumor has it she's Ol' Mare's

reigning beauty. Gorgeous and gifted, yet she's saddled herself with a deadbeat husband...

"Ah, that's right. The washed-up nobody, Alexander, right?"

The middle-aged chauffeur, who had been driving, promptly bowed, his tone steeped in deference. "Indeed!

However, sir, Alexander might not be the loser the gossip suggests. The Ellis family's downfall, the Hart's

uprooting-it's all linked to him. If..."

"No 'ifs' about it." Leandro cut him off, his lips twisting into a sneer. "Whatever his skills, he's nothing but a has

-been soldier in my book. A mere trifle!”

The chauffeur dipped his head, a mix of respect and fear etched on his face.

While the rest of the world might be clueless, he knew the score all too well. The Jackman family’s second son, not even thirty, and already a marvel in the fighters’ community. On this year’s Regulus Windsur Chart of Fighters, he snagged the eighty-third spot—a spot that should not be underestimated! Those who could make it onto the fighters’ ranking were at least Grandmasters at the pinnacle of energy transformation. To secure a spot among the top one hundred fighters took more than just physical strength; they also needed a lethal technique that ordinary individuals found hard to predict. Such a skill set enabled one to effortlessly defeat even those at the peak of ordinary energy transformation.

Those individuals were the true powerhouses of Regulus Windsur back then!

“Alright, enough chit-chat. Time for business.”

Leandro waved his hand haughtily. “Get Amber on the line. Tell her to hand over New Chesire Group and the

One Life formula to the Jackman family, no funny business.

“And make it clear—if she even thinks about saying no, she’ll get a taste of what a Chart of Fighters big shot can do!”

The chauffeur wasted no time, whipping out his phone to call Amber.

+15 BONOS

However, as the screen came to life, it buzzed with an incoming call that was all too familiar.

“Mister Jackman?”

Caught off-guard, the driver quickly picked up. “Mister Jackman, I...”

“Mister Yaron Scott!”

Down at the base of Abason Mountains, right outside the gates of the Jackman pharmaceutical plant, a bloodied Jackman family bodyguard clutched Matthew’s phone, his voice filled with despair. “Are you with Mister Leandro Jackman? Quick, put him on the

line—it’s an emergency!”

An emergency?

The middle-aged chauffeur’s complexion shifted subtly as he hastily passed the cell phone to Leandro, his face etched with anxiety. “Mister Leandro Jackman, it’s Basil, the Mister Matthew Jackman’s bodyguard. There’s trouble at the pharmaceutical plant!”

Leandro arched an eyebrow, snatching the phone from the driver. “What’s all this commotion about? Out with it!” he demanded irritably.

“Mister Leandro Jackman!”

The battered Jackman family bodyguard glanced at Alexander before speaking with trepidation, "Our factory's been dumping waste illegally, and now the villagers on the Cheshire estate are falling ill. They're at our door demanding compensation..."

He detailed the entire ordeal, particularly Alexander's skillful and surprising method of using money as a weapon.

"Hmm?" Leandro's eyes sparkled with intrigue.

Using cash as a weapon? That was novel.

"If he's a fellow fighter, we can handle this the old-fashioned way."

A sly grin spread across Leandro's face as he sneered, "Let him know, picking a fight with a heavyweight, with the Jackman family of the north, means courting death!

"He can either grovel for Matthew's forgiveness until he's content or disappear from my sight!"

At the factory gates, the bodyguard shuddered, his expression pitiful. "Mister Leandro Jackman, we've already

revealed your identity to him, but he just scoffed. He said..."

Leandro's stare turned frosty. "Enough stalling. What else did he say?!"

The bodyguard hurriedly continued, his voice breaking. "He demanded a compensation of a hundred fifty million dollars for the villagers, or he threatened to annihilate our Jackman family!"

Leandro let out a scornful chuckle, his laughter tinged with fury as he crushed the phone in his grip and strode toward the sleek

Maserati parked nearby.

"Yaron, let's go! The nerve of some people, threatening the Jackman family? I'll deal with him myself!"

Chapter 0255

As the story unfolded, time marched relentlessly on.

Outside Jackman's Pharma, Matthew lay in a pool of his own blood. The gashes from Alexander's lethal cash

no longer bled, but his breaths were shallow and desperate.

Nearby, one of his four bodyguards was down to his last breaths too, his head a gruesome mess from

Alexander's handiwork, flies buzzing in a frenzy that sent shivers down his spine.

"Kid, you..." Despite his fading strength, Matthew's glare was murderous. "Don't get cocky. My big brother is on his way, and he's

a beast. Ranked eighty-three in the Chart of Fighters, he'll take you out with ease!

"To insult the Jackman family is to sign your death warrant. Even if you're tough as nails, you're a dead man walking!"

Alexander stood a stone's throw away indifferently, and he looked at Matthew like he was already a goner.

To the average Joe, Matthew was untouchable royalty, the Jackman family's golden boy. To Alexander, the War Temple's top dog, he was just another bug to squash.

The screech of tires ripped through the silence.
A sleek Maserati skidded to a halt in the plaza, and out stepped a smirking Leandro in his fancy Croc shoes. He sauntered over.
Each step was measured, a perfect rhythm. He walked like a man charging up for battle, his presence alone enough to make even the toughest fighters think twice.
Ranked eighty-three and not to be messed with, Leandro was a force of nature.
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“Big bro!” Matthew’s eyes sparkled with hope as he watched his savior stride closer. He pointed at Alexander with a wild look in his eyes, screaming, “Don’t bother talking, just kill him! He had the nerve to hurt me like this, to insult the Jackman family, he’s got to pay with his life!” Leandro did not even bother to look at his disgrace of a brother. He stopped a few yards away from Alexander with a sinister smirk. “So you’re the one stirring up trouble at the drug factory, huh?” Alexander’s face remained impassive as he calmly stated, “Compensation.”
Compensation?
“I don’t waste my time on nobodies.”
Leandro casually rotated his wrist, the smirk growing more pronounced. “Ever since I made the Chart of Fighters, it’s been ages since I’ve had to lift a finger. You must be pretty skilled to hurt people with cash, definitely at the peak of energy transformation...
Ha, the thought of taking down a top-tier Grandmaster myself? I’ve got to admit, it’s kind of thrilling.”
Alexander let out a slow breath, shaking his head with a wry smile. “You...”
+15 BONOS
Before he could finish, Asher next to him had gone ghostly white, shaking like a leaf in the face of Leandro’s overwhelming presence.
“Alex!”

Asher gripped Alexander’s arm, quivering. “Let’s just drop it, okay? We’ll head back to the village. You can explain to Amber, and we won’t drag you into our village mess anymore. The Jackman family from up north... are out of our league.”
As he spoke, he tried to pull Alexander away, aiming to retreat to the Chesire family grounds.
Alex? Amber?
Leandro’s ears perked up, his eyes lighting up with recognition. “Oh! So you’re the guy Amber married, the

washed-up soldier, Alexander?”

Alexander stood firm as if his feet were planted in the earth, unyielding to Asher’s desperate pulling.

Looking straight at Leandro, he smiled and said, “So you knew it was me. What’s it to you?”

“Well, if it’s you, that makes things easier!”

Leandro clasped his hands together, his knuckles popping loudly as a visible swirl of white energy surged

around his fingertips. “I was going to have a little talk with Amber, convince her to hand over New Chesire

Group without a fuss. Looks like I can skip that now,” he remarked arrogantly.

With those words, he whipped his right hand out, sending five razor-sharp inner power slicing through the air,

effortlessly blasting apart the metal sliding gate of the drug factory yards away.

A calculated smirk spread across his face as he said, “Get Amber on the phone. Tell her to get the transfer

papers ready and bring them to me herself. Otherwise, she and the Chesire family will end up just like that

gate!”

Alexander chuckled.

The outward projection of energy transformation was the exclusive symbol of elite fighters on the chart. It signified that these

formidable fighters possessed long-range attack capabilities, with firepower rivaling that of standard small-caliber firearms.

Take, for example, the warriors under the Lord of War Temple—each of the 108 battle-tested individuals

wielded such abilities. However, due to their military status, they did not enter the ranking on the Chart of Fighters, and their

identities were kept strictly confidential, unknown to the general public.

If one were to rank them, though...

Even the least powerful among these fighters could effortlessly defeat the so-called number one on the Chart of Fighters.

“Though it might be in vain, I still feel compelled to offer you a word of advice,” said Alexander.

He gazed at Leandro, his smile barely there. “Opportunities don’t come knocking every day. Miss this one, and you’ll live to

regret it.

+15 BONOS

“Before you act, consider this your final chance. Compensate the villagers of the Chesire estate fairly, and I’ll let you live. Just

make sure you never set foot in Ol’ Mare again.

“If you’re set on coming at me, I’ve got some bad news for you, buddy—you’re as good as dead!”

Chapter 0256

'As good as dead'?

The moment Alexander's challenge hit the air, Leandro laughed maniacally, wild and unrestrained.

There he stood, the proud second son of the Jackman dynasty, not even thirty and already ranked eighty-third among the Chart of Fighters.

Even the seasoned fighters of the northern realms felt small in his shadow. Since his youth, he had been the golden boy, one of the mightiest in his powerful clan.

The Jackman family was a northern powerhouse thanks to bruisers like him and, of course, his own iron-fisted ways.

"It's been ages since anyone's had the guts to talk big in front of me!"

Leandro's laughter faded, and he eyed Alexander with a sneer. "So, I hear you're the one who took down the Ellis family and brought the Hart dynasty to its knees?"

"Let me clue you in: Next to my Jackman family, those families are small fry, not even worth mentioning!"

"Think you can mess with the Ellis and Harts and then step to the Jackman family?"

You're dreaming! And it's

not just you-even the mighty New Chesire Group is just a bug waiting to be squashed under the Jackman boot!"

Alexander just shook his head, slow and deliberate.

Enough with the chit-chat. There was no point in wasting more words on the so-called 'second son.' He had his chance and blew it.

"Once you're out of the picture, Ol' Mare, Woolpackton, Tormora-all those underground rackets are mine for the taking!"

Watching Alexander's nonchalant shake, Leandro's smirk grew wider, his hands a blur as he prepared to strike. "You first. Then tomorrow, Amber... But before she dies, I'll have to indulge in Ol' Mare's finest beauty. Can't wait to savor that," he cackled with anticipation.

With that, he lunged forward, ready to strike.

He was number eighty-three on the Chart of Fighters, a force more daunting than their average Grandmaster. In the blink of an eye, as he launched his attack, his figure turned hazy, his right hand seeming to grip an invisible force, creating a sharp, metallic screech as it sliced through the air.

Quicker than a flash.

In that split second, Leandro's right hand might as well have been forged of steel, his fingertips gleaming with a brilliant, metallic

shine. With a speed that defied sight, he struck at Alexander's chest with a claw-like blow.

"Chart of Fighters eighty-third? Nothing but an empty title!"

Alexander remained unshaken, his right thumb leisurely rising, lightly pressing against the center of Leandro's

1/3

His move was a paradox-slow to the eye, yet swift beyond measure. Even Asher, who knew nothing of fighters, could see the move clearly but could not grasp its intricate mastery.

The counterattack was a masterstroke, a delayed action that preempted the initial strike, a single point shattering the whole.

To the onlookers, Alexander's finger was like a pre-set trap. Leandro's palm, with deadly precision, smashed right into it. The clash was like metal on metal, a chilling sound that echoed the impact.

Then came a sharp hiss, and blood flew in all directions.

Leandro's palm, tougher than any ordinary metal, was impaled by Alexander's lone finger, bone and blood

erupting in a gruesome spectacle that covered his face.

"Bro. Brother!"

On the ground, Matthew, previously menacing, then stared with eyes wide, his face a mask of disbelief.

It was not just Matthew. The Jackman family's three bodyguards, and even Asher behind Alexander, were all struck dumb, shivering uncontrollably. Their hearts pounded as if they were about to burst from their chests.

Had Alex actually won?

The Lackman family's second son...defeated?

Impossible!

"Because you're simply too weak."

Alexander pulled back his finger and with a swift flick, sent droplets of blood flying from his fingertip. He locked eyes with

Leandro, whose face twisted in anger, and asked in a hushed tone, "So, do you regret letting

that chance slip by?"

Leandro's eyes were red with fury. He gripped his wounded right hand with his left, blood rhythmically dripping down. His face

contorted in pain, teeth grinding audibly. "You shattered my best move in one go...

Alexander,

you're ruthless!"

He spun on his heel, barking out, "Yaron!"

Nearby, the driver Yaron scurried from the sleek Maserati, his voice shaking, "Mister Leandro Jackman,

what's..."

“Pay up!”

Leandro glared at Alexander, seething. “Do as he says. Whatever he asks, the Jackman family will pay.”

Yaron nodded frantically, managing a nervous grin, and turned to Alexander with a bow.

“Mister Kane, just name your price, the Jackman family will...”

“You’ve got it all wrong.”

Alexander cut him off with a dismissive shake of his head, “I offered compensation before we started. You

2/3

His voice dropped to a chilling whisper, “I told you, you’re a dead man.”

Chapter 0257

When Alexander first said to Leandro that he was ‘as good as dead’, Leandro laughed it off.

However, faced with those same words then, there was no more scoffing, only a chilling stiffness that seized his entire body.

“Polluting the land, bringing disaster to the Cheshire family’s village—that’s your first sin.”

Alexander stood tall, his two fingers raised in a chilling gesture, his voice stern and conclusive. “For insulting my wife and trying

to seize New Cheshire Group, you’ve committed your second offense.

“The penalty for such crimes is death, and death alone.”

As his words hung in the air, Alexander’s right hand unfurled slowly, a deadly energy gathering in his palm, ready to strike.

“No!”

On the ground, before Leandro could utter a word, Matthew shook violently, his voice rising in a desperate plea. “Alexander, you

can’t do this to us! We’re the sons of the Jackman family, its future leaders!

“Kill us, and the Jackman family will hunt you to the ends of the earth! We’re one of the northern powerhouses, with a legion of warriors at our beck and call! You...”

His protest was cut short.

Alexander did not let him finish. With a mere flick of his wrist, a silent, almost imperceptible force brushed across Matthew’s forehead.

A shudder ran through Matthew’s body, his last words trapped in his throat as blood trickled from his nose.

mouth, ears, and eyes, streaming down his face as life faded from his gaze.

He collapsed with a heavy thud, his body twitching briefly before falling silent.

“Is he... Is he dead?!”

Three of the Jackman family’s bodyguards were petrified, rushing to Matthew’s side.

They checked for any sign of life and broke

into loud, anguished cries. “Mister Matthew Jackman... He’s gone!”

Leandro turned as white as a ghost, his injured hand shaking with the shock of what

happened. Alexander's move had been swift and deadly, a silent reaper's stroke that claimed Matthew's life without warning. Even the top dog on the Chart of Fighters would struggle to pull off a move like that, let alone someone ranked a measly eighty-third.

"You do the crime, you do the time."

After offing Matthew, Alexander did not even flinch, treating it like he had just swatted a fly. He calmly eyed Leandro. "Big-shot

families or local toughs, none of that gives you the right to stomp on folks or run wild.

"Take that to heart-if you get a do-over."

+15 BONOS

With that, he lifted his hand, fingers snapping shut in the void.

Leandro's mouth opened to protest, but all that came out was a "no" before his head popped like a melon. under a sledgehammer, spraying a cloud of red.

He hit the ground, dead as a doornail, no twitch or shudder.

"Mister Leandro Jackman!"

The three guards and Yaron, the driver, let out heart-wrenching cries, collapsing beside the fallen brothers, sobbing like it was the end of the world.

Those guys were the brothers' right-hand men. With both gone and the Jackmans being notorious for their cutthroat ways, they were as good as dead even if Alexander had not finished them off.

Why, oh why, did they mess with Alexander? They were freaking out!

"Me, kill you? You wish."

Alexander's look was ice as he glanced over at them, "Go tell the Jackman family to send someone who actually matters to make things right for the Chesire folks. This drug plant is now under New Chesire's wing, and I'll be sending my people to take charge.

"If the Jackman family wants a piece of me, they can come to Ol' Mare. I'm not against erasing them from the map."

No longer sparing a word at the men, Alexander ushered the shell-shocked Asher into his Porsche and drove

Chapter 0258

+15 BONOS

At the Chesire homestead.

Twilight was settling in, casting long shadows across the entrance of the village. The folks of Chesire were gathered, hopefully yet worriedly. Village chief Chesire paced, his eyes scanning the northern road with growing anxiety.

"Mister Kashton Chesire."

A cherry-red Porsche rolled to a gentle stop at the crossroads. Alexander emerged,

flashing a gold-embossed card with his name on it, and offered a reassuring smile. "The pharma company has come through with compensation. Everyone can head to the hospital, and the bills are taken care of."

Next to him, Asher climbed out, his mouth opening and closing without a word. His eyes, fixed on Alexander's face, were filled with silent thanks.

He had seen it all go down and knew the truth-the Jackman family from up north had not paid a dime.

However, Alexander, or Alex as they fondly called him, stepped up to cover all the medical costs for the villagers.

A godsent aid, indeed. Alexander was nothing short of a hero to the Chesire clan.

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"Alex, I can't even begin to express my gratitude!" Kashton was clueless about the behind-the-scenes, but his thanks were endless. He paused, concerned about creasing his brow.

"Everything's squared away with the factory, right? They've dealt with the pollution problem?"

Alexander's smile did not waver.

That factory, the Jackmans' old place, was perfect for New Chesire Group's next expansion. His father-in-law, Patrick, had been

eyeing it to boost the local economy, and then it was theirs. Two wins for the price of one.

The villagers' healthcare costs? Compared to the factory's worth, it was peanuts. That was a bargain if there ever was one.

"Once we're back at Ol' Mare, I'll get the ball rolling. Training for everyone, then it's off to work at the plant."

Alexander did not waste any time with small talk. After quickly briefing Kashton, he hopped back into his Porsche, flashed a reassuring smile, and waved to the villagers. "Just hang tight for the news, folks. I'm off!"

With that, he floored the gas pedal and his car shot toward Ol' Mare like a streak of lightning.

In Ol' Mare, at the bustling headquarters of New Chesire Group, Amber was blissfully ignorant of the drama unfolding at the Chesire family estate.

New Chesire Group was on a roll. 'One Life' had taken the domestic market by storm, and the Tigerbite Herb farm in Lackspur

County was rapidly taking shape. The whole group was a hive of activity, and the Chesire family had easily clinched the title of

Ol' Mare's richest.

"Amber."

+15 BONOS

Back at the office, Alexander did not miss a beat and made a beeline for the general manager's office.

He briefed Amber on the situation at the Chesire estate, his smile easy. "A few tweaks to that pharma factory, and we'll be up and running. It'll sort out the jobs for the locals too. We can let the planning team handle it."

Amber's face went blank, her mind struggling to catch up.

Alex-killed the Jackman family's heirs in a fight and seized their factory? That was a catastrophe!

"Alex, you've... You've stirred up a hornet's nest!" Amber's eyes brimmed with panic as she faced Alexander's composed

expression. "The Jackman family aren't some minor clan you can just push around.

They're one of

the northern powerhouses, the real deal. You've... You've been way too reckless!"

Alexander just cracked a wry smile.

The Jackman family, impressive?

Two of them gone were two less to worry about. For someone like Alex, the mighty Lord of War Temple, dealing with them was

as easy as swatting flies. If he decided to take down their whole clan? Well, that would have been a walk in the park.

"I get it, you're tough," Amber said, her voice tinged with worry. "But even the bravest can be overwhelmed, and even a tiger can't stand alone against a pack of wolves."

Fear crept into Amber's thoughts, draining the color from her cheeks. "Alex, you have to promise me; no more rash moves! The

Jackman family... Just do as I say, and lay low abroad until this storm passes.

"I'll handle things here. Don't even think of coming back until you hear from me."

She reached for the office phone, her fingers trembling as she prepared to book his escape.

Alex watched her, his eyes soft with affection. Amber, his rock, was thinking only of his safety, ready to take on the Jackman

family by herself if needed. A man could not ask for a better partner.

"Amber, take a breath," he said, his hand finding hers, his smile reassuring. "The Jackman family are nothing to lose sleep over.

If you're worried about payback, I can always..."

His words were cut short by the buzz of his phone. A message.

"Huh?"

He pulled out his phone, his eyes widening at the name on the screen: Maxine.

The message from Maxine, the Duke of War, was clear. [Mr. Kane, do you have any of that ancient medicine? I have a friend

who's difficult to move, and he needs a combination of ancient and Western medicine to recover.]

Amber peered over, her surprise mirroring his. What could the Duke of War want with them?

She had met the formidable Duke of War, known to others as Maxine, and recognized the woman as Alexander's old battle buddy. However, that cryptic message-what was it about? What was this 'ancient medicine' they needed?

+15 BONOS

"I need to make a call to Maxine."

Alexander did not go into details. He patted Amber's hand reassuringly, a slight smile on his lips, and walked out of the office.

As soon as the door closed behind him, his smile vanished, replaced by a look of deep concern.

The text message he received was coded and meant something grave. 'Ancient medicine' was code for a critical issue. 'Difficult to move' was a discreet way of saying someone was held against their will possibly kidnapped. "The combination of ancient and Western medicine' was a clue that the trouble was happening on foreign soil. It was the secret language of the Lord of War's inner circle, a warning that someone of significance had run into serious trouble abroad.

Chapter 0259

"Maxine!"

Away from the CEO's office, Alexander walked to the corner of the stairs and immediately dialed Maxine's phone. "Who's in trouble? Where are they?"

Maxine worriedly replied, "My lord, we just received news half an hour ago. Blackthorn's organization has just captured a Wyverna merchant. They demand a ransom of a hundred fifty million within two days, or they'll broadcast themselves beheading him."

"Blackthorn?" Alexander slightly furrowed his brow.

This was an illegal armed force within Southwick, actually infiltrated by the influence of Umbracia. They provided weapons support, even equipped with armored vehicles and unconventional weapons. The total number of criminals exceeded 500, and their strength was not to be underestimated.

"The country's leader should handle this headache. The head of the foreign affairs department knows how to deal with it."

Alexander held his phone and said, "Remember that I've officially retired, Maxine.

Unless

something significant happens to our brothers in the Temple of War, you don't need to report small matters to me."

“My lord, this is no small matter,” Maxine replied, her voice low. “If it were an ordinary kidnapping, I wouldn’t dare bother you. However...”

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At this point, Maxine hesitated for a moment before continuing, “The target of this kidnapping seems to be your father-in-law, Patrick Chesire!”
What?!

Alexander’s brow tightened, his gaze suddenly sharp. His father-in-law, Patrick, entrusted the domestic market to Amber to manage. He took two bodyguards on a plane to Southwick, hoping to explore foreign markets and sell ‘Life One’ globally.

His first stop, it seemed, was Southwick.

“Maxine, stay on the line!” Alexander thought quickly, then immediately switched the phone screen, finding Patrick’s number and dialing it rapidly.

In just under three seconds...

‘The number you have dialed is no longer in service. Please try again later....’

Alexander’s gaze was sharp as a knife as he cut off the call.

He reestablished communication with Maxine and said in a deep voice, “Ready a fighter jet. I need to go to Southwick right away.

Also, block domestic news. We cannot let Amber and my mother-in-law know. I’m afraid they’ll worry.

“Also, inform Southwick not to act recklessly. I will save my father-in-law myself!”

+15 BONOS

“Sir, yes, sir!” replied Maxine.

Alexander said no more and swiped his finger to hang up the phone. He turned and returned to the general manager’s office.

“Alexander, are you finished with the call?” Seeing Alexander enter, Amber hurriedly approached, concerned.

How is Maxine and that friend of hers? Is that friend okay? Do you need any medicinal herbs?”

“Yeah, just a bit unsteady on his feet. Buying medicine locally will do.”

Alexander casually covered it up and, as if remembering something, smiled. “You told me to go abroad to lay low a bit, right? I

just thought about it. Dad is opening up the market in Southwick, and I can help out.”

“Oh? Well, that’s great!” Amber’s shock was replaced with joy. She immediately got to work to book a plane ticket for Alexander.

