

His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar

#Chapter 301 – 350

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Chapter 301

Chapter 0301

Outside Sunlight Club, a ridiculous spectacle was taking place.

Hovering about 50 meters up was a private chopper, perfectly still in the sky. A Ledger family bodyguard stood at the open cabin

door, eyes nearly popping out as he watched Andrew and Hec Hunter rolling around below.” Andrew? And the two Envoys?

What in the world happened to you guys?”

Andrew, Hec, and Hunter were fighting back tears. Without a peep from Alexander, they did not dare to even try standing up.

“What’s going on with them, rolling around on the ground like that?”

“Hey, ain’t that Mister Kane from New Chesire Group? Those three are making a scene on the ground. Did they cross Mister Kane or something?”

“Check it out, everyone! There’s a chopper up there! And look at the side, it’s got ‘Zabaleta Ledger family’ written all over it...”

On the side of the road, cars kept pulling over to watch the commotion, and shoppers paused, staring in disbelief.

*The Ledgers here in Ol’ Mare?” one whispered, eyes wide. “I heard they’re big shots. What brings them to our

neck of the woods?”

“Big shots or not, they can’t just throw their weight around here,” another scoffed. “A helicopter? Big deal. We’ve seen fighter jets

in Ol’ Mare before!”

The crowd’s biting comments stung like knives. Andrew, Hec, and Hunter’s cheeks flamed with shame.

They had been chased halfway down the street, skidding across an intersection before finally disappearing from sight. Only then

did they pick themselves up, let the helicopter drop a ladder, and climb aboard, teeth clenched in anger.

“Alexander...” Andrew muttered, nursing his injured hand inside the chopper as he glared at the Sunlight Club below. “We’ll

report back to Mister Marcus Ledger in Zabaleta. This Alexander, whoever he is, is going to pay dearly.”

Two hours later, at the Ledger family's mansion, Marcus was livid. He hurled priceless antiques across the room, shattering them against the walls
"Incompetent fools!" he bellowed. "You've dragged the Ledger name through the mud by making a spectacle on the streets of Ol' Mare!"
"Fighter community's Grandmaster, raking in over a hundred fifty million a year... The Ledgers pay you a fortune, and this is your best? What good are you to us if you can't even handle a B-list star?!"

Andrew, Hec, and Hunter knelt on the floor humiliated.

+15 BONOS

They had pushed themselves to the limit, but Alexander was a nightmare they had not anticipated. It made sense then why Wanda had bolted to Ol' Mare, a place even the devil would think twice before entering.
"Mister Marcus Ledger."

Andrew's head was low, eyes burning with a fierce resolve. He suddenly looked up, his words biting. "The underground in Ol' Mare is a fortress, and Alexander... His power is off the charts!"
Marcus' brow furrowed deeply as he stared down at Andrew, "Enough babbling, what's your point?"

Andrew quickly averted his gaze, his tone venomous, "Sir, you let Kelvin off easy before, not wanting to stoop to his level.

However, he's Wanda's agent. Close to her, very close.

"If we use him as bait..."

He did not get to finish. Marcus' eyes sparked with interest, and he bellowed, "Bring me Kelvin, now!"

In a flash, two Ledger bodyguards appeared, dragging a tightly bound Kelvin into the living room.

"Mister Marcus Ledger!"

Kelvin had been trapped in the Ledger family's basement for over 24 hours. When he caught sight of Marcus, hope flickered in

his eyes, and he begged, "You're a man of great understanding, please don't judge us small-timers by your standards.

"I admit, I messed up with Wanda. I should've kept a better eye on her. I'm begging you, Mister Marcus Ledger! Have mercy on me, and let Wanda off the hook, too..."

With a swift kick, Marcus sent Kelvin tumbling across the floor, laughing cruelly. "You're knocking on death's door, and you still want to beg for that little traitor Wanda? You're a loyal agent, I'll give you that. Why didn't I notice that before?!"

Knocking on death's door?

A shiver ran through Kelvin's bound body, and he struggled to rise, his face drained of color. "Mister Marcus Ledger, I swear I

had no clue about Wanda running off. I've got no beef with you, and I'm hoping you can look the other way, I..."

The sound of a harsh slap echoed as Kelvin's cheek stung from the impact.

"Clueless? Please!"

Marcus shook his aching hand and spat on Kelvin's face with contempt. "You think I'm an idiot? Wanda couldn't have made it to Ol' Mare without your help. I'm done wasting words on you. Clean her up and bring her to me by tomorrow night, or get ready to pick up your parents' bodies."

Chapter 0302

+15 BONOS

Pick up...their bodies?

Kelvin's world exploded in his head, a thunderous crash that left him numb and unresponsive, even as the Ledger family's bodyguard cut him loose. He stood there, paralyzed, his mind a blank slate. the cold-blooded monster Marcus really using Kelvin's own parents as leverage? Was that guy even human?

He was lower than any beast!

"My guys are on their way, and they'll be bringing your parents along soon enough." Marcus closed in, a cruel smile playing on his lips as he slapped Kelvin's face twice, the sound echoing sharply. "What's it gonna be, Kelvin? Want to see your old folks hale and hearty, or would you rather see a couple of corpses?"

*Come on, do the right thing. Fetch Wanda for me, and I'll make sure your parents are treated like royalty. If not... Well, let's not go there, shall we?"

Kelvin felt like his soul had been ripped out. He staggered to his feet and made a few steps toward the living room door before his whole body started to shake.

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Trade Wanda's life for his parents' safety? Never!

He had been a nobody in showbiz for years, but signing Wanda, that shining new star, changed everything. She was his golden ticket that catapulted him to the top at Zabaleta.

To say Wanda was the reason for his success was an understatement. She was a gem, always treating him with such gratitude. When the boss wanted to swap her out for a female agent, worried about the gossip, it was Wanda who fought to keep him as her agent. Professionally, and personally, betraying Wanda was out of the question. Kelvin refused to betray her.

“Family shouldn’t pay for one’s mistakes. You take the fall for your own actions!” Kelvin’s eyes were bloodshot, a testament to his rising panic. He shot a desperate look at Marcus and, with a wild edge to his voice, pleaded, “Mister Marcus Ledger, take my life. Just spare my parents, please!” With those final words, he hurled himself with all his might against the living room wall. “Trying to off yourself? Cute,” Marcus scoffed, effortlessly tripping Kelvin with a lazy flick of his foot. Kelvin hit the ground hard, a nasty bump rising on his forehead. Crouching down, Marcus grabbed Kelvin’s shirt and sneered, “You think a little suicide stunt will make me let them off the hook?”

“Your life’s worth nothing to me. Dead or alive, it’s all the same.”

+15 BONOS

“If you die now, I’ll just send your dear old mom and dad to join you. How should I do it, though? A car crash? Boil them alive?”

He laughed cruelly. “Come on, Kelvin, they’re your folks. You pick how they go. Think fast!”

Kelvin felt a chill deep in his bones, his blood running cold.

Marcus was a monster, a heartless fiend.

“Mister Marcus Ledger.”

Andrew strode up, his right hand in a bandage and a phone in his left. He held it out to Marcus, sparing Kelvin

a chilling glance before murmuring. “The crew’s ready to move on your call.”

The phone screen showed a live video feed, ready to broadcast their next move.

In the pristine hallway of an upscale apartment building, five Ledger family enforcers stood guard outside a door, their hands

gripping sleek alloy daggers

One of them, phone in hand, aimed the camera at the reinforced door and murmured, “Mister Marcus Ledger, the couple is

having dinner. We’re ready to bust in whenever you say the word.

“Your call, Mister Marcus Ledger. Do we take ‘em alive or finish ‘em off now?”

On the other end, Marcus watched the live feed and cackled at Kelvin. “You know, Kelvin, I can’t say I didn’t give you a fair shot.

You’ve got ten seconds. Bring me Wanda, or sit back and watch your folks get carved up.

“Ten, nine, eight, seven...”

Kelvin’s world spun, his blood boiling with rage and despair, nearly pushing him over the edge.

What choice did he have?

'Wanda...forgive me.'

With tears streaming down his face, he sobbed to Marcus, "Mister Marcus Ledger, for the love of God, spare my parents! They're clueless, they're innocent!"

"I'll bring Wanda to you tomorrow night, I swear it..."

"No need to wait—I'll bring her today!"

Chapter 0303

At the Ol' Mare, part of Sunlight Club, Wanda had spent the whole afternoon pampering herself with every spa treatment they offered. It was not until the evening sky dimmed that she and Amber headed back to the locker room, feeling refreshed and vibrant, every bit the star she was..

She traded the club's comfy robe for her chic personal outfit and, on a whim, checked her phone. A smile of sheer delight spread across her face.

Wanda's phone lit up with over twenty missed calls, all from Kelvin. She glanced at Amber, offering a sheepish grin before stepping aside to return the call. "Kelvin!" she exclaimed, her voice a mix of surprise and delight. "Marcus didn't give you a hard time, did he? You got your phone back?"

Meanwhile, Kelvin had just exited Ol' Mare International Airport, Wanda's voice ringing in his ears. Guilt washed over his face, but he kept his tone steady. "Wanda, where are you? I'm at Ol' Mare."

Wanda paused, her face a canvas of shock. "You're here, too? Oh, right, the company's schedule is slammed with appointments. But what about Marcus? He's not after me anymore?"

With a forced smile and eyes heavy with remorse, Kelvin replied, "Yeah, the boss smoothed things over with Marcus Ledger.

They've made peace. He sent me to pick you up—there's a mountain of work back at the company waiting for you!"

Wanda's doubts melted away, her smile beaming. As the company's star, the darling of the screen and stage, she had resources galore at her disposal. The thought of fleeing to Ol' Mare and leaving her career hanging

had been unbearable.

However, a truce with Marcus was more than she could have hoped for.

"Wanda?" Kelvin's voice brought her back. "Send me your location. I'll cab over, or you can come to me—whatever works for you!"

While chatting, she kept the line open and flicked through her phone, sharing her live location with Wanda's

cell.

“Amber!”

Their bond had deepened over the day, evolving from the formal ‘Miss Chesire’ to the affectionate ‘Amber’.

Wanda hung up and dashed over to Amber, her face alight with joy. “Guess what? My agent just called—I’m heading back to Zabaleta!”

Amber, freshly changed, eyed Wanda’s guileless grin, a hint of concern creasing her brow. “Wanda, that’s awesome, but...

doesn’t it seem a little out of the blue?”

Wanda’s head bobbed in a ‘no’.

What was out of the blue about it? Kelvin was her mentor, her guardian in the cutthroat showbiz world. He treated her like a

sister. She would doubt anyone else, but Kelvin? She trusted him with her heart.

“Chill, Amber!”*

+15 BONOS

Wanda was on cloud nine, pulling a goofy face at Amber and chuckling. “Kelvin’s got my back, He’s the one

who got me to Ol’ Mare! Once I’m back at the office. I’ll reshuffle my calendar—New Chesire Group’s got my full attention.”

Amber’s worries lingered, but she bit her tongue and followed Wanda to the club’s grand hall.

Unbeknownst to them, the hall held secrets of events past.

The mess from Andrew. Hec, and Hunter’s grisly incident had been swiftly cleared away by the staff. With a casual wave,

Alexander signaled Ray to follow and then, with a warm smile, ushered Amber and Wanda into

the car. “So, where are we off to?”

“The airport!”

Wanda, phone in hand, brought up the location Kelvin had sent her and with a mischievous grin said. “Alex, I need a favor. My

agent’s on the way to pick me up, and Marcus won’t be a problem anymore!”

A flicker of curiosity crossed Alexander’s face, but he kept his thoughts to himself, simply replying. “Alright.”

They zoomed off to the airport in the flashy red Porsche.

At the exit of Ol’ Mare International Airport.

Kelvin was a bundle of nerves, standing less than a mile from the terminal, his eyes darting around as he paced. It was evident

he was impatient.

“Kelvin!”

Wanda burst t out of the Porsche before it had fully stopped, her face alight with happiness. “Got our tickets? When’s our flight?”

Oh! What happened to you? That's a nasty bump on your forehead. Did Marcus do that? That Ledger is the worst!"

"I'm okay." Kelvin tensed up at the sight of Wanda, his hand instinctively going to the bump on his forehead, the shadow of guilt passing quickly from his eyes.

With a forced cheerfulness, he said, "It's too late for a flight to Zabaleta tonight. Let's catch the high-speed train instead!"

He shot a wary glance at the Porsche, then, with a sense of urgency, took Wanda's hand and led her toward the line of taxis waiting outside the airport.

"Wait."

The two stood there when the driver's side door of the Porsche swung open smoothly. Alexander strode up quickly, his gaze locked on Kelvin's eyes.

A slight smile played on his lips as he observed, "You can't seem to meet my eyes, and there's a sheen of sweat on your brow.

Looks like you're hiding something.

"Come on, out with it. How much did Marcus pay you off? Or is it...you've been threatened?"

Chapter 0304

With a jolt, the scene kicks off.

+15 BONOS

Kelvin felt a shiver run through his scalp. Like a puppet on strings, he turned stiffly to face Alexander, who wore a slight, knowing smile. Struggling, Kelvin managed to force a weak grin. "Sir, are you pulling my leg?"

"Benefits? Threats Wanda's more family to me than my own sister, and I..."

Mid-sentence, Kelvin snapped out of it, backpedaling fast. "Why the heck do I owe you an explanation? Wanda's business is her own!"

However, Alexander just chuckled.

Poor Kelvin, Wanda's agent, was no Oscar winner. His fear was too raw, his act too rough around the edges. Since Andrew, Hec, and Hunter had skedaddled, Alexander had dug up everything there was to know about the Ledgers.

Marcus Ledger, the family's third son, was a piece of work. He was cruel, the type who had never let Wanda slip through his fingers.

"Alex, what in the world are you saying?"

Wanda, standing by Kelvin, had overheard their exchange and was shaking her head in dismay. "You've got it all wrong about Kelvin. He's not like that. We're practically like family—"

With a soft chuckle, Alexander interjected, “Miss Briers, you’re probably clueless that while you and Amber were in therapy, the

Ledger’s chopper made a little visit to snatch you away

“And just three hours later, here comes Mister Kelvin Scruggs to fetch you, sporting a fresh bruise on his forehead, looking like he’s been roughed up, and...”

He stepped closer and yanked back Kelvin’s jacket.

The sight was startling.

Kelvin was a patchwork of pain, his skin etched with the angry marks of rough pope and the dark splotches of a brutal beating.

Sores had opened up where his flesh had given way, and, there had not been a moment to

slap on even a basic bandage.

“Kelvin!”

Wanda’s voice broke, tears streaming down her face as she took in the sight of his wounds, sobbing uncontrollably. “Marcus did

this, didn’t he? It had to be him! Let’s go to the cops, let’s take him to court! I don’t care about my acting career anymore, I don’t

care about anything—I’m ready to take him on!”

Kelvin crumpled, his hands covering his face as he crouched on the ground, a grown man reduced to childlike

sobs.

He had turned his back on Wanda, but there she was, worried sick about him, ready to go to war on his behalf.

The pain of empathy was too much to bear.

“Mister Kelvin Scruggs, I pride myself on being a good judge of character, and you’re not a bad guy.”

+15 BONOS

Alexander watched Kelvin with a steady gaze. “Speak. How did Marcus get to you? It must be life or death for you to have turned

on Miss Briers. I bet it’s...your family, isn’t it?”

Kelvin, swamped with guilt and fear for his parents, wept openly. “I just want Wanda to be safe, but Marcus... He’s ruthless! He

took my folks and used their lives to threaten me! If I don’t bring Wanda back...”

His voice was strangled by sobs, unable to go on.

“Alex.”

At that moment, Amber had also gotten out of the Porsche, standing by Alexander’s side, her grip on her

husband’s hand firm.

Just six months earlier, she had been swallowed by the same black pit of despair and knew all too well the

storm of emotions Kelvin was weathering.

The choice was tearing him apart, the torment worse than death itself. Betraying Wanda

would shred his soul.

“Wanda, I’m so sorry!”

Kelvin collapsed to the ground, slapping his own face hard, tears streaming down his cheeks. “I never should’ve lied to you, shouldn’t have broken your trust! Run, get as far away as you can. I’ll go back and face Marcus alone. If he wants a showdown, I’ll risk it all. I’d rather die than not leave my mark on him!”

Alexander watched with a nod of approval, applauding Kelvin’s display, then turned to Wanda, whose face was etched with grief and rage. He smiled gently and said, “With the truth out, the rest will be easy.

“Mister Kelvin Scruggs, give Marcus a ring. Tell him Miss Briers took the bait and she’ll be coming back with you tonight.”

“And she won’t be alone!”

Amber stood by, her eyes softening as she gazed at Alexander’s sharp, handsome profile, her heart skipping a beat.

This was her husband, Alexander.

With Alex stepping in, she knew they could handle any crisis, no matter how dire.

Chapter 0305

The night was a blur of shadows and light.

Zabaleta at midnight was a spectacle of splendor, with the hustle of people and cars like a living, breathing dragon.

For

over a

century that crossroads of two rivers had blossomed into a bustling metropolis, the pride of the

East, dubbed ‘Easter Vittorios. Rumor had it that even the beggars there sat on fortunes larger than some small-town tycoons.

The saying might be a bit over the top, but Zabaleta was just that—a glittering international city where space

was at a premium. Towering above it all was the Ledger family, reigning supreme.

“Kelvin nailed it, and that little witch Wanda took the bait!” Marcus had just hung up with Kelvin and was then

smirking at Wanda’s photo on his phone. “Thought you could run, Wanda?

“Wait until you’re in my bed. You’ll learn what real torment is. Anyone who crosses the Ledgers doesn’t even

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deserve the mercy of death.”

Before Marcus, Andrew, Hec, and Hunter sat with bandaged stumps where their fingers had been, their faces a

mix of pain and awe as they gazed at the white-haired elder in the cloak.

The old man, Yorgos, watched as Marcus' cruel laughter faded. He shook his head and spoke with a gentle firmness. “Mister

Marcus Ledger, there's trouble brewing at home. The head of the family commands your

return to the ancestral house. You're not to leave without permission.”

Marcus let out a snide laugh, clearly unbothered. “Mister Yorgos Lacher, save your breath. Here in Zabaleta,

who'd dare mess with the Ledgers?”

Yorgos's face remained stoic as he bowed slightly. “The head of the family insists.

Please, Mister Marcus

Ledger, don't make this hard.”

“Damn!”

Marcus muttered curses under his breath, yet he would not dare go against his father's orders. With a dismissive snort, he said,

“Fine, I'll go back, but not before I catch Wanda and take her to the old family mansion for some...entertainment.”

Yorgos remained impassive, simply responding with a curt, “Agreed.”

Marcus was about to add something else when, from outside the living room, a bodyguard's voice boomed. Mister Marcus

Ledger, there's a car approaching with an Ol' Mare plate. It's a red Porsche!”

“Heh, the little minx has finally shown up!”

A cruel smirk crossed Marcus's face before he gestured decisively.

“Move out!”

The red Porsche eased to a stop at the villa's front gate.

“Gentlemen.”

+15 BONOS

As per Alexander's instructions, Kelvin swung the rear car door open, dashed to the villa's entrance, and shouted. “I'm Kelvin,

sent by Mister Marcus Ledger. Please, open the gate!”

In a flurry of motion, eight Ledger family bodyguards, clad in black suits and armed with rubber batons or alloy daggers,

swarmed out from the entrance's shadows, encircling Kelvin.

One of them flashed a high-beam flashlight into the Porsche's back seat, spotted

Wanda, then glanced at Ray behind the wheel

and Alexander in the front seat. He let out a low chuckle. “Kelvin, not bad at all. You brought Miss Briers here so fast!

“And those two guys? Are they your hired help?”

“Yeah, they’re on my dime, set me back three thousand bucks.”

Kelvin plastered a forced smile across his face, nodding and scraping before the lead bodyguard. “I’ve brought the person you wanted. Can you let my parents go now?”

The bodyguard’s smirk was icy as he ignored Kelvin and strode up to the Porsche, gesturing for the occupant to exit. “Miss Briers, you’re here at last. Why stay in the car? Or perhaps you’re waiting for Mister Marcus Ledger to extend a personal invitation?”

Wanda’s face was ashen as she caught a glimpse of Alexander and Ray’s retreating figures. With a fierce bite of her lip, she stepped out from the back seat.

“You two!”

The bodyguard, unfamiliar with Alexander and Ray since he had not been to Ol’ Mare with Andrew, Hec, and Hunter, waved his rubber baton menacingly. “Stay put in the car, and don’t even think about stepping out. The first one who does is a dead man!”

His command was followed by a bellow to the villa’s gatekeeper, “Open up!”

With a groan, the gates parted, and a harsh spotlight burst from the balcony, bathing the yard in stark, artificial daylight. There, in the unforgiving glare, an elderly couple with silver–streaked hair trembled, bound and helpless.

At the sight of his parents, Kelvin’s voice broke, and he wept openly.

“Dad, Mom!”

Chapter 0306

The courtyard lights danced in the darkness.

Five figures stood on the villa’s front steps—four behind, one ahead—staring down at Kelvin and his parents with thickening scorn.

Leading the pack was none other than Marcus.

“Miss Briers, bet you didn’t see this reunion coming!”

His eyes skipped over the yard, Kelvin, and his parents, fixating on Wanda standing just outside the door. A sleazy smirk played on his lips. “I never would’ve guessed how to get Miss Briers to grace my doorstep. However, now,” he chuckled darkly.

With a swift motion, he gestured commandingly, “Get these two out of here, and bring Wanda inside!”

In a flurry of movement, bodyguards sprang into action. Two of them sliced through the ropes binding Kelvin’s parents and, without a word, hustled them out the door.

Simultaneously, another group of guards ushered Wanda into the yard with brick steps.

It was a seamless

operation—releasing some while seizing another.

The heavy metal gate groaned shut, sealing off one world from another with its imposing presence.

“Dad, Mom!” Kelvin could not hold back any longer. He rushed to them, his arms wrapping around his parents as he sobbed, “Are you okay? This is all my fault. I’m so sorry for putting you through this!”

His parents, overwhelmed by the ordeal, cried until they were nearly collapsing. “What’s happening? What did you do to Wanda?”

“We might be safe, but what about Wanda? She’s in the clutches of Marcus Ledger now. He’ll... He’ll harm her.

You have to do something—please, save her!”

As Kelvin dabbed at his mother’s tears, he turned, desperation etched on his face, looking at the Porsche parked behind him.

“Mister Kane, Ray, my parents are out of danger. It’s all on you now!”

Wanda was pushed into the courtyard by two towering Ledger family guards, standing isolated in the harsh glare of the spotlight.

Her face was pale, her petite frame shaking uncontrollably with fear.

She was aware that Alexander and Ray were nearby, but that did little to comfort her as she faced the infamous Marcus Ledger.

Could anyone assure her safety?

The Zabaleta Ledger family was a force that could not be shaken, and before Marcus, she felt like a defenseless lamb, utterly powerless.

+15 BONOS

Marcus loomed at the top of the living room steps, his cruel smile wider than ever. “Miss Briers, you seem

fond of running. How about another try?” he taunted.

“Strip and make your way to the second–floor bedroom. We’ve got all night, and I’m going to enjoy every moment of it,” he sneered with a twisted joy.

Panic surged through Wanda, her heart pounding against her ribs. She could not think, could only run toward the back door of

the villa, her voice rising in a desperate plea, “Sir Kane, save me, please save me!” Sir Kane?

A flicker of confusion crossed Marcus’s face, then anger. “Catch her!” he roared.

Like a trio of predators. Andrew, Hec, and Hunter sprang into action, closing the distance in a heartbeat, nearly upon Wanda.

In a split second, as lightning–quick as their approach, something unexpected happened.

A loud crash echoed through the night.

A mere ten meters away, the massive door, crafted from alloy steel, burst apart with a thunderous crash. It shattered like fragile scrap metal, scattering debris across the sky. Amid the flying shards, seven or eight figures were flung to the ground in a chaotic heap.

“What the...”

The three onlookers' eyes widened in shock, and they stumbled backward, their hearts racing as they caught sight of the young man standing in the doorway.

It was him!

The same guy who, back at Sunlight Club, casually outsmarted a burly, dark-skinned man, taking down two of the fighting community's Grandmasters with ease, and even snipping off their thumbs. Alexander, the formidable youth!

Chapter 0307

“Sir Kane!”

Upon seeing Alexander at the entrance, Wanda tearfully latched onto him like he was her lifeline.

He made it. He was finally there!

Moments before, she had feared he and Ray had fled in the Porsche. To her relief, they remained.

In the most desperate moment, Alex had not let her down. He was like the first light of dawn breaking through the darkness, saving her once more from Marcus' evil grasp.

Alex's embrace was her sanctuary, a place of endless comfort even when he stood alone.

“Ray.”

Alexander calmly stepped slightly to the side, gently releasing Wanda from his hold. He then turned to Ray, who stood behind him, and said quietly, “Get Miss Briers to the car.”

Ray did not miss a beat. He dashed in from outside the Briers, this way, please!”

“Sir Kane...”

a gave Wanda a respectful bow, and said, “Miss

Wanda bit her lip, her gaze lingering on Alexander with a mix of emotions before she reluctantly followed Ray out the door and

settled into the back seat of the Porsche. Nearby, Kelvin and his parents huddled together, peeking into the villa's yard from

behind Ray, visibly shaken.

“Mister Marcus Ledger!”

In the courtyard, Andrew, Hec, and Hunter retreated to Marcus' side. They glanced at the eight fallen bodyguards, then at

Alexander, who stood at the entrance. Their voices shook as they spoke.

“It was him! He's the one who chopped off our fingers!”

“That guy Ray, he’s just a martial artist with vital energy tricks. Alexander gave him a few tips, and just like that, he took us down with a single move!”

Their words were no exaggeration.

To them, Alexander’s abilities were off the charts. The way he sliced off their fingers with such force and speed was something not even the fighter community’s Grandmaster could match, let alone be replicated in action movies.

That was no cinematic stunt—it was the real deal.

“Is your last name Kane?”

Marcus stood at the top of the living room steps, looking down at Alexander condescendingly. There was not a hint of fear on his face, only a smirk of disdain. “You roughed up my guys back in Ol’ Mare, but this isn’t Ol’ Mare—this is Zabaleta!

+15 BONOS

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"Sir Kanel"

Upon seeing Alexander at the entrance, Wanda tearfully latched onto him like he was her lifeline.

He made it. He was finally there!

Moments before, she had feared he and Ray had fled in the Porsche. To her relief, they remained.

