

His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar

#Chapter 401 – 450

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Chapter 401

Chapter 0401

In stark contrast to the Redwine family's power plays, the Chesire family's Baltimore Mansion in Ol 'Mare was a picture of bliss and harmony.

"You're Alex's kin, right? You can't be much older than me, surely one of his seniors!" Susanne, bustling with hospitality, offered tea and refreshments to the middle-aged man lounging on the sofa. "Ever since Alex joined our family, we haven't had any relatives drop by. You're the first... What should I call you? I'm Alex's mother-in-law, Susanne."

The man on the sofa responded with a smile and a gentle shake of his head.

Of course, he was one of Alexander's nearest and dearest. His father, in fact.

He was the patriarch of the Kane family, Caleb.

"Alex must be quite fond of you, huh? Your daughter's name is...Amber, isn't it?"

Caleb's hair was just beginning to show signs of gray at the temples as he looked around the living room. He spoke with a

courteous tone, "I won't be long, I have other matters to attend to. Since Alex and Amber aren't here, could I see their photos?"

I'm sorry I missed their wedding."

Wedding?

Oh, the chaos of that wedding day was something best left unspoken.

A flicker of discomfort crossed Susanne's face, but she quickly masked it with a smile.

"Photos?"

They hardly ever take any... Wait, I think I have one on my phone. Here, have a look."

She fished out her phone and showed Caleb a picture of Alexander and Amber.

"Quite the handsome couple." Caleb commented softly, his eyes lingering on the image.

Then,

without further ado, he rose and gave a respectful nod. "I should be going if there's nothing else."

Ignoring Susanne's offer to stay for dinner, he left briskly with the elderly man in at his side.

gray

"What an odd man..."

Susanne watched Caleb walk away, murmuring to herself. She was about to call Alexander when the nanny's voice interrupted,

"Ma'am, it's eleven-thirty now. Time to pick up Miss Olivia from the nursery!"

“Oh, right!”

With a quick reply, Susanne pocketed her phone and headed out to the nursery with the nanny.

+15 BONOS

Meanwhile, Caleb had just slid into his black bulletproof sedan parked outside Baltimore Mansion. Any trace of a smile had vanished from his face.

“Sir?”

The elder in gray, seated next to Caleb, asked softly. “Are you missing the young master?”

Caleb shook his head, his expression unreadable.

Since his wife’s death, he and his son had become estranged. Whether he missed him or not, did

it really matter anymore?

Patrick, seeing Caleb’s determination, did not push any further. Together with his wife, they saw

Caleb off at the gates of their grand estate.

“If you’re looking to patch things up with the young master, Miss Xanthos might just be the one to turn to.”

Antonio Kane, the Kane family’s seasoned butler, whose eyes had lost none of their sharpness despite their cloudy appearance, murmured, “Had it not been for that past incident, Miss Xanthos and the young master would probably be married by now.

“With the young master’s influence, the Xanthos family will definitely try to cozy up to him. As for the other families...”

Caleb’s eyes snapped into a fierce squint, radiating a wild and untamed power like a lion roused from slumber.

Other families?

“The north is teeming with noble houses, but only four are the real deal, including the Kanes and the Xanthos.”

He glanced out the car window, his voice icy. “The rest don’t even deserve to be in Alex’s orbit! And if the Xanthos dare to snatch Alex from under my nose, they’d better brace for war, because I won’t hold back.”

Antonio, well aware of Caleb’s temperament, let the topic drop. After a pause, he leaned in and added in a hushed tone, “Sir, word is the young master just took out the Redwine’s second son. About that...”

“Vince Redwine, the family head, is all muscle and no strategy, not cut out for the limelight.”

Caleb, eyes still narrowed, as if wondering aloud, continued, “The third son’s the only one with a

With a final decisive gesture, he swung his hand down.

The armored limo rolled forward, tearing off toward the airport.

Chapter 0402

+15 BONOS

Time had a way of slipping by unnoticed. Just like that, a week had zipped past..

The events that had shaken the North and Ol’ Mare had not even caused a ripple in Zabaleta.

“Zabaleta is as quiet as a graveyard. The second-in-command death didn’t make a splash.” Dallas, the big boss of the Redwine

family, mused as he watched the city blur by from his plush seat in a Bentley.

He smirked. “However, just because the surface is smooth doesn’t mean there aren’t sharks swimming below... Kase, what’s the word on the street?”

Kase Rabb, Dallas’s right-hand man, leaned in respectfully. “Boss, I haven’t got a line on Alexander’s mug yet, but his right-

hand man, George, is a big fish. Used to run with the Severn Group before he set up shop with the New Chesire Group.

“When Alexander and Amber step out, it’s Patrick calling the shots for New Chesire. But the underground? That’s George’s playground.

“If we could get George on our side...”

Dallas did not wait for Kase to finish. He plucked a bottle of aged wine from the onboard bar, filled a glass to the brim, and took a

sip, his detached laughter cutting through the hum of the engine.

“Ever wonder why the second-in-command bit the dust? Because he was dumb as a rock!”