"I've already booked the ticket when I was outside." Alexander smiled, reaching out to hold Amber's delicate wrist. "Don't worry, I'll be back in a maximum of three days. Take care of yourself, and don't leave Ol' Mare unless necessary."

Amber's pretty face changed slightly. "But..."

"No arguments." Alexander's gaze was serious as he whispered, "I know what you want to say. Worried about

the Jackman family seeking revenge, right? They're nothing to worry about!"

He tenderly kissed Amber's cheek and turned, striding out of the office door.

"Alexander..." Amber followed out, watching Alexander's figure recede into the distance, her eyes filled with indescribable worry.

She prayed he would come back safely, no matter what the Jackman family would do.

Chapter 0260

About half an hour later, along the coastal outskirts of Ol' Mare, a Falcon-wing fighter jet from the north came to a slow stop in front of Alexander.

"My lord!" At the cockpit entrance, Maxine, dressed in military attire, bowed deeply to Alexander. "I lead the special operations combat team, ordered to come. All information has been sealed off, and there will be no leaks!"

"Very well." Alexander entered the cockpit and stared at the pilot's seat in front. He commanded, "Activate the army satellite and locate Patrick's phone, even if by force. I want to know the last location before his phone shuts down."

In the cockpit, two decisive pilots responded loudly in less than two minutes. "Reporting, my lord. Mr. Chesire's last location

before the shutdown was Cabros Province, Southwick, Briand City!"

Alexander wasted no time, a slow exhale escaped his lips.

"Depart!"

Across the ocean, in Southwick, Cabros Province, Briand City...

The flames of war raged.

Patrick sat in the back of a pickup truck, his head covered with a black hood, hands bound behind him. Surrounded by the sound of bullets, he trembled in fear.

"Boss, we got him here!" Two fierce thugs, one on each side, brought Patrick down from the truck and pushed him into a nearby

shabby house. Shouting at a burly man with a beard, they said, "This is the guy, wearing a watch worth over fifty thousand. He's definitely a rich man!"

The bearded man was the leader of the Blackthorn organization, nicknamed 'Vulture'.

He wore a black head scarf and a cigar in

his mouth. He shouted at Patrick, "Arlosi, saturion, casuatalida!"

He spoke the local language, Fijian.

This was a modern language developed when, in the 16th century, Horizon Reach Company brought contracts and slaves to Southwick. It was a language recognized globally and used by less than two million people worldwide. Patrick could not understand a word.

“S-Sir?” Thinking he was about to be executed, Patrick turned to look at the sturdy thug escorting him, nearly crying. “Sir, what did your boss just say? Is he going to kill me? I’m willing to pay a ransom. I have money at home!”

The thug behind him was proficient in English. He smirked, forcefully thrusting his gun into Patrick’s body.” Our boss says that if Wyverna doesn’t cough up a hundred fifty million dollars to get you back, he’ll chop off your head tomorrow and globally broadcast the beheading video!”

Patrick shivered, and everything turned black before him. Only one thought remained in his mind.

+15 BONOS

‘Alexander, my good son-in-law, I’m afraid I won’t make it back this time. Take care of Amber, Susanne, and my granddaughter Olivia. The family relies on you!’

“My lord, it’s here!”

Approximately six hours later, the sky neared complete darkness. About three kilometers from Briand City, next to a dilapidated road shrouded in smoke, Alexander clutched his phone. He gazed at the coordinates displayed on the screen, his expression darkening.

This was the last known location of his father-in-law, Patrick.

“About three kilometers northwest is Briand City. They likely held my father-in-law there.”

He looked up to the northwest. In the dim night, he observed the faint city lights and, after a moment of contemplation, ordered,

“Maxine, you and the Special Operations Team infiltrate and advance. Station yourselves on the outskirts of Briand City, keep a low profile, and wait for my command.”

Behind him, Maxine and 24 special forces members echoed in unison, “Yes!”

Alexander stood there for a moment, deleted all the confidential content from his phone, and proceeded alone toward Briand City.

About 20 minutes later, he approached the edge of the city.

Boom!

Three meters in front of him, a fist-sized crater suddenly appeared, exploding into a billow of smoke and dust.

Snipers were deployed in the distance, issuing a warning in this manner.

“Don’t shoot!” Alexander raised both hands above his head and shouted, “I’m unarmed. I’m from Wyverna. As per your request, I’ve come to negotiate for the release of a captive!”
Four bandits emerged from behind ruined walls, three carrying submachine guns and the last one holding a sniper rifle. The scope emitted an infrared aiming dot, firmly targeting Alexander’s forehead.
“What’s your name? Whom are you here to redeem?”

One bandit handed his gun to a comrade, pulled out a thick hemp rope, and bound Alexander’s hands behind his back.

Speaking in somewhat broken English, he eyed Alexander warily. “Did you bring the money? How much?”

Simultaneously, he searched Alexander thoroughly from head to toe, holding the phone in his own hand.

“You understand English? That’s great!” Alexander feigned surprise and explained, “I don’t have cash, but I have my phone. I’ll transfer the ransom via phone banking. You can check it. It’s a regular phone, no modifications.”

The bandit paused, scrutinizing Alexander’s phone carefully to ensure there were no threats. Satisfied, he returned the phone to

its place and shouted into the distance, “Aliakadu, tewalialini-tai!”

Alexander’s eyes instantly lit up.

+15 BONOS

He recognized this rare Fijian language, understood by very few. As the Lord of the Temple of War, he had some familiarity with

obscure languages, deciphering the meaning of the words clearly.

“Take him to the boss. This person is unarmed and should be here to pay Patrick’s ransom!” This was what

Alexander deciphered.

Sure enough, his father-in-law, Patrick, was in their hands.

His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar

#Chapter 261 - Read His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar Chapter 261

Chapter 0261

Around 7 p.m. that night, in the inner city of Briand City.

Over 500 fierce bandits gathered, some having dinner and others cradling firearms, patrolling the streets and alleys of the inner

city. Some thugs were responsible for guarding hostages-a dozen or so merchants from various countries around the world.

“Look, everyone! Wyverna is here to pay the ransom!”

Three bandits escorted Alexander, entering the inner city and laughing heartily. “Just asked him on the way here. He’s a son-in-

law here to rescue his father-in-law, Patrick!"

A large group of thugs gathered from all directions, teasing and mocking Alexander. Some even threw leftover food at him, laughing loudly. "What's this? A son-in-law dares to come here? Didn't you wet your pants out of fear? Haha!"

"I know, I know!" Some thugs, evidently aware of the Wyverna's situation, joined in the mockery. "Over there in the Wyverna, a son-in-law is just a freeloader. He has no status at home and gets scorned. Even if you spit on his face, he won't dare to retort!"

The surrounding bandits burst into raucous laughter. Some pushed and shoved, others stood by watching, surrounding Alexander as they entered the largest building.

Inside this building lived the leader of their organization, Vulture.

"Boss, this is the guy!"

Entering the building, a bandit pushed Alexander forward, then covered his chest with his right hand and bowed to the Vulture.

"He says he's Alexander, Patrick's son-in-law, here to pay the ransom."

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"Alexander?" Vulture sat on a wooden chair, holding a glass of white wine. He embraced a seductive blonde with blue eyes, wearing a super short skirt adorned with the Umbracian flag. She twisted and turned in Vulture's embrace, constantly throwing flirtatious glances.

He glanced at Alexander and sneered. "Speak honestly. Who sent you? Don't think I don't know that people from your Wyverna are the most cunning. If you claim to be here for a ransom, you must've sent an army. "Where's your army? Speak!"

As Vulture said this, the face of a nearby bandit changed abruptly. He suddenly pulled out a Desert Eagle, pressing the muzzle firmly against Alexander's temple. His finger was hooked on the trigger, poised to open fire.

In another part of the room, the faces of the two fierce bandits changed dramatically.

They raised their submachine guns, simultaneously pressing the barrels against Alexander's chest.

Before seeing Patrick, Alexander naturally made no attempt to resist. He pretended to be full of fear, shaking his head repeatedly

at the Vulture. "I came alone, sir, ready to pay and bring the man home.

"I have money in my phone, so I can transfer it to you first. I swear, I really have money!"

1/2.

+15 BONOS

Money? Vulture grinned and reached around the seductive woman in his arms.

“Useless trash, scared so easily with just a few

threats. No wonder you’re a son-in-law who came knocking on the door!

“Menka, go and bring Patrick here. If this kid can’t come up with a hundred fifty million, behead him and

Patrick!”

Menka was a sub-leader who spoke English. He holstered his gun at his waist and sneered at Alexander

before turning and heading toward the room where the hostages were held.

:

In the pitch-black room, Patrick and several other Wyverna businessmen were confined together. Their heads were covered with

black cloth, their backs against each other. They had not eaten for a whole day.

“Patrick, your son-in-law has come to pay your ransom!” Menka walked into the room, kicked Patrick, and

spat, “Get up, follow me!”

Patrick shuddered. His joy was swiftly overtaken by bitterness.

His good son-in-law Alexander had finally come, but what use was it?

New Chesire Group developed rapidly, but the liquid capital was very limited. Most of it was invested in

production, and the available funds on the books were less than 30 million.

The bandits had said they must see 150 million, and any less would result in beheading.

“Be safe, Mister Patrick!”

Several Wyverna businessmen were full of envy, but because their faces were covered, they could not see Patrick’s expression.

They congratulated him. “When you get out, send us a message and have the domestic side come to pay our ransom quickly!”

Patrick nodded quickly, then shouted again, “Alexander, are you there? Can you hear me? I’m coming over to

find you!”

‘Dad?’

Alexander, still in the room where Vulture was, could hear Patrick’s voice in the distance. His gaze slightly

brightened.

His tightly bound hands with hemp ropes clenched.

Chapter 0262

“Boss, he’s here!”

At the entrance guarded by the gatekeeper, Menka escorted Patrick and kicked him inside. He then walked up to Vulture and

sneered. “He was bidding farewell to those Wyverna merchants.”

Pointing at Alexander, he shouted, "I've brought the person to you, boy. Now pay up!" "Alexander?!" Wearing a hood that obscured his vision, Patrick could not see Alexander at all. His hands were tied behind him, and his voice trembled, "I'm sorry for troubling you, my boy. I should've brought more bodyguards. Amber and Susanne must be worried. I. I didn't want things to turn out this way..." The middle-aged man in his fifties cried a torrent of tears. "Dad, it's okay." The moment Alexander saw Patrick, a huge weight lifted off his heart. Alexander smoothed Patrick's back, swiftly checking his physical condition. He was well. Though Patrick was a bit weak, he had no serious injuries. His heartbeat was slightly fast, breathing somewhat hurriedly, but everything else was normal. "Your father-in-law is fine, now it's time to pay up." Sitting on a wooden chair, Vulture with the seductive woman still in his arms-smirked at Alexander. "I want to see a hundred fifty million now. Otherwise, you and your father-in-law will both lose your heads, chopped off right away!" Alexander laughed.

No longer cowering in fear, he straightened himself and gazed at Vulture with a cold smile. "Vulture, a clandestine organization with five hundred members, equipped with weapons from Umbracia. Seems like Umbracia invested quite a bit in you!" "How many of the hostages you've taken are Wyverna merchants? Besides supplying weapons, what other benefits did Umbracia give you?" "Also, the woman in your arms, who is she?" Vulture's expression shifted. Simultaneously standing up with the blonde lady in his arms, he glared at Alexander, Suddenly, he sneered. "I've long felt you weren't honest. So you're with the Wyverna military!" "Let me tell you something, Alexander: Catherine represents Umbracia. She's working with me to drive Wyverna merchants out of the Southwick market for good!" "Now that you know, what can you do? You and Patrick will both die here today!" Vulture raised his hand and shouted, "Open fire! Riddle them with bullets!" Over a dozen ruthless bandits, including three subordinates, raised their firearms simultaneously, aiming squarely at Alexander and Patrick. Their fingers were about to squeeze the triggers. "Just a hunch at first, but now..." Alexander sneered and swiftly twisted. He gave a low shout to Patrick, "Dad, +15 BONOS

Huh?

Patrick had already been frightened by their conversation. Upon hearing Alexander's words, he lunged toward

the ground like a launched projectile.

In that instant, a massive explosion, like the shattering of rocks, erupted from behind Alexander.

The sound was like the tearing of silk.

The thick hemp rope binding Alexander's hands, seemingly as fragile as straw, was torn apart by the tremendous force. A visible burst of powerful airflow erupted from his palms. It was like a shockwave from an exploding bomb, spreading out in a fan shape, instantly enveloping the entire house.

Apart from the Vulture and the blonde Umbracian girl named 'Catherine', the other thugs were violently struck by this airflow before they could react, as if colliding with a speeding train. All of them were sent flying. Blood sprayed from their mouths, mixed with many visceral fragments. They fell to the ground without a struggle, instantly dead.

"You... You..."

In the corner of the room, Vulture and Catherine were stunned.

The scene was too shocking, too terrifying, too unbelievable. This was completely beyond their imagination.

This 'Alexander' from Wyverna was frightening beyond belief. He effortlessly broke the thick hemp rope with his strength and unleashed such an astonishing palm strike!

Was that the power of a human?

It was like the explosion of a kilogram of dynamite, creating a shockwave too fierce, too powerful, killing all his comrades under his command without leaving a single survivor!

This was simply beyond human capability!

"Do you know why I didn't kill you?"

Alexander withdrew his hand, not even bothering to look at the corpses scattered around the room.

He helped Patrick up from the ground and casually said, "Umbracia has been hostile to the Wyverna for a long time, and there

are quite a few who work for them. You're not the first, and you won't be the last.

"What other conspiracies do they have? How much do you know? Speak, and leave no details!"

As he spoke, he took out his phone from his pocket and swiftly texted Maxine.

[Move out!]

Chapter 0263

Vulture and Catherine were under the control of Alexander, and the fierce bandits outside dared not confront them, only shouting from outside.

Maxine and the special forces encountered little resistance as they effortlessly broke through to the core of the city like an

unstoppable force.

The situation was completely one-sided.

“Dad, our men from Wyverna have arrived.”

Alexander untied the bindings on Patrick, removed his hood, and introduced the identities of Maxine and the special forces. He

smiled and said, “They are all my former comrades. It wasn’t easy to bring them here. From now on, please be careful. Don’t get kidnapped by lawless men again.”

Patrick looked ashamed. He repeatedly expressed his gratitude to Maxine and others, feeling indescribably comforted.

He thanked his lucky stars that he had Alexander.

“Alexander, there are still a few brothers locked up in that house over there. They are businessmen from Wyverna.”

After expressing gratitude, Patrick pointed to a nearby house and urged, “Please ask your comrades to rescue them. Since the

bandits have surrendered, it’s an easy task!”

“Don’t sweat it. Dad.” Alexander smiled slightly and explained, “They still need to provide some testimony to assist in the investigation. I’ve retired, and it’s not appropriate for me to get involved in these matters.”

Alexander

y gave Maxine a glance.

Maxine understood and raised her hand gently, saying, “Men, escort Mister Chesire back to the country!”

In less than half an hour, a storm-painted winged fighter jet roared in from a dozen kilometers away. Several soldiers escorted

Patrick and Alexander onto the aircraft that headed toward Wyverna.

Due to the time difference, it was already around 6 a.m. in Ol’ Mari when it was midnight in Southwick.

On the bypass highway, a convoy consisting of 20 Audi A8s and two Rolls-Royces rapidly approached from the north, gradually entering the urban area of Ol’ Mare.

“Miss, we’re almost there.” In the rear compartment of the Rolls-Royce sandwiched between two Audi A8s, a white-haired old

man dressed in a butler’s uniform bowed slightly to the alluring woman beside him.

He respectfully said, “Mister Leandro and Mister Matthew met tragic deaths. The Old Sir is both shocked and furious. Among the younger generation of the Jackman family, you are the only one who can inherit the patriarchal authority.”

The alluring woman, with delicate fingers, casually applied blood-red nail polish and spoke in a soft voice.”

+15 BONOS

“Yes.” The white-haired old man maintained his bowing posture and whispered, “It’s the same man who wiped out the Ellis and Hart families-Alexander Kane. The Ellis family investigated him, and they found that he doesn’t belong to the Kane family from the north.”

The Kane family?

The alluring woman sneered and said, “Even if he’s a Kane family descendant, so what? After killing Leandro and Matthew, do they dare to protect him? Inform the four envoys to capture Alexander. I want to bring his head back to the family.

“I’ll show the old man that even as a woman, I am still the future of the Jackman family!”

The white-haired old man bowed and took out his phone, dialing a phone number.

A burly man sat in the last Rolls-Royce of the convoy. He grinned as he held a brick-sized black-shell phone.” Sam, what’s up?”

The white-haired old man, who was a butler named Sam, turned to look at the alluring woman beside him and

smiled, “South Envoy, the young lady has given her orders. Please go to New Chesire Group. No need for

words; just kill Alexander and bring back his head.”

The burly man, known as the ‘South Envoy’, raised an eyebrow slightly and smirked.

“Just for Alexander, do we

need all four of us to act together? That’s underestimating us too much!

“Also, what if Alexander isn’t there? We can’t just go on a wild goose chase!”

Sam hesitated for a moment, then turned to look at the alluring woman again.

The Jackman family’s young lady, Bella Jackman, lowered her head to focus on painting her nails. Once finished, she lifted her

head, emitting a light laugh.

“East, South, West, North-the four envoys. If you think it’s overkill, you don’t need to act together. Just go to any location.

“If Alexander isn’t in the company, then kill Amber first. If Amber isn’t there either, go to Belmont Hills. Kill whoever you see.

“Don’t waste time. Move out!”

Chapter 0264

At 8 a.m., employees gradually arrived at New Chesire Group, clocking in one by one.

Amber arrived much earlier. Following the instructions left by Alexander before his departure, she stayed in her office for remote

work, handling various matters related to the planting base in Larkspur County.

“Mister Kane isn’t here, so let’s all stay focused!”

In the security department, deputy head “Luca’ stood in front of more than 20 elite security guards, passionately rallying them.

“The security work of the group is of utmost importance. Without a pass, no outsider is allowed to enter!”

These security guards had all undergone personal training by Alexander. Though they had not cultivated vital energy, their

strength far surpassed ordinary people. They were extremely proficient in various

combat techniques, and the standard-issue riot batons were specifically trained with a ten-move routine. It was not an exaggeration to say that the combat effectiveness of New Chesire Group's security department was no less than any underground force.

"The morning meeting stops here. Let's get to work!"

Luca concluded the morning meeting, raising his hand with a sudden swing. "Everyone to your positions!"

The security guards moved in different directions. Some went to various floors, while others checked security equipment in different departments. The most elite security team went to the top floor of the office building, responsible for protecting Amber's personal safety.

Just as the security guards began their actions, a sudden loud noise erupted from the entrance of the office building.

Luca frowned and rushed out of the security department with a few security guards. Taking a distant look at the entrance of the building, his gaze suddenly narrowed.

This guy was no pushover.

A burly man walked proudly through the building's entrance, just entering the first-floor lobby. He had a pair of alloy knuckle-dusters on his hands, his muscles bulging and swelling, and the temples on both sides were raised high. He was no doubt a powerful martial artist.

"What a lousy security system."

Looking at Luca and the others from a distance, the burly man grinned, revealing a cruel smile with two rows of neat white teeth.

"I don't want to hear nonsense. Where are Alexander and Amber?!"

Luca's scalp tingled.

Several security guards behind him were equally terrified, not daring to act rashly.

The power difference was too great.

The imposing man released an aura that resembled a primordial beast, choosing its prey. He intimidated him

+15 BONOS

thanks to his vital energy.

With his keen perception, Luca deduced that this robust man was, at the very least, a martial arts grandmaster in the realm of energy transformation.

"You're...from the Northern Jackman family!?" Luca's eyes narrowed as he stared fixedly at the burly man,

noticing the black 'Jackman' character embroidered on his chest.

His heart trembled as he continued, "Jackman family's Four Envoys, the four cardinal directions-which one are you!?"

As a formidable subordinate under George Severn, Luca had heard of the names of the Jackman family's Four Envoys: Tyrant of

the East, Flame of the West. Dictator of the South, and King of the North.

Each one was a formidable character, especially the Tyrant of the East, the leader among the four, rumored to have one foot into the threshold of supreme grand martial. This was more terrifying than an energy transformation master.

"Oh?" The burly man raised an eyebrow, assessing Luca's face with a smirk. "What a surprise. You know our titles. Well, in that case, things are simpler.

*Tell Alexander and Amber that the Dictator of the South, one of the Jackman family's Four Envoys, is here. I'm acting under the orders of Miss Jackman, and I'm here to take their heads back.

"If you don't want to die, get lost now!"

He was the Dictator of the South, one of the Four Envoys!?

Luca gritted his teeth, his facial muscles twitching slightly. A person's name would cast a shadow like a tree. As a martial artist,

he understood the terror of a martial arts grandmaster. With the strength of New Chesire

Group's security department, they were no match for the Dictator of the South. Even a combined assault would

not scratch him.

"Luca." Just as the two sides faced off, a soft feminine voice slowly emanated from the elevator entrance.

Don't make pointless sacrifices. The Jackman family is looking for me. It has nothing to do with you."

It was Amber.

She had seen everything happening in the lobby through surveillance cameras from the CEO's office, and she calmly walked out

of the elevator. She stood resolutely in front of the Dictator of the South, neither humble nor

arrogant.

"You want to take me, right? Don't harm my employees. I'll go with you willingly."

Luca's complexion changed slightly. He instinctively shielded Amber in front of him, fists clenched tightly." Miss Chesire, don't go

with him! I..."

The Dictator of the South chuckled and slapped Luca, causing him to spit blood and stagger backward. Then, he reached out

and gripped Amber's neck with a sinister grin. "Just you? Not enough. Miss Jackman wants not only you dead, but Alexander too!"

Chapter 0265

No one knew where Alexander was. Amber only knew that Alexander had gone to

Southwick to help Patrick develop foreign markets. She did not know his exact location. After all the scope of Southwick was too vast.

“You’ll never know where Alexander is!”

Amber struggled to breathe against the Dictator of the South’s grip on her neck. Her delicate face turned purplish, but her gaze showed no fear.

“You can kill me and destroy New Chesire Group, but you won’t lay a finger on Alexander!”

The Dictator of the South burst into wild laughter.

Refusing to yield even unto death? Did she really think that would make her untouchable?

“I’ve seen many stubborn people.” he said coldly while squeezing Amber’s tender neck with his right hand. His left hand slapped her face a few times, and he sneered.

“Stubborn people won’t change until they see a coffin. That’s easy to solve! When you see Miss Jackman in a moment, you’ll soon know what it means to wish for death!”

The man ignored Luca and the security guards nearby. He lifted Amber off the ground and walked out of the first-floor hall, heading to the Audi A8 parked at the entrance.

The car quickly started, speeding toward the Ol’ Mare Grand Hotel.

“Miss Chesire...”

Luca watched the Audi A8 disappear into the distance, grinding his steel teeth. He took out his phone and quickly dialed Alexander’s number.

However...

A pleasant electronic female voice could be heard. “Sorry, the number you dialed is not reachable. Please try again later...”

Luca’s face froze, his heart sinking to the bottom of a ravine.

If he could not contact Mister Kane, this situation might be a real trouble!

On the other side, Ol’ Mare Grand Hotel, a top-floor presidential suite...

“Miss Jackman.”

The Dictator of the South carried Amber, striding into the suite, and ruthlessly threw her to the ground. He clasped his hands and

bowed, grinning. “I’ve brought her to you. This little girl is stubborn, refusing to reveal the whereabouts of Alexander. Your call,

Miss Jackman.”

+15 BONOS

Jackman family’s young lady, Bella, sat on the luxurious sofa in the suite’s living room.

Her long, straight thighs crossed

elegantly, adorned with bright red nail polish. She wore transparent high-heeled crystal shoes, gently swaying them in front of

Amber.

From her elevated position, Bella glanced down at Amber's pale and delicate face, treating her like an insignificant ant. Her tone was indifferent as she said, "Where is Alexander? You only have one chance!"