In the most desperate moment, Alex had not let her down. He was like the first light of dawn breaking through the darkness, saving her once more from Marcus' evil grasp.

Alex's embrace was her sanctuary, a place of endless comfort even when he stood alone.

"Ray."

Alexander calmly stepped slightly to the side, gently releasing Wanda from his hold. He then turned to Ray.

who stood behind him, and said quietly. "Get Miss Briers to the car."

Ray did not miss a beat. He dashed in from outside the villa, gave Wanda a respectful bow, and said, "Miss

Briers, this way, please!"

"Sir Kane..."

Wanda bit her lip, her gaze lingering on Alexander with a mix of emotions before she reluctantly followed Ray

out the door and settled into the back seat of the Porsche. Nearby, Kelvin and his parents huddled together.

peeking into the villa's yard from behind Ray, visibly shaken.

"Mister Marcus Ledger!"

In the courtyard, Andrew, Hec, and Hunter retreated to Marcus' side. They glanced at the eight fallen bodyguards, then at

Alexander, who stood at the entrance. Their voices shook as they spoke.

"It was him! He's the one who chopped off our fingers!"

"That guy Ray, he's just a martial artist with vital energy tricks. Alexander gave him a few tips, and just like

that, he took us down with a single move!"

Their words were no exaggeration.

To them, Alexander's abilities were off the charts. The way he sliced off their fingers with such force and speed was something

not even the fighter community's Grandmaster could match, let alone be replicated in action movies.

That was no cinematic stunt—it was the real deal.

"Is your last name Kane?"

Marcus stood at the top of the living room steps, looking down at Alexander condescendingly. There was not a hint of fear on his face, only a smirk of disdain. "You roughed up my guys back in Ol' Mare, but this isn't Ol' Mare—this is Zabaleta!

+15 BONOS

"I've heard about Alexander in Ol' Mare, a guy who took over the underground with some pretty slick moves.

That's you. Isn't it?

"Wanda's boldness suddenly made sense. She had you in her corner all along. What a shame, such a crying shame. She's clueless about the lengths the Ledger family will go to!"

Alexander strolled into the yard, hands casually behind his back, stepping away from the chaos of the villa's entrance. He

watched Marcus with a distant, detached gaze as if he were looking at a corpse.

To Alexander, Marcus was nothing more than a waste of space, better off buried and forgotten.

"Let's cut to the chase, Alexander. What's your price?" Marcus tried to gauge Alexander's reaction, a hint of a challenge in his brow before he broke into a mocking sneer.

"Everyone has their price, and you're no different. Fifteen million? A hundred fifty million? Money is the least of the Ledger family's worries!

"The Ledger family would like to be on your good side. Don't bite the hand that feeds you. Just as long as you-

Alexander's eyes dropped; cutting through the nonsense with a quiet command, "Apologize."

Marcus was momentarily stunned, clearly having misunderstood. He threw his head back and laughed heartily. "Alexander, you're funnier than I thought! An apology? If sorry was worth anything, we wouldn't need fists!

"Let me make it clear: In this little town of Zabaleta, the Ledger family rules. We are the law, the very sky! Expecting a small-time celebrity to apologize to me is the biggest joke of all!"

Alexander just shook his head slowly, unamused.

He once pegged Marcus as just another pompous bully, throwing his weight around. It was clear he was beyond help—a complete fool.

"You lack emotional smarts, and you think too highly of yourself."

His eyes fixed on Marcus, calm and unflinching, his voice emotionless. "I mean it. You owe Miss Briers an apology.

"An apology might not keep you breathing, but without one, you're signing your own death warrant!"

Chapter 0308

+15 BONOS

Apologize? To that little witch Wanda?

Marcus blinked, then let out a belly laugh, wild and unrestrained.

“Alexander, you’re killing me! I’m actually crying from laughing so hard, You’re a riot!”

He finally got a grip, wiped the laughter tears, and gave Alexander a dismissive wave.

“It’s been ages since I’ve had such a good

laugh. Did I just do you a favor?”

“You snub the peace I’m offering. You’re practically begging for a death wish!”

Alexander just shook his head, chuckling.

There was a saying that the more clueless someone was, the more confident they

seemed because they could not grasp the

fear of the unknown. Marcus was a prime example, even worse off than a frog in a well.

A frog in a well might be clueless, but it would not end up dead. Marcus’ ignorance, on

the other hand, was a

one-way ticket to his downfall.

Marcus could never fathom that the man before him was not some small-time crime

boss but the legendary Temple Lord, the

undefeated, most powerful Lord of War on the planet.

“Done laughing?”

Alexander let out a sigh, his smile barely there. “If you’re not in the mood to apologize, then pick how you want to go out. I

promise you, it won’t cost Regulus Windsur a thing.”

Huh?

Marcus clearly did not catch Alexander’s drift. He shot him a sidelong glance, his expression twisting into something ugly. “So

what’s this? Are you ready to show your true colors?”

“Feeling all high and mighty because your guys roughed up my crew at Ol’ Mare, chopped off their fingers? Big

mistake!*

He gestured sharply, his voice cutting through the air, “Mister Yorgos Lacher, don’t bother with niceties. Take

him down. Kill him!”

The sound of footsteps echoed.

Behind Marcus, the Ledger family’s envoy. Yorgos, an old man cloaked in darkness, began to descend the living room stairs. His

every step seemed to root to the floor, pulling at some unseen power.

He had the kind of presence that only the supreme grand martial possesses.

To Andrew, Hec, and Hunter, Yorgos was not just a man anymore. He was a force of nature, a mountain on the move. His body

seemed to be wrapped in an invisible force, an aura so intense it was impossible to face.

With each step, the world seemed to tremble.

+15 BONOS

In just three strides, he stood before Alexander. Each step was measured and rhythmic, his cloak moving with him in perfect harmony, leaving no openings.

“Young man, you’ve got strength I can’t even fathom.”

Yorgos stopped in his tracks, his gaze on Alexander calm and detached. “However, you should know I can end you in one move

if I strike. The only catch is, I might seriously hurt myself,

*So, take my advice Back off and apologize to Mister Marcus Ledger.

“If you don’t say sorry, I’m ready to take a hit, but rest assured. I’ll take you down right here, right now!”

Alexander just smiled, tossing back Yorgos’ own words with a smirk.

Alex flashed three fingers at Mister Yorgos Lacher, a playful challenge in his eyes. “One move is too easy. Give me three. If you

can make me step back even half a step, I’ll walk away, no strings attached.”

Yorgos’ brow quivered, a gleam cutting through the haze of his old eyes. “Alexander, are you really not afraid

to die?”

No more words from Alexander. He just stood there, hands clasped behind him, an immovable force. “Bring it

on!”

With no more doubts, Yorgos inhaled deeply, his hand unfurling like the gnarled bark of an ancient tree, a whirlwind of energy

gathering in his palm. He roared, “Don’t blame me for what comes next, you reckless boy.

Die!”

With a thunderous crash, Yorgos’ devastating blow landed squarely on Alexander’s chest, a strike with the

might to shatter stone.

Chapter 0309

The formidable supreme grand martial unleashed a full-powered strike. How terrifying was its might? In the courtyard of the

Ledger family villa, it was as if a miniature bomb had detonated.

A visible shockwave rippled swiftly along the ground, akin to the shockwave from an earthquake. It effortlessly

lifted the entire ground, even causing the red Porsche at the villa’s entrance to tremble.

Such a palm strike could no doubt instantly kill an elephant!

“Sir Kane!”

“Mister Kanel”

At the villa entrance. Wanda, Kelvin, and Kelvin’s parents helplessly watched as Alexander suffered the palm

strike. The color drained from their faces, and they were unable to hold back their cries.

Especially Wanda, who pushed the door from the back seat of the Porsche and rushed out.

That old man struck Sir Kane!

'Why didn't he run away? Why didn't he move a muscle?! Was that old man so formidable, and Sir Kane couldn't even see it coming?'
He seemed to have no reaction at all as if he were already dead.

"It's over."

In the villa courtyard, Yorgos glanced at Alexander. He slowly pulled back his right hand, then turned around

and nodded to Marcus on the steps of the living room.

"Mister Marcus, the deed is done. Alexander's internal organs have been shattered, and he's dead."

Dead?

"Hahaha!"

Marcus cackled as he looked at Alexander's lifeless body. He then smirked at Wanda, who was at the villa entrance, with a lecherous gleam in his eyes. "Alexander died in the hands of an old man, Wanda, just to help you.

"If you're sensible, crawl over here and give me a proper apology! If not..."

Marcus froze mid-sentence, his eyeballs wide.

his face.

Right under his nose, where Alexander apparently 'died', a faint smile slowly appeared on his

"A supreme grand martial? Just an empty title.

He paid no attention to Marcus, his eyes narrowing as he focused on Yorgos, smiling.

"You've made the first move, and there are two more to come. Make use of this chance, and don't disappoint me."

Yorgos' face fell. He took two steps back, eyes filled with astonishment.

+15 BONOS

In that previous palm strike, he had given his all, leaving no room for hesitation. The terrifying force had burst

forth, funneling entirely into Alexander's body.

Judging from the sensation in his palm, Alexander should have had his internal organs shattered. He should have been a goner!

Why

was he not dead? Why was he standing here, talking and laughing as if nothing happened? This could not be possible!

"Sir Kane... He's still alive!" Wanda, still at the villa's entrance, watched Alexander's back from a distance. Hearing his hearty

laughter, her tears stopped. Both hands clasped over her mouth as she comprehended the

sight in awe.

Sir Kane had not let her down. That old man could not harm Sir Kane at all!

"I must admit. Alexander—I underestimated you!"

Three steps away. Yorgos' face contorted. Suddenly widening his stance, he firmly planted his feet in a horse stance, hands slowly waving in front of his chest. Fingertips were surrounded by a soft and intertwining energy, forming a rapidly spinning sphere of vigorous and dominating energy.

He was preparing for a lethal strike.

This was his unrestrained and most powerful strike, embodying the spirit of a supreme grand martial

After a full five seconds of gathering strength, both palms shot forward simultaneously. He roared, "This is the second move, Alexander. Meet your end!"

Boom!

It felt as if the ground was shaking.

Two withered and aged palms, enveloped by an unstoppable force, collided with Alexander's chest.

"You have another chance, Yorgos!" Marcus shouted from behind, his expression arrogant. "Didn't he ask you to strike three times? Combine the second and third strikes. Blast him into pieces!"

Yorgos executed a half-turn in place. His feet criss-crossed on the ground, bones within his body cracking. and a whistling energy surged from deep within his abdomen. The palms also emanated a layer of blood-red steam.

Burning his own life force, disregarding the impending backlash, he unleashed the final blow.

Like tumultuous waves, Alexander's figure was completely engulfed!

Chapter 0310

Silence enveloped the villa's courtyard.

Even beyond the villa gate, Wanda, Kelvin, and even Luca all stood motionless, almost forgetting to breathe..

Unbelievable!

Was that the power of a human?

Surprisingly, the old man could unleash such astonishing power. The final palm strike seemed like a derailed train, with visible sparks of friction between the edge of his palm and the air.

Who could withstand such a terrifying attack? Even the super-alloys crafted by modern advanced technology would shatter in his palms.

"He's a dead man now!" Behind Yorgos, Marcus stared at the motionless Alexander with unbridled joy. "Yup. he's a goner. No doubt about it! Hahaha!

"Wanda, Kelvin, did you see that? This is the fate of offending the Ledger family! Now, kneel and beg for mercy.

and I might..."

He froze mid-sentence once more.

At the center of the villa courtyard, Alexander lowered his head to look at the aged palm print on his chest. Then, slowly lifting his head, he gazed at the pale-faced Yorgos and chuckled. "Is that it?"

The way Alexander spoke made it sound like he was amused, yet it echoed like a thunderbolt descending from the heavens, resonating in Yorgos' ears and mind simultaneously.

Yorgos felt cold, undeniable despair washing over him.

All his energy was spent in the three consecutive moves he unleashed. At this point, he was nothing more than a feeble elderly person in the twilight of life, even inferior to an ordinary old man.

Yet, for all his desperate and frenzied attacks, he received nothing but a faint laughter that struck at his soul.

'Is that it?'

The reality was cruel.

He went to great lengths, suffering severe backlash and launching consecutive desperate assaults, and not even a single hair of Alexander was harmed.

"You're too weak. Or should I say, the Ledger family is too weak," Alexander extended a finger, casually tapping Yorgos' forehead, speaking softly. "In the presence of true strength, mere supreme grand martial arts are nothing.

"You should feel proud to die by my hand."

Yorgos' life ended there. There was not even a hint of resistance, or perhaps, the thought of resistance had been forgotten.

1/2

With a single finger, Alexander effortlessly extinguished all vitality from the old man. The aged man could not even sway as he fell to the ground, lifeless,

On the steps of the living room behind, Marcus' pupils dilated, his entire body trembling

mode

Yorgos was dead. One of the strongest martial artists in the Ledger family, capable of wielding energy, had been easily killed by Alexander's finger. It was as simple as crushing an ant or even a side.

"Sir Kane..."

Wanda's hands rested on her chest in awe. Her heart pounded as she watched Alexander's back. It was like witnessing an all-

powerful deity, her gaze filled with admiration, worship, and an undeniable adoration.

What defined a real man? What made a true powerhouse? Sir Kane... He could fulfill every warrior's fantasy!

“Marcus.” Alexander stepped forward, crossing over Yorgos’ lifeless body. He walked slowly to the front of the living room steps, smiling as he looked at the trembling Marcus. “Do you have any other trump cards left? Otherwise, this is goodbye.”

Alexander’s right index finger extended again, slowly approaching Marcus forehead. “No!” Marcus hastily cried out and knelt on the steps, repeatedly bowing to Alexander.

“Alexander... No, Mister Kane! You’re a magnanimous person, please don’t compare yourself to someone like me!

“Oh, oh, didn’t you just ask me to apologize to Miss Briers? I apologize! I’ll apologize right away!”

Marcus crawled out of the villa entrance, bowing to Wanda with a dirty face. His voice was nearly hoarse.” Miss Briers, this has all been a silly mistake!

“If you spare me this time, the Ledger family will surely remember it. We’ll wholeheartedly support you in your entertainment career and make sure you become a top star in the country! I swear!”

He spoke with sincerity, crying his heart out. As the heir of the Ledger family, when has he ever been so humble and submissive? However, Alexander’s right index finger was like the sickle of death. With a light touch, it would turn him into a dead dog instantly.

Wanda bit her thin lip, not daring to take matters into her own hands. Her gaze slowly fell on Alexander’s face as she whispered,

“S—Sir Kane, do you want him to live or die? Whatever you say, I’ll go along with it!”

His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar #Chapter 311 - Read His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar Chapter 311

Chapter 0311

Marcus’ entire body jolted..

Before Alexander could say anything, Marcus’ cries intensified compared to before. “Miss Briers, isn’t

Mister Kane your friend?! You can decide on this matter!

“My life is in your hands, Miss Briers. Please spare me a way out, I beg you!” He continued to cry and

bow, his forehead brutally colliding with the ground, creating an instant mess of blood and flesh.

“If apologies were effective, why bother with fists?” At this moment, Alexander had approached Wanda.

He

looked down at Marcus as if observing a beggar seeking mercy. “These were your words, right? I’m not

mistaken, am I?”

Marcus cried uncontrollably on the ground, regretting his words to Alexander more than ever. His regret

was

not for offending Wanda but for speaking harshly to Alexander.

If he had known Alexander’s strength was so terrifying, he would not have confronted him head-on.

Instead, he would have returned to the Ledger family’s main mansion, gathered all the family’s experts,

and faced

Alexander with overwhelming numbers.

“Mister Kane, Miss Briers!”

Though he thought this way, he dared not speak it aloud. Marcus cried and howled, slapping himself on

the

face, causing his skin to nearly break. “As long as you both show mercy, the Ledger family is willing to

compensate! Money, luxury cars, villas, yachts... Whatever you want!

“For the love of god, please spare me my life. I truly know my mistake!” Marcus pleaded desperately.

Zabaleta’s...Ledger family.

A slight tremor ran through Wanda’s heart, and her pretty face finally showed some change.

Marcus indeed suffered a great loss, and even the seemingly formidable 'Yorgos Lacher' was easily

killed with

a single finger by Sir Kane. Still, what about the Ledger family?

In Zabaleta, the Ledger family was one of the three major clans, controlling a vast financial empire—

worth

trillions. Their security personnel and bodyguards were countless, closely connected with numerous

domestic

martial arts schools.

Even if Sir Kane could defeat one martial artist, what about ten, a hundred, or a thousand? No matter

how

skilled Alexander was, he could not possibly win.

"Sir Kane." Thinking of this, Wanda bit her lip and turned to look at Alexander. She murmured, "Mister

Marcus is sincerely apologetic. If he's willing to repent, maybe we should give him a chance. As for this

matter... We can just drop it."

"Drop it?" Marcus' face lit up with joy. He bowed repeatedly to Alexander and Wanda, expressing his

gratitude. "Thank you both for your mercy! I will definitely reform and never dare to act recklessly again,

I promise!"

While seemingly admitting his mistake, in reality, each time he bowed, a cold and murderous intent

seemed to

1/3

+15 BONOS

One must bow their head when under someone else's roof.

Given the slightest opportunity, he vowed to dismember that damned Alexander and that wretched

woman into a thousand pieces.

"Whether you live or die makes no difference to me." Alexander turned away, avoiding eye contact with

Wanda and not even spare a glance for Marcus. With his back to the entire villa, he calmly said,

"Today, I spare your life. Remember, if you dare to commit wrongdoing again, there's only one path for

you—death.

"Most importantly, for the rest of your life, you are forbidden from setting foot in Ol' Mare. Otherwise,

there will

be no mercy."

Ol' Mare...

Marcus' heart skipped a beat. He got up from the ground, turned, and looked at the pale-faced

Andrew, along

with Hec and Hunter. He roared. "Who provoked Mister Kane in Ol' Mare? Come out!"

Hec and Hunter exchanged glances, quickly lowered their heads, and remained silent.

"Mister Marcus..."

Andrew gritted his teeth, sighed inwardly, and slowly approached Alexander. Kneeling on one knee, he

spoke with a suppressed voice, "Please forgive me, Mister Kane. I acted on my own when I went to Ol'

Mare and attempted to take Miss Briers. It has nothing to do with Mister Marcus."

"You son of a b*tch!" Marcus picked up an alloy steel knife from the bodies of eight bodyguards and

cursed at Andrew. "You dare to act recklessly and secretly went to Ol' Mare to provoke Mister Kane?

Keeping you alive is a disaster! It's not worth sparing your life!"

Marcus swung the knife down, clearly intending to kill Andrew on the spot.

Andrew did not evade, allowing the knife to fall. The blade was clamped between the shoulder blades,

and his right shoulder was split open, blood gushing out with a splash!

He had practiced energy transformation. Even if he did not resist, it was impossible for Marcus to kill

him with one strike. He paid no attention to the pain in his body, but his heart felt like it had plunged into

an icehouse.

'Mister Kane has spared Mister Marcus, yet he still wants to kill me? Is this the case of the clever hare

getting cooked and the loyal dog being slaughtered? It seems I'm not even worth as much as a dog to

Mister Marcus."

"Damn, your bones are really tough!" Failing to kill Andrew with one strike, Marcus' anger surged. He

pulled

back the blade and struck again.

This time, it was not aimed at the shoulder but at the head instead. Blood gushed from the top of

Andrew's

head, staining his face and neck entirely in red.

Another swing, and another...

In the blink of an eye, he had slashed a dozen times.

"Your name is Andrew?"

Ten meters away, Alexander had already walked out of the villa entrance. Along with Wanda and

others, he entered the Porsche. Looking through the car window at the blood-soaked Andrew, he

chuckled faintly. "Interesting." Having said that, the Porsche slowly started, speeding toward of Ol'

Mare.

Chapter 0312

Alexander and Wanda left.

At the entrance of the Ledger family villa, Marcus stared from a distance at the taillights of the Porsche

until the light disappeared. He casually threw away the alloy steel knife in his hand and immediately

hugged Andrew, wailing and crying.

"Andrew, are you okay? Hold on. You must hold on!"

Andrew, having lost too much blood, lay on the ground, his body cold, unable to utter a word.

"F*ck, he's running out of breath?" Marcus pretended to cry for a few moments and reached out to

touch Andrew's nostrils. He then shoved him aside glumly. "Useless thing. What a waste of my time!

Someone, clean up here. I want to return to the mansion now!"

Not far away, Hec and Hunter hurried forward. After a slight exploration of Andrew's wrist pulse, their

faces lit up. "Mister Marcus, Andrew can still be saved. The flesh wound is not serious. We can still get

him to the hospital in time!"

"Still alive? For f*ck's sake!" Marcus spat. He raised his hand and waved dismissively. "Take him to the

hospital. Even if he's saved, he's still useless! If he can't be saved, send him to the morgue. Don't say

I'm ungrateful!TM

Hec and Hunter exchanged a glance, then shook their heads silently, immediately taking out their

phones to

call the hospital.

"Alexander..." Marcus glanced in the direction where the Porsche left as his gaze hardened with

malice. "You

can fight, huh? I'm not done with you just yet!"

In the old city area of Zabaleta, at the Ledger family mansion.

The Ledger family's ancestors were a prominent family in Zabaleta, with those who had served as

second- rank officials in the past and later entered the business world, making them incredibly wealthy

and deeply rooted.

Many rumors suggested that the Ledger family had intricate ties with the legendary 'Green Gang', but

due to the passage of time, it was impossible to confirm.

"Master."

At this moment, outside the study of the Ledger family's ancestral home, a gray-robed butler walked in

slowly, bowing slightly to the middle-aged man in a suit inside the study, and whispered. "Mister

Marcus has returned.

Marcus?

The middle-aged man raised an eyebrow slightly, his gaze becoming slightly more sullen. He was

Hank Ledger, the head of the Ledger family. Among his three sons, this third son was the most

troublesome.

The eldest son Ulrich, who grew up abroad from a young age, earned two doctoral degrees in

succession. Upon returning to the country, he immediately took over the family business. Before

reaching the age of 48, he became a renowned entrepreneur in Zabaleta.

Second son Harlan, on the other hand, did not enter the business world. He had a passion for martial

arts since childhood and, as an adult, opened more than a dozen chain martial arts schools.

Occasionally organizing warrior arena competitions and running underground gambling dens, he also

engaged in high-interest loans, gaining a notorious reputation in the underworld.

Marcus, the youngest, was lazy and indulgent from a young age, using his influence to bully others. His

favorite pastime was to toy with female celebrities, making him utterly unreliable.

"Now that he's back, let him stay in the mansion," said Hank with a somber expression, waving his

hand lightly. "Tell Yorgos to come see me."

At the study entrance, the gray-robed butler hesitated for a moment and whispered, "Yorgos...has

died."

What?!

Hank's face changed slightly, and he violently crushed the emerald ring on his finger. "Did Marcus

cause trouble again? Tell him to come to me now!"

In less than half a minute..

"Dad!" Outside the study, Marcus ran in a disheveled manner and knelt with a thud, wailing loudly. "You

have to do something! I almost got killed tonight. That guy named Alexander from Ol' Mare

disrespected the Ledger

family!"

What?

Hank's gaze darkened as he looked at the injuries Marcus sustained from bowing to Alexander. The

sight of his son battered and bruised fueled his anger. "Was it Alexander who caused Yorgos' death?

His name is... Alexander Kane?"

Marcus straightened up, nodding repeatedly. "Yes, it's Alexander Kane. Just two hours ago, he..."

Marcus vividly described the process of how Alexander crushed Yorgos with just one finger,

"Dad, we cannot tolerate this humiliation. Otherwise, how will others see the Ledger family? Alexander

must die, and I want to kill him with my own hands!"

Hank's eyelids lowered, and a sinister glint in his eyes intensified.

Alexander Kane?

He opened the laptop on the desk, logged into a confidential, obscure website, and looked at a wanted

poster. A malicious smile slowly appeared on his face.

When dealing with others, the Ledger family might have to pay a certain price. As for Alexander?

There was no need for the Ledger family to intervene. After all, another ruthless individual had already

set their

sights on him.

Chapter 0313

Meanwhile, in the outskirts of Zabaleta City-

A bright red Porsche drove along the suburban road. Luca dutifully steered the wheel with precision.

Alexander sat in the passenger seat, glancing at the message just received on his phone, his eyebrows slightly raised.

It had been over two hours since they left the Ledger family villa. Kelvin and Wanda had returned to their

respective homes, but Alexander did not immediately head back to Ol' Mare.

After reading the text message, he spoke to Luca in a hushed tone. "Our next destination is Zabaleta Central

Hospital, Let's go."

Luca floored the accelerator, speeding toward Zabaleta City Central Hospital.

Central Hospital, in an ordinary ward at the inpatient building.

Andrew had just undergone surgery. His body was wrapped in bandages, and an empty blood bag hung on the injection stand

beside his bed, indicating significant blood loss that had required necessary transfusions.

"You risked your life to take the blame; you have commendable loyalty. Unfortunately, it's just foolish loyalty."

The wooden door to the ward was gently pushed open from the outside, and Alexander walked in slowly. He signaled for Luca to

take the accompanying female nurse away and sat beside Andrew's bed.

He smiled gently at Andrew. "So young with no martial arts background, yet you managed to become a martial arts master

through your own efforts. Your martial talent is quite impressive. Staying by Marcus's side is a bit of a waste, though."

Andrew stared fixedly at Alexander, struggling to sit up against the wall and sneering quietly. "Kane, I know I'm not your match. If you want to kill me, go ahead, but don't think you can sow discord. Mister Marcus only slashed me a few times. Even if he takes my life, I'd willingly give it!"

He was this loyal?

Alexander shook his head and chuckled. He took out his phone from his pocket, found the message he received earlier, and

casually read aloud, "Andrew Tannerman. Twenty-six years old, orphaned since childhood, dependent on his sister 'Molly Tannerman'. Adopted by Zabaleta City Charity Welfare Institute... "At fifteen, Andrew graduated from junior high school, worked on a construction site, endured hardships, self-taught, and achieved success. At seventeen, he cultivated inner strength and was taken in by the Ledger family..."

"Sister Molly Tannerman, sponsored by Andrew Tannerman through college, joined the Ledger Group after graduation. In

November of the same year, she fell from the top floor of the group building. Cause of death is unknown..."

+15 BONOS

Andrew's eyes turned bloodshot. "These aren't secrets. Why are you telling me all this? My sister has been dead for five years.