“To take down Alexander, we can’t just go in guns blazing. We’ve got to play it smart-crack them from the inside. That’s how you win.”

Dallas turned to Kase, a sly smile playing on his lips as he fished a sleek business card from his blazer. “Visit George. Tell him if

he’s on my team, he’ll be the Redwine family’s top Envoy- unlimited riches and prestige are his for the taking.

“I’ll pay him twice what Alexander offers!”

Kase nodded eagerly. As the dashing off.

Meanwhile, in another part of town...

Pulled to a stop, he gave Dallas a respectful bow before

George had not left Zabaleta since Wanda’s concert. He and Ray had been busy ensuring Amber

and Wanda’s safety, forgoing a return to Ol’ Mare.

“Just one more month, and we’ll have the Zabaleta branch up and running.”

+15 BONOS

In the Zimler Entertainment Group skyscraper, Alexander perused the branch’s setup report. He glanced up at George and said in a hushed tone, “Ray’s got things covered here. But don’t forget. about my in-laws back in Ol’ Mare. Their security’s just as important.”

George nodded.

Patrick, Susanne, and little Olivia in preschool were all under the watchful eyes of top-notch bodyguards around the clock. They

could handle the average crook with ease, but if a true heavy-hitter came along, they might be in for a real challenge.

George’s skills had skyrocketed ever since Alexander took him under his wing. He’d even

outpaced the renowned Andrew in energy transformation, and with the combat techniques Alexander had taught him, he was a match for even the most formidable supreme grand martial.

With George at the helm, everything at Ol’ Mare was under control.

“Sir Kane!”

A knock at the office door preceded the entrance of a muscular bodyguard who bowed slightly. There’s a visitor downstairs

claiming to be from the north. He’s asking for a private word with you.

Sir Kane.”

The north?

George glanced at Alexander, a crease of concern marking his forehead, “The Sacco family. maybe? Ever since their fall, we’ve had our own people there, and there’s been no trouble at the branch office. They’d usually call. What’s going on today?”

“Let’s not jump to conclusions.”

With a reassuring smile, Alexander gestured to the bodyguard, “Bring our guest up. Tell him.

George is ready to meet him one-on-one.”

The bodyguard bowed again and hurried off.

“Take a seat, George.”

As the bodyguard disappeared downstairs, Alexander’s smile widened. He swapped chairs with George, taking a seat beside him, his grin deepening.

“Our northern visitor is like from the Redwine family.”

Chapter 0403

+15 BONOS

It took less than five minutes for the bodyguard to return. He stood at the door, not

entering, but gesturing for someone to come in. "Mister Rabb, please."

Kase walked in.

"George, what's this all about?"

Kase swaggered into the office, plopped down across from George, and jabbed a finger toward Alexander scornfully. "I asked for a one-on-one. Why's this guy here?! I want an answer!"

He was so full of himself, thinking he was the big shot.

George waved a hand, signaling Kase to chill, and explained with a grin. "He's one of the crew.

You can trust him. Whatever you say here stays here."

One of the crew?

Kase gave Alexander a quick once-over, found nothing off, and turned back to George, pointing a

finger. "Here's the deal—recruitment.

"The boss says if you're in, he's got a golden ticket for you. You could be a big shot in Zabaleta, Ol' Mare, up North—anywhere but playing second fiddle to Alexander!

"And if you're up to snuff, you could be the top dog, the Redwine family's number one Envoy.

Whatever Alexander's paying you, the boss will double it!"

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Whoa! He was trying to steal him away right under Alexander's nose?

The Redwine family must have had a death wish, but George surely did not.

George was seething on the inside but kept his composure. He shot Alexander a look that

screamed 'help me out here'.

Alexander just smirked and gave a tiny hook with his pinky. His lips twitched ever so slightly.

The message was clear: 'Keep him talking.'

"The boss also said..."

Kase was oblivious to the silent communication between Alexander and George, sitting there with

his chest puffed out in self-importance. "Soon, my Redwine family will make a bold move and take over all of Zabaleta's underground empire!

"George, you're the kingpin of Ol' Mare without the crown. Without Alexander, you call

the shots.

+15 BONOS

“When it’s time, just pull together some muscle from Ol’ Mare to back the Redwine family. The boss will make sure you’re handsomely rewarded for your loyalty.”

Was that what the Redwine family actually believed would happen? How laughable! Would George really switch sides to the Redwine family?

He knew exactly who the ‘ally’ sitting beside him was. Others might be in the dark, but George knew the truth.

The man was the stuff of legends, the Chesire family’s famous son-in-law, the security chief of

the New Chesire Group. In truth, however, he was the fearsome Lord of War, the unstoppable

Temple Lord Kane. He was a titan on equal footing with the mighty Regulus Windsur, the

strongest man alive!

Him, turning his back on Sir Kane for the Redwine family? Only if he had lost his mind or taken a

donkey’s kick to the head. Even a fool knew better than to make that mistake!

“Are you done talking?”