Amber gritted her teeth and remained silent. Since marrying Alexander, she had never been so resolute. Even if she were to be shattered to pieces, she would never disclose her husband's whereabouts. "Your mother, Susanne, and your daughter, Olivia, live in Belmont Hills." Bella casually applied nail polish, her voice chilling to the bone. "Miss Chesire, don't doubt the methods of the Jackman family. Alexander killed my brothers, and he must pay a sufficient price. "Reveal his whereabouts, and both you and he will die. If you don't, I'll find Alexander using other methods. By then, the entire Chesire family will suffer!"

Amber froze as she stared at the serpent-like Bella incredulously. Although she was not a martial artist, she had heard about the rules of the martial world: 'Grievances have a cause, and calamity doesn't extend to family members.' This lady was so malicious that she would not spare her mother and daughter! "Have you thought it over now?" Bella pinched the nail polish brush, a faint cold smile on her lips. "Speak, where is Alexander?" "He..." Amber bit her lip as images of Susanne and Olivia's faces appeared in her mind. Tears welled up in her eyes, but her voice did not waver. "He's my husband, the most important person in my life! If you want to kill, then kill me. Even if I'm shattered to pieces, I will never yield!"

Bella raised an eyebrow and chuckled. No wonder the Dictator of the South said she was stubborn. She did not even care about the safety of her mother and daughter, not afraid of threats at all! "Dealing with stubborn people, especially with beautiful women like you, is something I am exceptionally skilled at." Bella crossed her legs, lifting Amber's chin with the tip of her shoe. A glimpse of astonishment flashed in her eyes, followed by a chuckle. "Why don't you take a guess on which of my family's Four Envoys is most interested in women?" On the side, the Four Envoys stood together. Among them, a thin and dark-skinned old man grinned at Bella. "Miss Jackman, such a beautiful woman is rarely seen, even by an old man like me. Give her to me. I can guarantee that she won't be able to resist, and I will make her talk!" Amber shivered as sheer despair enveloped her.

“Since the North Envoy likes you, I’m more than willing to comply.”
Bella chuckled, waving lightly as she said, “Take her downstairs and entertain her well.
Remember, North

+15 BONOS

“I’m very curious. What’ll Alexander’s expression be when he sees how you’ve played with Amber?”

North Envoy, the ‘King of the North’, grinned menacingly at Amber. He grabbed her hair and walked toward the adjoining presidential suite.

Stubborn? This woman, proclaimed to be the ‘number one beauty in Ol’ Mare’, would soon experience the

ruthless martial arts of a peak martial artist in bed!

Chapter 0266

The news of Amber’s capture spread rapidly throughout the entire New Chesire Group. Almost every department frantically dialed Alexander’s phone. Some even even contacted the criminal investigation department, pleading for them to quickly rescue Amber.

Unfortunately, it was all in vain.

Even though they knew Amber had been taken to the Ol’ Mare Grand Hotel, the criminal investigation

department dared not easily send people to provoke. They merely symbolically dispatched a few cars to the

hotel entrance, sounding their horns as a warning.

They wanted to rescue her, but they did not dare.

At the level of the Jackman family, it was beyond the capabilities of a mere municipal criminal investigation department to handle.

The Four Envoys, the four peak martial arts masters, were like immovable mountains, enough to intimidate the entire Ol’ Mare.

“George!”

Luca was accompanied by over 20 security guards to the Severns’ villa on the outskirts.

He half-kneeled before George, his eyes

bloodshot as he said, “Miss Chesire has been captured by the Jackman family, and they’re at the Ol’ Mare Grand Hotel. We can’t

just sit and wait! What if something bad happens to Miss Chesire?”

George clenched his teeth, the muscles on his face trembling violently.

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Others might not know, but he was well aware of Alexander's identity. Alexander was, after all, the globally renowned Lord of the Temple of War, the invincible Lord of War.

How dare the Jackman family capture Lord Kane's wife? It was a foolish death wish.

"Lord Kane's identity mustn't be exposed. This is an iron decree! Miss Chesire must be saved..."

George's nails almost pierced his palms as he gritted his teeth. "Luca, even if Lord Kane is not present, we cannot let Miss Chesire be harmed. Wait for me for half a minute!"

George quickly pulled out his phone and dialed Maxine's private number.

Meanwhile, in Southwick, Briand City...

Maxine, accompanied by 20 special forces members, was interrogating Vulture and Catherine. The moment the phone rang, she

immediately answered, her delicate eyebrows slightly furrowed. "George?"

"Maxine!"

George spoke urgently, getting straight to the point and explaining the Jackman family's situation. He concluded, "Can you

contact Lord Kane? Or dispatch the forces under the Temple of War? Miss Chesire has been captured, and it's an urgent matter!"

tensely

+15 BONOS

Maxine's eyes narrowed.

She was in Southwick, a place out of reach. The Temple of War and the Northern Wyverna Frontier Corps were too far away from Ol' Mare. Even with the sixth-generation fighter jet, it would take at least two hours to get there.

"Don't panic!" Maxine quickly pondered and said, "Lord Kane and Mister Patrick have already taken a jet back. Considering the

time, they should've arrived at Ol' Mare.

. I'll immediately

"Lord Kane's phone should be in flight mode... Try to delay time as much as possible. I establish communication with the jet. His

Lordship will handle this!"

With a 'snap', the call was directly disconnected. Afterward, the phone's communication mode was quickly adjusted, and a

communication request was sent to the Eagle Wing fighter jet where Alexander was located.

"Lord Kane is about to arrive..."

Ending the call with Maxine, George's spirits lifted, and he turned to look at Luca and the others. "Before Lord Kane arrives, we

must ensure Miss Chesire's safety, even if we have to bet our lives!" he ordered decisively.

"Let's go. The target is Ol' Mare Grand Hotel, Move out!"

At this moment, at the top-floor presidential suite in Ol' Mare Grand Hotel. The door was casually closed by the King of the North. He shoved Amber onto the soft bed with a lecherous smile. "Miss Jackson has handed you over to me. I won't be polite!" As he spoke, he loosened the belt around his waist. Although he was not young, his vital energy was profound, and his physique was well-maintained. His body was sleek with muscular contours, looking more imposing than a young man in his twenties. However, he was relatively small in stature, and wrinkles covered his face, making his appearance more obscene. "You want to defile me? You wish!" The determined Amber quickly jumped off the bed and, with all her strength, slammed into the nearby wall. She vowed to defend her innocence-even if she would kill herself in the process.

"Want to die? Haha!" The King of the North merely twisted his foot slightly. His old and lean body moved like a released arrow, rushing to Amber in an instant. With a quick pull and twist of his right hand- Amber's delicate body staggered and collided with the front wall, Blood flowed from her forehead, and she collapsed onto the ground, limp. "Oh, you don't get to take the easy way out when I'm here!" The King of the North pulled out his belt with his left hand, fiercely whipping Amber's delicate body. He then show you how I'll deal with you!"

Chapter 0267 +15 BONOS

The moment the King of the North pounced, Amber felt hopelessness engulfed her whole. Like a lamb awaiting slaughter, this disgusting old man approached her, his lecherous presence growing ever closer. Then... A tremendous shockwave echoed through the corridor outside the luxurious suite, causing the wooden door to reverberate. Even the ground trembled faintly. The King of the North was about to pounce on Amber when he froze in his tracks. Swiftly, he turned, got off the bed, and re-fastened his loosened belt. He glanced at Amber and let out a low chuckle. He casually slapped Amber, rendering her unconscious with a clear handprint on her face. He then briskly walked out of the suite door. At the doorway of another suite in the corridor, Bella and the Three Envoys had just stepped out. Observing the dozens of figures

in the corridor, Bella arched an eyebrow and chuckled softly. "I was wondering who it was. So it's you, the former underground

leader of Ol' Mare, George Severn!"

George held a machete and was accompanied by Luca, about 8 Severn family bodyguards, and 20 elite security guards from New Chesire Group. They blocked the corridor's end, facing off against Bella and the others.

"Bella!" George gripped the machete tightly, his voice tense. "Where is Miss Chesire? Hand her over!"

"Don't think the Jackman family's influence allows you to do as you please in Ol' Mare! If anything happens to Miss Chesire, I can assure you that your Jackman family will be wiped off the map!"

Bella raised an eyebrow and casually grinned, unbristled by George's remark. Holding a blood-red nail polish in her left hand, she casually gestured toward the smiling butler behind her.

"Sam, if I remember correctly from our sources, it seems George is considered a talent. Are you sure he's a talent and not a fool?"

Sam chuckled, bowing respectfully. "Miss Jackman, George might be considered talented by others. But in front of you, he's nothing more than a fool!"

"Knowing that the esteemed young lady is here, he dared to bring this unruly group to cause trouble. He's not just a fool; I'd say he's downright brain-dead."

Behind him, the Four Envoys exchanged glances, their mocking smiles undisguised. A talent? A fool? Brain-dead?

To them, George and this bunch of useless people were no different from dealing with ants, practically inviting their own demise.

"I heard that New Chesire Group was Severn Group before its reformation." Bella's face carried a faint mockery.

+15 BONOS

you're talented or just a fool. I'll say only one thing now.

"Take your people and roll back to wherever you came from. Once I kill Alexander and Amber, seizing control of

New Chesire Group, maybe I'll give you a position as a general manager.

"If you don't know what's good for you, then die!"

George tightly gripped his mountain-cutting knife, his gaze flickering rapidly.

In terms of strength, he and Luca, along with the bodyguards behind them, were no match for the Jackman family. However, his

current task was not to fight them but to delay as much as possible.

"Bella!" He quickly pondered in his mind, eyes narrowing. "Your Jackman family is well-informed. Since you know I handed over

Severn Group to the Chesire family, do you also know why?"

Why?

"Do you think I care whatever the reason is?" Bella clearly did not give a hoot about such matters, and she looked at George

indifferently. "Do I need to repeat myself? Either leave or die. Two choices; pick one!"

George's face slightly froze, his heart instantly tensing.

Oh, no.

Bella did not want to waste time, and he could not even manage to delay. Moreover, they did not know when Lord Kane would

arrive. What if something happened to Miss Chesire?

"Ignorant fool!" Seeing George's expression, Bella lost all patience, lowered her head to lightly apply nail polish, and casually

spoke, "Men, move out! Before my nail polish is dry, leave none alive!"

Chapter 0268

+15 BONOS

The Four Envoys and Sam sprung into action.

It was like a whirlwind sweeping across flat ground, the entire corridor overwhelmed by a strong gust. Their figures were

impossible to discern with the naked eye, resembling five phantom images that instantly rushed to the front of George and the

others.

Five grandmasters, murderous intent soaring.

The forces of their punches and kicks were beyond belief, appearing deceptively casual but possessing

boundless power. It was like unyielding steel pillars capable of crushing anything, mercilessly slamming toward the heads of

George and his companions.

"We fight!" George roared and wielded his mountain-cutting knife, confronting the Tyrant of the East's fist, but-

The blade shattered!

The alloy material of the mountain-cutting knife, like fragile paper, was easily torn apart by the Tyrant of the East's punch. The

subsequent force hardly weakened at all, solidly crashing into George's chest.

"Ahh!" George screamed in agony, blood spraying from his mouth. He flew backward, knocking over the bodyguards behind him.

They continued to spew blood, completely losing their fighting capacity.

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Luca and the frontline security guards also suffered severe blows. With a single move, the other three chief disciples and Sam repelled them, causing their chests to cave in, breaking numerous ribs. They lay on the ground, unable to get up.

In just a glance, the victor was clear.

If it were not for their long-term endurance training, robust physique, and sturdy bones, their injuries would not be as simple as severe. They would have died.

“Trivial ants. Not worth a strike.” Tyrant of the East flexed his wrist, looking at the struggling George and the others with a sneer.

“I thought you’d have something good enough to keep you going. Turns out you’re just like wax guns-looks good but useless!”

At the entrance to the presidential suite, Bella, with half of her ten white and delicate fingers already adorned with nail polish, glanced indifferently at George. She spoke softly. “Not dead yet, are you? Your bones are quite tough!

“Now that you’ve kept one life, cherish it! George, prostrate yourself before me. Keep doing it until I’m satisfied, and the words I said earlier still stand. Once I take over New Chesire Group, I’ll reserve the position of general manager for you!”

George was barely conscious, blood streaking from the corners of his mouth, a cold smile forced onto his face.

He refused to yield!

Lord Kane rode in a fighter jet and had arrived at Ol’ Mare. He might reach anytime soon. With him around, the entire Jackman family was nothing more than chickens and dogs. Forget Bella.

+15 BONOS

“Oh? Are you laughing?” As she spoke, Bella finished painting another nail. The corner of her eye swept over George and the others. With a light chuckle, she said, “Since you like to laugh, I’ll let you laugh to your heart’s

content.

“East Envoy, shut him up! Make him suffer, but make him keep that smile forever!”

Beside her, the Tyrant of the East sneered and got to George. He opened his right hand and swung.

This slap shattered the left side of George’s face, tearing muscles and skin instantly.

Blood and flesh splattered everywhere. If

George had not clenched his teeth tightly, even his teeth would have been blown away.

“Your bones are hard, and your teeth are strong.” Bella finished the last nail, blew a gentle breath in front of her lips, and admired

her masterpiece with satisfaction. She giggled and said, "My nails are done. The game should be over.

"Men, kill them all."

Sam and the Four Envoys grinned, moving forward simultaneously. The strongest envoy, Tyrant of the East, had a visible turbulent white airflow covering the surface of his palm. He aimed at George's left temple and flashed past.

He had half a foot in the threshold of the supreme grand martial realm, far surpassing the martial arts master. George would die the second his palm collided with him.

"Jackman family..." At this moment, George had almost lost the will to survive, staring fixedly at Bella's eyes. as if trying to remember this snake-like face forever.

The powerful wind hit!

Tyrant of the East's palm and George's temple were less than half a millimeter apart, about to blow up George's head.

However...

"The Jackman family wasn't worthy of death, and I didn't intend to uproot them completely," a young man's voice, seemingly from nowhere, echoed through the crowded corridor, resonating in everyone's ears and hearts in an instant.

"But I've changed my mind. I declare that within three days, the entire Jackman family will not be spared!"

Chapter 0269

Everyone's gaze converged on the young man.

Alexander had come!

He rode the Eagle Wing fighter jet, crossing thousands of miles from Southwick. Just landed in Ol' Mare, he immediately received a message from Maxine and rushed to Ol' Mare Grand Hotel.

Seeing that George and the others had fallen, Alexander nodded gently, a sigh of relief in his heart.

He arrived on time. They were alive.

"Are you Alexander Kane?" Bella stood at the door of the suite. Giggling, she said. "You want to wipe out the Jackman family within three days? Just because you say so?"

Alexander did not even look at Bella. His gaze fell lightly on Tyrant of the East's face, and he spoke softly, "You wanted to blow up George's head, didn't you? Show me, then."

The Tyrant of the East sneered.

With half a foot in the supreme grand martial realm, his strength far surpassed that of a master. Whether it was vital energy,

spirit, or will, he was far beyond what a martial Grandmaster could compare to. His perception of danger was extremely keen.

He perceived no threat from Alexander-no imposing aura, no fighter's aura, no killing intent. According to the Jackman family's intel, Alexander was at best a strong Grandmaster, posing no threat to him.

"A new calf is not afraid of a tiger. This isn't bravery but ignorance." Tyrant of the East's five fingers curved. slowly approaching George's forehead. He sneered at Alexander and said, "You wanted to see his head explode, right? Alright, then. I'll let you see how his head turns into a pile of mush in my hands!"

As he spoke, his palm accelerated. The vital energy in his palm surged, forming a visible and sharp wind. The next second, it was about to land on George's head.

"A supreme grand martial expert? You should be the Envoy worshipper of the Jackman family."

Alexander stood in place, watching the vital energy appearing in Tyrant of the East's palm, his gaze remained unchanged. "This level of strength is enough to awe a region, but it's far from enough to be arrogant in front of me."

The moment he spoke, Alexander sprung into action.

Nothing stood out from Alexander's words, despite it being intended to sound intimidating. However, in the Tyrant of the East's ears, it echoed like continuous thunder, each wave more terrifying than the last.

It stirred up storms in his mind, making his scalp tingle. It felt as if an electric current spread through his entire body from his spine, rendering even his limbs uncontrollable.

At this very moment, the tips of his right hand's fingers were just a hair's breadth away from George's head. Yet, this tiny distance seemed like an insurmountable chasm, impossible to breach.

+15 BONOS

"East Envoy, are you not going to act?" Outside the presidential suite, Bella watched Tyrant of the East halt his movements,

frowning. "Why did you stop? Don't be polite; eliminate George first!"

'Stop? It's not that I want to stop. I simply can't kill him!'

Tyrant of the East's body trembled slightly, and the muscles in his right arm swelled. His chest heaved violently, a massive sound akin to pulling a bellow emanating from within him. Even a faint white mist emerged from his nostrils.

This phenomenon was exclusive to those who had mastered the dominance of energy.

Vital energy, the power of blood and

aura, muscle strength-all converged in a short span to unleash the most formidable burst of power with no reservation.

However, even in this state, the Tyrant of the East could not control himself. Veins bulged on the back of his hand, and he was

drenched in sweat.

“East Envoy, what’s happening?” Beside him, the other Three Envoys exchanged glances, including Sam, who closely observed Tyrant of the East. A subtle feeling of unease crept into their hearts, and Sam spoke with a heavy tone. “What’s happening to you? Why haven’t you acted yet? Could it be Tyrant of the East’s swollen muscles deflated. He shakily looked up at Alexander, and his lips quivered. “Alexander Kane, what. What level of strength do you possess?!”

Chapter 0270

What was Alexander’s strength? No one knew.

Even the four Dukes of War, Alexander’s right-hand men, never witnessed him go all out.

Even when he needed to get the Serands! flower and the entire high-ranking members of the Temple of War gathered, within half

an hour, they crushed the 8000 elite soldiers of the Serandsi Palace, beheaded the Serandsi Marshal, slaughtered 12

Guardians, and killed more than 30 Serandsi Generals.

In this earth-shattering battle, Alexander moved effortlessly as if strolling in a leisurely garden. Bullets and rain of arrows could

not hinder him, and even dozens of powerful individuals joining forces could not inflict the slightest injury on him.

It was a terrifying combat prowess that swept through everything. He was no doubt the world’s strongest Lord of War.

*Is he powerful?” Bella, sensing something unusual, furrowed her delicate brow. Her gaze carried a hint of coldness. “If he is strong, then forget about any rules.

“You boys go all out. A lion must exert its full strength when pouncing on a rabbit. We must eliminate the threat while it’s still in its cradle! Seize this opportunity, strike with full force, and kill Alexander here and now. Don’t give him a chance to grow!”

The Tyrant of the East smiled bitterly.

‘Are you joking, Miss Jackman? Does the current Alexander still need to grow?’

Despite Alexander’s age, he displayed such terrifying abilities and could influence the actions of a supreme grand martial just with his voice.

What did it signify?

This meant that his strength should at least be at the peak of a supreme grand martial, and he might have reached a higher

level. In military terms, he would be a high-ranking Baron of War.

He might even be a Lord of War.

How many Lords of War were there in the entire Wyverna? The Tyrant of the East dared not even think about it.

“A lion must exert its full strength when pouncing on a rabbit; these words are indeed correct.”

Alexander gazed silently at Bella, his voice devoid of any emotion.

“You took Amber and once again challenged the scales of my reverse scale. Of course, you’ve sounded the alarm for me! I’ve never regarded any opponent highly, to the extent that my loved ones were endangered and kidnapped several times. From today onward, that changes.

“As a reward, I’ll go all out once and give you a free lesson. Remember, never provoke an opponent whose capabilities you don’t know. The unknown is often the most fearsome!”

Alexander took a step forward, extending his right hand slowly with fingers gripping the air.

+15 BONOS

A burst of force erupted.

This was Wyverna’s Lord of War’s first and only full-force attack since being honored as the ‘Temple Lord’. Globally, no one had ever witnessed such a breathtaking scene.

Outside the top-floor suite of the Ol’ Mare Grand Hotel, blood-red energy exploded, filling the entire corridor. The energy tore through the decorative materials on the wall surface, shredding the carpet beneath their feet. The marble floor was torn, and the ceiling above was ripped through.

It frantically tore apart everything in the entire corridor.

This indescribable terrifying power exceeded the imagination of everyone present, as if a cloth wiping across a table, destroying all objects in its path.

The Tyrant of the East, Flame of the West, Dictator of the South, King of the North, and Sam.

Five martial arts powerhouses, their bodies were like stone sculptures that had been sealed for ages. Under this blood-red energy, they turned into fragmented quicksand without even a drop of blood flowing out. They were stripped away, layer by layer.

They turned into five piles of bone powder, scattered on the ground, to the astonishment of Bella who watched in shock.

“L-Lord Kane...” On the ground, George, Luca, security guards from New Chesire Group, and seven to eight elite bodyguards from the Severn family watched in horror. Their hearts nearly leaped out of their throats. Was this truly a scene that humans could accomplish? Is Lord Kane even human?

“Do you remember the content of this lesson?” Alexander retracted his palm, his gaze once again falling on

Bella’s face. His voice seemed to float from beyond the sky, indifferent and lofty. “Within three days, the

Jackman family will be annihilated. Do you believe that now?"

Bella turned pale, her originally vibrant red lips devoid of any color as she stared at the bone powder on the

ground. "The unknown is the most terrifying." she murmured, shellshocked. "The unknown..."

She suddenly lifted her head, a neurotic and eerie smile appearing on her face. "I get it now. Alexander. You are a Lord of War, surely one in disguise. You have enemies, formidable enemies, so you dare not reveal your true identity!

"Still, someone out there is stronger than you. You can't possibly be the strongest! No! It can't be!"

Alexander shook his head slowly.

Bella, this woman as venomous as a scorpion, seemed to have gone mad. Still, what did it matter?

Whether she was truly mad or pretending to be mad, from the moment she abducted Amber, her fate was already sealed.

"Within three days, the Jackman family will be destroyed. You won't live to see it."

Alexander raised his hand again, palm aimed at Bella, gently clenching. "Die!"

His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar

#Chapter 271 - Read His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar Chapter 271

Chapter 0271

Bella was dead.

Her head exploded into a mist of blood. Her headless body swayed for a moment before collapsing to the ground with a loud thud.

The young lady of the Jackman family, the venomous beauty, ruthless in heart and cunning in hand... None of these words

bestowed upon her any halo. She seemed like just an ordinary person, convulsing violently on the ground. It lasted less than ten

seconds, and then complete silence.

Alexander showed no mercy, indeed.

"L-Lord Kane."

Even though George had known Alexander's true identity for a long time, he could not help but shiver in awe. Despite constantly

addressing him as 'Lord Kane', ever since Alexander retired from the military, George could not shake off a hint of peculiar

thoughts.

The so-called strongest Lord of War seemed nothing more than a slightly more formidable ordinary person after retirement...

However, those thoughts were long gone.

What was the Lord of the Temple of War? What was the strongest Lord of War?

He could kill his enemies as though it was a walk in the park; he could take lives with a single strike; and he could determine life and death just by uttering a word.

He alone was the invincible powerhouse.

The name 'Lord Kane' was no longer just a verbal address; it became George's lifelong pride. It was the supreme glory reserved

just for the Lord of the Temple of War.

Luca and the bodyguards, security personnel, gradually climbed to their feet. Despite the pain and the severity of their injuries, they all stood upright like an honor guard awaiting inspection, heads held high with immense pride.

Following George to rescue Miss Chesire at the Ol' Mare Grand Hotel turned out to be the right decision!

They had demonstrated their loyalty to Lord Kane, proving their attitude through actions. It was a high-stakes gamble, and they won.

"George, Luca, and all of you." Alexander turned, his gaze sweeping over each face, and a hint of approval slowly appeared at the corner of his mouth. "You did well. Fearless in the face of death, knowingly venturing into the impossible. Even among martial artists, few possess the heart of a true powerhouse.

*As a reward, I will give you a chance to let the heart of a powerhouse unleash its true strength!"

Alexander then turned and walked confidently toward the presidential suite ahead, calling out, "Amber, I'm coming!"

+15 BONOS

In the adjoining presidential suite, the moment Alexander's voice echoed, Amber's delicate body trembled slightly as she slowly

awoke from the soft, luxurious bed. A splitting headache engulfed her.