Are you planning to dig up her grave and not even spare the dead!?"

"Wrong." Alexander traced his finger lightly on the phone screen, made a few quick gestures, and tossed the

phone in front of Andrew.

Andrew's gaze stiffened abruptly.

On the phone screen, a short video had just opened, depicting what seemed to be a luxurious office. A

beautiful girl was desperately crying, held down by several burly men. Several young men took turns ruthlessly having their way with the girl and ultimately killing her.

Even after these beasts left satisfied, a few burly men quickly cleaned up the scene, dressed the girl's body neatly, and tossed it out of the window.

"No... This can't be real!" On the sickbed, Andrew's eyes were bloodshot. He repeatedly played and slowed down the video,

staring fixedly at the girl in the frame. "No. You're lying to me. This video is fake, electronically synthesized. It's not real!"

Alexander put away his phone. Watching Andrew's despair and anger, shaking his head with a gentle sigh.

Five years ago, Molly was tortured to death in the office of the general manager of the Ledger Group by Marcus

and some cronies..

At that time, Andrew had been sent away on assignment, returning to find only a coffin. As for this video, Maxine had used the supreme authority of the Temple of War to infiltrate the Ledger Group's backup database and restore the surveillance footage from that year.

"Whether it's true or false, I don't need to explain." He left the sickbed, turned away from Andrew, and calmly spoke, "If I were you, I'd never assist the wicked, let alone act recklessly. Keep yourself alive, avenge your sister, and only then can you comfort her soul in the heavens.

"Don't ask why I'm helping you. I'm helping not you but justice."

After saying this, Alexander walked out of the ward with large strides.

Andrew clenched his fists tightly, his nails almost digging into his flesh. It was not until Alexander's footsteps disappeared from the corridor outside that he collapsed on the bed, shaking all over.

He did not know how long he had been crying until a hoarse sob finally squeezed out of his throat. "Mister Kane... Thank you!"

Chapter 0314

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Just as the Porsche entered the expressway toll station, Alexander's phone in his pocket vibrated. It was an incoming call

"Maxine?" Alexander raised an eyebrow slightly and slid his finger to accept the call.

"I've received the video concerning Molly.

You handled it well."

Maxine's voice was slightly tense as she spoke, "My Lord, I apologize for disturbing you late at night. It's not about Molly but another urgent matter. Just ten minutes ago, the 'Blood Assassins' organization issued a bounty for the assassination of high-level members of New Chesire Group.

"The identity of the bounty issuer is temporarily unknown, and I'm currently investigating."

A bounty?

Alexander's eyes narrowed slightly.

The Blood Assassins were an ancient force entrenched in the continent for over 150 years. Its main member structure was extremely mysterious, and it operated by receiving and issuing bounty tasks through the dark web, with a starting price of at least a million.

Alexander ended the call.

"Luca, drive back to Ol' Mare as fast as possible. The sooner, the better. Amber is in danger!"

Luca slammed the accelerator, and the bright red Porsche, like an unsheathed sword,

roared toward Ol' Mare
City.

Meanwhile, at the New Chesire Group building at Ol' Mare City.
It was 11 p.m., and most of the employees had already left work.

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Calvin, the deputy general manager of the Planning Department, stretched lazily. He looked at a few market analysts still working overtime and yawned. "Guys, I can't hold on any longer. I'll go back to the office for a nap. You guys finish up and go home early."

He turned and walked out of the collective office for employees, heading toward his private office.

Just as he reached the corner of the stairs, a faint sound of breaking air rang out, brushing past Calvin's neck. Then, there was a string of crimson blood beads.

Calvin's whole body shuddered, and he instinctively covered his neck. All of a sudden, his vision went black. and he fell to the floor. His body convulsed violently for a few moments, and he succumbed right there. About half an hour later...

"Mister Calvin!"

In the corridor, several market analysts who had completed their overtime tasks saw Calvin's stiff body and

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+15 BONOS

through the entire office building.

“Security! Where’s the security?! Someone come quickly!”

“Hurry, get Mister Calvin to the hospital, now!”

“Report this to the Criminal Investigation Bureau!”

“Notify Miss Chesine immediately! Something’s happened...”

This night was destined to be chaotic.

In less than 20 minutes, more than 20 people in total—including the Ol’ Mare Criminal Investigation Bureau, forensic experts, criminal investigators, Amber, and Patrick—arrived at the scene.

On the 19th floor of the New Chesire Group's office building, less than three meters from the bathroom corner

"No signs of a weapon around. The murderer must've used an ice needle."

Since Luca followed Alexander to Zabaleta, Amber's family's security work was— personally taken care of by George.

He crouched down to look at the wound on Calvin's neck, then turned to Amber, his expression cautious. "The ice needle pierces the blood vessels in the throat. It'll melt when in contact with blood, which will leave no traces of evidence.

"The one who can use an ice needle to kill and perfectly avoid the building's internal surveillance equipment The strength of this murderer is at least that of a Grandmaster."

A Grandmaster?

The investigators and criminal experts from the Criminal Investigation Bureau looked at each other and gasped. They were

ordinary people, at most

having practiced some simple grappling and combat techniques. more than enough to deal with ordinary thugs.

Dealing with a martial arts master was beyond their capability. Even ordinary firearms might not be effective!

"Since it involves a Grandmaster, there's no need for the Criminal Investigation Bureau to bother." George arched his hand

toward the captain of the Criminal Investigation Team. "The New Chesire Group will handle matters here. You may leave now."

The captain of the Criminal Investigation Team hesitated for a moment, then nodded slowly.

If it were any other case, the Criminal Investigation Bureau would have to see it through to the end. However, New Chesire

Group was exceptionally special. Even the mayor of Ol' Mare, Lewis Christian, was courteous to the legendary 'Mister Kane'.

This matter might have to end here.

"Dismiss!" With the captain's order, all the investigators withdrew.

In the entire corridor, only George and a few elite bodyguards remained, firmly protecting Amber and his daughter behind them.

"George." Watching the people from the Criminal Investigation Bureau leave, Amber turned to look at Calvin's

+15 BONOS

George cautiously surveyed the surroundings and let out a low sigh. "As a martial arts Grandmaster, why be

so secretive?

"I am George, the heir of the Sevm family in Ol' Mare. Why don't you show yourself?"

Chapter 0315

The echo of George's words reverberated, casting a deathly silence throughout the

entire corridor.

Amber, Patrick, and the elite bodyguards responsible for their protection felt their hearts racing, their faces tight with tension.

Since the establishment of New Chesire Group, they had faced countless troubles, mentally prepared for any situation that might arise. However, the presence of a lurking Grandmaster, a ruthless killer, created an invisible pressure that left them breathless.

“Hehehe—”

Not far from the corridor, the outer window of the restroom quietly opened. The figure of an old woman, seemingly bent with age, gently descended from the windowsill. She appeared to be around her sixties, her wrinkled face adorned with a faint mocking smile.

“George, Amber, Patrick—three prime targets. I’ll gladly accept this 4.5-million bounty!”

The woman leisurely walked out from the restroom doorway.

Upon seeing the hunched old woman, several elite bodyguards stiffened, but without a hint of retreat, they firmly stood in front of

Amber and Patrick.

This was their duty—facing a Grandmaster, they remained fearless, solemnly pledging to protect Miss Amber

and Mister Patrick at all costs.

“Indeed, a Grandmaster’s strength...” George stood at the forefront, sensing the chilling killing intent emanating from the old

woman. His fists clenched tightly, a surge of battle intent enveloping his entire being.

Since the last incident where the Jackman family in the north kidnapped Amber, he and Luca had undergone intensive training

personally guided by Alexander. At this moment, he had advanced to the completion stage of vital energy. Just a step away from

becoming a Grandmaster.

Though his martial strength was slightly inferior, the martial arts techniques taught by Alexander were beyond the imagination of

an ordinary Grandmaster. Even if facing a higher-level challenge, he remained undaunted.

“You’ve almost mastered vital energy, huh? Hehe.” The hunched old woman, with a sly smile on her face, glanced at George’s

clenched fists. She coldly chuckled and said, “With your meager skills, do you really think you can arm-wrestle with me?”

“Take the money, eliminate troubles for others. The old lady doesn’t want to waste time talking with you. Just

accept your fate!”

The lady made her move.

Despite her old age, her hands were pure and delicate, fingers swiftly gliding around her waist. She grabbed a transparent ice

needle.

With a sudden flick of her wrist, an ice needle cut through the air.

+15 BONOS As the top assassin of the Blood Assassins, the hunched old woman wasted no time and initiated a deadly move.

The surface of the ice needle was surrounded by a turbulent white aura, and at an unbelievable speed, it shot toward George's throat.

George's pupils narrowed. His body, as if by reflex, swiftly withdrew, simultaneously wielding his arms and laying down layers of dense energy in front of him. The terrifying force carried by the ice needles gradually weakened as they clashed against the layers of energy.

However, George never thought there would be a stark difference between their powers.

The power carried by these ice needles far exceeded George's imagination.

Unimpeded, they pierced through his defensive energy, and their residual force almost unabated.

It stabbed into George's chest, and blood sprayed everywhere.

The ice needle tore into his chest muscles and nearby blood vessels, stabbing into his bones.

"George!"

Amber, Patrick, and several elite bodyguards all exclaimed in shock.

Among everyone

present, George was the strongest, almost reaching the threshold of a Grandmaster, with a

profound vital energy that could even withstand bullets from small-caliber firearms.

All that, and this elderly lady, with a mere needle, severely injured George.

If it were not for an ice needle but a metal needle made of alloy, George could even have died!

"She's no ordinary Grandmaster, but a Grandmaster at the peak of cultivation. I miscalculated..." George covered his chest with

his right hand, blood flowing from between his fingers. He stared fiercely at the smirking old woman, no longer daring to show any contempt.

George shouted suddenly. "Protect Miss Chesire and Mister Patrick at all costs. Get them out of here, now!"

Roaring on one side, he rushed forward, seemingly ready to sacrifice himself to buy time for Amber and Patrick.

However...

"When I strike. I never miss!" The old woman chuckled coldly, her right hand brushing over her waist again. simultaneously

holding three ice needles. With a gentle flick of her wrist, she laughed. "The bounty is in the

bag!"

Three needles shot out.

Everyone, including George, felt the piercing cold and the bone-chilling despair.

The speed of these three ice needles even exceeded that of large-caliber sniper rifles. The needles fast approached Amber, Patrick, and George. The victims would surely die should the needles aim true!

+15 BONOS
Chapter 0316

Amber, Patrick, and George appeared destined for certain death. Dragon Two, Five, and Nine could not react in time. They watched, wide-eyed, as ice needles flew before them. In reality, they could not discern the trajectory of the ice needles, unable to keep up with their speed. It was a scene of despair, an eerie stillness filled the entire corridor, a deathly silence. Even George closed his eyes, sighing deeply, awaiting the imminent arrival of death. Expected pain never manifested. His throat was not torn by ice needles. Similarly, Amber and Patrick remained uninjured.

The contorted grin on the hunched old woman's face froze slowly. In everyone's field of vision, a fleeting phantom emerged, No one could discern its origin or how it appeared: they only felt a gust of powerful wind rushing toward them. Then came a resounding explosion.

It was not until the sound echoed that everyone's minds synchronously grasped the situation. The speed of this figure surpassed the sound barrier, breaking it before the sonic boom—before the ice needles pierced their throats—at a terrifying speed far beyond human limits. It rushed into the corridor, standing in front of them.

“Alexander!”

The moment Amber saw the figure, she nearly wept with joy. The threat brought by death instantly dissipated, replaced by an unparalleled sense of security.

Of course, it was Alexander!

Gazing lightly at the hunched old woman ahead, his right hand clenched into a fist.

Three ice needles rapidly melted in his palm, dripping to the ground. Then, he turned with a smile. “Didn’t scare you, did I? Sorry, I’m a bit late!”

No, he came right on time.

Amber's body trembled. If it were not for George and the others, she would have rushed into Alexander's arms.

He was here, at last. He returned from Zabaleta overnight, at the most critical moment, once again saving her life.

Not only hers but also her father's and George's...

Her husband, Alexander, was always so trustworthy. He never disappointed her.

"Are you Alexander Kane?" The old woman, a few meters away, observed Alexander with a smile on her face. She once again

gripped an ice needle, her eyes filled with greed. "You caught my ice needle barehanded. Your strength is indeed extraordinary.

With a bounty of a hundred fifty million, you're the most valuable one!"

Alexander turned slowly, and the smile on his face faded. This woman had injured George and almost killed.

+15 BONOS

"The Chameleon Enchantress." He stared at the hunched old woman indifferently.

"Proficient in the art of ice needle mastery, a

master of the Eight Extremes Fist, a peerless expert in disguise. Ranked sixth in the 'Blood Assassins' organization, a gold-class

assassin. Am I correct?"

The hunched old woman, the 'Chameleon Enchantress', stiffened slightly. She then slowly straightened her back, staring fixedly

into Alexander's eyes, her voice sharp as she said, "Who are you, and how do you know my identity?"

Alexander snorted. The Blood Assassins organization was simply ignorant. How dare they target New Chesire Group? The so-

called 'King of Assassins' from Blood Assassins would never have imagined the terrifying existence they provoked this time.

It was none other than the mighty Lord of the Temple of War, the invincible Lord of War.

"Now that I'm here, you will die today." He looked at the Chameleon Enchantress, his voice cold. "Before you meet your end,

you'll tell me who issued the bounty mission. Of course, you can choose not to answer, but the cost will be that you'll die in endless agony."

"Don't doubt my methods. Now that I want you dead, you cannot live. If I want you alive, you will no doubt live worse than death!"

The Chameleon Enchantress' pupils narrowed slightly. Almost as soon as Alexander spoke, she dashed forward, her footsteps

twisting and stepping, her right thumb and index finger tightly pinching the ice needle. In the air, she drew a sharp curve directly

towards Alexander's throat.

Facing the 150-million-bounty Alexander, she showed no mercy. She unleashed her most proficient Eight Extremes Fist

technique and the mastery of ice needle arts, launching a deadly surprise attack from an extremely elusive angle.

"Your Eight Extremes Fist is nothing. It's not even worth mentioning. You won't even be able to land a single

blow!"

Alexander spoke indifferently. He casually grabbed the old lady's wrist, but it was surprisingly quick to the eye.

Then, with a twist and a shake, the snowy–white, slender arm of the Chameleon Enchantress was snapped at the shoulder by Alexander.

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Enchantress was snapped at the shoulder by Alexander.

Chapter 0317

The pain due to the snapped arm elicited a miserable scream from the Chameleon Enchantress. Her wrinkled 'old face' twisted intensely with pain, and the lifelike human skin on her face gradually peeled away, revealing an incredibly alluring and exquisite visage.

Appearing to be only in her twenties, she was undoubtedly on par with any female celebrity. Despite her beauty, it was utterly meaningless.

Alexander paid no attention to her stunning appearance. With a casual flick of his right hand, he followed through with a swift kick.

The woman's slender, graceful body flew like a projectile, crashing into the wall at the end of the corridor. With a splatter, she coughed a mouthful of blood.

"That's for the small injury you caused on George earlier," Alexander remarked coldly. He glanced at the wound on George's chest and nodded slightly.

Then, he glared at the Chameleon Enchantress and spoke in a chilling tone. "Who issued the bounty on the dark web?!"

Struggling on the ground, the Chameleon Enchantress raised her head, locking eyes with Alexander. Her

expression seemed mad, but a storm of shock and fear raged within her heart.

Her teacher was the master of Eight Extremes Fist, Kenny Anderson. When he was alive, he praised her and stated that she had achieved mastery of the Eight Extremes Fist, capable of defeating ordinary supreme grand martial arts effortlessly.

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Yet, facing Alexander, she could not even withstand a single move!

The disparity in strength was unimaginable. For Alexander, this so-called 'Grandmaster' was probably not even worth his attention, akin to an insignificant ant..

"A hundred-fifty-million bounty... I've made a big loss this time," she said as she coughed up blood, and the madness on her

face gradually receded. She sneered at Alexander. "Your strength is unfathomable. I admit defeat."

However, her eyes lit up menacingly. "Asking about my employer is unnecessary! In our line of work, even if we know the

employer's information, it's absolutely forbidden to reveal it. It's a rule!

"Moreover, since you're aware of the Blood Assassins organization, you should understand. Each gold-class assassin is a valuable asset to the organization. If you dare kill me, the organization will not spare you! Assassins from all corners will come after you relentlessly until you meet your end!"

Relentless pursuit?

Alexander chuckled.

Stepping forward, he looked down at the Chameleon Enchantress and spoke softly,

"Call 'Hades' now. Ask him yourself if he dares to pursue me relentlessly."

+15 BONOS

The Chameleon Enchantress shivered slightly, her expression stiff.

The number of people in the world who knew this 'Hades' alias was not more than 10.

This was not just a name. It was a code, symbolizing the supreme authority of the Blood Assassins, the unparalleled 'God of

Slaughter' in the world of assassins, known as the King of Assassins.

In Eunora, on the perilous Vindina Island, within the heart of the island, stood an ancient castle.

A man with a hooked nose and fair complexion held a cup of blood-red wine in his left hand, gripping a phone in his right. As he

listened to the intermittent sounds of agony through the earpiece, his brow furrowed gradually.

He was known as 'Hades', and he had been in seclusion in this castle for over three years. Only a select few elite assassins

knew how to contact him. The person speaking with him was the Chameleon Enchantress who had her arm broken by Alexander.

"King!"

In New Chesire Group's office building, the Chameleon Enchantress looked at Alexander with a trembling phone in her hand.

"I'm ashamed, unable to complete the mission. The assassination attempt on the target failed. The one on the bounty list,

Alexander, he..."

She recounted everything that happened, her face filled with despair. "King. Alexander is going to kill me. He knows your code.

Please, you must save me!"

In the depths of the castle, Hades' expression darkened as he pondered the message conveyed by the Chameleon Enchantress.

His gaze gradually turned sinister. "Tell him that if he dares harm a single hair on you, the Blood Assassins will swarm out and

uproot New Chesire Group!”
Oh?

Alexander raised an eyebrow. He took the phone from the Chameleon Enchantress and coldly remarked, “Hades, are you sure about what you just said?”

“Within the borders of Wyverna, no assassin organization is allowed to cross the line. It seems you’ve forgotten that statement.”

Sitting on a medieval wooden chair in the castle, the fair-skinned Hades reflexively stood up.

“Within the borders of Wyverna, no assassin organization is allowed to cross the line... supreme authority

This was a decree issued by the Lord of the Temple of War five years ago, symbolizing the supreme of the Temple of War.

Anyone who dared to violate the borders of Wyverna would be opposing the Lord of War, choosing a self-destruction.

dth of

“How do you know about this decree? Who... Who exactly are you?” Hades tightly gripped the phone, his voice somewhat shaky. “Are you one of the subordinates in the Temple of War? Or...a friend of the Lord of War? Did

+15 BONOS

“You don’t need to know anything.” Alexander remained expressionless, coldly addressing the phone. “Tell all assassin organizations that anyone entering the borders of Wyverna will face ruthless execution. Additionally, I want you to reveal who placed a bounty on New Chesire Group.”

Chapter 318

+15 BONOS

Deep within the ancient castle, Hades’ expression shifted and changed rapidly, his grip on the phone almost crushing it.

“Withdraw from Wyverna, and reveal the bounty employer...”

Two matters, both striking at the core. Once the assassin withdrew, the entire underground market of the Wyverna would be abandoned. Disclosing information about the employer completely violated the rules of the assassin world. Who would seek his services for bounties in the future?

However, there was no choice but to comply. After all, this concerned the legendary and overwhelmingly powerful figure, the

Lord of the Temple of War, who was undefeated in battle-

If he gave the command, wiping out the Blood Assassins organization would be as easy as flipping a hand.

“Since it involves that man...” Hades took a deep breath, finally speaking slowly, “I can tell you the identity of the employer. She is Helen Eberherd, the wife of Neil Chesire, the head of the Chesire family in Ol’ Mare.

“In addition, the Chameleon Enchantress has been ordered to go to the Wyverna to carry out the bounty mission.

“Since you’re unharmed, I hope you can spare us. I’ll be truly grateful beyond...”

The

last words barely left his mouth when Alexander hung up the phone, his index finger pointing into the air.

The Chameleon Enchantress stiffened before Alexander. A finger-sized blood hole appeared on her forehead, and the sparkle in her eyes vanished instantly. She was killed, right then and there.

“The

Chameleon Enchantress is now dead.”

Hades listened to the beeping on the phone and closed his eyes. It took more than ten seconds before he opened them again, a deep sense of powerlessness appearing on his face.

Not that he did not want to save the Chameleon Enchantress, but it was impossible to save her. Anything related to the Lord of the Temple of War, nothing could stand against the Lord of War. Not even if all the assassin organizations in the world joined forces, not to mention the Blood Assassins.

“Alex Alexander.”

Amber came to her senses as the Chameleon Enchantress breathed her last.

Trembling, she walked to Alexander’s side, her

voice shaky. “Did you find the person who placed the bounty?”

Patrick also walked over, his complexion still a bit pale. “Alexander, this is not a trivial matter. If we can’t find the mastermind, more assassins will come. We’d better...”

“I know,” said Alexander, his expression briefly solemn before breaking into a smile.

“Dad, it’s been a long night. Please take

George to the hospital for bandaging. I’ll take Amber out for a while.”

Alexander took hold of Amber’s small hand and entered the descending elevator.

Luca drove, and the bright red Porsche once again set off, heading straight for the Chesire family estate.

+15 BONOS

The night was pitch black. The once bustling Chesire family estate stood empty.

Neil had met a tragic death, and Jerome was killed by Alexander himself. Only Neil’s wife, Helen, and their toddler son remained.

They guarded the desolate estate with deep-seated hatred..

A loud cry shattered the silence of the estate. The infant in the swaddle wailed, looking up at the unsteady figures. His throat quickly grew hoarse.

“Auntie, Ismael!” As the Porsche just entered the courtyard, Amber shouted. She stumbled out of the car and knelt on the

ground, covering her face and crying in pain as she looked at Helen’s hanging body and the wailing Ismael.

Even though she knew that it was Helen who issued the bounty, she could not help but feel heartbroken. Everything left by Neil had finally disappeared into thin air, leaving her less-than-two-year-old cousin as the only bloodline he left behind.

“Take Ismael back. Give him the best education, and make sure he doesn’t follow in Neil’s footsteps,” Alexander said, shaking his head slowly.

He gestured for Luca to take care of Helen’s body. Then, he approached Amber, supporting her arm and intentionally changing the subject.

“Hey the situation in Zabaleta has been resolved. Wanda can take on the role of our brand ambassador at any time. For our first collaboration, where would be the most suitable location for shooting the promotional advertisement?”

Speaking of group work, Amber quickly wiped away her tears, handed Ismael to Luca, and choked back tears as she knelt on the ground.

“My mind is in chaos right now. As for the advertising... Alexander, you decide. I have no objections.”

Alexander nodded and, after a brief pause, smiled. “Among the nearby cities, if we talk about the best environment, there’s only one...

“Sunhaven.”

Chapter 0319

The advertising shoot for New Chesire Group was overseen by Alexander, and the publicity department promptly set off for Sunhaven to select a filming location.

Early the next morning, Wanda arrived as scheduled.

“Sir Kane, Amber!”

At the Ol’ Mare International Airport, Wanda and Kelvin disembarked and were greeted by Alexander and Amber, prompting joy to fill their faces..

“You both came? Have you chosen the location for the ad shoot?”

Alexander smiled and nodded, saying no more. The group then took separate rides, with large red Porsches and corporate sedans, heading straight to Sunhaven.

Sunhaven Bund was a picturesque scene.

Located about 200 kilometers from the coast, it was one of the most famous film and television shooting locations.

The Bund stretched for five kilometers with palm trees scattered everywhere and valuable artificial attractions. It could be considered a paradise on earth.

“What’s going on over here?!”

Beachside filming location...

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Sheldon Frod, the General Manager of the New Chesire Group's Publicity Department, looked at the well- packaged filming equipment and erupted in anger.

"Didn't I ask you to set up the location in advance? Mister Kane and Miss Chesire personally came to accompany Miss Briers for the shoot. How is it that you haven't even set up the equipment?!"

He was genuinely furious.

Ever since receiving Alexander's work arrangement, he personally negotiated with the Sunhaven Bund management and led the filming team in preliminary preparations. They were ready for the shooting as soon as the equipment was ready.

However, not only was the filming equipment not set up, but even the location was wrong. What on earth were these people doing?

"Mister Frod, please calm down."

Several staff members, though frustrated, approached Sheldon. They pointed to the T-shirt-clad youths- about eight of them-on the Bund. They looked pissed.

"They said this area has been booked, and we're not allowed to shoot."

1/3

+15 BONOS

"We tried reasoning with them, but they. They just kicked us out!"

Sheldon's shock was quickly replaced by rage.

This stretch of beach belonged to Sunhaven Seaside Hotel. He had negotiated with the hotel manager and the Bund management, paid for a seven-day rental, and completed all the procedures. Unless they agreed, not outsiders were allowed to enter..

"Excuse me." Being in a foreign place. Sheldon suppressed his anger and briskly approached the group of seven or eight young

men in T-shirts, trying to be as cordial as possible. "Let me introduce myself. I am Sheldon, the Public Relations Manager of the newly established New Chesire Group. This beach-"

He could not finish his sentence!

"Are you trying to say that you rented this beach?" said a young man with dyed red hair,

holding a walkie-talkie. He glanced at Sheldon with a sneer.

"That's right!" Sheldon breathed a sigh of relief and continued politely, "I hope you'll cooperate with us here.

New Chesire Group..."

"Accommodate, my ass!" The red-haired youth spat and mockingly chuckled. "Are you claiming this beach is yours? I could say it's mine, too! Is your name written on the beach? Come on, call it by name and see if it responds. If it doesn't, it's mine!"

Sheldon's expression froze, his face turning blue with anger.

This advertising shoot was crucial for the upcoming launch of New Chesire Group's beauty and skincare products. They even managed to invite the popular actress Wanda. It was a significant affair, yet something so infuriatingly insignificant impeded their operations.

"Let's be reasonable here." This was not Ol' Mare, and Sheldon did not dare to quarrel with these people. He swallowed his pride and said, "We've already paid the rent and have the right to use this space. What you're doing is robbery, and it's..."