Having been slapped unconscious by the King of the North, she was supposed to sleep for at least three or

four hours. However, she woke up prematurely, and as a result, her head throbbed in pain.

Despite the agony, she struggled to get out of bed. "Alex Alexander..." she called out with whatever strength she had left.

In the suite next door, Alexander's heart jolted, and his figure instantly blurred. In less than three seconds, he swiftly reached the

room where Amber was, tightly embracing her fragile body.

Lowering his gaze to the handprint on her cheek, his eyes turned cold once again. "That lowlife!"

Amber's clothes were disheveled, her breath weak. Due to the physical contact, he could clearly sense that her

vital signs were normal, with no substantial harm done. However, the distinct handprint on her face was enough evidence of the brutal beating she endured to protect her innocence.

“Who did this?” He held his wife’s waist, gently caressing the handprint on her cheek, his voice carrying a palpable sense of menace. “The imprint is solid, so the force must have been heavy. It’s not Bella...is it Tyrant of the East?”

Amber, with

teary eyes, replied with a trembling voice, “No, it’s not. It’s an old man called... the King of the North.”

King of the North? The same one Alexander turned into bone fragments with a single palm from a distance?

“He died too quickly. I’ve let him off too easily.” Alexander’s gaze turned ice-cold as he assisted Amber to sit on the sofa.

He stared at her beautiful face and gently said, “Amber, it’s my fault. I neglected your personal safety. I promise there won’t be a next time!”

Amber shook her head repeatedly, tears streaming down her eyes. In terms of security, Alexander had done well. The security

team, led by Luca, guarded the entire corporate building flawlessly.

However, the people brought by Bella were too powerful, far beyond what Luca’s team could handle. Alexander arrived in time to

rescue her from the Jackman family, a stroke of luck amid the misfortune.

With such a husband, she felt nothing but pride and gratitude, without a hint of complaint.

“From today onward, I will have Luca and George practice martial arts, ensuring your safety at every hour of the day.”

Alexander was not sentimental. He locked eyes with his wife, saying, “And one more thing. I’ve brought Dad back from

Southwick. I won’t be expanding into foreign markets for a while. As for myself, I’ll go out of town tomorrow and will be back

within three days.”

+15 BONOS

Alexander was going out again?

Amber’s heart tightened slightly as she instinctively grabbed Alexander’s hand, her gaze filled with concern. Alexander, where

are you going?”

Alexander turned to look at the windows in the suite’s living room, enunciating each word. “To eliminate the grass, I must get rid

of the roots. I’m going north, to wipe out the Jackman family.”

Chapter 8272

Wyverna, Northern Region, Westwind Province-

“Is there still no news from Bella and the others?*

At this moment, in Qyntos, the provincial capital of Westwind.

Within a luxurious estate on the western outskirts, Thomas Jackman, the head of the Jackman family, leaned on a metallic cane. He gazed at a middle-aged man before him, his eyes flashing with intensity. "They went to Ol' Mare, and today marks the third day." The middle-aged man, dressed in a gray suit, furrowed his brow slightly. "Dad, are you worried..."

"Something has happened!" Thomas slammed his cane on the ground, his voice as chilling as an ice cellar. Although Bella is a girl she's always been able to distinguish between what's trivial and what's important. She can't remain out of contact for so long. Something must've happened in Ol' Mare..."

Pausing here, he narrowed his eyes, slowly gritting his teeth. "The Jackman family is among the four major influential families in the north. We've weathered many storms. Those who offer respect are ultimately outsiders. In crucial times, we still have to rely

on the foundation of our own family!"

He then gestured for the middle-aged man to support him and turned to walk toward the backyard.

In the backyard of the Jackman family estate, no one, even among the direct descendants of the Jackman family, was allowed to trespass without permission. Only on significant occasions, such as the New Year celebration, were they permitted to enter the backyard, kneel at the entrance, and pay respects to the elderly residing there. Not for any other reason, but because the reclusive elder was Thomas' grandfather, a protector of the entire Jackman family in his nineties.

Arriving at the entrance of the backyard. Thomas half-knelt on the ground, leaning on his cane, his voice filled with profound sorrow. "I am incompetent, causing shame to our Jackman family! A few days ago, I arranged for Bella to go to Ol' Mare for industrial development. I just never thought..."

"Lord Elder." Recounting the deaths of Leandro and Matthew, along with the disappearance of Bella and others, Thomas expressed his grief and concern. "Sir, if my speculation is correct, Bella-and the others are likely in grave danger. The Jackman family is facing a major crisis!"

"I am old." In the garden, the elder of the Jackman family slowly emerged from the stone house at the center of the artificial lake.

Hunched over, meticulously groomed with silver hair, he chuckled self-deprecatingly.

"At this age. I've long abandoned the business of fighting and killing. However, if someone dares to provoke our Jackman family..

His footsteps seemingly invisible, he silently approached Thomas, shaking his head with

a smile. "They could kill the Tyrant of the East. Do we need to ponder their strength? At least a supreme grand martial. Dealing with such an opponent, I am also quite troubled."

+15 BONOS Though the old man said this, his eyes gleamed with vigor. His seemingly aged hands grasped an invisible energy, exuding unparalleled confidence throughout his body.

"Lord Elder." Beside Thomas stood his eldest son, Fablan. He knelt before the elder and said softly, "I've arranged snipers in various concealed positions, and all firearms at home have been distributed. Even if the opponent doesn't come, it's better to be prepared. If he dares to come

His voice came to an abrupt halt when the roar of a fighter jet engine shattered the tranquility of the Jackman family.

Standing at the cabin door, Alexander overlooked the Jackman family estate from a high vantage point, waving to signal the fighter jet to descend slowly. He then glanced at Thomas and others from a distance, speaking softly. "It seems you're ready.

Show me what you've got, and don't disappoint me!"

The expressions of the three members of the Jackman family varied.

Thomas' face tightened, his metallic cane held tighter. Meanwhile, Fabian quickly pulled out his phone, evidently making a call to his subordinates.

As for the elder of the Jackman family, Hector, age spots on his face became more pronounced with wrinkles. He tilted his head to gaze at the descending fighter jet, and the moment he recognized it, his pupils slightly contracted.

"Is this the Temple of War's fighter jet? You. You're from the Temple of War!"

Chapter 0273

The exclusive warplanes of the Temple of War were not numerous in model.

In Wyverna, the military was equipped with a mix of fifth and sixth-generation fighter jets. Only the most elite, ace pilots qualified for the sixth-generation jets.

Under the command of the Temple of War, all of them were impressive configurations among the sixth-generation fighters, with

bodies adorned in blizzards or crimson dragons, symbolizing different designations.

The Lord's exclusive warplane was painted with an icy storm, symbolizing the harsh environment of the Northern Wyverna

Frontier.

"You recognize the planes of the Temple of War? You're very perceptive, then," remarked Alexander.

At this moment, the Eagle Wing fighter was less than a hundred meters from the ground. Alexander leaped gracefully and landed

in front of the elder of the Jackman family, shaking his head lightly. "Knowing them

won't change anything, however. Since I'm here, the outcome is inevitable-the Jackman family will fall!"

"Be careful with your words, young man." The elder of the Jackman family chuckled, exuding confidence.

If it were another force attacking the Jackman family, he might have been somewhat apprehensive. However,

since it was a member of the Temple of War, things became interesting.

After all, Westwind Province was one of the four northern provinces, and the Temple of War's stronghold was in the north.

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He relaxed his brow, carefully scanning Alexander, then chuckled. "The supreme Lord of the Temple of War.

with four Four Dukes of War, nine Barons of War, and 108 War Generals under your command. Your strength is overwhelming. Am I not right?"

"Yes," Alexander replied with a smile, nodding gently.

The composition of the high-ranking members of the Temple of War was not a secret within the country. What remained truly confidential were the detailed information about each member, including their age, appearance, background, and personal abilities.

Except for the Wyverna's royalty, even the other major military factions in the country had only a vague understanding, unable to dig into their detailed profiles.

"Since you're from the Temple of War, you must've heard of the 'Skyfire Legion'," continued the elder of the Jackman family, straightening his back, smiling warmly.

"One of the five major families in the country, the Wimbur family, single-handedly created the Skyfire Legion. This was an order from the Wyverna's royalty. They've joined forces with the Temple of War multiple times., guarding the crucial border areas. You should be aware of this, right?"

Alexander chuckled. The Skyfire Legion comprised a total of 80000 elite soldiers. Initially, they faced repeated defeats on the

northern frontier and sought help from the Temple of War multiple times. As allies, the Temple of War naturally stepped in, quelling the storm and saving the Skyfire Legion from dire straits.

+15 BONOS

Talking about it in detail the debt of gratitude owed by this person was not small. If measured in terms of money, it would be enough to buy a small to medium-sized country.

“The Second Battle Zone of the Skyfire Legion, Vice Commander Logan Zoblas, known as the ‘Flaming Baron of War’, is a distant relative of mine.”

The elder of the Jackman family proudly lifted his head, exuding a compelling aura. “Young man, now that you

know the relationship between the Jackman family and the Flaming Baron of War, do you still want to go against us to the death?

“Quit while you’re ahead, that’s the wise thing to do! As long as you’re willing to let bygones be bygones, I won’t push the matter further. As for the younger generation of the Jackman family and those from other families, if they die, so be it. I can promise not to pursue it anymore.”

“Not pursue it? Is that something you can decide?!”

Alexander shook his head, smiling, and gazed into the eyes of the Jackman family elder. He spoke softly. “I’ve said it before. I will destroy the Jackman family.

“If you want to change my mind, you’ll have to present someone of sufficient weight. As for the Flaming Baron of War, I’m sorry, but with his status, he falls far short.”

The Jackman family elder was momentarily stunned, but he smiled instead of getting angry. “Young man, aren’t you afraid of boasting too much? You’re not afraid of the Flaming Baron of War, so how about the Black Ember Duke of War, Hendrix Kentt?”

The Flaming Baron of War is the chief lieutenant under the Black Ember. Duke of War. In this case, Black Ember Duke of War will also show up, and you might wet your pants in fear by then.”

This time, Alexander genuinely laughed.

He wanted to wipe out the Jackman family decisively, but he did not expect this old man to bring up Hendrix. The Skyfire Legion had only two Dukes of War, and Hendrix was one of them, serving as the supreme commander of the Second Battle Zone of the Skyfire Legion.

During the initial fight, he was saved by the joint efforts of the temple’s Four Dukes of War and held a deep sense of gratitude toward the Temple of War.

With Hendrix's identity as a Duke of War, he would not even bother with a small force like the Jackman family.

"You've talked enough nonsense." Alexander smiled ambiguously, waving his hand at the Jackman family

elder. "Since your will to live is so strong, giving you a chance won't hurt. If you can invite the Black Ember

to come here, I can consider giving the Jackman family a way out."

Oh?

The Jackman family elder raised an eyebrow, and a sneer appeared on his wrinkled face. "You're still so arrogant, young man- even when I've stated it so clearly? Fine."

With that, he pulled out an old, worn-out cell phone from his coat and leisurely dialed a phone number. [Contact: Skyfire Legion, the Flaming Baron of War.]

[Let's bring out this high-ranking military figure and cut down the arrogance of this young man before us!]

Chapter 0274

+15 BONOS

In the northwest region of Wyvema, at the base of Skyfire Legion's Second Battle Troop The Flaming Baron of War, Logan, was dressed in military attire with more than 20 senior officers surrounding a middle-aged

man in black armor. They were looking at the satellite maps in front of them, chatting among themselves. It was a lively atmosphere.

This was the Skyfire Legion military drill. The red and blue arrows on the screen were in intense crossfire.

Suddenly, Logan's phone vibrated in his pocket. When he took out his phone and looked at his screen, his brow furrowed a little.

He turned and headed to the side. He quickly picked up the phone and said in a low voice. "Yes, Mister Jackman?"

At that moment, in the backyard of Jackman family estate. Hector swept Alexander a gaze before chuckling

and saying to Logan on the phone, "Please forgive me for bothering you. It's just that He recounted the entire incident in exaggeration trying to instigate Logan. "This person is from the Temple of

War. He retired two years ago, but he's now parading himself like he owns the world!

"Not only did he disregard the Flaming Baron of War, but he also insulted the Black Ember Duke of War. I

couldn't take it, so I had to inform you to do something about it!"

Logan raised his finger and tapped on his phone. He smirked.

A retired soldier from the Temple of War, disrespecting the Black Ember Duke of War? What insolence!

"Logan?" Nearby, the man in black armor looked at Logan and asked with a smile,

“What’s happening? Is this a private matter?”

Logan hung up the call and quickly walked up to the man. “Your Grace, the caller was the Lord Elder of the Jackman family in Westwind Province. You see.

Logan recounted what he heard about the incident in the Jackman family. He said coldly. “I could still forgive him if he was one of us, but this person is retired. He dares to be disrespectful to you. We can’t let him off the hook!”

The man in black armor was the leader of the Skyfire Legion’s Second Battle Troop. He looked at the satellite map and chuckled. “The military drill is coming to an end. It just so happens that I have the time.”

Then, he waved his hand. “Logan, come with me to visit the Jackman family. I’d like to see who’d be so bold as to disrespect me!”

In less than three minutes, a zero-gravity jet painted with black flames was up in the sky heading quickly to Westwind Province.

Mid-journey, Logan sent Hector a simple message.

+15 BONOS

[Mister Jackman, tell that person that the Black Ember Duke of War has left. He will arrive at the Jackman family estate in about 30 minutes. Get him to say his last words!]

In the backyard of the Jackman family estate, Hector smiled when he saw the message. He waved his phone at Alexander before saying with a smile, “You see? The Black Ember Duke of War and the Flaming Baron of War are on their way. Even if you want to run, it’s too late!”

Run?

Alexander looked up at the sky in the distance and shook his head. “Those with a limited worldview will never understand how big the world is. From the moment the Jackman family thought of touching Ol’ Mare, they’ve sealed their fate. Whether or not he comes won’t affect the outcome.

“The Jackman family will be destroyed today.”

Hector raised an eyebrow and smirked. Having lived for almost 100 years, he had witnessed the Jackman family in all its glory.

They were the most powerful family among the four wealthiest families in the north.

They were famous, not to mention their wide network of connections. Their ties with major powers were deeply rooted.

No one could touch the Jackman family at all. With their connections to the Flaming Baron of War and the Black Ember Duke of War, the family was invincible!

When it came to life-or-death matters for the family, the powers that they could exude

were unimaginable for
any ordinary person.

“Since you’re still so stubborn, there is nothing much left for me to say.” Hector sneered.

He looked up at the skies and said to

Alexander, “The Black Ember Duke of War will arrive in half an hour. We’ll see by then
who’ll

come out victorious!”

Alexander smiled and shook his head. Then, he turned, with his back facing Hector,

Thomas, and his son. He

smiled.

The Black Ember Duke of War?

He would indeed like to have a word with him.

Chapter 0275

+15 BONOS

Half an hour passed quickly.

A jet painted with black flames zipped past the skies. When it lowered to the ground, it
passed by the Eagle Wing fighter jet

circling in the air before landing in the backyard of the Jackman family estate.

The doors to the jet opened. Two figures, one in front of the other, were flanked by the
Black Ember guards. They quickly walked

over to Hector.

“All hail the Black Ember Duke of War and the Flaming Baron of War!”

The delighted Hector quickly led Thomas and Fabian to welcome them. He smiled

fawningly. “It is our family’s

utmost honor to welcome you two. I-”

Hector did not finish his sentence.

Logan was in flaming-red armor with an alloy sword at his waist. He placed his left hand
on the hilt of the

sword and waved his other hand at Hector. Then, he looked at Alexander’s back and

sneered. “Is this the one

disrespectful to His Grace the Black Ember Duke of War?”

“That’s right!” Hector did not mind that Logan had interrupted him. He smiled

ingratiatingly. “I’ve tried to talk

some sense into him as patiently as I could, but he was too stubborn. He disrespected
you both! I think he’s

way too arrogant, and he should be punished severely!”

Logan narrowed his gaze. He grabbed the hilt of his sword and yelled at Alexander.

“Turn right now!”

Alexander did not budge and ignored them.

Ever since Logan and Hendrix arrived, he had been standing quietly with his back
facing them and his hands

behind his back. He did not care about what was happening at all. He was just admiring
the beautiful garden

with a light smile.

“You can still use the Temple of War jets after your retirement. You’re no ordinary folk then, I take it.” Hendrix sized Alexander up and chuckled a little. “Let me guess. Before you retire, you must be a General, yes? “There are one hundred and eight Generals. I’ve seen a few before. Although they are well respected, how dare you disrespect me? If this escalates up to His Lordship the Lord of War, you’ll be punished for insolence!”

Logan then drew his sword. It sliced through the air with a sharp sound. “I don’t care who you are. Turn around right now! If you insist on being haughty, we will punish you according to martial law and sentence you to death!”

The Jackman family men looked on gloatingly.

They assumed that Alexander would at least show both the Black Ember Duke of War and the Flaming Baron of War some respect. Surprisingly, Alexander continued to ignore them.

He was just asking to be killed!

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respect. Surprisingly, Alexander continued to ignore them.

He was just asking to be killed!

The entire Wyverna had only a total of nine Duke of Wars. The Temple of War alone had four of them.

+15 BONOS

Even the ruler of Wyvera had to show respect to the Black Ember Duke to War.

Offending him would be equal to offending the Skyfire Legion. This was a crime punishable by death!

"There are people who are worthy enough for me to turn around, but not many."

Alexander still had his back facing them. He could feel the sharpness of Logan's sword.

He chuckled gently and said. "According to martial law, offending a superior would be either three months of imprisonment or a

written warning. The Flaming Baron of War claims that I should be killed. Whose martial law is this?"

Logan furrowed his brows a little before sneering. "How dare you use the martial law against me, boy! In the Skyfire Legion itself,

the words of His Grace the Black Ember Duke of War are law. Anyone who dares to offend him will end up dead!"

Alexander chuckled a little. His back was still facing everyone. "The Black Ember Duke of War, did you hear what the Flaming

Baron of War said?" he replied, sounding somewhat impishly.

Before Hendrix could say anything, the three men of the Jackman family could no longer hold back. Especially Hector.

He pointed at Alexander maliciously. "Your Grace, don't waste your breath on him. He's just asking for death. The Jackman

family would be willing to kill him on your behalf!"

Hendrix furrowed his brow. The smile on his face slowly disappeared.

Initially, he did not see Alexander's face. However, his voice was rather familiar. He seemed to have heard it somewhere before,

but he just could not place it.

"Your voice..." Hendrix racked through his brain quickly. He looked at Alexander's back intently. The terrifying memories started

to piece together.

His voice tensed a little.

“Y-You If I may be so bold as to ask, are you the one who could make all lowly people bow to you?”

Hendrix did not ask the following question.

“Are you the legendary one that is as powerful as the ruler of Wyverna, the world’s greatest Lord of War, Alexander Kane?”

Chapter 0276

Make lowly people bow to him?

This was an unquestionable fact.

The Temple of War ruled the entire world. Anywhere where the legion was, no one would dare to defy them.

The Lord of War, Alexander Kane, had so many brilliant achievements that it was one of the history books!

An existence like his was far beyond comprehension for any ordinary person. Even only a handful at the very top of Wyverna knew his real name.

“Your Grace, what are you talking about?”

At that moment, Hector also sensed that something was off. He cautiously went over to Hendrix and asked tentatively. “Are you asking about his name? I know it. He’s just a retiree from the Temple of War. He’s now the Chesire family’s live-in son-in-law in Ol’ Mare. His name is Alexander Kane.”

Alexander. Kane.

Hendrix shuddered, and his smile vanished. He could not help trembling under his black armor.

It was him; the undefeatable. The one who led 100000 elite soldiers. The one who had four Duke of Wars, nine Baron of War, and 108 Generals under him. The awe-inspiring, earth-shattering Lord of War, Alexander Kane.

“I mean this way, it isn’t fun anymore.” At that moment, Alexander finally turned and smiled. “The Black Ember Duke of War. Am I right?”

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Hendrix looked at Alexander. He secretly chuckled bitterly to himself. With his suspicion confirmed, gone was his doubt. The young man in front of him had saved the Skyfire Legion many times. He conquered everywhere on his own. His reputation preceded him. There was no one like him in Wyverna. "M-Mister Kane..." Hendrix smiled bitterly. He almost called Alexander by his honorable title="Your Lordship' -but he held back. He did not dare to reveal Alexander's true identity. He bowed deeply to Alexander and flashed him an ugly smile. "If I knew you'd be here, I wouldn't dare to come here at all. I. I'm sorry!" Hendrix's words stunned Logan and the other Jackman family men. They did not know who Mister Kane was. They only knew how terrifying the Black Ember Duke of War was. He was one of the two Duke of War of the Skyfire Legion. The Black Ember Duke of War's powers were only second to the Skyfire Lord of War. Such a person with such powers was actually bowing at Alexander, referring to him as Mister Kane politely? Who the hell was Alexander? "Y-Your Grace." Logan shuddered. He quickly kept his sword and walked over to Hendrix apprehensively. His
+15 BONOS

"Is Alexander Kane..."

Hendrix looked alarmed. Idiot! Could he not guess the Lord of War's identity with how respected he was addressed? How dare Logan call Alexander by his full name? Was he sick of living? How dare he drag everyone else down with him?! "Shut up!" Hendrix rebuked. He lowered his head once more. "Mister Kane, the Flaming Baron of War is just a brute. He doesn't mean any disrespect." Then, Hendrix turned to Logan and barked, "What are you still waiting for? Beg Mister Kane for mercy!" Hendrix said to beg for mercy, not to apologize. In the Skyfire Legion, both were extremely different. To apologize, one only needed to bow and lower one's head while saying their apologies before pouring some wine to the other party. The matter was settled then. Begging for mercy meant that one had to kneel and prostrate oneself. "I-I-." As Hendrix's right-hand man, Logan's position was not low, but he never met Alexander before. He hesitated for a while. In the end, he did not dare to defy Hendrix. Thus, he knelt on one knee on the floor and lowered his head. He said aggrievedly, "Mister Kane, please forgive me. I was

wrong!”

Despite his apologies, he had no idea the error he committed.

“You do not mean what you say at all.” Alexander smiled and took one step forward. He drew Logan’s sword and traced his fingers across the blade. Then, he flicked the sword gently.

The sword shattered into pieces. Sharp shards of the sword flew everywhere, creating sparks as they flew across the air.

Logan’s eyes widened as he turned pale. His heart almost stopped beating.

His sword was a masterpiece of Wyverna’s military technology. Even a sniper would not leave a scratch on it.

To Alexander, it was nothing but mashed potatoes..

His power was terrifying. Even the Black Ember Duke of War could not do that!

“Looks like you’re finally convinced.”

Alexander looked at Logan’s shocked expression. He chuckled and turned to look at the Jackman family trio.

“I’ve already said that the Jackman family will be destroyed, and none of you believed me. Now, do you believe me?”

Chapter 0277

From the moment Hendrix bowed at Alexander, the Jackman family men panicked.

When they saw Logan kneeling at Alexander, despair consumed them in a chilling wave.

When they saw Alexander easily shattering Logan’s sword, however, they had forgotten to breathe.

Regret and desperation overwhelmed them.

Their faces went through all sorts of expressions. How they wished they could turn back time and slap themselves!

“I

Hector had lived for a long time, and he never felt such desperation before. Even a calm man like him

did not know what to do at that moment.

He followed Logan and knelt on one knee remorsefully. “Mister Kane, I was blind for going up against you. Please, have mercy on my family. A-After all, this is four hundred lives we’re talking about!”

He was not at all exaggerating.

The Jackman family had been based in the north for a few hundred years. After many generations of hard work, the family had long spread throughout the country, involved in all sorts of businesses.

According to their family tree, the family had reached more than 400 people. Many of them were still toddlers or kids who barely started school.

Was Alexander going to kill them all? Even the ruler of Wyverna could not just ignore

this!

“Fools!” Hendrix sneered at Hector.

The Lord of War was famed for his killings. When other countries tried invading Wyverna, Alexander killed at least a thousand

Dukes, Barons, and Generals of War with his own hands.

The Jackman family was nothing compared to those terrifying people!

“No one is innocent in this,” remarked Alexander emotionlessly. “I told you that from the moment you tried to touch Ol’ Mare, you’ve sealed your fate. Never doubt my decision. If I said I’d destroy your family, I won’t leave survivors!”

Then, he turned to look at Hendrix with determination. “You’d do well to listen, Black Ember Duke of War. Send

the innocent children to orphanages. Kill the rest of the family! Spare no one.”

Alexander sentenced the Jackman family to death.

Technically speaking, Hendrix was not directly under Alexander, but the orders from the Lord of War were the same as if they

were from the ruler of Wyverna. Even if they were from different units, the Lord of War’s orders were unquestionable.

One day was all it took.

That day, the entire Jackman family all around the world were murdered. Except for the children, everyone else

was wiped out.

+15 BONOS

“The Jackman family is gone.”

A day later, Hendrix stood alone in front of Alexander, bowing to him. He said respectfully, “Your Lordship, I await your next order.”

Alexander shook his head a little.

Wiping out the Jackman family might be a huge thing. Even the other three greatest families in the north could not easily do it,

but it was just a piece of cake for him. It was not even worthy for him to bring it up.

“Tell His Majesty.” Alexander waved his hand and said, “The Jackman family has violated the rules. You, the Black Ember Duke

of War, wiped them out for the sake of all the ordinary folk. This credit is yours in front of the ruler.

“Regarding the business of the Jackman family? After some consideration, you’ve decided to support the medical industry in this country and let New Chesire Group of Ol’ Mare manage them. There will be peace all around.”

Hendrix’s head remained lowered. He was secretly in awe.

Alexander’s words finally put the Jackman family matter at rest. No one would be able to bring up or look into this matter

anymore.

New Chesire Group profited greatly from this without putting in any effort at all.

This was what power could do!

“You may go.” After instructing Hendrix, Alexander turned and boarded the Eagle Wing fighter jet next to him.

The Jackman family’s matter took him the entire day. It was time to return to Ol’ Mare. He was eager to see Amber’s face when she found out that she had taken over all of Jackman’s family business.

She should be surprised, right?

Chapter 0278

That afternoon in Belmont Hills, Ol’ Mare...

“I-Is this real?”

Amber, in the living room, carried Olivia in her arms. Patrick and Suanne were there as well. There was also Harry in the wheelchair and the paralyzed Donovan.

They dazedly stared at the Flaming Baron of War in his armor.

“Are you for real?” she stammered, shocked. “T-The Black Ember Duke of War is going to give us all of the Jackman family’s business?”

Logan handed the transfer agreement to Amber and chuckled gruffly. “My congratulations to the Chesire family. It’s true! Now that I’ve sent the transfer agreement, I’ll have to go report back to duty. Good day!” Then, he left with his guards on a jet and returned to the Skyfire Legion.

The living room was silent for a very long time. Amber shakily held the transfer agreement for a few minutes.

She could not stop the tears of joy streaming down her face. She covered her mouth and cried silently.

What a surprise!

She did not do anything. She merely went to work as usual. When she finished work at the end of the day, she was still worried

that something terrible would happen to Alexander at the Jackman family. She wanted to call him a few times.

What was this?

In less than a day, she received such great news. New Chesire Group was taking over all of the Jackman family’s business. This was something she would never have dreamed of!

“Did you hear that, Dad?” Harry looked at the excited Donovan. His voice trembled.

“Our family is rising once more! The Jackman family had such a huge business. It’s now all ours! Everything!”

Although Donovan could not speak, he could hear everything. Tears were falling down his face as he groaned in joy.

How his heart leaped with glee.

Before he got paralyzed, all he wanted was for the Chesire family to at least be a second-rate influential family in Ol' Mare. His end goal was that they could be an influential family.

At that moment, the Chesire family was no longer the wealthiest in Ol' Mare, but of the entire Tormora!

"Dad, Harry." Patrick tearfully went up to Harry and Donovan, grabbing their wrists. He was barely able to form his words. "This is amazing! Our dreams from a few generations ago have finally come true. We're finally the wealthiest in Ol' Mare and Tormora!"

Susanne was by the side, giggling through her tears.

+15 BONOS

When she was kicked out of the Chesire family by Donovan back then, she resentfully took it out on her son-in-law. She finally understood how amazing her son-in-law was. He brought them honor beyond comprehension.

Although the Flaming Baron of War did not say anything, they were not fools. They did not have to guess to know that only

Alexander would be able to do such marvelous things.

"Looking at the time. I'm guessing Alexander should be back already, right?"

Susanne wiped away her tears and looked at the door. She quickly said, "Amber, call the office quickly to

arrange a banquet. All of the executives have to attend to welcome Alexander home.

We have to make it big! Book the best

restaurant and the most expensive banquet!"

Amber, still carrying, tearfully smiled. "Mmh! I'll get the PR Department to handle this!"

Amber placed Olivia on the couch before picking her phone up.

At that very moment, at the PR Department in New Chesire Group...

Irina Hahn, a mature-looking woman in her forties, looked flushed. She held onto the phone tightly and shakily said, "Miss

Chesire, I was just about to call you. What a coincidence.

"Half an hour ago, we were talking with a few partners about a business deal. They initially didn't say anything. Only halfway

through drinking did I manage to get some news from them."

Amber looked a little worried. She could not even care about the banquet anymore.

"What is it? Is it serious?"

"It's not just serious. It's detrimental!" Irina's face paled as she anxiously said,

"Imitations of our main product. the Life One, have

appeared on the market. They are slightly less effective, but their price is half of ours!"

Chapter 0279

"Imitations? Half our price?"

Amber gripped the phone tightly. Her face paled as she heard what Irina said, New

Chesire Group was doomed!

Life One was independently researched and developed by the company. It could improve and enhance cell activity. It slowed the aging process and improved the body of middle-aged and elderly people. The product flew off the shelves the moment it hit the market.

The

Since their formula had been stolen, the researchers had been working day and night to come up with the correct formula once

more. They took confidentiality even more seriously, not leaking anything to the public.

Why, then, were there copies on the market? How did the others do it?

"It's common to see imitations of products in the pharmaceutical industry." Irina said with a bitter expression. Her hands trembled

a little.

"I've asked the research lab. They said that it's not hard to recreate drugs. As long as they reverse the composition of Life One, they'll be able to analyze the drug's ingredients.

"The imitations on the market must've used this method!"

Amber shook her head, feeling bleak.

What did it matter if they knew how the thieves knew to make the copies?

As more imitations appear, Life One's competition on the market would be weaker.

Although the imitation drugs were less efficient, they were at a much lower price.

Most consumers paid more attention to the price. They would often pick the cheaper option to save cost.

It would not take long for the damage to hit New Chesire Group. While it might not be too obvious, Life One could lose its

competitive advantages if this problem was not nipped in the bud

They had made such a huge effort to launch it on the market!

"Miss Hahn, let me think about it." Amber choked up and could not continue her sentence. She hung up immediately.

She was in total despair.

They had just received the blissful news that they were given the Jackman family's businesses. However, no matter how big the

business was, they still needed a good product to support them. Life One was the lifeline of the Chesire family.

With these imitations on the shelves, their future looked bleak.

"Amber?" Patrick and the others all sense Amber's mood shift. They asked tentatively.

"Did...something

+15 BONOS

Amber smiled bitterly and opened her mouth to tell them what happened-

"Everything's fine!"

The door to the living room opened as Alexander slowly entered with a smile.

He took the Eagle Wing fighter jet back from Westwind Province. The moment he landed, he immediately received a report from

George about the imitations.

“Although the imitations are despicable, they lack the most important ingredient, and that’s the Tigerbite Herb.”

Alexander walked over to Amber and smiled at her. “We have a base in Larkspur County planting this because we needed to solve the problem of source. Tigerbite Herb is very rare in other areas. They won’t be able to solve this problem!”

Amber’s shock was slowly replaced by delight.

Alexander was right. They chose Larkspur County to build a base because the weather there was perfect for Tigerbite Herbs to grow. Without enough Tigerbite Herb, those imitation drugs could not do anything about it. They could only produce in small amounts.

This would not be a huge blow to New Chesire Group after all!

“Alex, thank you for the reminder. Boy, was I losing my mind over this!” Amber looked at Alexander and wiped away the tears in her eyes.

She quickly took her phone out, looking visibly calmer. “I’ll call Miss Hahn to tell them not to worry. We’ll-”

She was interrupted. The moment she was about to dial, her phone lit up. An unknown number appeared on her phone.

“This phone call is from—Mordelville?”

Surprised, Amber looked at her call and hesitated for a while before picking up.

“Hehe!” A rather hoarse middle-aged man’s voice rang out mockingly. He sneered.

“Miss Chesire of the New Chesire Group?”

What an honor!”

His tone did not match what he was saying. He sounded extremely condescending.

“Sir, you’re too kind.” Amber was a little confused. She said gently, “And you are—?”

“Michael Lowenthal of Mordel Pharmaceuticals!” The man was not planning on hiding his identity. He said smugly, “Miss Chesire,

New Chesire Group has been imitating our products, and this has affected our profits badly. I’m sure you’d be planning on giving us an explanation, right?”

Amber was stunned. She slowly came to her reaction after a while.

The imitation of Life One on the market was done by Mordel Pharmaceuticals. Not only were they violating the New Chesire

Group’s patents, but they were also accusing the New Chesire Group of imitating them!

“Miss Chesire, it’s infuriating, isn’t it?” Michael sneered confidently. “Why don’t you have a look at your email?”

Chapter 0280

+15 BONOS

“Michael Lowenthal of Mordel Pharmaceuticals? That wretch!”

Amber cursed-despite being taught to carry herself with manners ever since young-

when she heard Michael
terminating the call.

What a jerk!

She would not have been that irked had this been a fair competition, but Mordel Pharmaceuticals was completely unethical. Not only did they violate the New Chesire Group's patent, but they also turned it around and accused New Chesire Group of violating their patent.

This was disgusting!

"Amber, your laptop!" Susanne had already run to Amber and Alexander's bedroom to take her laptop over. She frantically passed it to Amber.

When Amber logged into her work email and saw the email, her eyes reddened. It was a letter from Michael Lowenthal's legal team. It included a certification of quality compliance for drugs, a patent for the drug invention, and a notice of pressing charges.

Mordel Pharmaceuticals came prepared. They had prepared all the documents!

"These are all fake! All of them!" Amber was so furious that she was trembling. Tears almost fell. "We took half

a year just to get a patent for Life One, did clinical trials, and did market research.

These weasels stole everything/

Alexander's gaze darkened.

Michael Lowenthal of Mordel Pharmaceuticals?

How could such an insignificant human be so arrogant? He must have a death wish!

"What is Michael trying to achieve?" The more Amber thought about it, the more aggrieved she felt. She held back her tears and dialed Michael once more.

In less than three seconds, the call was picked up.

Michael cackled condescendingly. "Miss Chesire, I was wondering if you'd call me after you saw those documents. Looks like I was right! You're panicking! Haha!"

Amber gripped her phone tightly and bit her lip. "Mister Lowenthal, what are you trying to do? The documents are faked, and they always will be. They'll never be real. I'm not afraid of you. New Chesire Group isn't afraid of you!"

Michael laughed mockingly. "Since you're not afraid, why are you still calling me? I can't be bothered to beat around the bush. If

we press charges against New Chesire Group, you'll never win. The compensation you will need to fork out will be enough to drive you to the ground!

"If you don't want to go bankrupt, you'll transfer the herb base in Larkspur County to me. I really like the

+15 BONOS

Amber froze on the spot. She looked in despair.
So this was what he wanted. This explained why he prepared all the documents, just so he could take Chesire Group to court.
He threatened the company so he could get the herb base in Larkspur County.

Whether it was Life One or its Imitation, the most Important Ingredient was the Tigerbite Herb.

Mordel Pharmaceuticals was a monster for trying to cut off New Chesire Group's lifeline!
"The medicinal herb base is the blood, sweat, and tears of New Chesire Group. I won't give it to anyone!" Amber bit her lip so hard that it almost bled. There was a catch in her throat.

New

"What will it take for you to stop, Mister Lowenthal? Life One is the real deal! You were the one who stole our product!"

"Is there any point in saying all this right now?" Michael laughed. He said menacingly.

"Miss Amber, I'm sure you're aware of Mordel Pharmaceuticals' power. We're the top three most powerful pharmaceutical companies in the country for a reason!

"If you go to court with us, you will lose! The best outcome will be that you go bankrupt. If you don't want to go bankrupt..."

Michael stopped to laugh.

"I heard that you're the most beautiful woman in Ol' Mare. I could never say no to a beautiful woman. You're a smart woman. I don't have to spell it out, do I? Haha!"

She looked in disbelief. Michael was not only trying to get the herb base, but he also coveted her beauty.

He was a monster!

"Amber." Alexander reached out and hung up the call. He wrapped his arms around her shoulders and smiled. No need to waste your breath on him. I'll head to Mordelville today."

Amber's shock remained with her as she then shook her head bitterly.

What was the point of going to Mordelville? Michael had made himself clear. He was going to get the herb base in Larkspur County. He would not compromise.

"Don't worry. Wait for me." Alexander smiled and offered no further explanation. He turned and walked out of the living room.

The moment he was downstairs, his smile vanished and his gaze turned steely. Michael Lowenthal of Mordel Pharmaceuticals better be prepared for his wrath.

His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar
#Chapter 281 - Read His Lordship Alexander Kane by
Useless Caesar Chapter 281

Chapter 0281

Mordel Pharmaceuticals' Industrial Park in Mordelville was located in the south of Wyverna.

As the Chairman of Mordel Pharmaceuticals, Michael rarely went to the office to work. He spent most of his time working from other places. He traveled often to enjoy the luxury lifestyle brought by money and status.

About 15 kilometers away from the industrial park stood a luxurious mansion on the northern outskirts of the city.

Michael was in a pair of shorts, standing by the balcony looking into his binoculars. He smugly looked at the trucks going out of the industrial park.

The trucks were carrying the imitation of Life One. When the products hit the market in less than a week, the sales brought him a profit of more than 150 million dollars. As he kept producing more and more, his profits kept rising.

"Mister Lowenthal, look who it is! I brought you Amber Chesire!"

A young person quickly walked over with a scantily clad woman. He said ingratiatingly, "Mister Lowenthal, look at her. Does she look like Amber Chesire or not?"

She did, indeed.

The woman was tall. With thick makeup on, she looked quite like Amber, especially with her fair long legs. Although she had caked it with a thick layer of foundation, her fair skin still glimmered seductively under the

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"Not bad! Not bad at all!" Michael looked at the woman and smiled maliciously. He swept the young man a few glances. "Jerome, you are a Chesire, yet you hold deep resentment against Amber!"

Jerome Chesire was kicked out by Briscoe Hart when Neil was killed. With that, he lost a place to stay and suffered immensely. He even begged on the streets. It was only recently he started to be under Michael

Lowenthal.

The first thing he wanted to do was to seek revenge on Amber Chesire.

"I've looked through more than twenty nightclubs. I finally found this piece of beauty."

Jerome pushed the woman to Michael and

bowed. He smiled fawningly. "Mister Lowenthal, enjoy. I have no other requests. As

long as you take Amber Chesire down, New

Chesire Group will be mine.

"By then, I'll not only give you the herb base, but I'll also give you fifty percent of the company's shares."

Michael smiled, satisfied.

Ever since Jerome defected to him, he had gotten insider information about almost the

entire New Chesire Group-including that

useless good-for-nothing son-in-law, Alexander Kane.

Even if Alexander knew how to fight, he was no match for Mordel Pharmaceuticals! He was the pesky bug he always was.

+15 BONOS

"Enough. Don't stand there bothering me." Michael waved his hand at Jerome. He

looked at the woman lustfully before taking off

his shorts. Then, he pounced on the woman.

Jerome quickly turned and snickered. "Have fun, Mister Lowenthal! Have fun with Amber!"

He then walked over to the balcony.

At that moment.....

*Jerome Chesire. Michael Lowenthal," came the indifferent voice of a young man from the end of the staircase.

"You've done nothing but evil. Your days are over!"

The sudden appearance of the young man made Jerome freeze. His eyes widened.

Was that Alexander Kane?

"Fuck me!" Michael, who had just pounced on the woman from the nightclub, jumped in fright at Alexander's

voice. He got up from the woman and put on his shorts. "Who are you? How did you enter?!"

He yelled at the courtyard of his mansion, "Where is everyone? Where the hell are those useless losers?!"

Clearly, he did not recognize Alexander.

Ever since he took Jerome under his wing, Jerome had only mentioned Alexander's name and told him that he

was the Chesire family's live-in son-in-law. Ol' Mare and Mordelville were too far apart.

They were at least

800 kilometers away from each other.

Michael had only roughly heard about the situation in Ol' Mare.

"You don't have to look for your security." Alexander looked at the surprised and furious Michael. He pointed below the balcony

out at the courtyard and smiled. "All of them-four guards, eight bodyguards-are passed

out downstairs. You can see for yourself.”

The baffled Michael quickly went over to the railings of the balcony and looked down at the courtyard. He gasped.

They were all passed out! Besides two house staff members and a gardener, there were four other security guards and eight bodyguards. They lay strewn across the courtyard.

He did not even hear any commotion!

“M-Mister Lowenthal!” Jerome finally came to his senses. He quickly ran over to Michael and pointed at Alexander. “H-He’s the one I told you about. This is Amber Chesire’s husband, Alexander Kane!”

Chapter 0282

+15 BONOS

This was Alexander Kane?

After a short moment of panic, Michael glared at Alexander and slowly retreated while saying, “What are you doing here? Did

Amber ask you to come here? Jerome told me all about you. You can fight well...”

Michael retreated to the corner of the balcony where there was a potted plant. The potted plant looked ordinary, but...

“Haha!” The moment he was by the plant, Michael reached his right hand out, grabbed a gold-plated Sand Hawk pistol from the pot, and aimed it at Alexander.

He sneered. “Even if you could fight, I don’t think you would think that I have a gun, right?”

A gun?

Alexander smiled. He did not even look at the gun in Michael’s hand. “You imitated the New Chesire Group’s Life One, falsified

documents regarding that, and threatened Amber to give you her base. Michael Lowenthal, did you do this on your own accord, or did Jerome instigate you?

“The answer will have to do with your life or death. Of course, you could lie too. I won’t mind.”

Michael blinked. He seemed to have heard the world’s funniest joke. He laughed for almost a minute.

Then, he wrapped his right index finger around the trigger of the gun. He waved his left hand at Jerome. “Go to the living room downstairs. There is a pair of alloy handcuffs in the drawer of the coffee table. Bring it to me!”

Jerome nodded and ran downstairs. He returned in less than half a minute with a pair of silver handcuffs. He glared at Alexander

before yelling, “Mister Lowenthal, I’m here!”

Michael, still aiming the pistol at Alexander, waved at Jerome and sneered. “Put the cuffs on him! Cuff him tighter! If he dares to resist, I’ll shoot his head off!”

“Okay.” Jerome sneered maliciously. He quickly walked over to behind Alexander and cuffed Alexander’s hands together tightly. Relieved, Jerome yelled at Michael, “Mister Lowenthal, I did as you asked. He won’t be able to break free!” Please, Michael scoffed at Alexander. He sized up Alexander, and his grin grew malicious. “You’re really good at fighting, aren’t you, Alexander? Are you giving up already? “How dare you intrude into my mansion and beat up my men. You were trying to stand up for Amber, right? I only have two words for you: Dream on!” Jerome was even more malicious. He glared at Alexander and encouraged Michael, “Mister Lowenthal, you don’t have to waste your breath on him. Just kill him! As long as he’s dead, New Chesire Group will be defenseless. I’ll be able to get it back. I’ll give you fifty-no, sixty percent of the shares!” Michael beamed viciously. He finally apprehended Alexander. How could he kill him off so easily? He had to have fun with him before killing him off!

+15 BONOS

“Alexander!” Michael walked up to Alexander with the gun aimed in the middle of his head. He snickered lewdly. “I’ve long wanted to try Ol’ Mare’s most beautiful woman, Amber Chesire! Now that you’re in my hand, do you think she’d be willing to sleep with me to save you?” Then, he took his phone from his shorts. He was about to call Amber. “Michael.” Alexander’s hands were cuffed behind his back, but his expression had not changed once. “You still haven’t answered my question. I guess it isn’t important anymore.” What? Michael was stunned. Then, he looked at Alexander mockingly. “You’re still putting on a brave act in front of me? I-“ Alexander calmly moved his arms, and the alloy handcuffs broke like straw. The skin around his wrist was not damaged at all. There were no markings on his wrist! “Now you’re just asking for it!” Michael jumped in fright. He instinctively took two steps backward. His eyes gleamed maliciously. He pulled the trigger, about to kill Alexander. “Too slow,” Alexander said calmly. The moment he said that, he flickered right in front of Michael and snatched the Sand Hawk pistol from Michael. His hands moved so quickly that they were a blur. In less than two seconds, Alexander disassembled the gun. The parts of the gun, including the bullets, fell to the ground with a clang. “What the hell?!” On the balcony, Michael, Jerome, and the nightclub woman who looked like Amber were dumbstruck. Alexander broke the cuffs and disassembled the gun in less than two seconds! What

sort of freak was he?

“You no longer have the gun. You don’t have anything to rely on anymore.”

Alexander calmly looked at Michael and said, “Amber is my wife. She is also the one thing that could not be touched. Anyone who touches her will die.

“Now tell me. Do you regret it?”

Chapter 0283

Regret?

“I never regret anything!” Although Michael was scared witless, his arrogance remained intact. He pulled Jerome along and retreated a few steps back.

He pointed at the Mordel Pharmaceuticals Industrial Park behind him. “You see that? That is my Mordel Pharmaceuticals! I have a staff of ten thousand and a dozen Chairmen under me. This is a business empire of thirty billion.

“Do you know what that means? That means I’m that important and untouchable!”

Then, he ran to the railings of the balcony and pointed at the surveillance cameras all around the mansion. He sneered.

“Alexander, from the moment you step foot in my mansion, your every move has been recorded. This is hard proof saved on a hard drive and cloud. You won’t be able to delete it even if you want to! Even if you kill me, you won’t survive this!”

Alexander shook his head and smiled.

Was this a threat? How pathetic.

“Mordel Pharmaceutical must be your biggest asset, huh?” He quietly looked at Michael as if about to sentence him to death. He

said quickly, “Creating imitation of drugs, although illegal, isn’t a death sentence. What you shouldn’t have done was to mess with my wife!

“I’ll destroy everything that you have in this world. You’ll soon feel the biggest despair in this world!”

Then, Alexander took his phone out and quickly sent a message.

The sender was the team leader of his personal guards, a Baron of War. Code name: Asteroid.

His message was simple.

[Attack!]

His personal guards moved swiftly and attacked furiously.

A few minutes after Alexander sent his message, Asteroid, the team leader, did as Alexander instructed and attacked Mordel Pharmaceuticals.

Mordelville’s drug regulators, loan financiers, the water and electricity company, and any company or person that had to do with

Mordel Pharmaceuticals were issued a strict order that came from Walganus Capital.

The target was Mordel Pharmaceuticals.

Few knew when this thunderstorm started hailing down, nor did they know when it would end. The ordinary folks living in Mordelville only knew that it took less than two hours for the 30-billion-dollar Mordel Pharmaceuticals to be crushed instantly.

“Mister Lowenthal! Mister Lowenthal!”

+15 BONOS

At that moment, Michael was on the balcony on the top floor. His phone was ringing non-stop. A middle-aged man wailed on his phone.

“Mister Lowenthal, something bad has happened! Mordel Pharmaceuticals was called out by Walganus Capital! The illegal things we did in the past were all exposed by the media. The drug regulators have blocked all of our sales channels. The industrial park doesn't have any water or electricity. Our shares have plummeted! Mister Lowenthal, we're finished!”

Michael froze.

Mordel Pharmaceuticals had gone through a lot. Even when an economic recession swept the entire world, they operated as usual.

They never experienced a knockout blow like this before. They did not even have a chance to defend themselves. They lost everything in the blink of an eye!