*Shut up!" Beside the red-haired youth, a dark-faced man in a shirt with square-hole coins sneered at

Sheldon. "Do you know who I am? I'm the third heir of the Lumos family, Waldo Lumos. I'm robbing your spot because I think highly of you! In this patch of land in Sunhaven, as long as I say a word, even the Almighty.

himself has to yield!"

He ignored Sheldon, turned his head, and shouted at the red-haired youth, "Yo, where are our models? I've been waiting for over half an hour!"

The youth called Mike quickly stepped forward, grinning. "Mister Waldo, I just called. Six female models are on their way, all fair-skinned, beautiful, with long legs! After shooting the ad, we can go back to the hotel... Hahaha!"

Waldo's eyes lit up slightly, a hint of lecherousness flashing in his eyes. He turned to Sheldon again. "Are you deaf? Didn't you hear? Our models will be here soon! If you have any sense, beat it! And don't disturb us shooting the ad!"

The seven young men beside him immediately stepped forward, apparently ready to take action at the

Chapter 0320

"What do you think you're doing?"

As the situation took an unfavorable turn, Sheldon's heart pounded, but he did not dare to delay the filming task entrusted by

Alexander. He bravely extended his arms, arguing logically, "Clearly, you seized the location, yet here you are, playing the victim!

If this delays the shoot..."

Shooting?

"Shoot, my ass!" Waldo's expression turned fierce, pointing at the filming equipment behind Sheldon with a sneer. "You guys wanted to shoot an advertisement, right? I'll let you shoot! Go, smash everything. Throw it all into the sea!"

The seven young men surged forward with an intimidating momentum, mercilessly beating the staff from the New Chesire Group's publicity department. They also smashed all the filming equipment and artificial props.

Valuable equipment worth millions were crushed, and not a single piece was spared. They were all thrown into the ocean, reduced to a pile of wreckage.

"You... You've gone too far!" Sheldon trembled with anger, looking at the damaged equipment and the battered staff. His fists clenched tightly, and he rushed toward Waldo as if going mad. "I'll take you on!" Waldo sat on a beach chair, watching Sheldon charging toward him. He sneered. "You want to take me on? Trash! Someone go

stab him. Tie him to a stone, and throw him into the sea!"

Mike stepped forward. He wore a sinister smile as he swiftly drew a gleaming short dagger from his lower back. He poised to thrust it into Sheldon's chest.

In that split second...

A large spray of fine sand grains came whistling from a distance, making a dull thud in the air. It showered down on Mike's head, causing him to lose balance instantly. He stumbled forward, ending up face-first in the sand.

"Are you actually looking forward to dying?"

Waldo was initially stunned, then reflexively looked in the direction where the sand was blowing. He cursed, "You dare to lay a

finger on me and my men?! I'll make sure you regret being alive... Huh?"

In that fleeting moment when he turned his head, his gaze lit up completely.

About ten meters ahead, three figures were slowly approaching. He automatically ignored the young man in the middle, staring

fixedly at the two women beside him, his eyes unwavering.

She was gorgeous!

The woman on the left had skin as fair as snow, an exquisite and unparalleled figure, and a flawless physique that surpassed even a professional model. Her face seemed somewhat familiar as if she had appeared on television before, perhaps a star in the entertainment industry...

+15 BONOS

As for the one on the right, she was even more stunning than the left. Graceful and charming, with indescribable nobility and elegance, every movement and gesture exuded a presidential demeanor, truly rare. Women of this caliber, if hired for advertising, would command a fee not less than 20000 per minute!

“Are you the models hired by New Chesire Group?” Waldo’s lust gaze roamed over Amber and Wanda. The lecherous glint in his eyes was unabashed. “Don’t shoot for the New Chesire Group. Work for me! Whatever they’re paying. I’ll double it for you!”

“After the shoot, let’s go to Sunhaven Grand Hotel. I’ll book the presidential suite under my name, Waldo Lumos, and we can have a good chat. I know plenty of positions, haha!”

Amber and Wanda’s expressions changed in an instant.

Waldo Lumos? Even his name sounded dirty. He could dream on if he wanted them to work for him.

“Mister Frod.”

Wanda did not know Sheldon, and she stood beside Alexander silently. Amber, on the other hand, quickly stepped forward and

looked at the panting Sheldon. “What’s going on here?” she inquired in a whisper.

She then pointed at the injured employees and the equipment soaking in the sea nearby, frowning. “Did you clash with these people?”

“Miss Chesire, I’m sorry.” Sheldon’s eyes were bloodshot. He lowered his head deeply, his body trembling with suppressed

anger. “These people were unreasonable, occupying our shooting site and even smashing our equipment...”

He narrated the earlier events in detail.

“That’s going too far!” Despite Amber’s typically gentle demeanor, she could no longer contain her patience. Turning her head

sharply, she stared intensely at Waldo, her fair face turning pale.

“Sir, did you hear what Mister Frod just said? You must explain everything that happened earlier!”

His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar

#Chapter 321 - Read His Lordship Alexander Kane by

Useless Caesar Chapter 321

Chapter 0321

“Explain?”

Waldo smirked, his grin brazen. In this small corner of Sunhaven, who dared to demand an explanation from him, Waldo Lumos?

Anyone who tried would meet their demise.

“Miss Chesire? You’re Amber Chesire, the so-called ‘Number One of Ol’ Mare’? No

wonder you're so gorgeous!" Waldo appraised Amber's delicate figure, a lecherous glint flickering in his eyes. He sneered and said, "I've heard of New Chesire Group's reputation, but in Sunhaven, it doesn't mean a thing! "Thinking of shooting an ad here without notifying me? Let me tell you the truth—you can only shoot if I say so. If I refuse, even if Almighty himself comes, it won't matter!" Amber gritted her teeth.

This was clearly an unreasonable local tyrant. In this situation, with employees injured, equipment damaged, and the site occupied, shooting the ad was impossible. The losses for the group were incalculable! "Don't worry."

Alexander had remained silent. It was not until this moment that he, along with Wanda, slowly approached Amber. Pointing to the filming equipment set up behind Waldo, he smiled and said, "Their equipment looks good, and the set design is professional," Turning to look at Sheldon, he asked in a soft voice. "Mister Frod, how is everyone doing? Can we continue the shoot?"

"No problem!" Sheldon and his dozen or so staff gathered around Alexander, nodding in unison. "We only have minor injuries that won't affect the shoot."

"Yeah, they may not be good people, but their equipment is very promising, worth millions even compared to imported ones!"

"The set design is high-end too, including lighting, sound... Mister Kane, let's use theirs. It's much better than ours!"

With each word, the excitement in their voices grew, completely dismissing Waldo and his party. Why? Because Mister Kane was present.

Almost every employee of New Chesire Group revered Mister Kane, knowing every detail of his achievements. He had swept the underground forces in Ol' Mare, intimidated the entire city of Aaronson, and defeated the Schneider family.

Waldo amounted to nothing at all when put up against Alexander.

Their exchange did not escape Waldo's eyes. He gave a sinister glance at Alexander's face and chuckled maliciously. "I was too busy admiring beautiful women and didn't notice such a notable figure like you.

"Who do you think you are, showing your ugly face in front of me? Acting arrogant in front of me, you're asking for trouble!"

+15 BONOS

The moment Waldo said this, his seven henchmen immediately rushed forward and surrounded Alexander and the others in a tight circle. Each one held a short dagger fiercely.

"Ignorance is not courage: It's foolishness." Alexander's expression remained

unchanged as he spoke softly." You break my equipment, and I'll make you compensate with yours. Injure my employees, and I'll repay double.

Seize my territory and think of fighting me? With just these guys, it's not enough.

"Who said it's only them? I have so many people under me that you can't count them all!" Waldo grinned evilly,

pointing not far away. "Brothers, grab your weapons!"

Not far from the bund, three commercial vehicles had just stopped, and six exotic-looking female models

swayed their waists as they stepped out of the cars.

In the other two commercial vehicles, a total of more than 20 hoodlums, some wielding rubber sticks, others

holding machetes, charged forward together.

There was strength in numbers.

Adding the previous seven henchmen, nearly 30 people surrounded Alexander and the others, preventing all

escape routes. They brandished their weapons, their faces becoming increasingly ferocious.

"Is the crowd big enough?" Waldo slowly stood up from his beach chair, a sneer on his lips. He casually

embraced a foreign female model, grinning at Alexander. "Hey kid, ever heard the saying. 'A powerful dragon. cannot suppress a local snake'? This place isn't Ol' Mare!"

Apart from Amber and Wanda, everyone's expressions changed.

Amber and Wanda had witnessed Alexander's abilities before, but Sheldon and his employees had only heard

about Alexander's reputation and did not know his true strength.

Facing two or three dozen fierce hoodlums armed with various weapons.

Unable to match fists against so many, a hero could not withstand a crowd. Mister Kane was definitely not a match!

Waldo's gaze swept slowly over Sheldon and the others. Watching their fearful expressions, he could not help

but burst into mad laughter. "Now you know fear? It's too late!

"I'll give you two options now. Either hand over these two beauties and beg on your knees, or I'll make your kneel and the two beauties will still leave with me!

"Have you made your choice? I don't have much time, so decide quickly!"

Chapter 0322

Decide? How should he decide?

Alexander never dealt with multiple-choice questions because he never needed to..

He paid no attention to the group of thugs around him, calmly focusing on Waldo. He

said softly. “You were right about something. Time is limited. Our advertising shoot has been delayed for too long, so we must save time from now on.”

Waldo was slightly startled, but he quickly understood and laughed heartily. “Save time? That’s right! Have you made up your mind? Kneel and bow to me now. It won’t take any time at all, and I...

Alexander lifted his right foot, lightly stomped the beach beneath him, and uttered a single word, “Leave!”

Under Alexander’s foot, countless fine sands shot out like shrapnel from a cannon, their speed impossible to discern. They produced a sharp noise from rapid friction in the air. It took less than half a second, and a deluge of sand fell upon Waldo and his gang.

They were sprawled on the ground.

They were not even martial artists, just street brawlers, and the sand pummeled their skin, tearing their clothes into shreds. They screamed in pain, rolling on the ground in agony.

Waldo and the 27 thugs under him, Alexander dispatched them all with a single move, leaving no one standing.

The six foreign models screamed, their shorts soaked in fear, evidently having wetted themselves.

“Don’t you like multiple-choice questions?” Alexander’s gaze remained calm. He looked down at the wailing Waldo and spoke softly, “Now I’ll give you a multiple-choice question. Either apologize to my employees by

bow, or die.

“My time is limited, and you have three seconds to decide!”

Waldo was covered in blood, crying so hard he was almost out of breath.

He had been in Sunhaven for over a decade and had seen many ruthless people, but he never encountered

someone as ruthless as this. He could even kick up a literal mini sandstorm!

How painful could sand abrasion be? Their clothes were shredded, their skin sliced and torn slightly.

Waldo’s mind was on the verge of collapse.

Was this something a human could do?

This man was simply not human. He was a monster, a devil, a beast, a freak!

Faced with such a terrifying individual...

“M—Mister Kane!” Waldo’s throat was almost hoarse, enduring the intense pain throughout his body, crying and shouting. “I choose. I’ll choose right away! I’m willing to apologize to you! I...”

+15 BONOS

Alexander shook his head slowly and said, “I’m not looking for just an apology. I want you to bow. Three seconds have passed, the choice was wrong!”

As the words fell, his palm slowly lifted.

“No!” Watching Alexander raise his hand, Waldo was scared pale, no longer daring to have any hope. He knelt down on the sand

and frantically bowed to Sheldon and the several employees behind him, wailing. “I’m sorry. I was wrong!

“I shouldn’t have bullied others or let my boys be so unruly. I wasted these eyes! I hope you gentlemen have a big heart and forgive my offense. I... I was confused! I’m a scoundrel!”

Waldo repeatedly bowed, slamming his head against the ground. The forehead, already hit by sand, bled profusely. His skin split

open, making the scene even more miserable.

“Mister Kane.”

Behind Alexander, Sheldon and several employees were terrified by the scene before them, cautiously speaking, “How about

forgiving them this time? They...have suffered enough.”

Suffered?

“Not enough.” Alexander turned slowly, looking at Sheldon and the employees from the Publicity Department. his gaze solemn.

‘Remember, you’re employees of New Chesire Group. Bullying you is bullying the New Chesire Group!

“You represent not just individuals but also the dignity of New Chesire Group! Daring to offend the New Chesire Group must

come with a blood price. Allowing them to live today is already the greatest mercy!”

Sheldon and the few employees trembled, their chests boiling with hot blood.

Mister Kane was the epitome of dominance.

With Mister Kane’s support and being under New Chesire Group’s protection, as employees of the New Chesire Group, they

could lift their heads proudly.

“An employee of the New Chesire Group should always be raring with every bit of fight left in them.” Alexander looked at their

expressions, nodding approvingly, then raised his hand with a gentle wave. “Whoever hit you just now, three slaps each for them.

Let me hear the sound!”

Sheldon and a few employees lifted their heads high as if they had all taken energy drinks. They marched toward the gang of

hoodlums, found the ones who had beaten them earlier, and ruthlessly swung their hands.

Three solid slaps, almost knocked their teeth out. The grievances were swept away.

Turning to look at the smiling Alexander, their hearts swelled.

What was true relief? ‘An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.’

They returned the “favor” by slapping them with even more turns and force.

Everything Mister Kane did straightened their spines and vented the pent-up resentment.

“Now that you’ve let off steam, let’s start shooting.” Alexander pointed at the imported equipment brought by

Chapter 0323

Waldo rolled away.

With over 20 henchmen and 6 foreign female models, he scrambled and crawled into the nearby luxury sedan silently. They drove straight to the Sunhaven Central Hospital.

About four hours later-

Waldo, wrapped in bandages and wearing a thick windbreaker, winced as he limped out from the hospital.

turning at the entrance.

“Mister Waldo!” Beside him, several henchmen, also bandaged up despite undergoing wound-cleaning

surgery, grimaced in pain. Madness gleamed in their eyes. “Sunhaven is our turf; we can’t let this slide. We must seek revenge!”

Waldo’s teeth chattered, causing pain to the wounds on his face. He did not even dare to clench his teeth.

“This grudge must be avenged, or I’m not a man!”

He climbed into the nearby business car and glared in the direction of the bund. “Do you know where they’re

staying? Get that info, now! Even though that Kane guy is powerful, I refuse to believe that he’s invincible!”

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Several subordinates made calls to investigate the whereabouts of Alexander and others. Mike approached

Waldo, his face full of malice. “Mister Waldo, all our equipment was taken by that Alexander guy. Mister Sacco

spent a fortune importing it from overseas. Now we...”

Waldo’s eyes were filled with malice. He gave an order to the driver.

“Go, find Mister Sacco!”

In the western suburbs of Sunhaven, at the Sacco family villa.

Kent Sacco, the eldest son of the Sacco family, lounged on the luxurious sofa in the living room. He enjoyed the professional

massage from a beautiful technician.

“Mister Sacco!” a miserable cry echoed from the living room entrance.

Waldo stumbled in, snot and tears streaming down his face. He wailed at Kent. “We can’t complete the magazine cover shoot. Someone stole our shooting location and injured me and all my men!”

Kent raised an eyebrow sharply, a hint of undisguised cruelty flashing in his eyes. He, as the only grandson of the Sacco family in this generation, was deeply favored by the head of the family. He was also the sole heir to the Sacco family, and at the age of less than 30, he had taken control of a significant portion of the Sacco family’s assets.

However, due to his young age, dissenting voices emerged within Sacco Group. Even as the great heir of the

Sacco family, he needed to achieve some tangible accomplishments to gain the trust of others.

+15 BONOS

The upcoming advertising campaign was the ‘achievement’ he needed to deliver, and he would not tolerate anyone disrupting it.

“It’s not about hitting you; it’s about stopping my plans!” Kent narrowed his eyes and chuckled. “No one has ever dared to oppose me in Sunhaven before. Who is so blind to challenge me? If he dares to block my path. I want his life!”

Waldo hesitated for no moment, his voice seeming to squeeze through his clenched teeth. “The person who hit me is called ‘Kane’, the head of security at the Ol’ Mare’s New Chesire Group. He’s also the husband of the general manager, Amber Chesire.

“Even when hitting a dog, you have to consider the owner. For this Kane guy to hit you. That means he doesn’t acknowledge me at all!”

New Chesire Group of Ol’ Mare, huh?

Kent’s pupils slightly contracted, then quickly returned to normal. In Sunhaven, the influence of the Sacco family was unrivaled, and they closely monitored news from nearby cities.

Within just half a year, New Chesire Group had risen unexpectedly. They crushed various well-established forces and became the rising star of Ol’ Mare, a story spreading throughout the entire province.

Could it be that they also intended to expand into Sunhaven?

“The New Chesire Group’s ‘Life One’ has a nationwide sales network, and they’re about to launch beauty and skincare products...”

Kent narrowed his eyes, speaking almost as if to himself. A sinister smile gradually spread across his face. For the Sacco family’s business, skincare products are crucial. Heh! New Chesire Group has quite ambitious plans!”

Observing Kent's expression, Waldo felt a secret delight in his heart and quickly approached. "Mister Sacco, striking first means gaining an advantage. How about we..."

Kent chuckled softly.

*Since honored guests have come, as the host, the Sacco family has to make a gesture of courtesy." He raised his hand to touch his nose, a snake-like sinister smile appearing on his lips. "Waldo, have your men inquire about it. I want to personally greet them!"

Waldo's face lit up with joy, nodding immediately. "I've already investigated. The New Chesire Group staff are staying at the Joule Grand Hotel in Sunhaven!"

Chapter 0324

At 6 p.m... on the outskirts of Sunhaven, at Joule Grand Hotel.

"Phew! Finally done with the shoot." On the second-floor luxurious banquet hall, Wanda waited for all the

waitstaff to take their positions. She took off her hat and glasses, looking relaxed.

Despite being at a private banquet, she could run into her fans anytime as a popular actress. To avoid unnecessary trouble,

concealing her appearance with a hat and sunglasses was a standard practice.

"After the post-production editing, our promotional ad is sure to go nationwide!" Sheldon was responsible for

the entire filming process, and he was confident about the advertising impact.

He looked excitedly at Alexander and Amber sitting across from him as he exclaimed.

"Once the ad airs, our

skincare products will fly off the shelves. No competitors can—"

Behind him, the closed wooden door of the private room swung open, accompanied by a sly and mocking

laughter. "Did I arrive at an inopportune time? Heard something I shouldn't have?"

"What are you guys from New Chesire Group trying to do here? Since you're a guest in Sunhaven, why didn't

you inform the Sacco family in advance? Miss Chesire, that's just too formal, isn't it?"

As they spoke, two figures entered the private room.

It was Kent Sacco.

Kent was followed by the smirking Waldo. He sat opposite Amber, not bothering to glance at Alexander.

He grinned insincerely and said, "Miss Chesire, my people had a little misunderstanding with you earlier. They

say enemies should be settled, not created. How about we have a drink and let bygones be bygones?"

Kent poured himself a glass of red wine and drained it in one go.

"Excuse me, sir." Amber furrowed her eyebrows, glaring at the uninvited guest. She

spoke softly, "Firstly, I don't know you, and I don't know anything about the Sacco family. Secondly, as you just mentioned, your people occupied my shooting location, and my husband has already dealt with it. We might find it hard to be friends. "Thirdly, and most importantly, this is our celebration banquet, not open to any guests. Please leave!"

"Oh?" Kent raised an eyebrow, then smirked and said, "Miss Chesire, I've heard of the fame of your New Chesire Group—top in Ol' Mare, unrivaled. However, you seemed to have forgotten one thing.

"This isn't Ol' Mare but rather Sunhaven. New Chesire Group reigns supreme only in Ol' Mare, while our Sacco family is the king of Sunhaven!"

Kent's gaze swept across the banquet hall, finally landing on Wanda's face. His eyes lit up. "Oh, Miss Wanda is also here? The rising star, endorsing for New Chesire Group? The Sacco family is also influential in the entertainment industry, and your future with these folks here might not be as promising as you think!"

This statement was not a threat but a fact.

The Sacco family's business spanned throughout Sunhaven, and they also had their fingers in the

+15 BONOS

little cost, could be blacklisted.

"Mister Sacco, are you threatening us?!" Amber's face turned cold. She nodded reassuringly at Wanda, then stared at Kent.

"Anyone can be a businessman, and the business world knows no boundaries! You say the Sacco family is the king of Sunhaven? Who gave you that title?

"New Chesire Group is expanding its business, be it in Ol' Mare or Sunhaven. It has nothing to do with you!"

Kent's surprise was replaced by a sinister smile.

Pointing to the wooden door of the private room behind him, he slowly smiled, "Do you know how many people are outside? Not many; just fifty of the Sacco family's bodyguards."

At this point, he reached across the round dining table and grabbed Amber. He raised his eyebrows even higher as he said, "In

Sunhaven, the Sacco family sets the rules! Are you trying to be arrogant in Sunhaven? Don't reach where you shouldn't! If you touch something you shouldn't—agh!"

A silver fork, reflecting the light, pierced through Kent's palm. The force was subtle, perfectly piercing through and sticking through his hand.

Blood oozed out of Kent's wound.

It was not until the fresh blood dyed his entire palm red that he felt the excruciating pain.

"Now tell me, what are the rules?" Beside Amber, Alexander had pulled away the hand

that threw the fork, looking calmly at Kent. He continued softly, "Before answering, think it through. "Are your guards even useful?"

Chapter 0325

Were Kent's bodyguards even useful?

Facing ordinary individuals, just 1 bodyguard would intimidate them, let alone 50.

The Sacco family's bodyguards were all elite security professionals, capable of handling 10 opponents

effortlessly.

However, at this moment, they were confronting Alexander, the invincible Lord of War who swept

through

everything.

Just a moment ago, casually flicking a fork, the precision in strength, speed, and angle was

unparalleled. almost like a divine skill. Even in the midst of a thousand armies, capturing the head of a

general was no more difficult.

No matter how many bodyguards there were, they were merely decorations, utterly incapable of

hindering Alexander in the slightest.

"You dare hurt me?!"

Feeling a piercing pain, Kent groaned loudly in pain as he felt his anger rising to a malicious level.

Clearly unaware of the terrifying nature of Alexander, he continued, "You are Amber's husband,

Alexander, yes? Quite the fighter, aren't you? Can you take on one, ten, or even fifty of us?

“You shed my blood, so now I will take your life!”

Crash!

Outside the private room, the Sacco family bodyguards, who failed to react in time, were wild-eyed and

pulling out their weapons, poised to charge in.

“You obviously haven’t thought through my question.” Alexander shook his head slowly, then raised his

right hand, fingers grasping the air.

The silver fork that pierced Kent’s palm seemed to be drawn by an irresistible force, carrying a spray of

blood beads. In a moment, it returned to Alexander’s hand.

During its flight, the blood on the fork’s surface dispersed entirely, not a drop staining Alexander’s hand.

“Ah!”

Another agonized scream was ripped out of Kent, who trembled in pain. While he could endure sitting

in his

chair moments ago, he jolted at the newfound pain, his voice almost tearing through his throat.”

“You dare! You...”

“You still have one last chance.” Alexander held the fork, his gaze and voice equally indifferent. “Now

guess, where will the fork strike next? The eyes, the forehead, or perhaps your throat?”

Alexander’s wrist gradually bent. His right thumb and forefinger delicately held the fork, his gaze slowly

moving between Kent’s throat and forehead.

Chapter 0326
+15 BONOS

Kent and his group had left, but the thick stench of blood hung in the private room. The bloodstains on the carpet had not yet dried, presenting a disturbing sight.

Wanda felt a dryness in her mouth and subconsciously gulped.

Her mind was in Chaos. From the moment Kent entered, her mind seemed to have stopped working, only to resume when

Alexander intervened with a fork, leaving her face pale.

Witnessing Kent and the others leaving, her beautiful eyes went blank.

When they dealt with the Ledger family in Zabaleta, she had seen Alexander in action and knew he possessed extraordinary

skills. This hour, however, he surpassed her previous understanding of the term 'domineering'.

He presented an unparalleled presence, and the only flaw was that he was too impulsive.

"Mister Kane!"

Wanda took a deep breath, finally gathering her thoughts. Her delicate face was filled with concern. "I know you have great

influence and personal strength, but...you shouldn't have injured Kent. He's no ordinary person!"

Oh?

Alexander smiled faintly, his expression playful. "What, is he less ordinary than the Ledger family in Zabaleta?"

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"Hey, I'm not joking with you!" Wanda looked anxious, turning to Amber for help. She pleadingly said, "Amber, I'm serious. Talk to Mister Kane; make him understand!"

Amber seemed unfazed by the recent events. She turned to look at the dazed Sheldon and shocked Kelvin, then finally back at

Wanda. She smiled and said, "I won't be surprised by anything Alexander does. Since you want us to take it seriously..."

"Miss Wanda, you seem to know a lot about the Sacco family. Tell us."

Wanda finally breathed a sigh of relief. Her expression turned solemn. "I've heard from many friends in the entertainment industry that the Sacco family..."

The Sacco family had three generations of single heirs. Kent was the only male in this generation and had extensive

connections. His two sisters had married into powerful northern families, creating a complex network of influence.

Not only did they invest heavily in the beauty and skincare industry, but they also held significant shares in many entertainment companies.

More frighteningly, the Sacco family had close ties with the media. If they decided to obstruct or use media channels to attack New Chesire Group, it could easily have a negative impact on the consumer market. “Got it.” Alexander was indifferent to everything Wanda said, maintaining a faint smile. “Is that all? We can start eating now. Oh, the smell of blood is too strong in this private room. Do you want to switch to another one?”

+15 BONOS

Wanda was stunned. She stared at Alexander as if meeting Lord Kane” for the first time.

“Haven’t you heard what I said before? The Sacco family is formidable. It’s not just about strength; they have tricks up their sleeves. Many! Have you really taken it all in?”

“Put on your sunglasses and mask,” Alexander shook his head and smiled at Wanda, then got up and walked to the door of the private room. “Waiter, you can come now,” he called out gently. “See to it that we want our room changed!”

Meanwhile, at the Sacco family residence—

Kent’s injuries were tended to by a private doctor. Instead of returning to the Sacco family estate, he went to his luxurious villa. He gloomily sat on the sofa in the living room.

“Mister Sacco.” Waldo sat across from him, eyes bloodshot. “As long as you give the word. I’ll gather our brothers, along with your bodyguards. Our forces will kill Alexander!

“An army of ants can bite an elephant. Even if he’s strong, he can’t withstand our swarm tactics!”

Kent panted, shaking his head slowly. If it played out as Waldo suggested, it would escalate too much. The mayor of Sunhaven would not stand idly by. If things were thoroughly investigated, even the Sacco family might not be able to protect him.

“Vengeance is inevitable,” he narrowed his eyes on the bandage on his right hand. The malice in his eyes intensified. “I not only want to ruin the Chesire family but also shatter Amber’s reputation. I want Alexander to beg me like a dog. I want them to suffer more than death!”

Waldo’s eyes lit up. “Mister Sacco, have you thought of a plan?”

Kent haughtily laughed. “They came to Sunhaven for an advertising shoot, invited Wanda as the spokesperson, and now they’re planning a product launch. Their plan is quite cunning.

“If, during the product launch, a little accident occurs No matter how powerful Alexander is, what use will he be?”

Waldo was stunned, and understanding then dawned on him. A grin spread across his face. "Mister Sacco, do you mean..."

Kent's eyes narrowed to slits, his laughter growing colder.

"That propaganda department manager of New Chesire Group. His name is Sheldon Frod, yes? Prepare a million five hundred thousand... No, prepare a hundred fifty million. I want to have a good talk with him!"

Chapter 0327

+15 BONOS

Late that night, on the riverside promenade outside Sunhaven, stood the Joule Grand Hotel.

The celebratory banquet concluded smoothly, and Alexander and Amber returned to the presidential suite. Wanda and Kelvin, however, caught a red-eye flight back to Zabaleta.

Being a leading actress with a tight schedule, Wanda had to rush back for work, planning to grace the stage again at tomorrow afternoon's new product launch.

"Thank you all for your hard work!"

On the hotel's rooftop conference hall, Sheldon accompanied the staff from the publicity department, working

overtime to meticulously edit and enhance the promotional video shot just moments ago.

All post-production tasks were completed, and it was not until past 2 a.m. that they finally wrapped up.

Returning to the upscale hotel room, inserting the key card into the door...

"Mister Frod."

As the door opened and the living room lights flickered on, a sinister laughter echoed.

"Up all night for work,

Mister Frod? You're truly dedicated to New Chesire Group!

"I wonder, how much does the New Chesire Group pay you? How much can you earn if you work until your retirement?"

Sheldon shuddered, his gaze stiffening.

It was Kent and Waldo.

In the suite's living room, Kent lounged with one leg crossed, his right hand wrapped in bandages, left hand

holding a cigar. The smirking Waldo stood beside Kent, his arms folded.

"Mister Sacco, Mister Lumos."

Sheldon, having barely steadied his composure, forced a faint smile. "I'm just an ordinary employee of New

Chesire Group. What brings you two here so late? To easily enter the hotel suite, Mister Sacco, your influence is truly

impressive. Admirable!"

“Is it so difficult to get your room key?” Kent casually tossed out a spare key card arrogantly. “Don’t forget that this is Sunhaven, the Sacco family’s territory! There’s nothing money can’t solve here. If it can’t, it just means spending a bit more money.”

Sheldon blinked, realizing what had happened. Kent must have bribed the hotel staff to obtain the key card for this suite.

Within the borders of Sunhaven, no one dared to defy the Sacco family.

“Mister Frod, you’re a clever man, so let me be straightforward, Kent took a puff of the cigar, exhaling smoke. and sneered. “New Chesire Group intends to enter Sunhaven, inviting Wanda as the spokesperson. Once the new product launch proceeds smoothly, the Sacco family’s business will suffer a severe blow.

+15 BONOS

“The Sacco family won’t sit idly by. I do so wonder, Mister Frod—would you be willing to help my Sacco family in this matter?”

“Help?” Sheldon’s heart skipped a beat. He forced a smile and replied, “I’m just a working man, insignificant and without any influence on the group’s decisions. Even if I want to help, I can’t.”

“Mister Frod, perhaps you are not aware. Those who dare to refuse me have never had a good ending.” Kent smirked, the cigar was ruthlessly extinguished in the ashtray. He then chuckled. “You’re in charge of the publicity for New Chesire Group. That

means the ad film shot by Wanda is under your supervision.

“Tomorrow afternoon, before the new product launch, hand over the promotional video to me. I want to make Alexander and Amber lose face in front of the media. For you, Mister Frod, this is just a small effort. I believe you won’t refuse, right?”

Sheldon’s heart trembled, and his expression changed completely.

If he were to hand over the promotional video to Kent, what would New Chesire Group use for the product launch? Blank screens in front of so many journalists?

New Chesire Group could not be humiliated at such an event!

“Mister Frod, what are you hesitating about?” Kent looked at Sheldon, his smile growing broader. “Before making a decision, why not take a look at this? Waldo?”

Behind him, Waldo chuckled, swiftly walked in front of Sheldon, and slammed a bank check onto his face.” Open your eyes wide and take a good look at how much this is. You can’t spend it all even if you break your legs!”

“What. This is...” Sheldon hastily caught the check. His eyes widened when he realized how much was

written.

150 million.

The benefits at New Chesire Group were good. As the manager of the publicity department, Sheldon's annual salary exceeds 80000 dollars. Plus other benefits, his annual income was no less than 150000 dollars. Even so, even if he did not eat, drink, or spend, he would not earn 150 million in his lifetime.

"Mister Frod, the benefits have been given to you. Please don't disappoint me." Kent took out a black flash drive from his pocket, stood up, and left the sofa, walking toward the door with Waldo.

As he passed by Sheldon, he stuffed the flash drive into his pocket and patted it a few times, sneering. "The content in this flash drive is the promotional video I prepared for New Chesire Group. It will be publicly played on the big screen in front of the media reporters.

"In addition, bring Wanda's ad film to the Di Nalte Coffee Shop before ten o'clock tomorrow morning. Look for me. I'll be waiting for your good news!"

He finished arrogantly with a laugh and left with Waldo.

Chapter 0328

+15 BONOS

"Looks like Kent and Waldo are leaving."

In the presidential suite on the top floor of the Joule Grand Hotel, Alexander stood by the expansive floor-to-ceiling window with a cup of juice in hand. He watched as a Lamborghini, sleek and fast, quickly departed from the ground.

Turning to Amber, he smiled and said, "Amber, why don't you guess why they visited?" Amber, wearing a silk nightgown, gazed at the departing Lamborghini, her delicate eyebrows furrowing. She knew Alexander was skilled and was not concerned about her safety. What worried her was why Kent would come to the hotel in the middle of the night.

What was his intention?

The new product launch was scheduled come morning light, and she hoped nothing would go awry before then.

"To find out what they did is quite simple, actually. I can ask my former comrades to help investigate," remarked Alexander after taking a sip of his juice. He then took out his phone, preparing to compose a message.

Just then, the suite's doorbell rang. Sheldon's voice followed, sounding a bit shaky.

"Miss Chesire, Mister

Kane, it's me, Sheldon!"

Alexander raised an eyebrow, casually putting away his phone. He waited until Amber

had donned her robe.

completely concealing her perfect and alluring figure, before opening the door and letting Sheldon in.

“Miss C

Cheshire, Mister Kane...” Sheldon greeted nervously, his arms holding a laptop. Beads of sweat dotted his forehead as he

cautiously walked up to Alexander and Amber, placing the laptop on the living room table.

Sheldon looked remorseful. “Just now, Kent and Waldo came to see me, and they...”

He took out a black pendrive and a check for 150 million, recounting the events that had transpired. Then, taking a deep breath,

his expression serious, he said, “Everything I have is from New Chesire Group. They wanted me to betray the company, but I won’t let that happen.”

He was loyal to New Chesire Group.

When he first saw the 150 million check, he was indeed tempted. However, no matter how tempted he was, his conviction

remained unshaken. Being the manager of the publicity department at New Chesire Group was

inseparable from Amber’s care and trust in him.

This afternoon, while shooting an advertisement on the bund, Alexander got into a brawl for his employees. relieving himself of

the previous pent-up frustration. He vented out this resentment with gusto.

Could any other company have pulled this off?

Mister Kane, Miss Chesire, the New Chesire Group... Not only did they provide them with jobs but also restored their lost dignity.

+15 BONOS

“Kent said for me to play the contents of this pendrive at tomorrow’s product launch.” As Sheldon spoke, he placed the check on the coffee table and inserted the pendrive into his laptop.

Turning to Alexander and Amber, he looked confident. “Miss Chesire, Mister Kane, I promise that the laptop

isn’t connected to the Internet. I’ve already backed up the contents. Even if the pendrive has a virus, there’s

nothing to fear!”

Thoughtful, indeed.

Alexander and Amber exchanged glances, then smiled at Sheldon. “Go ahead and open it. Let’s see what’s in

the pendrive.”

*As you wish.” Sheldon hesitated no longer, entered the pendrive folder, and opened the ‘Promotional

Advertisement” inside.

The video featured a dozen shameless young men and women, frolicking like a group of

mischievous fairies, creating a lively and explosive scene, with screams incessantly ringing out.

“Oh my god...” Amber’s pretty face turned crimson. She quickly turned her head, feeling both embarrassed and annoyed.

The embarrassment was due to the content of the video, and the annoyance stemmed from Kent, that beast. actually bribing

Sheldon to have New Chesire Group play such a video at the product launch. It was simply

outrageous!

“Turn it off.”

Alexander withdrew his gaze, signaled Sheldon to close the video, then looked at the embarrassed Amber, shaking his head with

a smile. “We’ve already seen the video. Kent’s conspiracy won’t succeed, of course.

“However, he still wants Mister Frod to send over the advertisement featuring Miss Wanda. Amber, what do you think he wants to

do with that promotional video?”

Chapter 0329

Amber’s shy expression gradually faded, replaced by a solemn demeanor.

There were various methods in business competition, and Kent intended to steal Wanda’s promotional advertisements. It was

not just about plagiarizing ideas and concepts, but slightly ‘processing’ the existing video to give it a new look, creating a

completely new promotional ad.

For Kent, such methods were effortless. Arranging a few graphic designers could easily accomplish it.

“Mister Frod.” After a moment of contemplation, Alexander smiled faintly and said,

“Come over again tomorrow morning. I’ll

prepare a pendrive for you. Follow Kent’s instructions and take it to him.”

“About that hundred fifty million check...” Alexander picked up the check from the coffee table, gently handed it to Sheldon, and smiled.

“For this advertising shoot, you and your employees worked hard, and got injured by Waldo and others. The company will cover

both medical expenses and bonuses.

“The check from Kent is for the medical expenses due to injuries. The company will also provide additional bonuses to thank you

and every employee in the publicity department for your dedication to the group.”

Sheldon was pleasantly surprised, repeatedly shaking his head. “Mister Kane, this isn’t appropriate! You and Miss Chesire have

been good enough to me and the employees...”

“Take it.” Alexander was resolute, forcefully stuffing the check into Sheldon’s hand. He then pointed at the laptop on the coffee

table, saying with a smile, "Leave the computer here. Take it along with the pendrive tomorrow morning."

Amber also wore a smile as she sincerely said, "Mister Frod, Alexander's decision is my decision. Once we return to Ol' Mare, I'll have the finance department prepare the bonuses. "You did a great job this time!"

Sheldon, grateful, repeatedly bowed to Alexander and Amber before turning to leave. The wooden door of the suite closed. Amber raised her hand to touch the metal keyboard of the laptop, her eyebrows gradually furrowing. "Alexander, why did you leave the computer and pendrive? Kent..." Alexander chuckled.

Without much explanation, he connected the laptop to the WiFi and found the promotional ad shot by Wanda. He opened the company's email, entered an email address, and started uploading the ad files. "Alexander?" Standing beside him, Amber looked surprised. "Whose email is this? Why did you upload our company's promotional ad? What if the information leaks..." "It won't leak." The email was sent. After entering a sequence of special characters in the email body. Alexander turned, smiled, and said, "The recipient is my former comrade, codenamed Black Tortoise. His +15 BONOS Amber still had some lingering doubts, gently biting her lip as she cautiously asked, "Can this Black Tortoise... be trusted?"

Alexander took his wife's hand, his gaze filled with indulgence. Silly wife.

This was one of the four Dukes of War of the Temple of War, Juno, also known as the 'Black Tortoise'. He managed the electronic attack and defense system of the entire legion. Dealing with someone like Kent was like capturing a fish in a net. So, Kent wanted to play tricks, did he not? He would learn what it meant to 'dig one's own grave' and experience the methods of the Temple of War. The next morning, in the bustling city center of Sunhaven, at Di Nalte Coffee Shop—"Mister Sacco." Sheldon, wearing sunglasses, snuck into the luxurious private room and presented the metal pendrive Alexander gave him. He smilingly placed the device in front of Kent. "Take a look. This is what you wanted." Kent held a cup of civet poop coffee, a faint cold smile on his face. He glanced at

Sheldon and raised his hand.

“Waldo.”

“Here!” Waldo stepped forward, took out a laptop from his briefcase prepared in advance, and received the pendrive from Sheldon. He immediately played the video file.

Everything was according to plan.

The video was exquisite and vibrant, exactly the skincare product advertisement filmed by Wanda on the bund in Sunhaven. Her smile was fresh and sweet, complementing the camera’s lens, narrating the development process and effectiveness of New

Cheshire Group products. The entire process could not be faulted.

“It’s authentic.” Waldo was in charge of advertising, and after watching the video, he slightly bowed to Kent, chuckling. “Mister

Frod is being genuine indeed, Mister Sacco. There’s no problem with this file.”

“Very good.” Kent enjoyed a sip of coffee, his face full of satisfaction. Then, he glanced sideways at Sheldon, a sinister smile

crossing his eyes. “Mister Frod, you’ve seen the content of the pendrive I gave you last night, right?”

Sheldon quickly raised his thumbs, flattering. “A blockbuster action film that one can only dream of, splendid!! will play it on the

big screen at the press conference this afternoon, as per your request, Mister Sacco!”

Kent’s smirk widened, his excitement undisguised on his face.

Alexander and Amber would never get through with their new product launch!

Chapter 0330

At 3 p.m. the launch event for New Chesire Group’s new product ‘Crystal Elegance Skin’ took place at the Sunhaven

International Trade Building as scheduled. The venue was packed with people, drawing attention

from all directions.

Before the official part of the event, major media outlets were already competing to cover it, creating an immense buzz.

It was not just about New Chesire Group alone. The crucial factor was the involvement of the Sacco family. At noon today. Kent

extended invitations to television stations, major online platforms, and even numerous private social media accounts, all of which

eagerly attended the exclusive unveiling of the Sacco Group’s new.

product. ‘Ice Elegance Skin’.

With ‘Crystal Elegance Skin’ and ‘Ice Elegance Skin’ in the spotlight, the tension in the air was palpable for

everyone.

“New Chesire Group’s entry into Sunhaven has touched a nerve with Mister Sacco, and he’s not pleased!”

“Did you all hear? Mister Sacco injured his right hand, rumored to be caused by Alexander from New Chesire Group, at the Joule

Grand Hotel. Dozens of bodyguards crawled down the stairs with Mister Sacco—”
“Shh, lower your voices! Mister Sacco didn’t invite us here for small talk. Keep the cameras focused on New Chesire Group.

Let’s wait and watch them embarrass themselves.”

Click, click, click!

Reporters whispered among themselves, and cameramen directed their lenses almost entirely toward the left side of the venue—

at New Chesire Group’s product launch area.

At this moment, the vast hall on the first floor of the International Trade Building, spanning over 3000 square meters, was divided between the New Chesire Group and the Sacco Group. They each occupied half of the space, clearly demarcated.

Meanwhile, on the right side of the venue-

“Mister Sacco.” Waldo stood behind Kent, glancing at Alexander and Amber with a cunning smile. “We’ve prepared everything in

the media. All our people have exchanged greetings with them, and the live broadcast is ready to go!”

“As long as Sheldon plays our prepared clip on New Chesire Group’s screen, it’ll become the biggest scandal in the country.

Their ‘Crystal Elegance Skin’ won’t stand a chance of hitting the market!”

Kent chuckled under his breath.

The promotional video provided by Sheldon had been expedited for processing.

Through post-production rendering, artificial

intelligence facial swaps, letter modifications, professional dubbing, and the removal of Wanda from the short film, it was

replaced with a female celebrity selected by Sacco Group.

In less than two hours, they plagiarized New Chesire Group’s entire ad.

+15 BONOS

As for the pendrive from the New Chesire Group, it contained the ‘group activity’ video he handed over to Sheldon. With a check

for 150 million in cash, Kent instructed Sheldon to play it during their showcase.

Everything was in place, and all that remained was the turning point. Kent had been eagerly anticipating it for a long time.

“Miss Chesire, here we are again!” Under the spotlight of hundreds of media reporters, Kent, accompanied by

Waldo, walked toward Amber with an insincere smile.

Glancing at the ‘Crystal Elegance Skin’ fresh moisturizing cream displayed on the podium, he chuckled and

said, “What a coincidence, our two companies chose the same day for the product launches. It seems we’re

destined to meet again!”

“Sorry, but we’re not acquainted.” Amber, sitting behind the podium, did not bother to

stand up. She softly said.

“The press conference is about to begin. If there’s nothing else, please make way for the reporters.”

“Oh? Ignoring me?”

Kent raised an eyebrow, then turned to face the media reporters with a sinister smile.

“New Chesire Group is based in Ol’ Mare, with a global perspective, truly a role model for us! Achieving such fame, their product promotion must be extraordinary.”

Turning back to Amber, his eyes filled with mockery, he continued, “I wonder if you’re ready for advertising.

Miss Chesire? As the saying goes, when you see the wise, think of emulating them.

When you see the

unworthy, reflect on yourself.

“I was just thinking of taking this opportunity to learn from you!”

He had rehearsed these lines countless times, and he delivered them effortlessly.

As the applause erupted below the stage, a large group of media reporters eagerly praised Kent. “Mister Sacco is modest and

low-key! Who in Sunhaven doesn’t know? Mister Sacco is the pride of Sunhaven!”

*The advertising campaign of the Sacco Group is precise and on point. This time, we will surely be treated to a visual feast!”

“Yeah! It’s said that the Sacco Group’s spokesperson for this collaboration is the champion model Florence

Gibson, who just debuted last year. Their promotional video is bound to be better than the one from New

Chesire Group’s!”

Each remark reached Kent’s ears, and his smile became even more triumphant.

‘Amber, Alexander, did you both hear that? If you want to silence these reporters, go ahead and show your

promotional video! As long as it plays on the big screen, your blasted product will be doomed!’

“Promotional video? No hurry.” Alexander spoke softly beside Amber, offering a faint smile to the reporters. “As the saying goes,

don’t let the guest snatch the host’s role. Sacco Group is the leading enterprise in Sunhaven. We at New Chesire Group would

also like to seek advice from Mister Sacco.

“How about we let Mister Sacco show his promotional video first?”

His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar

#Chapter 331 - Read His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar Chapter 331

Chapter 0331

As Alexander said this, a large group of reporters surged forward excitedly.

This was their chance—a golden opportunity. They had prepared a plethora of statements, eagerly anticipating the broadcast of Sacco Group’s promotional video. Their plan was to shower praises, showcasing their best in front of Kent.

The cameramen behind them activated their live-streaming functions, aligning their lenses toward the large screen on the Sacco Group’s side.

Whose home ground was this? Why, it belonged to the Sacco family, of course!

“Mister Sacco, please don’t be shy. Everyone is eagerly waiting to appreciate Sacco Group’s promotional video!

” one reporter exclaimed.

“Yes, Mister Sacco, play the video! Let the people from New Chesire Group witness the advertising prowess of

Sunhaven. Sacco Group is superior to New Chesire Group!”

“Support local businesses! Support Sacco Group!”

A shower of flattery followed, deepening Kent’s smile. He walked a few steps toward the Sacco Group’s

exhibition platform, then turned to glance at Amber and Alexander. With a chuckle, he said, “Dear friends from

the media, your enthusiasm is overwhelming. I can’t help but oblige!

“Hope that when we play the promotional video later, Miss Chesire and Mister Kane won’t be too surprised!”

Kent reached the front of the exhibition platform. Waving his hand to Waldo, he said,

“Play it. Let Miss Chesire

and Mister Kane see our promotional video! Make sure the two of them get a clear view; this is our original creation!”

The emphasis on ‘original creation’ carried a weighty tone. As he spoke, Kent’s gaze once again fixed on the faces of Alexander

and Amber, revealing an undisguised sense of provocation.

All the media reporters, cameramen, and even onlookers in the distance eagerly watched the Sacco Group’s large screen, chanting in unison.

“A warm welcome to the release of Sacco Group’s new products!”

“Mister Sacco’s advertising never disappoints!”

“Let New Chesire Group see the might of Sunhaven’s Sacco Group. Look, the promotional video is starting!”

At this moment, Waldo had followed Kent’s instructions and briskly walked to the rear of the audio amplifier.

Placing the plagiarized promotional pendrive into the slot, he pressed the ‘play’ button, swiftly presenting it on the large screen.

The scene unfolded.

The promotional ad began with an aerial view of Sunhaven, the misty clouds slowly dispersing in the field of vision, resembling a

fairyland. It was breathtaking, matching the original promotional footage of New Chesire 1/2:

“Wow, it’s so beautiful!”

+15 BONOS

“Having lived in Sunhaven for decades, this is the first time we’ve discovered how beautiful our hometown is!”

“Mister Sacco really put a lot of effort into this. It’s truly a unique visual feast..”

The journalists’ flattery was abundant, and Kent looked proud. He turned his head to look at Amber and Alexander from afara

hint of mockery growing in his eyes.

‘Are you two seeing this? I copied your idea and stole your concept! Got the guts to challenge me? Can’t produce evidence, then shut your mouths! This is my original creation!’

At this moment, Amber also watched the Sacco Group’s large screen, observing the initial seconds of the video. Her pretty face could not help but change slightly.

‘What’s going on? Didn’t Alexander ask his comrade ‘Black Tortoise’ to handle the content on the pendrive? Kent’s side seems completely unaffected, and they even stole the opening scene of the original video.’ Was Alexander’s friend bribed by Kent, too?

“Don’t worry,” Alexander said calmly, glancing at the Sacco Group’s large screen. Then, a playful smile lifted at the corner of his lips. “Keep watching. The real show is about to begin!”

As he spoke, he pulled out his phone from his pocket and swiftly texted someone.

[Recipient: ‘Black Tortoise’, Juno Karson.]

[It’s time.]

Chapter 0332

The moment Alexander sent his text, a sudden change occurred.

Behind the Sacco Group’s exhibition platform, the large screen hanging high suddenly went pitch black, replacing the scenic view of Sunhaven with a bright red ‘10’. It then started counting down.

“What What is this?”

“Why is the screen black?”

“Hey, could it be that Sacco Group’s ‘Ice Elegance Skin’ skincare series is about to debut?!”

In front of the exhibition platform, all the reporters, cameramen, and onlookers eagerly stared at the big screen. Some even seized the moment to flatter Kent.

“Mister Sacco, your countdown is truly a stroke of genius! Everyone, get ready to embrace the promotional theme!”

“Worthy of Sacco Group’s creative promotion. Everyone is getting more and more

excited!”

“Quick, quick, the countdown is about to end! The scene is changing!”

Scene changing? Countdown?

Was such a design in the promotional video?

Kent had been provocatively looking at Alexander and Amber with a smirk on his face until this moment. He subconsciously

turned to glance at the big screen behind him.

His expression changed the moment he looked.

On the big screen, the bright red countdown had just ended, and the previous aerial view of Sunhaven had long disappeared. In

its place was a lavishly decorated high-end office, where an aloof-looking young man held a paper file and was talking with his subordinates.

“Have you completed this year’s accounts? It must be seamless. The tax authorities mustn’t be alerted.

“As long as it’s done beautifully and saves the Sacco family over thirty million in tax expenses, it’s enough for me to support

several A-list female celebrities. The taste of those little girls... Hehe!

“Also, we need to quickly plagiarize New Chesire Group’s advertisement. Sunhaven is our territory, and Alexander and Amber

better not think about touching it!”

A deathly silence loomed over the entire venue.

Everyone stared in disbelief at the conspiracy unfolding on the big screen, looking at the young man with a sinister smile.

Whispers could not help but spread.

Kent was engaged in tax evasion and plagiarism of New Chesire Group’s ad?

The illustrious richest man in Sunhaven, the future heir of the Sacco family, the top-notch wealthy young man

+15 BONOS

Sunhaven’s reputation was tarnished.

“Alexander...” At this moment, on the exhibition stage of the newly-established New Chesire Group, Amber

also saw the video footage. Her gaze slowly returned, turning to look at Alexander beside her, her heart aflame

with passion.

Was this the result of ‘Black Tortoise’ meddling with the video files? Was it their idea, or was it Alexander’s suggestion?

Ruthless, indeed!

“As long as one doesn’t act, others won’t know.” Alexander glanced at his wife, chuckled softly, and said, “For the launch of our

new product on such a grand day, it’s not a bad idea to let Mister Sacco adjust the atmosphere a bit.”

As he spoke, he pointed at the journalists and cameramen, smiling. "Don't forget, they are all live-streaming this!"

This was all live-streamed?

Amber's heart fluttered slightly as she looked toward Kent, who was on the verge of losing his temper.

He was utterly enraged.

Staring fixedly at the secretly recorded video playing, veins bulging on his forehead, he roared madly at Waldo behind the audio amplifier, "Turn it off! Close the video, now!"

Waldo's courage was almost shattered. In a frenzy of activity at the audio amplifier, he clicked the close button, program exit

button, screen switch button...

However, it was all in vain.

The on-site audio equipment seemed completely out of control. The covert footage on the big screen continued. The video

showed how Kent and Waldo discussed a plot against New Chesire Group.

"They want to launch their 'Crystal Elegance Skin', and we can secretly make a move. Many of those skincare product distributors are ours!"

"And those big malls, supermarkets, pharmacies... We'll give them a heads-up in advance. Whoever dares to put 'Crystal Elegance Skin' on the shelves should hide their kids and wives!"

"Oh, by the way, did I settle the matter of getting a minor pregnant before? Make sure the media reporters don't find out, or it'll cost us again..."

The journalists, holding their microphones high, and the staff carrying photography equipment, their lenses fixed on the big screen, continued their focus without faltering, even when Kent roared in an attempt to stop them.

Was it equipment failure, or an unexpected incident? The reporters did not care about such details. For the news media, this was the kind of attention-grabbing content they craved.

+15 BONOS

Kent, involved in tax evasion, illicit activities with a minor, and malicious suppression of the New Chesire Group...

Each headline was explosive news, sure to bring tremendous attention to their media outlets!