“Mister Lowenthal!” Another call came in right after Michael hung up the previous call.

This time it was a middle-aged woman, sobbing as she spoke, “We're doomed! The country's financial system has frozen all of our shares! We're not allowed to trade.

Even our last resort has been cut off! We're done for!”

Michael shuddered. His mind blanked. All he could think of was how he was doomed.

The people that called him were wealthy people. They were all the current chairperson of Mordel Pharmaceuticals. They had

shares in the company. They had terrifying connections.

However, the seriousness of this matter was way beyond anybody's imagination. Their connections and collaborators all remained silent at that moment.

No one would dare to help Mordel Pharmaceuticals.

The so-called one of the top three most powerful pharmaceutical companies in the country was easily destroyed like bursting a bubble.

“You! It must be you!” At that moment, Michael finally came to his senses. He looked at Alexander manically.” This must've been your doing, Alexander. What did you do? No. It's not you. You can't touch me. I have the industrial park. So many staff rely on me. The country won't give me up! Impossible!”

Impossible?

Nothing was impossible to the Lord of War.

“I said it before.” Alexander looked at Michael calmly as if he was a tiny ant. He said with a condescending indifference, “I said I’d destroy all of your assets. Of course, that includes your industrial park.

“You have a total of one hundred and two thousand, four hundred and sixty-two staff members. They will not be your shield.”

Then, he pointed at the binoculars on the floor and said, “Look closely.”

Chapter 0284

“My industrial park!”

Michael shuddered. He picked up the binoculars and rushed over to the edge of the balcony. He looked over at the industrial park.

He was bewildered.

About 15 kilometers away, six Eagle Wing fighter jets were looming above the industrial park. On the ground,

at least 100 black sedans rushed over, blocking all the exits of the industrial park.

Inside, all the uniformed staff left the factory. Under the supervision of Mordelville’s Labor Regulatory

Authority, they quickly signed their resignation contract and left the industrial park.

They should be sad that they lost their jobs. Instead, they looked delighted.

Mordelville had clearly thought this through. They had prepared new jobs for all of them!

“No! This isn’t happening!” Michael’s hands trembled violently as he watched what was happening over at the

industrial park. His lips quivered.

Mordel Pharmaceuticals was his life’s work. It crumbled right in front of him in less than two hours.

His capital chain was cut off, and he was locked out of the financial system. All his staff had left, too.

He was finished!

“Michael.” At that moment, Alexander was by the edge of the balcony, quietly looking over at the industrial

park. While he had no binoculars, he could see much clearer than Michael.

In less than 20 seconds, he looked at Michael and said calmly, “Mordel Pharmaceutical was your last asset. Yet, the thing that

I’m best at is destroying other people’s assets. I did what I said I’d do. Once all your staff leaves, you’ll feel real despair.”

Michael shuddered. He slowly put his binoculars down and looked at the calm-looking Alexander.

Alexander looked like a demon from hell.

Who on earth was he?

Everything that happened to Mordel Pharmaceuticals was Alexander’s doing. All he did

was send a message, and the company came crumbling down.

Who would be so powerful in Wyverna to do such a thing?

Alexander was definitely not any ordinary son-in-law. He was barely human!

“It’s almost time.” Alexander ignored the shocked Michael or Jerome. He pointed at the industrial park and smiled faintly, “The final scene that you all have been waiting for is here.”
What scene?

+15 BONOS

Michael and Jerome looked lost. They looked at each other and picked up the binoculars once more, looking at the industrial park.

Everyone in the industrial park has left. The Eagle Wing fighter jets above stopped circling around too. They flew to different parts of the industrial park. The belly of the plane slowly opened up, revealing a scary-looking missile.

The missile shot through the air. A total of 300 missiles were dropped from the six fighter jets and rained down on the industrial park.

They all exploded at the same time.

The industrial park was as big as 20 soccer fields. A mushroom cloud of flames rose to the skies, covering the entire industrial park.

Everything was destroyed. They were instantly turned into debris.

“No!” Michael looked at the ruins of the industrial park. He trembled violently. He growled and wailed, “This can’t be happening! This isn’t real! This is fake! Everything is fake! I don’t believe this is happening!”

Alexander smiled. He pointed at the ruins and said gently, “Reality is often cruel. From the moment you messed with Amber, you’ve sealed your fate. I am your fate!”

Chapter 0285

Michael could not accept reality at all. Mordel Pharmaceuticals was gone. All of his hard work, his entire empire, was gone in less than a few hours.

It felt as if the apocalypse was upon him. Nothing was left!

His industrial park was bombed by Alexander’s personal guards. What was left was a pit the size of a few kilometers.

“This isn’t happening. This isn’t happening... Michael’s binoculars dropped to the floor. He seemed to have aged ten years. The hair on his sideburns turned white quickly.

He began giggling maniacally while muttering. "This isn't happening, no..." In fact, he knew that his life's work was ruined by Alexander. Mordel Pharmaceuticals was completely wiped off the face of the earth.

"There are many people that you can't offend in this world. Coincidentally, I'm the one you can't mess with the most." Alexander looked at Michael calmly and said, "You want to destroy New Chesire Group? I'll destroy Mordel Pharmaceuticals. An eye for an eye. I'm great at payback.

"Now, I want to know: How does it feel to have your hard work destroyed by someone else?"

There it was! Alexander himself said that Mordel Pharmaceuticals' destruction was all his doing!

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The nightclub woman who resembled Amber witnessed the destruction of Mordel Pharmaceuticals from beginning to end. She looked at Alexander in so much fear her teeth chattered as she trembled..

Alexander was one powerful man.

Mordel Pharmaceuticals was one of the top three companies in the country. They had a net worth of billions. They were one of the most important economic pillars of Mordelville, yet Alexander got rid of them with just

one message.

What kind of terrifying powers did he have? This was way beyond her worldview. She could not comprehend this at all!

"Alexander..." Jerome, next to Michael, was so frightened that his legs turned to jelly. This was the first time he properly got to know his cousin-in-law. Was he just a retired veteran? A good-for-

nothing son-in-law?

Clearly not. He was the devil! He was a monster!

"Jerome." Alexander stared at Jerome instead and said calmly, "Since you're still lucky to be alive, you should've cherished your life, but you kept insisting on seeking revenge. You keep causing New Chesire Group

trouble. So..."

Alexander shook his head at Jerome gently and waved his hand.

Jerome's eyes widened. He wanted to say something, but before he had the chance to beg for mercy, his brain

1/2:

+15 BONOS

A mist of blood dissipated in the air.

"Ah!" The nightclub woman shrieked in sheer fright. Her eyes rolled back, and she passed out on the spot.

"Alexander-no, Mister Kane!" Michael had completely lost it. He knelt and prostrated himself in front of Alexander. He sobbed hysterically, "Mister Kane, I know how powerful you are! I admit defeat! I admit defeat! I've lost my company. I have nothing left! I beg you to spare my life! I-I promise I'll never mess with Miss Chesire again! I promise!"

Alexander shook his head slowly.

Michael was nothing but a pathetic wild dog on the streets. Even if he wanted to seek revenge on the New

Cheshire Group, at most, he could only dream about it. He would never get to do anything.

"I killed Jerome because he should've died a long time ago." Alexander did not even look at the nightclub woman and Michael.

He turned around slowly. He walked down the stairs and said, "As for you all, you're not good enough to die in my hands.

"The related departments in Mordelville will soon come and arrest you according to the law. Spend the rest of

your life in prison to reflect on what you have done. Don't repeat the same mistake."

Then. Alexander left and headed back to Ol' Mare.

Chapter 0286

The news of the army bombing Mordel Pharmaceuticals blew up.

Even over at Ol' Mare, 800 kilometers away, it became a headliner. After all, one of the top three

pharmaceutical companies in the country was sanctioned by the related departments.

They were completely removed from the medical industry.

This was shocking news!

Mordel Pharmaceuticals had a huge share of the market. Their drugs, supplements, and medical equipment were at least 20

percent of the entire market in the country. Moreover, they had a foot in the international market as well.

As Mordel Pharmaceutical fell, the opening that came up immediately became the target of many pharmaceutical companies.

Everyone wanted to fight for a spot.

"Mom! Dad! Uncle Harry!"

Over at Belmont Hills, Amber was in the living room, watching the news. Her heart was about to pop out. "Look at the news! Mordel Pharmaceuticals is.....gone!" Patrick, Susanne, Harry, and even the paralyzed Donovan looked at the ruins of the Mordel Pharmaceutical Industrial Park on the screen in bewilderment. Their minds could not process what happened. What was happening? Just that morning, Michael Lowenthal threatened them to hand over the Tigerbite Herb base. A morning passed, and Mordel Pharmaceuticals was destroyed.

Alexander went to Mordelville, did he not? Was he there when the military attacked? "Amber! Quick! Quick!" Susanne came to her senses first. She yelled at Amber. "Call Alexander. Ask him to return now! Things are exploding over there! If anything were to happen to-"

Alexander pushed the door open and entered the living room with a smile. He looked at the news on the TV. He instantly came to a realization. This was the final step in his plan; to clear himself of any suspicions through the media. The destruction of Mordel Pharmaceuticals was done by the country. He played no part in it whatsoever.

"Mordel Pharmaceuticals had been operating illegally and were thus forcibly removed. There is a huge gap to fill in the market."

Alexander took a few steps and sat next to Amber on the couch. He looked at Patrick and the others and smiled. "Life One can use this as an opportunity to promote its sales even more."

Amber flushed in excitement, delight, and surprise. All sorts of emotions flashed in her eyes. Even her breathing got quicker.

This was amazing! She was worried that Michael would be a great hindrance to the growth of New Chesire Group. Never would she imagine that Mordel Pharmaceuticals would fall suddenly, becoming a total ruin.

+15 BONOS

This was a good opportunity from the universe!

"Alexander, I... I'll talk to you later!" Amber could no longer sit still. She quickly took her phone out and dialed the planning department of New Chesire Group.

"Call for an executive meeting now!" said Amber, rushed. "We have to quickly build more factories and

increase our production!

"Also, get the sales department to quickly open up different sales channels. Pharmacies, hospitals, and the supplement market-

want the entire country to know about Life One! I want our supplement to be sold all around the country!"

The planning department manager was just as excited. "Yes, Miss Chesire!"

Even after the call, Amber's face was still flushed. She held onto Alexander's arm tightly

as she felt the joy
rushing through her.

Good things were finally happening!

No one was stopping New Chesire Group from growing nationally. As long as Life One's sales channels were fully opened up, their profits would be astronomically huge. They also had power from the Jackman family's

business in the north!

After taking over their family's business, their factories, staff, and previous partners had all become part of

New Chesire Group's network. This would be extremely advantageous to the sales of their pharmaceutical drugs.

The only thing they fretted over was about satisfying the demand. As long as they kept increasing the size of

the production line, New Chesire Group would soon rise to new heights.

"Next, there is something really important that should be solved." Alexander looked at Amber before looking at the others. He smiled and said, "Dad, Mom. Amber and I will go look at houses tomorrow. We're prepared to move."

This was a decision made after thorough consideration.

At that moment, there was Donovan, Harry, and Olivia in their house, not to mention Patrick and Susanne. The

place was too small for them. The original Chesire Mansion had been there for a long time. Its construction and decor were long outdated.

"But..." Patrick hesitated for a while before saying, "Although we're growing quite quickly, most of our capital comes from bank loans. We don't actually have much money. Should we wait for a bit?"

Alexander shook his head and smiled. His gaze gleamed an unquestionable confidence. "I have money!"

Chapter 0287

The purchasing of a mansion could not wait.

Many of the executives, managers, and assistant managers, even department heads of the New Chesire Group

had moved into high-class mansions in Ol' Mare. The company car that was assigned to them was at least an

Audi A6.

How could the Chairman, CEO, and General Manager of the group stay in a small flat in Belmont Hills? They

should at least play the part!

At 10 a.m. the next morning, after dealing with some work at the office, Alexander drove his Porsche to

Baltimore Mansions.

“We’re here!”

The area of Baltimore Mansions was shaped like an elephant. Its sales center was right where the elephant’s trunk was. In a

radius of a hundred thousand square meters, only six mansions were built.

The price of the six mansions was sky-high. Each mansion had its independent courtyard, garage, and power and water supply system. Their facilities were the best in Ol’ Mare. Ever since they were built three years ago, not one single mansion has been sold.

This was not because the mansions were terrible. Their prices were just too high.

Ol’ Mare was an expensive place to live in. A normal commercial apartment would sell for 9000 dollars per square meter. The

average sale of the Baltimore Mansions was 78000 per square meter.

On top of that, there were assorted processing fees. The final price of each mansion was not less than 15 million!

“How about this mansion?”

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As they entered the lobby of the sales center, no sales staff welcomed them.

Alexander did not mind one bit. He held Amber’s hand and walked over to a model mansion. He pointed at the first one on top of the hill.

He said with a smile, “This mansion is located in the highest part of the hill. It has a great view. Do you like it?”

Amber’s eyes sparkled. She looked at the model mansion for a while before waving to a few sales ladies behind the counter.

“Hello. May I ask how much is this model, the one at the highest?”

Model?

The pretty sales ladies were in business uniforms. They were chatting and playing games on the phone. When Amber called out to them, they looked rather irritated.

+15 BONOS

One of the sales ladies, who had a name tag that read Eve Shaw, walked over with her phone sullenly. She said curtly, “Miss, please don’t joke around with me. The model is not for sale. It’s just for show.

“If you want to buy, I’ll advise you to head to the mall. You could probably find a model mansion in the children’s toy department, but it won’t be cheap! It’ll cost you probably a few hundred dollars!” Amber felt a little awkward at her rudeness. She was not asking about the model, but the corresponding mansion number one.

Eve deliberately misconstrued her meaning. She could not finish her game on her phone, so she was infuriated.

“Not many customers will like a service with this attitude.” Alexander held Amber’s hand and looked at Eve calmly. He said calmly, “Please get your manager over. I want to buy mansion number one. Get him to process it right away.”

Eve was stunned. Then, she snickered.

This guy was still acting like he was a millionaire!

The wealthy people of Ol’ Mare would either have their own private mansions or they would be staying in the mansions in Ol’

Mare. The Baltimore Mansions had been built for more than three years. Its prices kept going up; no one would be willing to buy it at all.

The sales ladies had been idle for such a long time. The sales manager would only visit them a few times a month. Where would she find him?

“Sir, you can stop pulling my leg.” Eve pointed at the model mansion and said mockingly, “You’ve never bought such an expensive mansion before, have you? Let me explain it to you. The real wealthy people will never come here. They’d contact us by phone and get us to send the information over.

“Even if they don’t call, they’d get their secretaries or assistants to come over to have a look at the situation first. Customers like you two?” Eve giggled.

“To put it harshly, you can afford the mansion. Don’t waste our time here!”

Eve’s tone was equally rude and condescending, completely disrespecting Alexander and Amber.

“Alex.” The good-natured Amber could not take it any longer. She bit her lip and tugged Alexander’s sleeve. Let’s not buy this.

We’ll head to other neighborhoods to have a look. Ol’ Mare’ is so huge. There are other mansions!”

Alexander shook his head.

No wonder the mansions could not be sold, with such a snobbish saleslady ruining their company’s reputation!

“Since the manager isn’t around, you’ll be in charge.” He reached for his pocket to get

his custom-made American Express card.

He waved it at Eve and said gently, "Do a financial check. No password required. Process this right away. I'm taking all six mansions."

What?

+15 BONOS

Eve was a little stunned. She could sense that the young man was not joking around. She immediately flashed him an affectionate smile. She accepted his card with both hands, her tone was as sweet as honey when she replied, "Sir, please wait a moment. I'll check for you right away!"

Then, she quickly ran to the counter.

With such a huge transaction, a financial check was a necessary step when buying property. Many customers would either pay for it all in one go or do it in installments, but no matter which they choose, they would still need a financial check to verify their assets. Then, only they could proceed with the other procedures. A financial check without a password required was much easier. She did not need to even key in a passcode.

All she needed to do was to insert the card into a card reader machine to check the balance.

"My god! Girls, look at this!" Eve quickly returned to the counter to check on the balance of the card. Her eyes

were about to pop out.

There were 10 zeroes! Just from one glance, she could see that the balance was more than a hundred billion dollars!

"Have you had enough of a look?" Alexander held Amber's hand and led her to the counter. He emotionlessly added, "If you're done looking, please proceed with the sales. All six mansions. Just like what you said just now. Don't waste our time!"

Chapter 0288

Eve nodded fervently. She was so excited that her face flushed red.

According to the price set by the sales center, the total price of the six mansions was 108 million dollars. As the sales representative, she could get a 0.2 percent commission. That was equivalent to 216000 dollars!

She had been working in the sales center for three years. Her basic pay per month was only a few hundred dollars. She occasionally had to work shifts in other sales departments. Still, she barely earned 15000 dollars in the past few years.

She would never be able to earn 216000 dollars her entire life!

"Please wait for a moment, sir. I'll prepare the documents right away!" Eve was so excited that she could

barely form her words. She pranced to the file storage room to look for all the documents related to the six mansions.

She handed the documents to Alexander. Her voice trembled in delight. "Sir, we provide a one-stop-shop service. All you need to do is sign here. Sign seven times in each document. You have to state-oh, are you two married? If you are, then you'll have to sign as well, ma'am. Oh, I also need your IDs and marriage certificate!"

Alexander's expression still remained the same. He and Amber went through the purchasing process. They showed the relevant documents and signed all the documents.

After that, Alexander said quietly, "I'll pay for everything upfront with my card."

"O-Okay!" Eve nodded fervently. Of course, she could not forget the most important part. She raised her phone in selfie mode

and said excitedly, "Sir, Miss, let's take a photo so I can hand it in with all the files. Since I'm

the person in charge of this sale, I need you two as witnesses, so..."

So she could take a photo and get her commission?

Alexander smiled. He pulled Amber back half a step. Then, he drew his American Express card out from the point-of-sale terminal.

"What?" Eve was stunned. She could not react. She bowed and smiled ingratiatingly.

"Sir, Miss, you have any questions? I'll happily answer if any!"

"Two questions." Alexander looked at the equally baffled Amber. Then, he turned to smile at Eve. "Is a one-hundred-and-eight-million-dollar sale worthy enough for your manager to come and deal with it personally? If

your manager isn't free, how about the boss?"

Eve and the other saleswomen were stunned.

Six mansions. 108 million dollars. How much was the commission going to be?

How could this generous man be an ordinary person? He must be someone influential in Ol' Mare, perhaps even Tormora.

Even their boss would have to show him respect! He was not one to be offended!

"B-But

+15 BONOS

A chill ran down Eve's back, but she maintained her smile. She was extremely anxious inside. "But I've been serving you for so

long, sir. If I get my boss to come over, this sale will..."

Alexander smiled.

If her boss came, she would no longer get the sale. Her boss would not be foolish

enough to let her get the commission plus bonuses.

“Details determine successes or failures, especially in sales. How you treat your customers is key.”

He looked at Eve before looking at the other saleswomen. He said gently, “I’m really dissatisfied with all of your behavior,

especially you, Eve Shaw. Have you forgotten how rudely you treated my wife?”

Eve shuddered. Her smile could no longer hold.

She did not forget how rude she was to Amber. She said that they could not afford the mansion and to not waste her time. She

was chasing them away so that she could continue her game with her colleagues.

This was retribution. She brought it on herself.

“Sir, I’m sorry!” Eve’s face paled as tears stung her eyes. How she regretted her arrogance! “I didn’t mean to do it. The mansions

here are just really expensive. No ordinary person would be able to afford it. I just thought..... [thought...”

She could not finish her sentence.

Eve indeed looked at them poorly. At that moment, she did not know how to explain herself. Her face lost all

its colors. She stuttered, unable to find her words.

Right at this moment.....

“Why are you crying in front of a customer? What is going on?”

A middle-aged man in a suit entered the sales center. He saw the scene from far away.

He rebuked and waved his hand. “Get to work! Don’t embarrass yourself!”

Then, he pointed at one of the saleswomen and said arrogantly, “You. Bring me all the documents on the mansions and place

them in my car. We can take down the sales center. I’ve already contacted a buyer for the six mansions! We’ll be handing them

over today!”

Chapter 0289

Sold?

The saleswoman was stunned for a few seconds before coming to her senses. She pointed at the purchasing contract in Eve’s

hands and said hesitantly, “B-But we just sold the mansions, Mister Vaughn. They had been

paid in full...”

What?

The man in a suit, Maurice Vaughn, raised an eyebrow. He snatched the purchasing contract and scanned it roughly before

tearing it into pieces. He threw the pieces on the ground. “Give them a refund. Reprint the

contract and cancel the previous sale!”

The saleswoman did not dare to waste any time. She quickly turned and ran over to the

printer.

“Not so fast.” Alexander held Amber’s hand and gently took one step forward, stopping the saleswoman. He then turned to look at Maurice. “Once a contract has been signed, it is in effect immediately.

“Tearing off the contract will require compensation according to the clauses stated in the contract. Are you sure you want to cancel the sale?”

Maurice looked apologetic, but his tone was unfriendly. He snickered and said, “Sir, you could fork out one hundred and eight million dollars to buy all the mansions. You are surely not any ordinary person.

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“However, the buyer that I contacted is famous in all of Ol’ Mare. No one would dare to offend him. I tore the contract for your sake. I don’t need you to thank me. As for compensation...” Maurice chuckled. “The sale has been canceled.

How could there be any compensation? I’m sorry, I’m still busy. Goodbye!”

He ignored Alexander and Amber and headed to the counter.

“You’re afraid to offend the buyer. Are you not afraid of offending me?”

Alexander looked at his back and smiled. “I really can’t think of who I wouldn’t dare to offend in Ol’ Mare. I’m taking the six mansions no matter what. You-”

“Sir, did you not hear me? You’re not being very smart!” Maurice snickered at Alexander when he heard how insistent Alexander was. “Let me be frank with you. I don’t decide who to sell the mansions to, neither do you! If you know any better, you still have time to leave. If not, when our boss and that buyer come over, it’ll be too late for you!” At that, Maurice waved at Eve and scoffed. “What are you still standing there for? Send them off!”

Eve was already annoyed that she lost such a huge sale. She did feel some sort of regret about her bad attitude, offending Alexander and Amber.

When she heard what Maurice said, she instantly lost all hope. She was not going to get the commission or bonus. Why should she still be afraid of them?

She indeed looked at them deplorably.

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At that thought, Eve sneered. She ran over to the counter and quickly processed the refund. She returned the 108 million dollars that Alexander had just paid.

Then, she walked over to Alexander and Amber. She sneered at them. "Sir, Miss, the refund has been processed. Mister Vaughn has told you all to leave. If you still don't leave, I'm going to call security." Alexander smiled.

Eve's service was terrible a moment ago. He intended to teach her a valuable work lesson before Maurice came in. It seemed

like it was not just a matter of terrible service; she was just ignorant and arrogant! "Why are you still smiling? Do you think you're the boss of Ol' Mare? Don't think that you have some money, you're all that! Many more people are better than you in Ol' Mare!" Eve mocked Alexander smilingly before waving her hand at the security in the distance.

"Mister Maurice has said to escort them away!"

Four burly security guards with bats in their hands came running from the entrance. The leader of the security guards gestured and said in a low voice, "Sir, Miss, I'm sorry. Please leave!"

Amber had seen Alexander fight more than once. She was not afraid of the security guards at all, but she also did not want to cause a scene.

She pulled Alexander's wrist along and said softly, "Alex, forget about it. Don't make things difficult for the security guards. Let's go."

Then, she was about to pull Alexander along to leave.

Right at this moment...

"Mister Severn!"

Two figures entered the sales center one after the other.

The man that came in first was rather portly. He smiled apologetically, "To be frank with you, my mansions have been placed here for more than three years. No one would be willing to buy it. You've done me a huge

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favor. Come over here."

The young man behind was in a casual suit, ignoring the fat man. The moment he stepped inside, he noticed Alexander and

Amber. He first paused in his tracks. Then, he looked surprised and delighted.

"Boss! Miss Chesire! What a coincidence that you both are here!"

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Chapter 0290

Alexander laughed when he saw the young man.

It was George Severn.

Although he did not know the fat man, he could guess that he was the developer of Baltimore Mansions. He was also the big boss of the sales center.

As for the famous person in Ol' Mare Maurice was referring to a moment ago... Who else if not George Severn?

"George, what a coincidence." Amber looked a little delighted at George's arrival. She pulled Alexander along toward him.

There was once a time when George Severn of the Severn Group was someone that she could never talk to. The Chesire family's status was so low that they had no right to contact Severn Group. However, at that moment, the Severn Group became the New Chesire Group. George was on the board of the company, too.

More importantly, George was strangely respectful to Alexander. He obeyed Alexander's arrangement, and together with Ray, they were in charge of the Chesire family's security. They had a very close bond.

"Mister Severn, you two know each other?"

The fat man, Henry Compton, was alarmed when he heard George called Alexander boss. He quickly went forward and smiled widely. "A friend of Mister Severn's is a friend of mine! An honor to meet you!"

He reached out his hand eagerly at Alexander.

Alexander did not shake hands with Henry. He smiled at George. "You're the one buying the Baltimore Mansions?"

"That's right!" George looked respectful. He first bowed before explaining with a smile, "Boss, you've instructed Ray and I to look after Mister and Miss Chesire. Ray and I analyzed Belmont Hills. That area is rather busy and packed with all sorts of people. It'll be hard for security!"

"The Baltimore Mansions is much better. There are no other suburbs around. We can have tight security, ensuring all your safety!"

Amber was surprised. "George, are you saying...that you're buying the Baltimore Mansions to give us?"

"Of course!" George said, sounding as though it was the most obvious matter. He

laughed and said, "I still have my own mansion. It's more than enough for me. This is obviously for you. "Miss Chesire, the place here isn't that high class, but it's suitable for having tight security. If you don't like it, I can pick another place. Ol' Mare is huge. I'm sure we'll find something suitable!" Amber did not know whether to cry or laugh!

She was still pondering who was the famous person who had their eyes on the mansions. She was afraid that Alexander would have a grudge against that person.

1/2

+15 BONOS

She never thought that it was George. Great minds truly did think alike. George was such a thoughtful person!

"M-Mister Severn." Henry was standing by the side, listening to them chatting. He finally came to his senses. His voice trembled a little. "Are these two Miss Chesire, New Chesire Group's general manager, and her husband, Mister Kane, head of the company's security?" At that moment, New Chesire Group's Life One was flying off the shelves all around the country. The company experienced exponential growth. They were long at the top of Ol' Mare's wealthiest. No one would dare to call Amber by her name anymore. They had to refer to her politely as Miss Chesire.

As for Alexander, most of the public only knew that he was the live-in son-in-law, an ordinary retired veteran. Only the top circles of Ol' Mare and Woolpackton knew a little more about him.

For example, he unified the underworld forces in Ol' Mare and Woolpackton. He secretly got rid of the Jackman family in the north. He took over Drake Hardy's Rectewald Mall, not to forget the Ellis family and the Hart family.

The powerful people of Ol' Mare and Woolpackton, be it underworld or not, have witnessed Alexander's terrifying powers.

"Good that you know it. Don't boast around." George looked at Henry and harrumphed a little before looking at Amber politely.

"Miss Chesire, how do you like Baltimore Mansions? Let me know, and I'll get it done!" Amber hesitated for a while. "Uh..."

Indeed, she adored the mansions, but the saleswoman called Eve Shaw and their manager Maurice Vaughn

were terrible people!

"I've already bought the mansions once, but it's a pity." Alexander pointed at the torn contract on the floor.

He shook his head and smiled. "They refunded the sale. The contract has been voided.

We were almost kicked out by security, too. The service of the staff is rather hard to accept!" What?

George was shocked to hear this. He immediately realized something. He turned to look at Henry sharply." Henry, what on earth is going on here? You better give me-no. Give this sir here and Miss Chesire an explanation!"

His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar #Chapter 291 - Read His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar Chapter 291

Chapter 0291

Explanation?

Henry had been smiling ingratiatingly by the side. When he saw George's gaze, he almost peed his pants.

Others might not know who George was, but he was a developer. The people he was in connection with were wealthy and influential. Naturally, he knew who George was.

He was once the big boss of the underworld in Ol' Mare, the heir of the great Severn family. He was a vicious character!

Moreover, there was Mister Kane, who was more terrifying than George!

"I-It must be a misunderstanding! A misunderstanding!" Just thinking of this offense terrified Henry.

He quickly turned to look at the service counter nearby. "Who is on shift today?! I Maurice Vaughn, are you blind? Come here now, you useless wretch!"

The entire sales center lobby was in dead silence. Behind the counter, Eve, Maurice, and the other

saleswomen did not dare to let out a single sound. The security guards who were standing by the side were silent as well.

They were all terrified.

Ever since they saw Alexander and George happily chatting away and Henry showing deference to them, they

were dumbstruck. Their minds blanked.

Especially when they heard Alexander say about how his sale was refunded and the contract was voided, and

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also about their attitude.

“hey were so stunned that their faces turned blue.

Sir...” Seeing Henry flaring up, Maurice had no choice but to come out from behind the counter. He flashed an

gly smile. “I-I was just doing things according to your instructions. I came over to take the documents for

ne mansions. I n-never thought...”

le choked up. “I never thought I’d offend this Mister Kane. I really don’t know anything!”

e ‘did not know’? What bullcrap!

furiated, Henry turned to look at one of the saleswomen. “Get me the surveillance footage! I want to see

hat happened!”

he frightened lady ran over to the computer and worked on it swiftly, finding the surveillance footage of the ales center lobby.

he played the video fast-forward.

1 the screen, Alexander and Amber entered, but the saleswomen were behind the counter playing games on

eir phones.

1/2:

+15 BONOS

They were terrible to them. After the signing of the purchasing contract, Maurice tore it into pieces. Eve even got security to send

Alexander and Amber away.

The entire scene was recorded in perfection. Even what they said could be heard clearly.

“Bastards...” Henry glared at Maurice and Eve, panting. His eyes were bloodshot. How he wanted to skin them

both alive!

Those idiots offended the powerful Mister Kane of Ol’ Mare, Miss Chesire of New Chesire Group, and, indirectly,

George Severn!

“Sir, I didn’t mean to do it!”

Maurice was trembling so hard that he could barely stand up. “I didn’t know that the people buying the mansions were Mister

Kane and Miss Chesire. I-I was just doing things according to your instructions. Since Mister Severn wants to buy the mansions, we have to leave it for him. I-I was wrong! I

was thinking on your

behalf!”

"I'm sorry!" Eve was worse off than Maurice. She was so frightened that she burst into tears. She slumped to the ground and could barely catch her breath. "Mister Vaughn who told me to kick them out. I'm just following orders, so I got security..."

Henry slapped Eve before kicking Maurice to the ground. "How dare you deny everything! You treated customers badly, tore off their contracts, and even played on your phones during work!" At the same time, Henry glared at the four security guards. "You lot aren't off the hook!" The security guards were so frightened they could barely hold their bats up. They were just following orders. Their pay was already not very high. If they were to lose their jobs because of that incident that day, they would have tough days ahead. A new job was not easy to come by! "Mister Compton." Amber looked at the security guards and said gently, "They've worked their hardest. They were doing their jobs. They also treated Alexander and me nicely. They weren't rough." Alexander smiled and nodded.

They were indeed just following orders. They were not rough with Amber and him. As security guards, this was their job. Of course, he did not need to pursue this matter further. Accurately speaking, they were the only ones doing their jobs in the entire sales center. "Consider yourselves lucky that Miss Chesire and Mister Kane are so forgiving!" Henry's anger dissipated a little.

He then pointed at Maurice and Eve. His anger flared up once more. "Kick these two idiots out! Dock their pay, bonus, and benefits! Send out a notice in the Ol' Mare construction circle. Anyone who dares to hire them will be going up against me!" "They can dream of finding another job! No chance in hell!"

Chapter 0292

Maurice and Eve were fired.

They were beaten up by the security guards before scrambling off, sobbing loudly. "You all as well!" Henry turned to look at the remaining saleswomen furiously. "Playing with your phones during work? You didn't welcome the customers at all. The purchasing contract had been signed. Didn't you all see Mister Kane and Miss Chesire's names? Are you all blind?"

The saleswomen were trembling. Tears streamed down their faces. They had indeed seen Alexander and Amber's names when they were signing the contract. However, they were lowly folk. They had no idea who Alexander and Amber were.

"Although they were terrible, they didn't offend us." Amber could not bear to be too cruel. She said gently, "Deal with them

according to the company's rules. Don't make things any more difficult for them. I've also once worked low-level jobs before.

Mister Compton, you can let it go."

Henry's anger finally dissipated. He bowed at Amber before turning and harrumphing at them. "I'll dock your pay as a fine. If this happens again, you'll be fired immediately!"

The saleswomen were relieved. They bowed at Amber gratefully. "Thank you, Miss Chesire! We won't make the same mistake again! We promise!"

Amber merely hummed and held Alexander's hand.

She thought back about being bullied by Neil's family, Herbert, and Zoe. Her life was bleak back then. At that moment, one word from her could decide the fates of these sales staff. All these were given to her by Alexander.

Who could ask for a better man?

"Miss Chesire, Mister Alexander." After dealing with the staff, Henry finally thought about business. He bowed at them guiltily. "I blame myself for today's incident. Please don't take it to heart. Our Baltimore Mansions..."

Alexander smiled. He only nodded at George next to Henry and said nothing. He took Amber's hand and left the sales center.

"Uh..." Henry looked at them leaving before turning to look at George. He said ingratiatingly, "Mister Severn, I..."

George passed him a card and sneered. "You can't even see what Boss and Miss Chesire are trying to say, yet you call yourself a big boss! They'll take all six mansions. Get the papers sorted out now!"

The delighted Henry immediately got another saleswoman to process the purchase. He boldly returned to George and asked,

"Mister Severn, do you always call Mister Kane 'boss' or 'sir'? Is he as scary as some of the people say?"

George looked at the red Porsche leaving the sales center with respect gleaming in his eyes. When the red Porsche vanished,

he turned and slowly said, "He is the king of Ol' Mare!"

+15 BONOS

'The king of Ol' Mare' was not an exaggeration. It was an unquestionable fact.

In two short months, the underworld of Ol' Mare had been subdued. Although there might still be a few stray thugs in

Woolpackton, it did no harm. Rectewald Mall operated as usual,

On the surface, a professional manager was managing it, but only a few underworld bosses knew that it was already one of New

Chesire Group's businesses, belonging to Alexander Kane.

New Chesire Group was, without a doubt, the heart of Ol' Mare.

"Ol' Mare, Ol' Mare..." At that moment, in Zabaleta, a city 600 kilometers from Ol' Mare.

A gold-rimmed bespectacled middle-aged man was in a five-star hotel presidential suite, muttering to himself. He looked extremely conflicted.

Suddenly, glass shattered next door. A man yelled, "Ugh! Do you have a death wish on your hand, Wanda Briers!? How dare you resist!"

The young girl called Wanda Briers looked disheveled. She looked like a frightened bunny. She was holding a broken glass in her hand, looking at the thin man in front of her. She trembled in fear.

She was a rather famous celebrity in Zabaleta, and even in the country. The lewd topless man in front of her was the third heir of the Ledger family, Marcus Ledger.

"Mister Ledger, I'm sorry, but d-don't force yourself on me!" Wanda retreated with the glass shard in her hand.

She sobbed and begged, "If you want me to sleep with you, give me some time. I-I'll return to my room to take a shower. At the latest tomorrow morning, I'll give you a satisfactory answer!"

Marcus had already taken off his pants. He was only in leopard-print underwear. He looked at Wanda intently as if eyeing his prey.

He snickered. "You want to buy time? I'll let you have it! You're nothing but a small actor, yet you still think of escaping my grasp?"

By tomorrow, if you dare to resist, I'll cut you off all your resources with one word. I'll make sure you disappear from the entertainment industry!"

Wanda sobbed. She grabbed the shard and ran out of the door. She did not even care about her high heels anymore. She rushed into the room next door to the presidential suite and cried out at the bespectacled man. "Kelvin! I beg you! Help me!"

Chapter 0293

"Wanda, calm down!"

In the presidential suite, the bespectacled man called Kelvin Scruggs wrapped the trembling Wanda tightly in a blanket. His eyes

reddened. He said in almost a whisper, "Be quiet. Mister Ledger is just next door!" Wanda trembled and stifled her sobs, not daring to be too loud.

"From the moment you become a celebrity, you should know that you won't be able to avoid these things."

He bent down and looked at Wanda's tear-stricken face. He said helplessly. "If it was some other investor or producer, I'd find a way. Perhaps you could escape this. But the Ledger family..."

The Ledger family of Zabaleta was too cruel. Located at the junction of two rivers, Zabaleta was a true cosmopolitan city.

The Ledger family was one of the most powerful families in Zabaleta. Their roots in the city were deep, tracing back 200 years.

With such powers, even the mayor of Zabaleta has to show them some respect, let

alone a celebrity who just started.

“If I need to sell my body to advance my career, then...I'd rather quit the industry!”

Wanda bit her lip. Tears welled in her eyes.

“Kelvin. You're my manager. I've always treated you as my brother. I beg you to save me! I don't want to sleep with Marcus

Ledger. H-He's a monster!”

Kelvin was silent for a long time. He finally sighed and said softly, “When you were called over by Marcus a moment ago, I knew this would happen. Which is why I've been trying to think of a way.”

At that, he walked over and opened the door a little. He scanned the corridors before closing the door. It was as if he was making

a tough decision.

“Wait until two in the morning; everyone would be the sleepest at that hour. Then, you sneak out of the hotel. Run to Ol' Mare.

The underworld forces there have been unified, and the Ledger family's powers won't be able to reach there.

“Only by escaping to Ol' Mare can you escape the Ledger family. Only in Ol' Mare!”

Ol' Mare...

Wanda looked out of the window in the direction of Ol' Mare. Her eyes gleamed hopefully.

Kelvin was a good guy. He would never lie to her.

Thus, to Ol' Mare she would go.

At Ol' Mare.

1/3

+15 BONOS

“How could we let George spend all that money on us to buy six mansions at once? We have to pay him back!”

In Belmont Hills, Patrick and Susanne were pushing Harry and Donovan's wheelchairs respectively. “Although it's for security, it's more than a hundred million dollars. The entire company needs at least half a month to recoup that amount...”

They looked at each other and smiled.

For New Chesire Group at that moment, 100 million was not too big of an amount. The net profits of Life One alone every month were beyond 400 million.

The healthcare industry was truly a profitable one. They were selling Life One at a cheap price. If they were to set the price higher, their profits would be much higher.

“We can just move in with our bags now. Alexander is arranging things over at the mansions. We'll move in today.”

Amber had already called the movers. She was standing by the door of her bedroom.

She blushed a little shyly. “They can do the heavy-lifting while we pack up. We'll be able to do it in one trip.”

The furniture in Belmont Hills was old. They gave most of them to second-hand furniture shops. They only kept those tiny electronics that they could not bear to throw away. As for clothes and personal belongings, they would not let an outsider pack for them, obviously. They had to do it themselves.

“Sigh! We’ve stayed here for such a long time. I’ll really miss this place.” Patrick touched the couch and looked around longingly. “Amber, your mother and I would like to stay here a little longer to take some photos for keepsake. Please take our clothes to our new home. Don’t let Alexander wait too long.”

Amber did not insist. She placed all her belongings into a suitcase. Then, she drove the Porsche toward Baltimore Mansions.

Just when she was five kilometers away, she spotted an emaciated figure on the side of the road. Narrowing her eyes, she was baffled when the sight registered in her mind.

“What?”

They were on the coastal road on the outskirts. Few cars passed by. The figure in front of her looked like a

lady. She was waving her arms frantically as if trying to make Amber stop her car.

“T-This shouldn’t be a problem, right?” After being kidnapped a few times, Amber had been even more cautious. She looked through the rearview mirror to see an Audi A8 behind. She was instantly relaxed.

It was Ray.

Alexander had ordered him to protect Amber round the clock.

Well, it was only one lady. Even if she had any ill intentions, Ray and his men would be able to deal with her.

“Miss.” Amber slowed the car down and stopped next to the lady. She rolled down the window a little and

213

+15 BONOS

The young lady who had been asking for help by the side of the road took one step forward with difficulty. She had barely

muttered the word ‘help’ with her cracked lips before stumbling and falling.

In the process, however, her head slammed against the front tire of the Porsche.

Chapter 0294

“Miss? Miss?! Ray!”

Amber anxiously sat in the Porsche, waiting until the Audi A8 pulled up behind them.

She then flung open the

door and scooped up the girl who was a stranger to her, her heart skipping a beat as she noticed the girl’s

bruised forehead.

She was hurt, and it looked bad.

Thankfully, the car had stopped, but the tire's bounce did its damage. The girl's forehead slammed into the rubber before rebounding onto the pavement, leaving her skin mottled with shades of purple and blue. Oddly enough, in the sweltering heat, the girl was bundled up as if she feared the sun's kiss, her face half-hidden behind pricey sunglasses.

"She's just a regular person."

Ray was at their side in a flash, having dashed from the Audi A8. He checked the girl's pulse and sighed in

relief. "Don't worry, Miss Chesire. She's not a bad guy."

With a thoughtful hum, Amber rifled through the girl's coat pocket and pulled out a dead cell phone and an ID card.

22-year-old Wanda Briers.

The name rang a bell.

After a brief pause, Amber slipped the phone and ID back into Wanda's pocket, gently pressed against the

bruise on her forehead, and whispered, "Miss Briers, time to wake up."

It took a couple of minutes, but Wanda's body shivered, and her eyes fluttered open.

"Miss Chesire."

Ray crouched and offered her a bottle of water, his voice low and urgent. "Miss Briers is weak, and that bump

on her head isn't good. We should get her to a hospital, now. I'm on it."

He was already motioning to his people to make it happen.

"It's not appropriate with just men around," Amber said with a hint of concern.

She glanced at the grand Baltimore Mansion before assisting Wanda into the car. With a reassuring smile, she said, "Miss Briers,

I'm taking you to the hospital now. You have my word that I'm one of the good guys."

Amber slid into the passenger seat. Ignoring Wanda's silent panic, she shook her head as if to dismiss her own worries and sped

off toward Ol' Mare Central Woolpackton Hospital.

"Miss Chesire, I..." Ray's voice trailed off as he watched the Porsche disappear into the distance. He quickly jumped into an Audi

A8 parked nearby and made an urgent call to the director of Central Woolpackton Hospital.

"Mister Kramer, get ready. Miss Chesire is on her way!"

+15 BONOS

At Central Woolpackton Hospital, the roads were eerily silent. Every vehicle that had been parked along the curbs was then

gone, leaving a clear path from the main entrance to the emergency department's doors.

“So many people!” Wanda gasped, peering through the Porsche’s window at the swarm of doctors gathered at

the emergency room’s entrance. Her heart skipped a beat, and her face lost all color. The thought that raced through her mind was simple: ‘This is it.’

As Zabaleta’s starlet, she was used to a certain level of attention, especially when an on-set injury led to a hospital visit. However, this time was different. She had fled Zabaleta for Ol’ Mare in secret without any notice to the hospital.

In the heart of Ol’ Mare, far from the shadow of Zabaleta, a mystery unfolded.

“Could this be?” The thought shot through as the sleek Porsche purred to a stop. Was the driver, Miss Chesire, a secret scion of the illustrious Zabaleta Ledger family? Did she cloak her true self behind a veil of anonymity?

Or perhaps, the woman bearing the name Chesire was Ledger blood through and through?

“Miss Chesire,” she gasped, clawing her way upright and clutching the steering wheel. Her eyes brimmed with desperation as she implored Amber, “Please, I don’t need a doctor. It’s nothing serious. Just let me be, I’ll

vanish from Ol’ Mare this instant. I yearn for the simplicity of an ordinary life!”

However, her plea was lost in the wind. The Porsche had reached the hospital’s embrace.

Amber, taken aback for a heartbeat, looked concerned. “At ease, Miss Briers. When you collapsed, you struck my car’s tire. I vow to see this through to the end.”

Wanda’s lips parted to protest, but time was a thief.

At the emergency entrance, the hospital’s chief, Mister Kramer, with his retinue of specialists and department chiefs, had been waiting. They converged on the Porsche as it skidded to a halt, oblivious to Wanda’s presence.

All hands were on deck, voices melding into one.

“Bring the stretcher, now! Rush Miss Chesire to the ER and fire up the machines. She needs a full workup!”

“And what of the lady trailing behind?”

“Focus on Miss Chesire. Give her medical attention first!”

Chapter 0295

Never in her stint in the limelight had Wanda tasted such a bitter dose of humiliation.

Amber had assumed that the hospital’s bigwigs-the dean, department heads, and top-notch experts-were all there for her, ready

to roll out the red carpet with the most thorough and expert medical workup.

To her surprise, they could not have cared less about her. Their attention was fixated on ‘Miss Chesire’.

“You’ve got it all wrong-I’m not hurt!”

With a bemused shake of her head, Amber stepped out of the car. “Mister Kramer, you might want to check on Miss Briers in the backseat first. She’s the one in need of a check-up, not me.”

Skip the examination? That would not do at all. If Mister Kane got wind of it, what would become of my position as dean?

Mister Kramer’s mind was crystal clear on one thing. ‘Mister Kane’ was a man of such stature that even the formidable Steve, head honcho of the Ol’ Mare War Department, showed him nothing but deference. For Miss Chesire’s sore throat, he even procured the Skyflower, the prized national bloom of Serandsi. What else could that state about him?

Mister Kane was an enigma, a heavyweight. Miss Chesire-his wife-was his cherished love.

“Get her checked out, now!”

With that thought, Mister Kramer did not bother with pleasantries. He gestured decisively. “Injured or not, let’s call it a courtesy health screening. We must ensure Miss Chesire is in tip-top shape!” In a flurry, the medical team swooped in, hoisting Amber onto a stretcher and whisking her away to the exam room.

Meanwhile, a seasoned deputy director of surgery, in his fifties, opened the back door of the car. He gave

Wanda’s forehead a cursory look, removed her sunglasses, peered under her eyelids, and offhandedly made a remark.

“You’ve got a minor bruise under the skin, and you’re weak from dehydration. Just rest up and you’ll be okay.

“It’s pretty painful, huh? I’ll grab an ice pack from the pharmacy for you. Hang tight!”

With that, he spun on his heel and made his way to the pharmacy.

“Miss Chesire...”

No one else was around. Wanda gritted her teeth, glanced at the hospital, and made a break for it.

Right outside the Porsche, two guards from New Chesire Group sprang into action, slamming the car door shut with a stern look.

“Mister Ray Storm’s orders were to have Miss Briers stay put in the car until Miss Chesire gets back. Just sit tight and wait!”

Wanda froze, taking a good ten seconds to piece it all together.

Miss Chesire...

She was someone with real power!

Half an hour ticked by.

+15 BONOS

“Miss Briers, my apologies.”

Flanked by Mister Kramer and a swarm of top brass, Amber rushed out of the hospital entrance and got to the car. She caught

Wanda’s reflection in the rearview mirror, her eyes tinged with regret. “Mister Kramer and the

team were so insistent, I just couldn’t say no.”

Wanda, pressing the ice pack against her forehead, shook her head in silence.

She had bolted in the dead of night to Ol’ Mare to dodge Marcus Ledger, her phone battery dead, in a place she did not know

from Adam. All she wanted was to juice up her phone and find a temporary haven.

Amber? It was not that she was not up for bonding, she was just too scared to.

“Before you passed out, it looked like you were trying to flag down a car because your phone died and you

couldn’t get a cab, right?”

Amber glanced at her passenger while navigating the streets. “Miss Briers, where do you need to go? I’d be happy to drive you.

If your phone’s running low, feel free to use the charger in the back-it’s pretty handy.”

Wanda had taken advantage of the wait to juice up her phone to a comfortable 70 percent. After a moment of quiet, she

ventured, “Do you know of any places to live that are, well, out of the way?

“I’m looking for somewhere really private, where I won’t be bothered. Just me.”

Oh?

Amber paused, a bit surprised, then her lips curled into an involuntary smile.