"Miss Chesire, Mister Kane!" At the New Chesire Group's exhibition stand, Sheldon held a phone and discreetly handed it to Amber and Alexander, suppressing a smile. "Look, the people watching this live broadcast are going crazy!"

Amber and Alexander exchanged glances, then looked down at Sheldon's phone

screen.

They fought off the giggles that threatened to escape them.

In the live broadcast room of the attending reporters, the total number of viewers had already reached millions. The barrage was incessant, making it almost overwhelming.

[Is that the wealthy heir from Sunhaven's Sacco family? Can you believe he's engaged in shady dealings and evading taxes?

He's truly brought shame to the Sacco family!]

[Mister Sacco sure knows how to play. He got an underage girl pregnant and wanted to sponsor a female celebrity?! His

despicable character is exposed, and their new product might just fall off altogether!]

[Hmm, it's strange. Sacco Group, such a massive enterprise, made such a huge mistake in this situation. How did the

surveillance footage from the office get leaked? Is someone framing Mister Sacco...]

Framing?

At that moment, Kent wondered the same thing. His gaze swiftly fell on the face of Alexander, and his teeth almost ground to

powder as he erupted in a hysterical, resentful shout.

"Alexander, did you orchestrate all of this? You're trying to ruin me!"

Chapter 0333

+15 BONOS

Kent's roar reverberated through the entire first floor of the Sunhaven International Trade Building.

Almost everyone quickly responded. They sprinted toward New Chesire Group while aiming their cameras at Alexander.

"Mister Frod, could you please explain whether the mishap in Sacco Group's promotional video is related to New Chesire Group?"

"Miss Chesire, as a competitor witnessing this unfortunate event in the Sacco Group, what are your thoughts?"

"Is this a tactic used by New Chesire Group to undermine their competitors?"

Sharp and aggressive words, in less than a minute, blocked the New Chesire Group's exhibition booth.

Alexander smiled.

Standing up and facing the camera, he smiled and addressed the audience watching the live broadcast and the journalists

present.

"Everyone, although we are competitors, with New Chesire Group's strength, why resort to such petty tactics?"

"As for the content played on the Sacco Group's big screen-does Mister Sacco need to explain? Oh, the video is still playing?"

Feel free to continue enjoying it!"

All the cameras in the entire hall turned again, and attention returned to Kent's side.

“That bastard!”

...

Kent was beyond furious.

Looking at the sweating Waldo and a few staff members beside him, he raged like a madman.

“Are you all idiots? If you can’t shut down the equipment, just cut off the power! You’re all useless!”

Waldo finally came to his senses and grabbed the power cord of the amplifier with one hand. With a snap, he unplugged it from

the power strip.

The big screen instantly plunged into darkness.

Without power, even the Duke of War Black Tortoise could not remotely control it. The embarrassing

conspiracy scene finally came to a halt.

“You bastard!” Kent’s face contorted, glaring at the journalists and cameramen.

“What are you all standing there for? Hurry up and shut down the equipment! Pause the live broadcast! Anyone who dares to

speak out about today’s events; I’ll make you pay with your lives!”

The journalists hesitated, instinctively stepping back.

Shut down the equipment? Stop the live broadcast? Not happening.

+15 BONOS

This was their job, and their livelihood depended on it. Today’s on-site interview was simply sensational, and

it garnered a multitude of attention. Their public account was incredibly popular.

Under normal circumstances, such a substantial gain would be impossible for several years.

What happened to the Sacco family? In the presence of hundreds of journalists and cameramen, along with

thousands of onlookers, could the Sacco family really wipe out all evidence?

Even if the Sacco family had eight times the courage, they would not dare.

“Mister Sacco, this isn’t right, is it? While you invited us here, we’re not employees of your Sacco family. We refuse your request!”

“Kent seemed decent before. Looks like he’s so despicable...”

“It’s downright disgusting, threatening us with wives and children. I won’t cooperate with the Sacco family

ever again...”

“Yeah, let’s all go to the commercial department and report them.”

“Boycott the Sacco family! I’ll start!”

With the first person speaking out, others followed suit. The journalists and cameramen were in an uproar, and the entire hall

echoed with protests, drowning out Kent’s angry shouts completely.

“Damn it! Why is it like this?! Why?!” Kent was trembling with anger, his gaze scanning frantically over the journalists and cameramen. Suddenly, a shock jolted through his mind, and his eyes fixed on Sheldon’s face.

It was him.

Sheldon gave Kent New Chesire Group’s advertisement video. If someone tampered with the video data, it could only be Sheldon.

Alexander must have put him up to it!

That scoundrel Sheldon must have told Alexander everything about this matter. New Chesire Group did not make a fool of itself.

Instead, Sacco Group embarrassed itself.

Kent’s choices and attempts made him lose more than what he could bargain.

Sheldon, Alexander... They deserved to die.

“Men!” With this realization, Kent went mad, turning to look at the hall’s entrance not far away. He gritted his teeth and roared,

“Bring the tools! Everyone come in!”

A total of more than 20 vehicles—such as seemingly ordinary taxis, inconspicuous vans, and the Sacco family’s bulletproof cars—were obviously set up in advance outside the venue. Robust figures started to rush out of them one after another.

Roughly 100 fierce-looking men, armed with steel pipes, knives, baseball bats, and alloy machetes over half a meter long, menacingly stormed into the hall.

“Those who don’t want to die, get out of the way!” Kent’s face contorted, pointing from a distance at the

+15 BONOS

“Sheldon, Alexander, and Amber. None of you will leave here alive today. Get them! Chop those pests!”

Chapter 0334

The first-floor lobby of the International Trade Building was in chaos.

The lobby was exceptionally enormous, spanning over 3000 square meters. It could accommodate tens of

thousands of shoppers at once, making it one of Sunhaven’s iconic landmarks.

At this moment, however, there were just too many people present. There were representatives from New Chesire Group, Sacco

Group, various media outlets, onlookers, and many open shops in the distance...

Almost everyone was hastily retreating, afraid of being caught up in Kent’s henchmen’s rampage.

It was pandemonium.

Some reporters were so scared that they dropped their microphones. Some cameramen simply abandoned

their cameras, clutching their heads as they sprinted into the distance. Some onlookers were crouched out of

fear, their faces pale as they screamed in terror.

The only one calm was Alexander.

Watching the Sacco family's enforcers charging toward him, his expression remained unchanged. He paid no

attention to the fleeing crowd. He calmly descended from the exhibition platform and slowly lifted his right

foot.

Power surged beneath his foot.

Beneath Alexander's right foot, a visible wave of energy swept out. When it encountered the reporters,

cameramen, and ordinary people, it felt like a gentle breeze, causing no harm.

As for the Sacco family enforcers charging recklessly, it was as if they had collided with an unyielding wall. They were sent flying

backward, and it felt as if a powerful impact slammed against their chests.

Blood sprayed everywhere, and they lay on the ground, unable to get up.

"What... What?!"

The chaos in the lobby came to a halt.

The tumultuous reporters, the fleeing cameramen, the panicking crowd, especially Kent with a crazed

expression on his face—all froze.

This was beyond imagination. This was unbelievable!

He knew Alexander was very strong. Just last night, Alexander casually pierced his right hand with a fork, and he still had it

bandaged.

He could even guess that Alexander's strength might have reached the level of a Grandmaster, far beyond what an ordinary

person could handle.

However, he never expected Alexander to be this powerful.

For today's product launch event, he mobilized all of his enforcers, including the Sacco family bodyguards and

+15 BONOS

They were powerless against Alexander, all sent flying with a single kick.

"Ants, no matter how many there are, are just ants at the end of the day." Alexander calmly watches the trembling Kent as if

observing a lowly crawling creature.

He softly continued. "Any more tricks up your sleeve? Come on, let me see."

Tricks? Even if there were, they would not dare to use them.

Kent's heart and soul shattered, his face devoid of any trace of color. He glanced at the photographers picking up their

equipment and the media reporters gathering around.

Summoning courage, he stammered, "Alexander, you... You got guts! I admit defeat today, so get off your high horse. We may

meet again in the future, and there will be another chance!"

Leaving these harsh words behind, and afraid that Alexander might strike again, Kent ignored his subordinates writhing on the ground. With Waldo in tow, he made a desperate dash for the exit.

“Kent Sacco is...running away?”

The reporters and cameramen, who had just picked up their equipment, stared at Kent and Waldo’s retreating figures. After a

moment of confusion, they quickly turned their attention to Alexander, expressing gratitude.

“Mister Kane, thank you so much. If it weren’t for your intervention, Kent might’ve beaten us all!”

“That’s right! Kent is a nutcase! Thank goodness for Mister Kane’s extraordinary strength. Otherwise, we’d be in for a beating, and our equipment might not have been spared!”

“Oh, what a shame. I was in such a hurry to escape that I threw away my camera. Otherwise, I could’ve captured Mister Kane in action, beating them men. It was incredible!”

Amid the endless praise, Alexander remained unfazed, offering a faint smile to the crowd. “Everyone got scared, huh? Calm down a bit and look this way.”

Simultaneously speaking, he signaled with his eyes toward Amber.

Understanding his intention, Amber personally took a pendrive and approached the amplifier. Plugging it in, she clicked the ‘play’ button.

Facing the approaching journalists and onlookers, she smiled gently and said, “New Chesire Group proudly presents the ‘Crystal Elegance Skin’ skincare series. Please enjoy.”

The large screen instantly lit up.

Clouds billowed, mist dispersed, and with incredibly pleasant classical music, a slender figure emerged slowly from the clouds.

The azure sea naturally parted before her, gradually revealing a captivating figure that seemed obscured by a veil of mist.

It was Wanda.

On the big screen, her skin was as white as snow, breathtaking and flawless.

+15 BONOS

However, just as Wanda’s pretty face became completely clear, another ‘Wanda’ walked lightly out of a mist rising from the sea.

Treading on the rippling seawater, she held a box of Crystal Elegance Skin’ in her hand, revealing a slight innocent smile.

The two ladies stood facing each other.

Wanda, holding ‘Crystal Elegance Skin’, had an even fairer complexion on her delicate face.

“Crystal Elegance Skin—meet a more beautiful version of yourself.”

Through the hall's sound system, the advertising slogan of New Chesire Group was softly spoken by Wanda on the big screen.

The scene switched, focusing on the exquisite, aqua-blue packaged Crystal Elegance Skin, gradually enlarging. before everyone's eyes.

A stunning opening, a perfect conclusion, flawless from start to finish, completely overshadowing the Sacco family's 'Ice Elegance Skin'.

Chapter 0335

New Chesire Group's product launch advertisement was concluded. However, it was not just the end of an advertisement.

"To enhance everyone's experience with our 'Crystal Elegance Skin', we have specially invited Miss Wanda, our spokesperson to meet you all in person!"

Amber looked at the enraptured reporters and cameramen, turned gracefully, and extended an incredibly elegant invitation, saying, "Let's welcome, Miss Wanda."

The entire hall plunged into darkness, and the spotlights on the ceiling lit up, casting an exceptionally bright beam onto the exhibition platform behind New Chesire Group.

A gracefully alluring figure, with a perfectly modest hint of shyness on her face, walked up to the platform. She waved gently to the audience below. "Hello, everyone..."

Thunderous applause erupted, and the atmosphere instantly skyrocketed. Many in the audience were fans of Wanda; the popular rising star was no mere hype.

Camera lights flickered wildly, gifts soared in the live broadcast room, creating a grand spectacle.

This was the impact of choosing Wanda as the spokesperson. At this moment, she was the most dazzling star!

'Everyone looks to me like I'm a shining star, but to Mister Kane...'

Wanda maintained her smile, followed the press conference flow, and interacted with fans on-site. Her gaze intentionally or unintentionally glanced at Alexander, her heart could not help but feel a hidden sense of disappointment.

Throughout the event, Mister Kane had never looked at her! In his eyes, there was only his wife, Amber.

The New Chesire Group's 'Crystal Elegance Skin' product launch event was a complete success.

In the afternoon, the entire internet was flooded with videos from the launch of Crystal Elegance Skin. The company

headquarters in Ol' Mare had received purchase orders from all over the country, marking a resounding victory.

Similarly, the disgraceful actions of the Sacco Group and Kent were broadcasted online,

instantly becoming the laughingstock of the nation!

“Damn it, b*stard!!”

In the living room of the Sacco family villa, Kent seemed mad, continuously smashing valuable collectibles. His eyes were bloodshot, and the blood vessels on his neck bulged.

He had truly lost his temper!

Outside the villa, the grounds were littered with foul-smelling eggs and vegetable leaves thrown by the

+15 BONOS

his Lamborghini, valued at over 60 million. The online comments did not fare any better. ‘Shameless and vulgar’, ‘clown’, ‘embarrassing’, ‘morally bankrupt’, ‘tax evasion’... Each word felt like an invisible razor, viciously piercing Kent’s heart!

“Mister Sacco!” In front of Kent, a young assistant in a suit bowed low, trembling. “Since the press conference failure, our group’s business has suffered severely. Many consumers are blocking the entrance, demanding immediate refunds.”

“The sales department has received over four hundred calls, all for refunds. Several major clients have requested refunds for the

entire ‘Ice Elegance Skin’ skincare series, citing that the Sacco Group must take full responsibility for the adverse effects.”

“The enforcement authorities also paid a visit. They received reports accusing us of irregularities, false accounting, and tax evasion, demanding tax recovery penalties and ordering rectification.”

“Also...”

Kent’s eyes turned completely red, and he roared, “Get out!”

The young assistant trembled in fear, not daring to say more, quickly retreating while clutching a folder.

“Mister Sacco.” In the living room, Waldo walked in, head bowed. Seeing the chaotic scene, he hesitated, then hurriedly approached, saying, “Calm down. Don’t harm your health. You wanted to deal with the New Chesire Group, right? We have ways!”

Oh?

The blood-red hue in Kent’s eyes suddenly receded as he stared at Waldo, his voice squeezing through his teeth, “Speak, what method? As long as it brings down the New Chesire Group, I’ll reward a whole set of villas!”

“Thank you, Mister Sacco!” Waldo beamed with joy, then quickly turned to the living room door and waved his hand. “Come in!”

Outside, an ugly woman with a pockmarked face walked in, swaying her bucket waist. She grinned at Kent and said, “Mister

Sacco, I’m Hannah Cox. I’m from the same village as Mister Waldo. He has told me about the Chesire Group’s situation.”

Kent looked at the pimples on her face, disgust evident on his face. He took a few steps back, sneering at Waldo. "Is this your method? Can she bring down the New Chesire Group?"

"Hehe!" Waldo pointed at the pimples on Hannah's face, a sinister smile growing in his eyes. "Mister Sacco, isn't the 'Crystal Elegance Skin' series from the New Chesire Group selling well? If Hannah claims these pimples are side effects after using the 'Crystal Elegance Skin,' then..."

Kent's eyes suddenly lit up, his breath quickening.

Framing and slandering, malicious accusations?

New Chesire Group... You're finished!

Chapter 0336

'Crystal Elegance Skin' sold like hotcakes, drawing crowds of thousands.

As the new product launch concluded with much success, the skincare series continued to unveil its products. In the cities of Ol'

Mare, Woolpackton, and Sunhaven, simultaneous development took place.

In just under a month, all three New Chesire Medical Aesthetics Industrial Parks were completed, officially entering production.

"Hey, everyone, line up! I'm first!"

"Wait in line! I'm a VIP member here with priority access!"

"Ah, it's you! Are you getting beauty treatments here too? You look like you've shaved off a decade, and your skin is so smooth..."

In the center of Sunhaven city, at the entrance of New Chesire Medical Aesthetics Experience Center, customers eagerly

awaited their turn to experience the beauty effects, forming a queue stretching over ten meters.

Just then...

"Make way for me!"

A rough-looking man, dark-skinned and accompanied by seven or eight burly men, four of whom carried a stretcher, shoved the

waiting crowd aside. He bellowed toward the experience center. "Where's the person in charge? Get out here!"

Over 30 customers in line turned their attention to the man's face.

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“Why are you looking at me? Look at my wife!”

The dark-faced man glanced into the experience center, then waved his hands toward the surrounding customers. Pointing at

his wife on the stretcher, he shouted, “My wife used the New Chesire Group’s ‘Crystal Elegance Skin’ skincare series. She was

fine, but look what happened to her. She’s now covered in rashes or something, and some of them are even secreting pus!

“My poor wife suffers from itches that never go away. It itches when she scratches. She can’t sleep well at night, crying in pain!

“Help me out here, guys. Shouldn’t New Chesire Group give us an explanation? Trust me; don’t use their Crystal Elegance Skin!”

Customers were skeptical, looking down at the middle-aged woman on the stretcher, puzzled. “Did you really ruin your face

using New Chesire Group’s Crystal Elegance Skin? None of us are facing issues!”

“You just haven’t used it for long!” On the stretcher, Hannah, covered in bumps,

pretended to cry bitterly, “Since the launch of

Crystal Elegance Skin, I used it day and night, and my once beautiful face is now ruined!”

“Ladies, the thing we women care about the most is our face. Don’t be fooled by this company! Their skincare

113

+15 BONOS

The customers present were almost all women. Seeing Hannah’s pockmarked and ugly face, they were scared and took several

steps back. Some even rushed into the experience hall.

“I want a refund! I don’t want my VIP membership card anymore; give me back my money!”

“Abuse of hormones that leads to disfigurement and they’re even deceiving consumers! New Chesire Group has no shame...”

Outside the experience hall, the dark-faced big man and Hannah exchanged a glance. A fleeting trace of satisfaction flashed in

their eyes. Then, the big man raised his hand and gestured forcefully. “Guys, smash the experience hall for him!”

“Charge!”

Inside the experience hall, New Chesire Group had only arranged three regular security guards and a few young female staff

responsible for introducing products. They were brutally beaten by seven or eight big men, crying and lying on the ground.

The middle-aged female store manager huddled in the restroom, shakily holding her phone. “Is this the headquarters? Tell Miss

Chesire,” she sobbed, “that we’re in trouble!”

O! Mare, Chesire Group headquarters building.

“What?!” In the top-floor general manager’s office, Amber listened to the report from the market department manager, and her

face turned pale. "Product hormones exceeded the standard, causing customer disfigurement? Impossible!"

Absolutely impossible.

The medical beauty industry carried risks, but New Chesire Group, entering the medical beauty field, prioritized quality. Every step of the production line was strictly controlled, and all products met health standards. Quality checks were thorough, and it was impossible for any exceeding standards to occur.

"The markets in Ol' Mare and Woolpackton are stable. Only Sunhaven is in chaos"

The market department manager looked anxious, repeatedly speaking to Amber, "Miss Chesire, given the current situation, we must have Miss Wanda come forward.

"She is the spokesperson for our group, and she has a massive fan base. We should first control the online public opinion, then appease that consumer.

"In addition, the group's legal department needs to be prepared. In case that consumer refuses to settle privately, we may have to go through legal proceedings."

Amber frowned, her eyes unusually serious. "You go back first. No need to contact Miss Wanda for now. Her schedule is full.

Notify the legal department to prepare some documents. I'll handle things in Sunhaven."

Watching the market department manager leave, Amber quickly organized some documents and rushed toward the door.

The moment she ran out of the door...

+15 BONOS

"No need to hurry, Amber." Outside the door, Alexander had evidently received the news, accompanied by George and Luca, smiling as he spoke. "I'm going with you!"

Chapter 0337

The crowd was massive at the New Chesire Group Medical Aesthetics Experience Center in Sunhaven.

Outside the experience center, the number of onlookers kept growing, severely affecting the traffic conditions. The nearest intersections had been temporarily closed, forcing vehicles to take detours.

The most unfortunate was the experience center itself. Despite being renovated for less than half a month, it bore little

resemblance to its former self. It had been subjected to a ruthless assault by a burly man with a dark face and his henchmen.

Merchandise and beauty equipment worth millions lay destroyed.

Three security guards and several young female staff members sat on the ground, aggrieved. The middle-aged female store

manager was also dragged out of the restroom. Following Kent's orders, each person had endured at least 10 slaps.

"Have you called their damn headquarters? Why hasn't their representative arrived?"

“Their general manager is Amber! Make Amber come here and explain to us in person!”
“I spent thousands of dollars on the Crystal Elegance Skin product for my girlfriend. It must be fully refunded!”

A few sharp-tongued troublemakers shouted from among the crowd. Clearly, it was Kent’s covert arrangement, desperately fueling the consumers’ emotions.

The consumers were getting agitated, and the situation seemed on the brink of spiraling out of control.

At that moment, a vigorous figure approached.

“Who purchased Crystal Elegance Skin? Show your shopping list.”

The crowd instinctively parted as a resonant voice echoed through, forceful and resolute. “If you don’t have a shopping list,

reveal your transaction records. Nowadays, it’s all mobile payments. We’ll know if you made the purchase!”

It was none other than Alexander.

Holding Amber’s delicate hand, accompanied by George and Luca, he strode up to the entrance of the experience center.

Surveying the troublemakers within the crowd, he asked, “Who has facial injuries? Who has suffered disfigurement? Bring them forward.

“If the situation is confirmed, New Chesire Group will take full responsibility, with compensation at least a hundredfold!”

A hush fell over the entire scene. No one, not even the troublemakers or the burly man and his lackeys, made arguments. All were subdued by Alexander’s gaze.

The invincible Lord of War’s aura was heavy.

Under the gaze of the Temple of War’s master, even those of similar status dared not confront his edge.

“Don’t... Don’t be afraid, everyone!” The burly man with a scowl cleared his throat, unable to contain a gulp of saliva. Then, with an air of arrogance, he declared, “My wife used your ‘Crystal Elegance Skin’ product, and her

+15 BONOS

As he spoke, he retrieved a half-empty bottle of Crystal Elegance Skin from his pocket and loudly proclaimed to the surrounding customers, “Isn’t this it? This is the flagship product of New Chesire Group!

“My wife used this very product, and now her face is ruined. We demand an explanation! Return the product, refund our money, and compensate for our emotional distress! Make New Chesire Group exit the medical aesthetics market!

“Get out of our Sunhaven!”

On the stretcher, Hannah pretended to wipe her eyes, crying loudly. “Did you all hear? My husband is telling the truth! The

product in his hands is more poisonous than arsenic! My face..."

Amber snatched the half-empty bottle of Crystal Elegance Skin from the burly man's hands, unscrewed the cap, inspected it thoroughly, and applied the toner on her face.

The onlookers were shocked, their eyes widening involuntarily.

Had Amber, the general manager of New Chesire Group, gone mad?

A young and beautiful woman like her, the top beauty in Ol' Mare, dared to apply a hormonal product on her face? Was she not afraid of developing bumps or ruining her appearance?

Otherwise, was she confident in the product quality, and Crystal Elegance Skin was actually safe?

"Any issues? Look at my face, and you'll know." Amber evenly spread the toner, locking eyes with the

customers present, her gaze unwavering. "Women love beauty, and I'm no exception.

With empathy, would I dare use it if there

were quality issues?

"New Chesire Group won't betray your trust, and we certainly won't tarnish our reputation with subpar products. We're not foolish!"

Next to her, Alexander looked at his wife's charming face, a hint of admiration in his heart.

She was decisive, stubborn, and strong.

With the development of New Chesire Group, Amber continued to improve herself, becoming more and more like a powerful

woman. As the wife of the Lord of War, she was worthy.

"Proving the product's quality is quite simple." He took a step forward, smiled gently at Amber, and then turned to the burly man and Hannah on the stretcher, speaking indifferently.

"Thirty-nine-year-old Zachary Gander, from Hampton, Sunhaven, with a middle school education. Unemployed, previously

convicted of fraud, three years in prison. After release, he continued his criminal activities, collaborating with his wife Hannah

Cox to deceive, closely associated with fellow villager, Waldo.

"As for Waldo, he's a lackey under Kent Sacco, bearing a grudge against the New Chesire Group. Thus, he maliciously retaliated, making false accusations!

"Am I correct?"

Chapter 0338

As Alexander's words echoed, a momentary silence fell in front of the experience center. It was so silent that one could hear the drop of a pin.

The onlookers and consumers, previously in the dark, and the staff of the experience center, fixed their gazes upon the dark-faced man.

'His name is Zachary Gander? His wife is Hannah Cox? Is it really true? Moreover, isn't this Mister Kane, the head of the New Chesire Group's security department? How did he find out? Could it be just baseless talk?'

"Y-You're talking nonsense!" Zachary's complexion changed rapidly, turning pale. He roared, "Even if what you're saying is true, so what? It doesn't change the fact in front of us! My wife's face was ruined by your products, and I see you have no intention of compensating!"

In the crowd, those several hooligans with sharp mouths and squirrel-like cheeks exchanged glances and quickly chimed in.

"That's right! Everyone, don't be fooled by this guy. We want compensation! We want a refund!"

Alexander surveyed the crowd, observing the skeptical expressions on the consumers' faces. Then, he smiled slightly.

Deception? Was that even necessary? The information gathered by the Temple of War's investigation would not have the slightest mistake. To resolve this incident, all he needed to do was expose the mastermind behind it.

"Luca." He slowly extended his hand, pointing at the group of hooligans in the crowd, then gestured toward Zachary and his henchmen. He said softly, "Let them stay here. I want to give the consumers the truth." Luca pounced forward in a single swift step, knocking down the four hooligans and Zachary and his associates. He lifted his foot,

pressing down on Zachary's head, and shouted, "Behave!"

"Look, everyone!" Restrained on the ground, Zachary struggled frantically, shouting to the other customers, "Not only do they refuse to compensate, but they also use their martial skills to bully us consumers! Report them to the Criminal Investigation Department! They must be brought to justice!"

"We're all victims! Help us!"

In front of the experience center, thousands of consumers, stimulated by this scene, shouted in unison.

"New Chesire Group is bullying people with its power! Is there no justice left?!"

"Amber Chesire! Aren't you the general manager of the New Chesire Group? Give us an explanation!"

"Sunhaven is not Ol' Mare! New Chesire Group doesn't have authority here!"

Amber's lips pressed into a tight line as she turned to look at Alexander pleadingly.

"Alexander, you..."

"Trust me." Alexander surveyed the entire venue, slowly pressing his hands down as he addressed the consumers in a soft

voice, "There is only one truth. The evildoers won't escape justice, and the righteous

+15 BONOS

"It won't take long, at most half an hour. I will bring the mastermind before all of you!"

After speaking, he raised his hand toward George behind him. "George, let's go!" The Sacco family's secondary residence in Sunhaven was nestled against the mountains and water, lush

trees to the west, meticulously crafted artificial waterfalls to the east, and behind it, relying on the 'Green Peak Mountain' of Sunhaven.