She might have been stumped by any other request, but a place to stay? That she had.

With her family’s recent move to the

upscale Baltimore Mansion district, their old Belmont Hills home was sitting empty.

Offering it to Miss Briers would be a perfect

solution for both of them.

Chapter 0296

Since Wanda’s unexpected meeting with Amber, the hustle of moving out of Belmont Hills wrapped up. The people from the

second-hand furniture market had not even started their trek, and the house remained as it had always been, unchanged.

“No need to worry about furniture. You won’t have to bother with Belmont Hills for that.”

Amber pulled up to the house in her sleek Porsche, finished up a call, and ushered Wanda into the living room with a warm

smile. “Welcome to my old place. The neighbors are all aware we’ve moved out, so you’ll have all the peace and quiet you want.”

Wanda let out a silent, relieved sigh.

Their conversation during the drive had been brief, but it was enough for Wanda to piece together the puzzle of Amber’s identity-

Miss Chesire.

Amber Chesire, the powerhouse General Manager of New Chesire Group, had a presence that commanded attention.

“Miss Chesire, I can’t thank you enough for letting me crash at Ol’ Mare,” Wanda said, her voice tinged with a mix of relief and something else—something deeper.

Wanda paused, her thanks hanging in the air before she ventured a question, her voice dropping to a whisper, “You don’t watch

TV much, do you? You know, the hit show everyone’s talking about?”

“I haven’t been one to tune in, but I might start keeping an eye on it,” Amber replied. As she handed over the keys to Wanda,

Amber’s smile was warm, her explanation casual.

“Work used to consume all my time, so TV has been a rare treat. However, with the company’s rapid growth, we’re scouting for a celebrity face for our younger customers. I guess I’ll have to start keeping tabs on the

entertainment scene.”

Wanda simply nodded, her eyes betraying a flicker of complexity. If Amber ever uncovered who she was, that

sanctuary at Ol’ Mare might slip through her fingers.

“Miss Briers, the company needs me, so I’ll get out of your hair,” Amber said, cutting the visit short:

Her personal items were still tucked away in her Porsche, a clear sign she was not planning to linger. With a

smile and a wave, she left Wanda in the living room and set off for Baltimore Mansion.

Atop the mountain, Baltimore Mansion stood as the crown jewel among the villas.

George and Ray had done their part,

stationing their guys in the houses dotting the slope, securing the path to the summit.

They were leaving nothing to chance when

it came to Amber’s family’s safety.

“Amber, what took you so long?” came the greeting as she arrived.

Amber had barely pulled her Porsche up to the lush front yard of Villa No. 1 when

Patrick and Kamala Quidley came rushing out.

“Hand over your luggage and get to the office now. Alex is already there!”

1/2 ·

+15 BONOS

“The folks at ‘One Life’ are mostly the older crowd, right? Aren’t you guys looking to break into the youth market with some star

power? They’re in the middle of a meeting back at the office. If you hustle, you might just make it in time!”

Not wanting to waste a second, Amber grabbed her suitcase from the trunk and sped off toward the corporate

tower.

However, she was just a tad too late.

Up on the top floor, the marketing brainstorm had wrapped up. Alexander, with a stack of glossy photos in hand, gave Amber, who had just arrived, a warm, reassuring smile. "Picking a new face for 'One Life' isn't rocket science. You didn't have to rush. Is everything okay back at the villa?" "Mom and Dad are swamped," she replied, her cheeks tinged with pink. She peeked at the photos Alexander held. "So, these are our potential stars?" He gave a slight nod. 16 shining candidates, each a household name in their own right, from movies to music to variety shows. Any one of them could have been the key to unlocking a younger audience. In that age where fame was everything, the clout these celebrities wielded was nothing to scoff at. The right choice could have sent 'One Life's' sales soaring.

"It's been ages since I've watched TV. I'm out of the loop with these stars and their hit shows." Amber took the photos from Alexander, flipping through them with a smile that hinted at nostalgia. "I used to have my own idols growing up. Who would've thought I'd be teaming up with stars now? These candidates..." Her words trailed off as her eyes locked onto a face in the stack, her expression turning to stone. She barely thumbed through a handful of photos when one girl's image captivated her. The girl in the picture had eyes that sparkled with innocence, a lithe body, and a face that radiated unmatched purity. Her name was neatly inscribed in the lower right corner. That girl was the enigmatic Wanda, the new resident of the old Belmont Hills house.

Chapter 0297

Meanwhile, at the Chesire family's Belmont Hills residence... No sooner had Amber stepped out than Wanda quickly locked the living room's security door, collapsed onto the chilly mattress, and let the tears stream down her face.. She had spent the entire day and night in a state of high alert, cocooning herself in layers of caution. She even avoided the safest taxis and endured a harrowing journey to Ol' Mare-all to slip from Marcus' deadly grip. The phone rang. "Kelvin." After a good cry, she fumbled for her phone and dialed Kelvin's number. As soon as the call connected, a fresh wave of tears broke free. "I've made it to Ol' Mare, you don't have to worry..." Her words cut off abruptly as her voice seized up in terror. At that very moment, in the presidential suite of the Zabaleta Ol' Mare Seaside Grand

Hotel, Kelvin was
sprawled on the floor, drenched in blood.

Marcus stood there, flanked by four hulking bodyguards, a phone in his hand and a cruel smirk on his lips. ”

Wanda, you thought you could just run off to Ol' Mare and I'd be at a loss?

“You think you can just reject me? I'll have you know, no matter where you try to hide, I'll find you!”

Back in the Chesire living room, Wanda's face was ashen, her body shaking uncontrollably with fear.

Marcus... Marcus had taken Kelvin!

“You're worried about Kelvin, huh? Don't bother. Someone like him is beneath my notice!”

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Marcus' boot came crashing down on Kelvin's arm as he taunted into the phone with a sinister laugh. “Wanda, don't say I didn't give you a chance. Come back and play nice, and all will be forgiven. From here on out, I'll treat you like a queen!

“However, if you're going to be stubborn, I've got ways to drag you back. Don't come crying when I'm not so gentle then. With the Ledger family's clout, snuffing out a little star like you is a piece of cake!”

Marcus' laughter was cruel and unhinged as if he had Wanda right where he wanted her.

Wanda's heart pounded with fear, and she could not bear to listen a second longer. She hung up and crumpled onto the sofa, her tears flowing freely.

This was bad.

Kelvin was in Marcus' clutches, and Marcus knew she was hiding out in Ol' Mare. His threats were not empty words.

The Ledger family ruled Zabaleta with an iron fist, feared by all. For someone like her, just a small-time entertainer, they could squash her without a second thought.

1/3

+15 BONOS

“Ol’ Mare... I have to get out of Ol’ Mare!”

Panic surged through her, and she could not waste a single moment. She threw on her thick black coat, hid behind her sunglasses, and yanked open the security door of her apartment, desperate to escape Ol’ Mare.

However, as she swung the door open...

“Miss Briers?”

Outside in the hallway, Amber and Alexander were just about to step through the door when Wanda nearly

crashed into them. She instinctively stepped back, then offered a wistful smile. “I was just saying how Miss

Briers’ name rang a bell, but I couldn’t quite place it.

“You remember, right? I told you New Chesire Group is on the lookout for a new face to represent them. If

you’re interested, I was hoping...”

Before he could finish, tears cascaded down Wanda’s cheeks.

What an incredible break that could be for her career in acting, to be the face of New Chesire. However, it was

a dream she had to let go of then. Marcus knew she was hiding out at Ol’ Mare. She had to get out of there,

fast.

“Miss Chesire, I’m so sorry!”

She whipped off her sunglasses, dabbed at her tears, and put them back on. Her voice was thick with emotion.

“I’m touched by your offer, but...I’m in a bind that I can’t talk about. Please don’t take it personally. I have to

leave Ol’ Mare right away, and I can’t rent your house anymore. I apologize!”

With that, she spun on her heel and dashed for the stairs.

“Hold on.”

Alexander, who stood next to Amber, stepped forward and blocked Wanda’s path with a gentle smile. “Miss

Briers, if you really have to leave Ol’ Mare, let me at least arrange a ride for you.

“However, before you go, maybe you could tell us what’s got you so spooked?”

Arrange a ride...

Wanda froze in her tracks hesitantly before she shook her head, a look of despair washing over her. “I can’t drag you into this

mess. Forget the car service, I’ll figure out my own way to get out of here.

“If anyone comes asking about me, could you... Could you just play dumb? Say you’ve never seen me before.

I’d owe you big time.”

Hmm. This sounded like she was in deep trouble.

Alexander and Amber locked eyes before giving a slow, decisive shake of their heads. "Miss Briers, with stakes like these, we can't in good conscience let you just walk away.

"If you were on the run from the law, Amber and I wouldn't hide you. However, if you're in the crosshairs of some bad guys, then...

2/3

+15 BONOS

"Agree to be the face of New Chesire, and I promise you, not a soul in Ol' Mare, heck, not anyone in the whole world, will be able to lay a finger on you."

Chapter 0298

Wanda staggered slightly as Alexander spoke, her eyes briefly losing focus.

Safe and sound as New Chesire's brand ambassador...

That was right.

Kelvin had said that Ol' Mare's underworld was locked down tight, and even the Ledger family could not get a foothold. There were Mister Kane and Miss Chesire, big shots in Ol' Mare with the clout of New Chesire Group backing them.

Kane's guarantee might be a stretch, but maybe sticking around Ol' Mare would not be such a bad idea.

"Miss Chesire, Mister Kane..."

After a long pause, she finally let down her guard and tearfully confessed, "I haven't done anything illegal or out of line, but I was cornered. Last night, Marcus, the Zabaleta Ledger family's third son, summoned me to his presidential suite..."

She poured out the story of Marcus' actions, her voice breaking with emotion. "If it were anybody else, my boss at the entertainment company might have found a way to fix things for me, but the Ledger family... They're way out of our league!"

The third son of the Zabaleta Ledger family? He had never even heard of that guy.

With a reassuring smile, Alexander spoke gently, "Don't worry, Miss Briers. My word is good from this moment

1. on. No matter how tough this Marcus thinks he is, he won't get away with anything in Ol' Mare!"

However...

Wanda was torn. She bit her lip in uncertainty.

"Miss Briers, you've been on the run for over a day. You must be worn out."

Amber stepped closer and tenderly took Wanda's hand, glancing at Alexander with a warm smile. "I used to

doubt Alex's capabilities too, but after everything that's happened, I don't have a single doubt left..

"If he says you're safe, then you are-no question about it.

“Let’s go. I’ll take you somewhere you can unwind. After that, we’ll head to my company, introduce you to the team, and once we’ve got the cooperation agreement signed, you’ll be diving into the endorsement gigs. It’s going to be a busy time for you, Miss Briers!”
With a soft look at Alexander, she added, “Alex, let’s head to our spot.”
Alexander’s face lit up with a grin.
Sunlight Club was one of George’s many hotspots, known for its amazing staff. They would take care of Wanda, scrubbing off the travel grime and giving her mind the chill-out session it desperately needed. It was the perfect spot.

1/3

+15 BONOS

Chapter 0298

Wanda staggered slightly as Alexander spoke, her eyes briefly losing focus.

Safe and sound as New Chesire’s brand ambassador...

That was right.

Kelvin had said that Ol’ Mare’s underworld was locked down tight, and even the Ledger family could not get a foothold. There were Mister Kane and Miss Chesire, big shots in Ol’ Mare with the clout of New Chesire Group

backing them.

Kane’s guarantee might be a stretch, but maybe sticking around Ol’ Mare would not be such a bad idea.

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+15 BONOS

“Off we go!”

Exiting the hallway, Alexander revved up his cherry-red Porsche, with Amber and Wanda in tow, and zoomed

off to the Sunlight Club.

They had the whole place to themselves.

Meanwhile, a good 600 kilometers from Ol’ Mare, in Zabaleta, at the Ledger family’s swanky villa.

Marcus lounged in the sprawling living room, decked out in all things luxe. He clutched a fancy DV camera,

eyes glued to the big screen that was ablaze with the hottest scenes featuring the country’s A-list celeb

ladies.

Spoiled rotten as the Ledger’s third son, Marcus had it all: flashy cars, swanky watches, and a private yacht. However, his real

passion? Women. The best of the best from showbiz.

He had had his fun with more starlets than he could count, some of their escapades even captured in crystal- clear video for his

private viewing pleasure. Those stars had no choice but to play along, too scared to put

up

a fight.

All but Wanda.

“That little witch thinks she can just say no to me and hightail it to Ol’ Mare!”

He watched the screen for a moment longer, then gave a low, menacing chuckle as he adjusted himself.”

Andrew, what’s the scoop? I want that minx Wanda in my bed by tonight, no excuses!”

The towering bodyguard, Andrew, with his imposing frame nearly two meters high, gave a deep bow to Marcus. “Mister Marcus

Ledger, I’ve got a lead,” he said with a formal tone. “Hired a private eye firm for three thousand dollars. They hacked the signal and tracked Wanda’s cell.”

“She’s holed up at the Sunlight Club, smack in the heart of downtown. Been there for over thirty minutes now.”

Sunlight Club?

Marcus let out a detached chuckle.

“She knows I’m on her trail, and she’s lounging at some fancy club?”

He eased up from the couch and glanced toward Ol’ Mare. With a swift, dismissive gesture, he sneered, “Andrew, make it your personal mission. Fetch that treacherous Wanda for me.

“I’ll teach her a lesson about crossing the Ledger family. She’s going to pay dearly for her blunder. Tonight, I’m going to make her regret it in a hundred different ways.”

A flicker of concern crossed Andrew’s face, but he stood rooted to the spot. He was petrified.

Ol’ Mare’s underworld was a fortress, its power consolidated. With Mister Hardy from Woolpackton gone, Rectewald Mall’s fate up in the air, and the big players all keeping mum, it was clear they were all tied to Ol’ Mare

2/3
+15 BONOS

The northern Ellis and Jackman families had bitten the dust there, and word had spread all the way to Zabaleta.

This meant that Ol’ Mare was a hornet’s nest, a place they did not mess with. Anyone who tried was signing their own death warrant.

“What’s there to be scared of?” Marcus scoffed, his voice dripping with disdain.

Marcus glanced over at Andrew, his lips curling into a mocking sneer. “Ol’ Mare, that little backwater? Think it can put up a fight against the Ledgers? Round up Hec and Hunter. We’re going to storm through Ol’ Mare and make damn sure we bring Wanda back.

“And if anyone’s got the guts to try and stop us,” he added, his voice stern and unyielding, “don’t bother talking. Just take them down.”

Chapter 0299

Once Marcus issued his unwavering order, Andrew’s doubts vanished into thin air. He was well aware of Marcus’ fearsome reputation.

As the third young master of the Ledger family, he was cherished since childhood. Not only did he have the most elite and professional security team, but he also specifically invited the Hec and Hunter brothers from a renowned martial arts academy in the country to ensure his safety.

Each of them was a Grandmaster in the fighter community, having mastered energy transformation.

Their prowess was unmatched. In the face of their might, Ol’ Mare was a mere speck, and even the entirety of Tormora would struggle to find their equal.

“Mister Marcus Ledger, have no worries. The Grandmasters and I will depart at once. We’ll get Wanda before you know it!”

Overjoyed, Andrew bowed deeply to Marcus before stepping out of the lounge. He signaled to two stern- looking men in black waiting in the yard.

They boarded Marcus’ private chopper, setting a course straight for Ol’ Mare. Meanwhile, at the Sunlight Club in Ol’ Mare.

Wanda tensely reclined on a massage chair.

Her masseuse, a woman in her thirties with a gentle touch, worked on Wanda’s shoulders and whispered, ‘ Miss, you seem preoccupied. Try not to worry so much. Relax a little, your muscles are all knotted up.” Next to her, Amber was also basking in the skilled hands of her masseuse. She glanced over at Wanda and offered a reassuring smile. “Miss Briers, still feeling anxious?”

Wanda mustered a faint smile in response. Relaxed? That was the last thing she could be.

The Zabaleta Ledger family was a dynasty of wealth and power, its roots entwined through centuries of history. They had their fingers in the pies of over thirty major companies at home. Whispers abounded that their fortune had soared past the 15-billion mark.

Who would dare stand in their way if they decided to snatch someone from the streets of Ol’ Mare?

Despite Alexander’s assurances, she was on edge. It was not that she doubted him, it was just that the Ledgers were a force to be reckoned with.

As they were getting their massage.....

Thunder roared.

+15 BONOS

A sleek private chopper, more than eight meters long, swooped down from the heavens. When it was still 50 meters up, the side door of the cabin creaked open.

“Mister Marcus Ledger said no dilly-dallying. Quick and clean, that’s how we do it!”

Perched at the doorway, Andrew peered down at the bustling Ol’ Mare below, then nodded to Hec and Hunter.” After you, gents.”

With a shared smirk and a nod, the trio jumped.

They hit the ground like meteors, each landing blasting a crater into the pavement in front of Sunlight Club.

“S-Sir...”

The welcoming committee, a few hostesses, and doormen were petrified, their faces ashen. One brave soul managed to step forward, her voice quivering, “Gentlemen, I’m terribly sorry, but Mister Kane from New Chesire Group has booked the entire place, so...”

Andrew's hand shot up. With a swift slap, the doorman crumpled to the floor. Andrew's voice was ice as he spat out, "Enough talk. I don't care about Director Kane. Get Wanda out here... No, we'll go in and fetch her ourselves!"

With a covert glance at Hec and Hunter, the trio stormed toward the clubhouse lobby. In that split second...

"Insolence!"

A shadowy figure on the left side of the hall rose leisurely, pouring coffee for the young man before him. He then turned, fixing his gaze on the intruders, and pointed sternly at the fallen doorman, "Apologize to him, then leave!"

Andrew, Hec, and Hunter halted, eyeing the bald man with dark skin. Their lips twisted into a menacing grin. "You asking for trouble?"

That man was none other than Ray.

Tasked with Amber's safety, he stood his ground, even with Alexander present. Without immediate action, Ray turned to

Alexander, still sipping his coffee, and bowed respectfully, "Boss, your orders?"

Alexander drained his coffee with deliberate slowness, set down his cup, and continued to drink, paying no mind to the unwelcome trio.

"Playing dumb, are we?"

Andrew's eyes narrowed and glanced at Alexander's face. His hand moved to the alloy knife at his waist, and a sinister chuckle escaped him. "Mister Marcus Ledger's orders are clear. Anyone in our way dies without a second thought!"

Hec and Hunter flashed wicked smiles, striding forward. Their movements were a blur, and with a flash of their alloy daggers, they sliced through the air. The blades whistled sharply, stopping mere inches from Ray.

Oh?

+15 BONOS

In the VIP section to the left of the grand hall, Alexander cradled his drink, eyes tracking Hec and Hunter's every move. His gaze intensified for a moment before he murmured, "Moving Fist, Horizontal Blade, Breaking Slash."

Ray's senses snapped to attention. His hand flew to the alloy sword at his waist, drawing it in a flash. He stepped diagonally forward with his left foot, his wrist snapping the sword's flat side across his back. Then, reversing his grip, he brought the blade down in a fierce arc above his head.

The three moves flowed together seamlessly as if he had practiced them a thousand times. Hec and Hunter's daggers had barely reached Ray's chest before his sidestep made them miss by inches.

As they tried a comeback, their blades found only the solid steel of Ray's sword against his back. With his final move, the Breaking Slash, their thumbs were sliced off clean, the daggers clattering to the ground.

Chapter 0300

"No way, this can't be happening!"

In the Sunlight Club's main hall, Andrew's eyes narrowed in shock as he watched Hec and Hunter's thumbs hit the floor. His heart lurched.

He knew what Hec and Hunter were capable of.

These two individuals were widely renowned in the domestic fighters' community, excelling in coordinated martial techniques.

Their synergy went beyond the simple arithmetic of one-plus-one. By taking the initiative, they could even put a dominant figure in the fighters' community at a disadvantage.

All that, and some nobody just chopped off their fingers with a single, swift cut?

The dark-skinned man before them, while not lacking in strength, at best possessed vital energy. There was still a significant gap between him and a Grandmaster in the fighter community, they operated on a whole different level!

Yet, could it be that the young man lounging on the couch, with just a few offhand tips, had enabled a vital energy fighter to

leapfrog the ranks and take down not one, but two Grandmasters?

Even having seen it with his own eyes, he found it hard to swallow. How on earth did Ol' Mare come to

possess such a formidable expert?!

"Ray, you're dragging your feet."

Alexander, ever so composed, took another leisurely sip of his coffee before shaking his head slowly. "If that

final slash had been just a tad quicker, you wouldn't have just nicked a finger, you'd have taken off a whole

wrist.

"From this day on, you swing that blade of yours ten thousand times a day, no excuses, no shortcuts!"

Ray sheathed his alloy saber and bowed deeply to Alexander, his heart pounding with excitement.

In the days under Alexander's tutelage, both George and Ray had seen their abilities skyrocket. However, with

so little time, their vital energy levels could not just skyrocket overnight, they were climbing steadily.

If he had to face those two Grandmasters on his own, he would be a goner for sure.

However, with Alex's off-

the-cuff advice, he could punch way above his weight class and knock out two

Grandmasters with a single
move.

What could be more thrilling than that?

Sticking with Alexander was hands-down the smartest move he had ever made.

“Who are you?!”

In that tense moment, Hec and Hunter had just scooped up their severed thumb from the dirt, their hands slick with blood, faces twisted in agony. They stared at Alexander, eyes wide with a mix of fear and recognition.

Nobody has moves like that... you're no amateur!”

+15 BONOS

“We've crossed paths with some top-notch fighters back home. So, who taught you? Come on, give us a name!

Alexander just chuckled and shook his head.

Did these men think they deserved to know the War Temple Lord's name? Not a chance.

“Did I overhear you guys were after Wanda?”

Alexander's voice was steady, his gaze unflinching as he faced Andrew, Hec, and Hunter. “Leave the thumb as a souvenir, and beat it back to where you came from. No thumb, no mercy-take your pick.”

Andrew, Hec, and Hunter were silent, teeth clacking in fear. They did not dare make a peep.

Those guys were top-tier fighters, masters of energy transformation, but they knew they were outclassed. Alexander could spot a flaw in their moves with just a glance, and his presence was like a hidden storm-impossible to measure.

At that level, even the dominant figures in the fighters' community they had encountered were far from matching up!

“Nice moves, and what an attitude!”

Andrew bit back his rage, his hand slowly leaving the knife at his side. With a deep, respectful nod to

Alexander, he said, “The Zabaleta Ledger family concedes today! Should you ever come to Zabaleta, we'll roll

out the red carpet for you. Until our paths cross again!”

With those biting words, he turned on his heel, Hec and Hunter in tow, and they started to walk away.

“It seems you didn't quite catch my words.”

Alexander's voice was chillingly even as he watched them go. To Andrew and his friends, though, it boomed like thunder in their heads. “I didn't say walk away-I said get lost!

“And remember your thumbs-one from each of you. Leave them here!”

What?!

Hec and Hunter were somewhat relieved. Their fingers were already gone, so no more pain for them. However,

Andrew, who had not acted earlier, still had his thumbs. Then...

It was a choice between death or self-mutilation.

“Don’t go too far!”

Andrew stopped dead in his tracks, spinning around to glare at Alexander heatedly.

“Everyone has their limits, and there’s always someone tougher! Don’t think the Ledger family is scared of you, our young master...”

In a blur, Alexander closed the distance, his fingers deftly flicking.

With a sharp hiss, the gleaming alloy long knife at Andrew’s waist flew out of its sheath.

The blade glinted and sliced through the air, neatly severing Andrew’s right thumb.

“Now, you can beat it.”

Alexander pulled back his hand and casually lifted three fingers. As he began to speak, his index finger curled down. “Start the countdown, roll out of here or it’s game over!”

“Three.”

“Two...”

Andrew and Hec Hunter were scared out of their wits, not waiting for Alexander to finish counting. They did not dare stick around or even think about fighting back. They could not even muster a final defiant word and just

collapsed to the ground with a thump.

Particularly Hec and Hunter, who had just managed to retrieve their severed limbs, quickly tossed them aside and tumbled out after Andrew, making a sorry exit from the club’s front door. They were a complete mess.