In front was an extremely spacious square made of antique-looking blue bricks, presenting a grand atmosphere.

"Kent." The old man of the Sacco family stood with hands behind his back, wearing a deep blue suit. His eyes seemed to

shimmer with a substantive warmth. "I wanted you to practice martial arts since childhood, but you refused and insisted on engaging in business.

"Those trivial matters could be handled by subordinates. Now, with the uproar online accusing you of tax evasion and breaking the law..."

"Kent, you are the only male heir of the Sacco family. The future of the Sacco family is in your hands. Stay honestly at the old residence and practice martial arts, understand?"

Kent half-knelt on the floor, with Waldo kneeling behind him. He lowered his head slightly in front of Old Mister Sacco, his face filled with madness. "Grandpa, unless we destroy New Chesire Group, I won't rest in peace!

"I've already instructed Waldo to cut off the New Chesire Group's foundation. Those customers are fools! A little manipulation will make them fall for it. When the time comes..."

Old Mister Sacco shook his head slowly. For families like theirs, the visible industries were just a cover. Success or failure in the short term did not matter to them. As for that New Chesire Group...

"Since you want to annihilate them, I will help you once. Now, you can rest assured and stay here."

Old Mister Sacco's face remained composed as he raised his hand gently. "Mister Quinn, Mister Quaid."

Two elderly figures, one looking fat and the other thin as a rail, appeared in the courtyard as if out of nowhere like two elusive ghosts silently appearing at the center of the residence.

"The top of New Chesire Group are Patrick Chesire, Amber Chesire, and their son-in-law...Alexander Kane, yes?"

Old Mister Sacco straightened his posture, like a deity, pronouncing the death sentence for New Chesire Group. "You two, accompany Kent and go. Kill these three, then return and report back promptly. Don't

delay.”

“Yes!” Mister Quinn and Mister Quaid bowed slightly and walked to Kent. They chuckled.

“Mister Kent, as long as we make a move-”

About 60 or 70 meters away, at the entrance of the Sacco family’s courtyard, a sudden voice of a young man echoed over the grand estate.

+15 BONOS

“Say your last words. I’ll give you three minutes to hand over Kent. Otherwise, the Sacco family will be annihilated today!”

Chapter 0339

As these words were spoken within the grand courtyard of the Sacco family residence, the expressions of Old Mister Sacco and his two companions changed.

It was not out of anger but of shock.

The owner of this voice was evidently very young, yet the contained pressure was terrifying like thunder incarnate, enveloping the entire Sacco estate.

“It It’s Alexander!” Kent disregarded the expressions of Old Mister Sacco as he looked into the direction of the main gate angrily.

“Grandpa, it’s him! We were just about to deal with him, and he so stupidly waltz in here!

“Show him no mercy, Grandpa. Have the two guardians kill him swiftly!”

The enigmatic young man outside the door was the son-in-law of the Chesire family, Alexander?

Old Mister Sacco’s face turned solemn. He gave Kent a deep look and spoke in a deep voice, “Kent, stay here. You must not leave until I say so!”

Afterward, he beckoned toward Mister Quinn and Mister Quaid. “Gentlemen, come with me to meet him.”

He walked briskly toward the entrance of the estate with Mister Quinn and Mister Quaid in tow.

At the entrance of the estate, Alexander and George, one in front and the other behind, silently gazed at the Sacco family

residence’s main gate. The moment they saw Old Mister Sacco appear, Alexander raised an eyebrow slightly.

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Only three old men. Where was Kent? The Sacco family seemed to have a death wish after all.

“Gentlemen.”

Old Mister Sacco led the way, followed closely by Mister Quinn and Mister Quaid. After briefly sizing up Alexander and George's faces, he arched his hand and said in a cold tone, "I am Tobias Sacco, in charge of the Sacco family. I will state that I've always had a good relationship with fellow martial artists. Today, you've come uninvited. I—" Alexander paid no attention to nonsense, calmly stating, "Three-minute deadline. Only one minute left. Surrender Kent, or the entire Sacco family will be wiped out."

Tobias felt a slight twitch in the muscles at the corner of his eyes. The unfinished words got stuck in his throat.

It was a sense of foreboding.

The figure before him, Alexander, only in his twenties, spoke without haste, devoid of any killing intent. Yet, he exuded an indescribable terror and pressure as if he were an unshakable general.

Such a formidable figure willingly became the son-in-law of the Chesire family in Ol' Mare? It was simply inconceivable!

+15 BONOS

"Your Excellency, this man is taking advantage of us and is going too far!"

Behind Tobias, Mister Quinn and Mister Quaid stepped forward, glaring at Alexander. Mister Quaid warningly said, "If you continue to press on, regardless of your extraordinary skills, you will pay a heavy price!"

'Just because you say so?'

Behind Alexander, George sneered, looking at the three old men as if they were laughable ants. "Mister Kane can't be bothered to waste time with you. Do you still consider yourselves significant?"

"Sunhaven's Sacco family might seem formidable to others, but in the eyes of Mister Kane, it's just a joke! I heard that your Sacco family has connections with northern magnates? Hahaha!"

"Mister Kane effortlessly uprooted the northern Jackman family, one of the four major magnates. Compared to the Jackson family, what is your Sacco family? Nothing more than nonsense!"

"If you don't want the Sacco family to be destroyed, hand over Kent quickly. Mister Kane is running out of time and can't waste time with you!"

The expressions of Tobias and the others changed again at George's declaration. The northern magnate Jackson family had been wiped out overnight, and it was no longer a secret. Although no one knew the details, many rumors had spread, suggesting a connection with Ol' Mare.

Was Alexander truly the mastermind behind the destruction of the Ledger family?

'So young, yet so powerful, and from Ol' Mare... Kent, what kind of existence did you provoke this time? The Sacco family's century-old foundation may fall today!'

"Time is up."

At the beauty experience center, Amber and many consumers were still awaiting the

truth.

Alexander naturally would not waste time. He stepped forward and indifferently stated, "Hand over Kent, or the Sacco family will be annihilated. Make your choice!"

Chapter 0340

Choose?

Tobias did not dare choose.

Although the Sacco family held significant influence, this generation had only one male, and that was Kent Sacco.

If Kent were to be handed over, the Sacco family would have no successor and face extinction. Refusing to surrender Kent,

however, could lead to dire consequences if Alexander decided to unleash his full force. "Master!" Mister Quinn and Mister Quaid exchanged glances, their expressions fierce.

They turned to Tobias, bowing and

requesting, "Please allow the two of us to take action! Even if Alexander is extraordinary, we may-

Events at the experience hall were urgent. Alexander swiftly stepped forward, his palms shaking the air.

Two visible waves of energy rolled out, their speed indescribable. In the instant of the palm strike, Mister Quinn and Mister Quaid

flew backward, bodies completely uncontrollable. They slammed harshly into the gate, falling to the ground unconscious.

"Mister Kane, please calm down!"

At this moment, Tobias no longer doubted Alexander's strength. He bowed deeply to Alexander, his voice trembling.

Alexander standing before him was truly too formidable. While the attack looked mundane, devoid of any fanfare, Mister Quinn

and Mister Quaid were no ordinary individuals. They were accomplished martial arts Grandmasters!

Defeating two Grandmasters with a single move? Such strength was at least at the level of a supreme grand martial, or even at the peak of supreme grand martial, a terrifying force that the entire Sacco family could not contend against.

"Have you made your choice?"

Alexander halted, not bothering to glance at the unconscious Mister Quinn and Mister Quaid. He looked calmly at Tobias and said, "Now, hand over Kent, and the Sacco family may survive. For me, whether the Sacco family lives or dies makes no difference."

Tobias looked bitter. In the eyes of others, the Sacco family might be a towering entity, but in the face of this man, they were

utterly powerless. They were like chickens facing a dog, incapable of resistance.

"Kent!" At this thought, Tobias did not hesitate for a moment. He turned, facing the

Sacco family mansion behind him, and roared, "Get out, damn it!"

"Get out? Did Grandpa get angry?" In the vast courtyard of the Sacco family, Kent was slightly stunned.

He turned his head and looked at Waldo, who was equally confused. He quickly rushed out of the courtyard gate.

1/2:

+15 BONOS He spotted Alexander before even reaching the gate. He cackled and threatened, "Alexander! There's a way to heaven, yet you chose to barge into hell without a door! How dare you provoke my grandpa's anger, you-"

Smack!

A thunderous, ear-piercing slap resounded, landing solidly on Kent's face. It sent him sprawling to the ground, blood surging from the corner of his mouth.

"G-Grandpa..." Tobias' powerful slap disoriented Kent.

As the sole heir of the Sacco family in this generation, he had been pampered since childhood, treated as if he would break if

held too tightly, and guarded against melting if placed in one's mouth. He was practically the diva of the entire Sacco family.

Even if he made a grave mistake, the old man would at most laugh and scold him a bit, never laying a finger on him.

In a twist of events, he slapped him at this very minute. It was such a brutal slap that nearly knocked his teeth out.

"Grandpa, why did you hit me?!" Collapsed on the ground, stars dancing before his eyes, Kent covered the slap mark on his face

with his hand. His mind was a mess, and he stared foolishly.

"Grandpa, you should be hitting Alexander! I didn't do anything wrong, I..."

'You didn't do anything wrong, you say? Why did you have to provoke Alexander of all people? Do you know his strength? With

his power alone, he could wipe out our entire Sacco family!'

The more Tobias thought about it, the angrier he became. He swung his hands left and right, slapping Kent to the point of being

half-dead. "Who gave you the courage to offend Mister Kane?!"

"How many lives do you have? Kneel to Mister Kane right now. Bow in submission, and apologize!"

Kent was dumbfounded.

Although he was a scoundrel, he was not stupid. Seeing Tobias' current attitude, even if he were dumber, he would have figured

it out at this point.

Alexander...was a truly formidable character. For his grandfather to tell him to kneel and apologize was actually saving his life!

His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar

#Chapter 341 - Read His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar Chapter 341

Chapter 0341

In desperation, Kent had no choice but to collapse to the ground with a thud, bowing to Alexander in a plea for mercy.

“Mister Kane, spare my life! I know I was wrong! Your lordship, forgive me this time!” he wailed, kneeling and bowing three times then repeating the gesture nine more times.

“I was confused for a moment, unaware of your identity. I... I still don't know who you are, but I know I truly messed up this time. I really messed up!”

He was not lying this time.

Not just him. Even Tobias beside him, and Waldo, who followed anxiously behind, knew Alexander was

terrifying. However, they had no clue that the calm-looking young man before them was not just some useless

son-in-law but the globally renowned Lord of the Temple of War.

“Mister Kane...”

Observing Alexander's indifferent gaze, Tobias' face alternated between pale and green. It was as if he suddenly recalled something and took a step forward.

He mercilessly seized Waldo by the throat, lifting him off the ground. He turned to Alexander with a face full of

shame. “Mister Kane, this man Waldo deceived Kent with deceitful words. He's nothing more than a scum!

“Waldo must've instigated Kent. This scum deserves no sympathy!” With these words, without giving Waldo a chance to defend

himself, Tobias tightened his grip with his right hand.

Crack!

Waldo, infamous in Sunhaven, had his neck snapped by Tobias. His lifeless body fell to the ground, eyes bulging, meeting a sudden demise.

Behind Alexander, George snorted disdainfully. His gaze was full of contempt as he coldly remarked, “How cold -blooded you are to protect Kent, Mister Sacco! Do you know that the recent framing incident at the New Chesire Medical Aesthetics Experience Center in the city...”

He recounted the framing incident at the experience center grimly.

“Scum... You damn scum!” Tobias, consumed by anger, stared fiercely at the kneeling Kent, his voice almost hoarse. “Zachary

Gander, Hannah Cox... Were they all arranged by you? Blast it all..."

At this point, raging with anger, he shouted toward the grand mansion behind him.

"Someone, bring forth the family law!"

From within the gates of the Sacco family residence, a gray-robed steward swiftly emerged, hands trembling as he held a thorny vine cane, offering it to Tobias with hesitation. "Mister Sacco, Mister Kent is frail and hasn't practiced martial arts. If family law is enforced..."

Tobias took the cane from the steward's hand and mercilessly whipped Kent, his old face contorted in a fierce grimace. "I'll whip you to death, you beast! You've truly disgraced the Sacco family to have indulged in all

+15 BONOS

"Distorting the truth, maliciously framing others, provoking Mister Kane... You won't have enough lives for the trouble you've caused!"

Kent was whipped so severely that he was almost beaten to death, bloodstains covering his body as he rolled on the ground,

crying and cursing. Yet, in his mind, he was crystal clear.

Tobias was not trying to kill him. Instead, he was trying to save him. As long as it could appease Alexander, even enduring severe beatings was worthwhile.

"Mister Kane!" At this moment, Kent sobbed and rushed to Alexander, bowing recklessly, his voice hoarse. "I beg for your mercy; spare this wretched life of mine! I was blind before, offended you and Miss Chesire... I bow to you now, I truly repent!"

Alexander shook his head slowly. Making mistakes required acknowledgment and standing firm when taking a beating. Kent, despite bowing and expressing remorse, had no idea where he went wrong. This apology was meaningless.

"Kent." Alexander lowered his gaze, looking at the pathetic Kent, and said, "I've said before: In business competition, one must be upright. I welcome fair competition, but if there's mischief behind my back, you will pay the price.

"It seems my previous warnings didn't resonate with you."

The words were calm, devoid of any hint of malice, yet Kent could not help but shiver violently, as if his soul had left his body, feeling death closer than ever.

"Life is precious. If you sincerely repent, I may spare you this once." Alexander turned away, facing the ground where Kent knelt, his voice calm as a still pond. "Many customers are being deceived and causing a disturbance at the beauty experience center as we speak. Tell me, what will you do?"

Kent stiffened as if grabbing onto the last straw of life. He raised his head abruptly, shouting repeatedly at

Tobias.

“Grandpa, prepare the helicopter right now. I’ll go to the beauty experience center and clarify the facts to those consumers! All the mistakes are mine! As long as Mister Kane is appeased, I’m willing to do anything!”
The cane in Tobias’ hand slowly dropped.

Turning to Alexander, Tobias bowed his aged body 90 degrees, tears flowing freely.

“Mister Kane, did you hear? Kent has truly repented this time. I... I’m begging you!”

Alexander slowly exhaled. He walked toward a nearby red Porsche without looking back.

“I’ll be waiting at the entrance of the beauty experience center.”

Chapter 0342

Sunhaven.

In the bustling streets of the city center, at the entrance of the New Chesire Medical Aesthetics Experience

Center, the atmosphere was electric.

“Didn’t Alexander Say it would be no more than half an hour? The time is almost up!”

“Yes! He said he’d reveal the truth to us. Where’s the truth?”

“There must be an issue with New Chesire Group’s Crystal Elegance Skin series products...”

Consumers were stirred, blocking the entrance of the experience pavilion and pressing hard against Amber and Luca.

Not far away, Zachary and several burly men squeezed into the left front of the crowd, supporting Hannah’s stretcher. Their eyes

met with a few hooligans in the crowd, and they shouted loudly. “Stand firm, everyone! Don’t be afraid of this Luca guy!”

“Let’s defend consumer rights and overthrow the unscrupulous merchants! Let’s go, everyone!”

As they spoke, they fervently rallied the surrounding consumers, forcing Luca to retreat continuously, and the situation was on the verge of spiraling out of control.

Just at that moment...

Two figures walked through the crowd as if entering an uninhabited land. They effortlessly reached the front of

the experience center.

Alexander gave a slight smile to Amber, then turned to look at Zachary and calmly said,

“This is malicious framing and manipulating public opinion. Even now, you refuse to admit it?”

Zachary’s heart trembled. He looked around at the surging crowd of consumers, suddenly gaining confidence.

He raised his neck defiantly and yelled, “Don’t think I’m afraid of you just because you

know some martial arts moves, Kane! Customers have sharp eyes, and you and Amber maliciously deceived consumers! Even if-

Fwoosh!

Above the sky, a private helicopter with the inscription 'Sacco' slowly descended. The powerful wind

generated by the rotating blades blew the consumers on the ground in all directions.

"Miss Chesire, dear consumers."

Until the helicopter landed smoothly, the bloodied Kent, holding a stack of transfer records, crawled out of the cabin door.

He bowed deeply to Alexander. He then raised the transfer records high, his face expressing indescribable

shame. "I, Kent Sacco, the general manager of the Sacco Group, the heir of the Sacco family, sincerely

apologize to everyone!

1/2

+15 BONOS

"It was I who bribed Zachary Gander and Hannah Cox, urging them to falsely accuse New Chesire Group, implicating Miss

Chesire. The company's new skincare series had no issues whatsoever! I resorted to unfair competition tactics, deceiving

consumers and suppressing competitors.

"I... I have lost my humanity!"

Kent handed over the transfer records to several nearby consumers. He landed on his knees, tears pouring down like rain.

"Hannah had a face full of blemishes, and the downtown hospital has her diagnosis record. If you don't believe it, you can verify

it at the hospital!

"Mister Kane of New Chesire Group taught me a lesson. I deeply realized my mistakes and hope for everyone's forgiveness.

This is all my fault. I... I admit my mistakes to everyone and apologize again to New Chesire Group!"

The customers fell silent.

The shouting Zachary, the smug Hannah, as well as a few big guys and thugs in the crowd, were all dumbfounded, unable to

believe their eyes.

The proud heir of the Sacco family, the unrivaled young head of the Sacco Group, Kent...voluntarily admitted to unfair

competition? Because Mister Kane taught him a lesson? What kind of education could make him kneel and cry so miserably?

Also, what about the wounds on him? They looked gruesome!

"The transfer records are real!" someone in the crowd shouted, passing the records to others. They turned to glare at Zachary

and Hannah, among others, shouting angrily, “We’ve been fooled by these scammers!” “The New Chesire Group’s Crystal Elegance Skin products have no quality issues at all. These damn liars fabricated lies, framed others, and deceived us all!”

“May these scammers meet a terrible end!”

“Let’s beat them up!”

More consumers saw Kent’s transfer records. There was no longer any doubt about the truth of the matter. Without knowing who started it, they began beating up Zachary and others, leaving them bruised and battered on the ground, crying for mercy.

“Someone, come!” At this moment, Kent—still kneeling on the ground—turned his head to the nearby helicopter. “Hit them hard for me! Knock them out and take them back to the Sacco family estate. Give the consumers a satisfactory explanation!”

Chapter 0343

Crackling sounds filled the air as the helicopter touched down. Six Sacco family bodyguards stormed out,

rendering Zachary and the others unconscious with a flurry of blows.

They were swiftly bound and loaded onto the helicopter, the cabin door sealing shut without a hint of commotion.

“Mister Kane, Miss Chesire...”

Before the entrance of the experience hall, the customers who caused a ruckus finally regained their senses. They repeatedly bowed to Alexander and Amber remorsefully.

“We’re sorry! We bought their lies and helped them instead. We hope both of you can forgive us.”

“Yes! We were all deceived. Now that we know, the Crystal Elegance Skin series is unquestionable. We’ll definitely make enthusiastic purchases in the future!”

“I’m pre-ordering five boxes of Crystal Elegance Skin. If I run out, I’ll buy more!”

“Let’s all support Miss Chesire and New Chesire Group!”

The situation finally concluded on a satisfactory note. Amber let out a sigh of relief, turning to look at Alexander with a gaze full of gratitude.

She bore witness to how her husband once again resolved trouble for her, his smile carrying an indescribable tenderness.

“Mister Kane, Miss Chesire.”

Kent remained on his knees, not daring to rise. Finally gathering courage, he asked,

“Can I leave now? I will be honest in the

future and won’t oppose New Chesire Group. I swear!”

Alexander paid no attention to Kent. Holding Amber’s hand, he turned and walked

toward the beauty experience hall.

“The experience center has suffered damages, and the staff got injured,” remarked Alexander emotionlessly. “All losses will be borne by the Sacco family. Now, get lost.”

Kent crawled away.

With six bodyguards and the unconscious Zachary, they boarded the helicopter. The engines roared amid a chorus of accusations from a crowd of consumers. In a disheveled state, they returned to the Sacco family estate.

In the experiential center, the injured middle-aged female store manager, three security guards, and several young female

employees all received generous compensation from the Sacco family.

“Will there be any more issues on Sunhaven’s side?” Amber, holding Alexander’s arm, inspected the

experiential center after the vandalism. Despite the mess everywhere, her mood had relaxed considerably. ” Alexander, about this incident, I...”

+15 BONOS

“You want to thank me again?” Alexander stroked his wife’s dark, flowing hair, smiling. “We’re husband and

wife. We work together. This is what I ought to do.”

Amber’s cheeks blushed slightly. She softly uttered an ‘okay’, and her eyes sparkled.

She quickly took out her phone, editing a message while explaining. “Miss Wanda is our publicity spokesperson. The impact on her this time must be significant. I’ll send her a message to reassure her.....”

Amber paused.

The phone screen, which had just lit up, automatically switched, revealing an urgent email sent by New Chesire Group’s marketing manager.

[The group’s spokesperson, the popular actress Wanda Briers, was caught having a private meeting with an unknown man at a hotel, engaging in drug use. Several media outlets have collectively taken action, announcing a complete boycott!]

Amber trembled and hurriedly dialed Wanda’s private number.

The call failed. She then contacted her manager, Kelvin. The same prompt tone echoed in her phone’s receiver.

“The number you are trying to reach is temporarily unavailable...”

She stood frozen, holding the phone, her mind in turmoil.

Though she had not known Wanda for long, she was well aware that if anyone in the entertainment industry could remain

untainted, it was Wanda. She had maintained a clean image since her debut, never engaging in a romantic relationship, let alone drugs.

Who was framing her? Why were both she and Kelvin unreachable at the same time? What on earth had happened?

Even more concerning, if Wanda's image suffered a severe blow, the impact on New Chesire Group would be profound. The endorsement of the Crystal Elegance Skin series might be completely terminated! "Amber, don't panic," Alexander looked at Amber's anxious expression with soft eyes, gently caressing her pretty face. He smiled and said, "Miss Wanda's entertainment company is in Zabaleta. I'll go there now. "If she's being framed, I'll seek justice and restore her reputation."

Chapter 0344

Inside the sleek Zimler Entertainment Group skyscraper in downtown Zabaleta...

"Wanda, have you forgotten who you are?"

"Going rogue with endorsements for New Chesire Group, living a scandalous life... Do you have any idea how much effort and resources we've poured into your career?"

"You're out of line!"

In the executive suite at the top of the tower, Wanda silently stood meekly before the massive oak desk, her head hung low.

She was the company's golden girl, a red-hot celebrity from the moment she stepped into the spotlight, the group's very own golden goose.

Travis Zimmer, the boss himself, had always held her in high regard, sparing her from any harsh words—until then.

"Do you realize the lengths I went to clean up your mess with the Ledger family?"

Travis, puffing on his cigar, slammed his hand down on the desk, the sound echoing through the room. "I had to grovel and scrape to save face with the Ledgers, or you'd be history!"

Wanda remained silent, her head still bowed.

Kelvin, standing off to the side, could not stand it any longer.

Travis fixed things with the Ledger family? What a joke!

It was the legendary Ol' Mare Mister Kane who stormed the Ledger estate that night, rescuing his parents and ensuring the Ledgers would not dare cross Wanda again. Travis had not lifted a finger, let alone played the hero.

All that, and he had the gall to claim the victory as his own? The nerve!

"Boss." Kelvin paused, then stepped up to explain, "You know Wanda's integrity, 1..."

"Did I ask for your damn opinion? Beat it!" Travis cut Kelvin off before he could say another word, angrily flicking his cigar at him.

"What kind of agent are you, anyway?"

"Mixing with shady characters, getting caught up in drug parties... If Wanda gets the axe, do you realize the hit our company would take? We couldn't make up the loss if we sold you off!"

Everyone has their breaking point, and with Wanda's reputation on the line, Kelvin's patience ran out. He said firmly, "Boss, I swear on my life, this is nothing but a vicious lie!"

A lie? It had to be a lie!

Travis lit up another cigar and let out a derisive snort.

+15 BONOS

He had been in showbiz long enough to have his own network of informants. He had been tipped off about that mess. Rumor

had it that the Ol' Mare New Chesire Group had crossed some northern tycoons.

Wanda, as their face, was caught in the

crossfire. Nobody could pull her out of that one.

So what if she was the darling of the silver screen? To those northern tycoons, a starlet like her was just a bigger bug, easily squashed.

"Boss, you can trust that this won't touch the company."

Finally breaking her silence, Wanda looked up and said quietly, "I'll own this. Whatever comes, I'll handle it myself."

"You? That's a laugh!"

Travis scoffed, cigar smoke curling around him. "Wanda, you're nothing but a cash cow to me. Do you think you're special or something? I could shut you down with a single word!"

"Go ahead and try!"

Wanda stood tall, her youthful face a picture of defiance. "I've always played it straight, never bending to fear or rumor. If you're

so concerned about the company's image, feel free to cut ties with me. Your call, I couldn't care less."

Wanda lost her patience.

Travis' eyes narrowed, his expression turning distant and menacing. "You think this is a game? Without my backing, you'd be six

feet under! Go ahead, break off our deal, and see how fast you end up in pieces!"

However, Wanda just laughed.

After everything with Alexander, she was no longer the clueless girl she once was.

Travis' threats could not touch her then.

What was Travis to her? What did she have to be afraid of?

Back when Marcus had her cornered, where was that bragging boss? Sir Kane had cleared her path, and Travis dared to claim all the glory? The nerve, the utter gall!

"I've paid back the company's investment in me with my hard work, and made you a tidy profit to boot!"

She held her head high, staring Travis down with unflinching conviction. "I'm done buying into your act of kindness. There's a

whole world out there, and I refuse to believe there's no place in it for me. This is the

last time I'll call you 'boss.' Goodbye."

With that, she spun on her heel and strode toward the office door.

"Wanda, you wouldn't dare!"

Travis leaped from his executive chair, pointing a shaking finger at her retreating figure, his voice rising to a shout. "Step out that door, and you'll regret it! Mister Ledger and the northern tycoons won't let you off the hook, you..."

His voice trailed off.

+15 BONOS

Wanda had not even made it out of the office before Kelvin gave Travis a dismissive shake of the head and flung his ID badge onto the desk. "Boss, after all these years, this is the first time quitting felt so damn good.

"I'm out of here on my own terms."

He did not even glance back at Travis raging tantrum and hurried to catch up with Wanda.

Chapter 0345

The moment they stepped out of Zimler Entertainment, it was like the world opened up and took a deep, cleansing breath.

Wanda filled her lungs with the fresh air and turned to Kelvin, who was right on her heels, with a cheeky tongue poke. "Oops

Kelvin, looks like I got you to quit too. Sorry."

"Please, I was sick of playing nice for that phony Travis."

Kelvin shrugged it off with a grin and nodded toward Wanda's bag. "Hey, we're not in Travis' world anymore. Fire up your phone;

the folks at New Chesire Group are probably freaking out!"

Oh no!

It hit Wanda in a flash. She whipped out her phone and switched off airplane mode.

Instantly, her phone exploded with a barrage of pings—over 20 missed calls, mostly from Amber, and a couple of texts, one

catching her eye: Alexander's.

"I'm heading to Zabaleta and will be there in under three hours. Meeting spot, Ol' Mare Seaside Grand Hotel, penthouse suite."

Sir Kane was on his way?

Wanda's face lit up with sheer delight as she glanced at the time the text had arrived before checking her phone's clock. She

twirled around, barely containing her excitement. "Kelvin, come on, we have to meet Sir Kane. He'll be here in just ten minutes!"

"Okay," Kelvin replied, his voice tinged with a hint of resignation as he observed Wanda's happiness. He could not help but sigh

inwardly.

She was smitten, but the object of her affection was oblivious.

That mighty Mister Kane seemed to have eyes and a heart only for Miss Chesire.

At the Ol' Mare Seaside Grand Hotel in Zabaleta, within the luxurious confines of the top-floor presidential suite, Alexander stood by the expansive floor-to-ceiling window. He gazed down at the glittering city lights of Zabaleta, hands clasped behind him.

The sound of the door opening made him turn, greeting his guests with a warm smile. "Miss Briers, Mister Scruggs."

It was none other than Wanda and Kelvin.

They stepped into the suite's living room, catching each other's eyes, their faces awash with an awkwardness that was hard to describe.

They were mortified.

+15 BONOS

News of Wanda's scandal went viral in less than a day on social media, forums, news headlines, and trending topics. If it was online, it was all about Wanda's fall from grace: the secret nighttime rendezvous, the drug allegations...

The call to boycott Wanda had gone viral, with over two million Internet users joining the chorus. All her endorsements, save for New Chesire Group's 'Crystal Elegance Skin', had been pulled. The TV shows she starred in plummeted in ratings, hitting an all-time low.

Frankly, Wanda was at rock bottom, facing a crisis far worse than anything she had experienced before her career even began.

"This will all be over soon," Alexander was assured.

Alexander stood by the panoramic window with a smile as he watched Kelvin and Wanda. "I've set things in motion. We'll clear the air by tomorrow."

Tomorrow?

Kelvin and Wanda locked eyes, shock written all over their faces.

In today's world, with its myriad of platforms for sensationalism—from the self-styled pundits to the major news outlets, to every trending topic online—the story about Wanda was spreading like wildfire, growing hotter by the minute.

Could anyone really smooth things over in just one night?

Sir Kane... Did he fancy himself some kind of puppet master like Regulus Windsur?

"The real aim here isn't Miss Briers. It's New Chesire Group."

Alexander's gaze did not waver from Kelvin and Wanda's stunned faces, and he offered a rueful smile. "Someone's trying to take down New Chesire Group and can't confront us head-on, so they've targeted Miss Briers instead. For that, I'm truly sorry."

It all made sense.

Kelvin's mind raced, his expression turning grave. "Mister Kane, when Wanda and I

handed in our resignations. Travis hinted that the rumors targeting Wanda might be backed by the northern tycoons, and even...the Ledger family.”

Alexander’s smile was enigmatic.

The north likely meant Kent was involved. The Sacco family had conceded defeat, but their daughter, married into a northern tycoon, still wielded considerable influence.

The Ledger family? They were digging their own graves. Alexander had not planned on crushing them completely, but it seemed fitting to take them down once and for all.

“I’ve taken care of your accommodation. Head back and get some rest.”

After exchanging a few words, Alexander dismissed them with a gentle wave and a reassuring smile.. “Don’t forget to catch the morning news. I have a feeling you’ll be quite pleased with it!”

Chapter 0346

Deep into the night.

A stretched Hummer with ‘Ol’ Mare’ on its license plate rolled to a stop on the outskirts of Zabaleta.

Two slick, dolled-up individuals were booted out onto the cold ground, wearing nothing but their underwear, trembling in the chaty midnight breeze.

“Man!”

One of the guys, panic plastered across his face, looked up at the young man in the Hummer, his eyes brimming with tears.

“Who are you? There’s been some mistake, right? We’re just regular, law-abiding people!”

Regular, law-abiding people?

From his seat in the Hummer, Alexander’s eyes lingered on the pair with a chilling smile.

Maxine’s digging had revealed the truth: these were not just any nobodies. They were minor celebs who stirred up the whole

scandal with Wanda—her so-called ‘scandalous boyfriend’ and the ‘drug party’ were their doing!

Their stunt exploded online, their follower count soaring to over 20 million overnight, raking in more than a million in streaming

donations. They were basking in their ill-gotten fame and fortune.

To Alexander, they were utterly repulsive.

“Sir Kane, don’t let these lowlifes spoil your view. We’ll handle it from here.”

Next to Alexander, George and Ray gave a slight nod and pointed their camera at the shivering duo on the ground. They

sneered. “If you value your lives, you better put on a good show!”

“Give us a range of poses. We’re going to make this a blockbuster!”

“Spill it—every last detail of how you set up Miss Briers. If I catch even a whiff of a lie,

your heads are coming off!”

With those chilling words, he yanked out a gleaming alloy sword from his belt and drove it into the earth with a resounding thud.

The blade buried up to the hilt, the sound of metal cleaving air hanging ominously.

“Please, sir, have mercy!”

The two pretty boys were petrified, too scared to even think of rebelling.

Just as Ray had ordered, they embraced and kissed, rolling around in a mess of decaying leaves, surrounded by a scattered assortment of adult toys—all in full view of Ray’s relentless camera.

Panting heavily amid their act, they exchanged flirty looks. “Did the money come through from that mystery account? Let’s find a

hot chick, slap her face on Wanda’s body using that face–swapping AI, and feed it to the hungry press.”

“If we pull this off, if we can take Wanda down, that last three–million–dollar payment is ours. We’ll be set for

+15 BONOS

They played out the scheme to ruin Wanda with dramatic flair as if it were a blockbuster scene.

In the end, they groveled in the dirt before George and Ray, tears making their voices crack. “We did everything you asked! Can we go now, please?”

“We swear, we won’t breathe a word about tonight... Actually, let’s just say tonight never happened. We’re clueless, okay?”

“And about the account that paid us, we really don’t know who’s behind it. All we’ve got is that the bank’s up north somewhere.”

The north?

Alexander gave nothing away, barely glancing at the trembling duo.

They were out of their depth, unable to even graze the hem of the puppet master’s cloak.

Those folks up north could not begin to fathom the nightmare they had stirred up!

“Stick to the plan.”

With a flick of his wrist, he motioned for George and Ray to hop in. The stretch Hummer thundered to life, barreling down the road to the Zabaleta Center.

Those two pretty boys were mere ants. They were on their own.

An hour ticked by.

The web went wild!

Scandalous revelations of a brawl flooded forums, social media, news sites, and trend alerts, seizing every headline with astonishing speed.

There they were on screen, two bare–skinned individuals spilling the beans on how they set up Wanda, sending shockwaves through cyberspace.

[Yikes, isn’t that the blond hottie linked with Wanda? He’s nothing but trouble!]

(I'm gonna hurl my breakfast. They're revolting...]

[Who put them up to this? I just knew our Wanda was innocent! Let's rally, folks, and clear her name!]

[Wanda's the epitome of purity in our eyes, and no one's going to drag her through the mud...]

The night was anything but calm.

By the break of dawn, around 5 a.m., whispers about Wanda's so-called boyfriend and the drug-fueled bash were silenced, all thanks to Alexander's crafty moves. New Chesire Group and Wanda's reputations were sky-high once more.

Chapter 0347

"All my bad press is just...gone?"

+15 BONOS

The next morning, in the dining area of the Ol' Mare Seaside Grand Hotel, Wanda stared at her phone in disbelief. The trending topics online that had been brewing overnight had taken a shocking turn.

"I can't believe it," she gasped. "My reputation's been cleared overnight? It's like magic!" Kelvin, sitting next to her, was equally stunned, his eyes wide as he struggled to take in the sudden change.

The Internet had been a battleground just the night before, with a relentless tide of criticism aimed at Wanda. It was as if the tide

had turned, the whole online world seemed to be rallying to her defense.

Her popularity was soaring, her fan base growing by the second, and her name was on everyone's lips in the entertainment world.

"Feeling better now?"

Across the table, Alexander smiled gently. "Miss Briers, you won't have to worry about being targeted anymore. You're free to pursue your dreams, to sing or act, and to thrive in the spotlight."

Thrive?

Wanda's face was a mix of hope and weariness.

After years of battling through the treacherous terrain of showbiz, she was exhausted.

After the recent scandal, she and Kelvin

had cut ties with Zimler Entertainment and their former colleague Travis.

No team, no stylist, no assistant, not even an agent. How was she supposed to move forward?

"I know what's on your mind." Alexander shook his head with a reassuring smile. "Miss Briers, why don't you head up to your room and rest? Mister Scruggs, you're with me."

He stood up and strode confidently toward the grand entrance of the hotel.

Kelvin paused for just a second, gave Wanda a quick wave, and took off after the others.

Meanwhile, at the Zabaleta headquarters of Zimler Entertainment Group... In the CEO's penthouse office, Travis was in a rage, hurling expensive decorations against the wall, bellowing like a man possessed. "You jerk, this is all your fault... Wanda, you're ruining my company!" He was beside himself with anger. Zimler Entertainment never had a large roster of artists to begin with; it heavily relied on Wanda. With Wanda terminating her contract with the company, Zimler Entertainment was on the brink of collapse, and its stock price plummeted. In just one day, the group's value had tanked, the once 300-million-dollar entertainment giant teetering on the brink of bankruptcy.

+15 BONOS

"Mr. Zimmer."

The office door cracked open, and a voice that was teasing yet not quite amused chimed in. "Looks like you're in a bit of a bind, Mr. Zimmer. Need a hand figuring things out?" What the...?

Travis was caught off-guard for a moment before he whipped around, ready to lash out at the intruder. However, his eyes widened in shock.

Kelvin? Was Kelvin really standing there behind that smirking guy?

"The nerve of you showing your face here!" Seeing Kelvin, Travis' fury erupted, his eyes blazing with anger.

He had a roster of agents, but Kelvin was the star player, Wanda's go-to guy, making him pretty much irreplaceable.

Once they left, Zimler Entertainment was gutted, leaving Travis so mad he could chew nails.

"Getting angry just wrecks your health, you know."

Alexander strolled in with Kelvin, plopped down on the couch like he owned the place, and gave Travis a pitying shake of the

head. "If I were in your shoes, I'd be thanking Mister Scruggs and Miss Briers, not stewing

in my own juice."

He paused, then calmly flashed two fingers. "Flat rate, a hundred fifty million."

Travis' head was a beehive of disbelief, his feet glued to the floor. "A hundred fifty million? What... What are you getting at?!"

Alexander just grinned.

He gestured to the plush wooden floor and said with an easy smile, "As of today, Zimler Entertainment Group is mine, and the hundred fifty million is yours, cash on the barrelhead."

What?!

Travis' eyes popped. His heart hammered like a drum solo, and he was gasping for air. In the old days, he would have laughed off such a deal. However, with Zimler

Entertainment on the ropes after Wanda walked, profits nosediving to rock bottom, they would be belly up in no time.

At this point, he would be lucky to get even 15 million, let alone 150 million.

“You’ve got to be kidding me!”

The fleeting thrill vanished as Travis came to his senses, his eyes burning holes into Alexander, his face twisted in fury. “Don’t think for a second I can’t tell that your outfit isn’t even worth a measly one hundred and fifty bucks!

“You’re claiming you can whip out a hundred fifty million? Go on, ask anyone in this tiny town of Zabaleta-

nobody’s got the guts to mess with me!”

+15 BONOS

Alexander just smiled and shook his head.

It was no wonder Zimler Entertainment was floundering. Travis, the big shot, was too busy judging books by their covers to understand the art of subtlety.

“I’m on a tight schedule.”

Without giving Travis another glance, Alexander whipped out his phone, swiftly transferred funds, then turned to Kelvin with a gentle voice, “A hundred fifty million in your account now. You’re in charge of Zimler Entertainment’s future, got it?

“Get Miss Briers hooked up with top-notch entertainment, churn out a few hits...

Amber’s gonna love it.”

With that, he stood up and strolled out as if he had just finished an errand.

Silence took over the office.

Travis stared at the door Alexander had exited through, then swung his gaze to Kelvin, his throat suddenly dry. “Kelvin... No,

Mister Scruggs, did your account really just grow by a hundred fifty million?

“That kind of money, he...”

He could not finish his thought.

Next to him, Kelvin was staring at his phone, his eyes growing wider by the second.

It was 150 million!

Just moments ago, Alexander wired a whopping 150 million into his own account. No joke—he had gone and snapped up Zimler Entertainment!

Chapter 0348

Roughly two hours later...

In the presidential suite of the Ol’ Mare Seaside Grand Hotel, perched high on the top floor.

Kelvin’s hands shook ever so slightly as he passed the deed of sale to Wanda.

‘T—This is...”

Wanda’s eyes popped wide open, and she leaped from the couch as if on springs.

Was that the deed to Zimler Entertainment Group?!

Alexander had told her to take a break in her room, and just like that, Zimler Entertainment was hers? Kelvin as the big boss of the whole shebang?

No way!

“It’s for real.”

Kelvin managed a gulp and a wry smile. “I was pinching myself at first, but it’s no dream. Mister Kane threw down a refreshing hundred fifty million. Travis is over the moon, and the legal eagles had the paperwork wrapped up in two hours flat...”

Wanda clutched her chest, her cheeks aflame with excitement.

It was no fantasy—it was happening!

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Had Alexander really forked over that kind of cash for her? Was he... Did he have a thing for her? Was that his grand, wallet–busting declaration of love?

“Oh, and one more thing.”

Kelvin chuckled and scratched his head as he saw the sparkle in Wanda’s eyes, “Mister Kane’s got big plans

for you. He’s lining up top–notch entertainment gigs, hooking you up with the hottest songwriters to pen some

killer tracks. Miss Chesire can’t get enough of your tunes.”

Then, like a thunderclap, Wanda’s heart skipped a beat, and the smile that had just begun to bloom on her

face froze.

Amber?

Was Alexander’s whole play to buy Zimler Entertainment just to have her serenade Amber? He was not into

her, but all that was just to cheer up Amber?

Did she...not mean a thing to him?

“Kelvin, I need you to take care of the business stuff. I just need a little peace and quiet.”

She inhaled deeply, managing a faint smile. Watching Kelvin’s puzzled look as he turned to leave, she bit her lip and whispered,

“Do you know where Sir Kane might be? Has he...gone back to Ol’ Mare?”

1/3

+15 BONOS

Kelvin paused, a crease forming on his forehead.

Wanda had a point.

Mister Kane had not headed back to the Ol' Mare Seaside Grand Hotel after making that transfer. Where in the world was he?

Meanwhile...

A mere six kilometers from the Ol' Mare Seaside Grand Hotel, in a serene teahouse, Alexander was savoring his coffee with a

contented air. He glanced at George and Ray and asked in a low voice, "How's

Andrew? Is he all patched up?"

The two men locked eyes for a moment before nodding in unison. "All good."

Andrew Tannerman, once the right-hand man of Hank Zabaleta of the Ledger family, was notorious for doing the family's dirty

work without a second thought.

However, it was Alexander who dug up the dormant case, exposing the grim truth behind Andrew's sister's untimely death.

"After he got out of the hospital, Andrew didn't go back to the Ledgers. He just disappeared," George reported as he poured

coffee for Alexander.

"Sir Kane, the Severn family has its fingers in a few pies around Zabaleta too. Word on the street is, Andrew's been seen by the

small-time gangs. He's stocking up on guns, and rumor has it...even grenades."

Really?

Alexander's eyebrow quivered, his eyes narrowing with interest.

Five years back, Molly was killed after a brutal encounter with Marcus and a pack of privileged brats from Zabaleta's elite

families—Marcus from the Ledgers, Damyon from the Campbells, and Yasiel Saunders from the Saunders family.

"Andrew is young, but don't let that fool you. The guy's a force to be reckoned with, a real Grandmaster," Alexander mused,

taking a leisurely sip of his coffee. "With his skills and now armed to the teeth? I'd say it's only a matter of time before the big

shots from that nasty business get what's coming to them."

George hummed thoughtfully. "If Andrew goes all out, he could turn the world of the three major families upside down, but..."

Boom!

Somewhere in the distance, an explosive roar shattered the silence, overpowering George's voice.

A towering inferno almost 20 meters high erupted into the sky, creating a mushroom cloud of fire and blood that slowly faded

away into the heavens.

"What in the world..."

George and Ray, their faces drained of color, sprinted to the window, eyes fixed on the

billowing smoke far away, their pupils
shrinking in shock.

+15 BONOS

Amid the wreckage of several destroyed luxury armored cars was a figure, his clothes
ripped and soaked in blood, his face
smeared with gore, radiating a fierce killing intent.
It was Andrew.

Chapter 0349

The Zabaleta Center had exploded, and the impact was staggering.
In less than a day, the mayor of Zabaleta called an urgent press conference,
condemning the culprit with
severe words. The police quickly formed a special task force, sweeping through
Zabaleta in a mad dash to
find Andrew.

The air was thick with tension.

By nightfall, the death toll from the blast was confirmed: 13 dead, and over 40 critically
injured. Aside from a

handful of bystanders, the victims were all heirs of the three major families.

Marcus of the Ledger family, the third in line, was gone.

Damyon of the Campbell family, the second son, was gone.

Yasiel of the Saunders family, the eldest grandson, was gone.

“They’re gone, all of them!”

In the pre-dawn stillness of Zabaleta’s western cemetery, Andrew knelt, bloodied,
before his sister’s grave. In his hands, he
clutched photos of Marcus and his accomplices, which he set aflame with a flick of his
lighter, coughing up blood as the images
turned to ash.

“I’ve taken care of the monsters who took you from this world, sister. They’re gone
now... You’ll find peace now.

He meticulously planned that act of vengeance and finally settled the scores, avenging
a grievous wrong.

However, the three most powerful families were teeming with formidable opponents.

Despite his renown as a top-tier fighter, he

was outnumbered and had been pursued to this graveyard, barely clinging to his last
shreds of strength.

Suddenly, the night came alive with movement. Over 100 figures, clad in combat gear,
descended upon the cemetery from every
direction. Each one was a martial arts adept, capable of leaping great distances and
swiftly vaulting over tombstones to encircle Andrew.

“They worked fast...”

Andrew rose to his feet with a struggle, facing the encroaching elite with a grim smile.

The might of the three families was upon him, a true dead end. Even uninjured, escape
would have been a fantasy.

“Andrew!”

A man in a suit emerged from the crowd, his gaze icy, his voice a chilling blend of contempt and fury. “The Ledger family has been nothing but good to you, and this is how you repay us? What do you have to say for yourself?!”

Andrew knew him well.

+15 BONOS

Tyson Ledger, the younger brother of the family patriarch Ledger, was a man just past 40 with martial skills that were solid but not extraordinary, his vital energy fully matured.

Yet, his true power lay in his control over the Ledger family’s elite guard and the three formidable Envoys, the pillars that kept the family unshakable.

“Skip the small talk!”

Two middle-aged men flanked Tyson, their eyes locked on Andrew with a predatory intensity. “He’s taken out too many of our

own. Today, he’s going to pay. However, first, we need to figure out one thing...”

“How did he ever find out about his sister’s murder five years ago? The job was clean, no traces left behind.”

“He couldn’t have dug up the truth on his own!”

They were right; it was impossible.

Molly had been tormented by Marcus and his cronies until she could not take it anymore and took her own life. The story was

buried deep, but Alexander had called upon the Lord of War’s intelligence network to reveal the past.

The three major families would never have guessed that such a seemingly trivial incident had caught the attention of the most formidable Lord of War.

“Tyson, Ashwin, Viggo...”

Andrew faced the trio with an undaunted gaze. The odds spelled out a certain death, and pulling someone down with him

seemed out of reach. However, what did it matter to him then?

Alexander had confided the dark secrets of the past to him, entrusting him with the mission to settle the score for his sister. To

Andrew, Alexander was nothing short of a savior.

The thought of getting Andrew to turn on Alexander was pure fantasy.

“The score has been settled. Thirteen of you from the three major families paid with your lives. My life’s purpose is fulfilled,”

Andrew sneered, his laughter echoing in the stillness.

He glanced at his sister’s gravestone. Then, he fiercely brought his right hand crashing down on his own head. “You’ll get

nothing from me, not even in death! Zabaleta has three major families, and I’ll haunt you even from the grave!”

With a sickening crunch, his skull caved under the force of his blow. His body, then headless, teetered momentarily before collapsing at the foot of his sister's grave, lifeless.

"Damn it!" Tyson, Ashwin, and Viggo stood in shock, having witnessed Andrew's drastic end. Their jaws clenched in fury, seething with anger.

Andrew's death had snapped the last thread of their investigation. Where could they possibly go from there? "Second Master," a bodyguard in black approached Viggo, speaking in a hushed tone, "While we were after Andrew, the young miss and the patriarch left. They seemed to be headed to the Ol' Mare Seaside Grand Hotel.

"I heard from the young miss' entourage that when Andrew was hospitalized after Marcus' attack, Alexander

Hmm. That was a start, no doubt.

+15 BONOS

Viggo's gaze snapped to life, and he shot a knowing look at Tyson and Ashwin next to him before thrusting his hand into the air.

"Let's move, call the family to arms—we're taking down Alexander!"

Chapter 0350

At the heart of Zabaleta, the Ol' Mare Seaside Grand Hotel stood silent as a tomb. The hotel was a ghost town, its staff and patrons chased off by a squad of burly men in black, leaving only three men lounging in the lobby.

Alexander, George Pay.

"This is some fine Colombian Gold coffee. Excellent flavor."

Alexander cradled his cup, savoring the vibrant coffee with an air of ease, ignoring the men in black—about 20 of them—standing guard. He flashed a smile and offered, "George, Ray, have a taste."

George and Ray, aware of Alexander's real identity as 'Sir Kane', did not bother with the muscle around them. They joined in the coffee session, the mood light and easy.

"So, you're the big shot running Ol' Mare city, Alexander?"

A young woman in a classic dress stood out from the crowd of men in black, her eyes fixed on the trio. Her

voice was melodious, almost enchanting. "Five years back, my cousin, young and foolish, made a huge blunder. However, that's

Saunders family business, nothing to do with Mister Kane.

"Tell me, why are you stepping in to help Andrew, Mister Kane? Are you looking to pick a fight with the

Saunders family? Or do you really think you can rule Ol' Mare and be untouchable?"

The woman was breathtaking, her presence alone commanding the room.

Despite being a woman in a male-dominated family, she stood as the brightest star among the Saunders'

young generation. Even her father, Blaine Saunders, would fall silent in her commanding presence.

Her authority was a gift from the family's revered elder, a testament to her brilliance as Saunders' unparalleled chief advisor.

"You must be quite sharp to deduce that Andrew got his intel from me, but you're still playing in the minor leagues."

Alexander took a leisurely sip of his coffee, his voice calm and measured. "Being young and foolish doesn't excuse your cousin's blunder, nor does it concern the Saunders family. An eye for an eye; that's the way of the world."

With those words, his gaze casually swept across the Saunders clan and said icily, "Go back to where you came from. I'd like to enjoy my coffee in peace."

The moment Alexander finished, over 20 Saunders bodyguards stepped up, their eyes locked on Alexander and his companions, ready to leap into action at the slightest provocation.

"No one dares to be so bold against the Saunders family," the young miss declared. At her side, her father, the formidable Blaine Saunders, gripped a jagged iron blade, his eyes dark and stern on Alexander.

"Remember, this isn't Ol' Mare. You're in Zabaleta now.

"In Zabaleta, the Saunders family is untouchable, and you are no exception to this unwritten rule."

+15 BONOS

The man before him, his presence swelling with an almost palpable intensity, was like a predator on the verge of attack. His eyes glinted with a lethal light, and the iron blade he wielded was enveloped in a visible swirl of energy—a sure sign of a formidable warrior.

Alexander merely shook his head, a wry smile on his lips, as he ignored Blaine's posturing.

Alexander shook his head with a smile, completely ignoring Blaine. He arranged the coffee set, preparing coffee by steeping it

with hot water.

Only after attending to his coffee did he look up at Blaine, his voice calm and measured, "Thinking of challenging me? You're not in my league. There's still time to walk away."

"Presumptuous," Blaine snapped, his grip on the iron blade tightening. He was the Saunders family's pride, the eldest son of the patriarch, a man who had eschewed the cutthroat world of business for the discipline of martial arts. Not yet fifty, and he had already reached the zenith of his power, his energy unceasing, the family's undisputed

champion.

While the other leading families of Zabaleta—the Ledgers and the Campbells—spent fortunes to hire Envoys, the Saunders never had the need. With Blaine as their guardian, their position was rock—solid. “Andrew’s death, my nephew’s blood, is on your hands. You’re as guilty as he was!”

With a swift twist of his wrist, the rough iron sword sliced through the air, leaving a trail as bright and pure as a ribbon of white silk, hurtling toward Alexander’s head.

“Join the ranks of the dead beneath my blade, and atone for my nephew’s life!”

His attack was lightning—fast, its power seemingly limitless.

The sword strike, majestic as a cascade of stars tumbling from the heavens, was fueled by the man’s own force, his body and the sword’s momentum in perfect harmony, intent on splitting Alexander right down the middle.

The sheer energy of the swing whipped up a storm within the hotel lobby, a force so mighty that even a fighter community’s Grandmaster would meet their end.

“I’ve told you before, you’re out of your league challenging me.”

Alexander cradled his cup in his left hand, the rim just brushing his lips as he took an indifferent sip. With his right hand, he raised a slightly bent middle finger and flicked it effortlessly.

The sword was sent flying!

The once formidable iron sword was then hurtling out of Blaine’s hand, almost ripping through his flesh.

The sword spun wildly through the air. With a resounding ‘clang’, it buried itself deep into the concrete wall of the hotel lobby, a good eight meters away.

The so—called supreme grand martial was bested in a single move!