Alexander was not about to waste more time on this bit player. He casually pointed toward the office door and said nonchalantly,

“There’s an old rule of war—don’t kill the messenger. Consider yourself lucky. Now, beat it.”

guy one

Kase’s face went white-hot with rage as he shot up from his chair. “George, you call this gu of us? He’s got some nerve talking to me like that!”

He locked eyes with Alexander, his gaze threatening. “You think you’re brave? Say it again, I dare you! Do you even know who you’re messing with? Dallas Redwine, the big shot of the Redwine family!

“You better take back what you said, and fast. My boss has got the backing of the top families around. Cross me, and you’re crossing him, crossing the whole northern power circle. You wouldn’t last a second!”

Was that it?

Alexander just laughed.

He turned to George, his voice low and steady. “Fill him in on how we do things here. He can take the message to Dallas.”

George did not flinch, his stare icy as he faced down Kase, oozing authority.

“You listen here: It doesn’t matter if it’s the Redwine family or the whole northern

tycoons. Ol' Mare isn't scared of anyone.

+15 BONOS

"Bring two, and I'll drop two. Bring ten, and they're all going down! A hundred, a thousand, tent thousand... I'll take them all on!

"Stir up trouble in Or Mare, and it won't matter if you're the king of heaven—you break our rules, you're done for. No exceptions!"

Chapter 0404

The moment George's words hung in the air, Kase's face twisted with rage.

He was seething, a mix of anger and humiliation.

How could that nobody, George, dare to snub the Redwine family, to outright reject young master Redwine's offer, and to spout such bold words?

He was practically signing his own death warrant!

"George!"

Kase jabbed a finger towards George's nose, his eyes burning holes into Alexander, his face contorted with fury. "I won't forget

what you've said! We'll see if you're still so smug after I report to the young master!"

With that, he spat on the floor in disgust and stormed off.

However, he did not get far.

"George."

Alexander's voice was calm as he watched Kase's back retreat. "Give him something to remember us by. Let Dallas know that

Ol' Mare is off-limits."

George did not hesitate. He bolted after Kase, reached out, and yanked him back by the collar.

"You dare?!"

Kase was caught by surprise, his feet dangling as George hoisted him up. He thrashed and bellowed, "George, what the hell are you doing? You-!"

However, he was cut off mid-scream.

George was a man who followed orders without question. He did not give Kase a chance to plead or protest. His fists and feet

flew in a blur.

Thud, thud, thud!

In no time at all, Kase was a crumpled heap on the floor, twitching violently, unable to even get up.

"Serve the Redwine family? As if!"

With a swift kick, George sent Kase skidding down the hallway. "Consider this a warning," he sneered. "Take your sorry self back to Dallas with that message."

"Get him out of here!" the command echoed through the hall.

+15 BONOS

Six hours later, in the northern reaches, at the Redwine family's grand estate.

"Master Dallas!"

In the lush garden behind the manor, Kase was stretched out on a gurney, his body swathed in bandages, presented to Dallas by four of the Redwine's own guards. His body was a mess of severed muscles and veins, a shadow of his former self. The damage was catastrophic.

His body was a jigsaw of broken bones
his limbs fractured beyond repair, leaving him with a

future confined to a wheelchair—if he was lucky enough to survive at all.

That was Alexander's brutal handiwork.

The only thing left unbroken were his lips.

"Master Dallas, you have to avenge me!" Kase's voice was a raw, torn thing as he recounted the tale with dramatic flair, ending in a wail. "They said anyone who crosses Ol' Mare is as good as dead. No mercy!"

'No mercy,' indeed. What a chilling promise.

Dallas's laugh was harsh and bitter. "George thinks he can get away with attacking my right-hand

man? Spewing threats like 'kill one if one comes, kill a pair if two dare'? How many heads does he think he has to risk?"

Kase's sobs grew louder on the ground.

"Master, we can't let this slide. My injuries are nothing compared to the stain on the Redwine name. George has shown he doesn't respect you. We can't just let this go!"

Dallas's eyes narrowed, a dangerous glint flickering within.

He had hoped George would come around, avoiding unnecessary conflict. However, that hope

was dashed. It was time for a more direct approach.

Dallas had a simple philosophy: if he was going to make a move, he made it count.

It was not enough to just take out George. The real play was to go straight for the jugular- eliminate Alexander and seize control

of Ol' Mare, and while he was at it, bring Zabaleta to heel.

Dallas

"Get the heads of the Fabio and Jentsch families on the line. Tell them it's urgent," D
+15 BONOS

"With the combined might of the three major families, Alexander won't stand a chance.

Chapter 0405

It took less than 30 minutes for the patriarchs of the Fabio and Jentsch families to arrive, their

faces etched with gravity.

Among the northern tycoons, the Fablos and Jentsches were staunch allies of the Redwine family.

Dallas might have been a young gun in the Redwine family, but everyone knew he was the heir apparent. His call to arms was not to be taken lightly.

“Let’s cut to the chase,” Dallas said, locking eyes with the two family heads. “We’re all on the same side here, so I’ll spare you the small talk. We’re here for one reason—to take Zabaleta and claim Ol’ Mare for ourselves.”

Zabaleta, the crown jewel of the southeast, was a port city overflowing with resources. Ol’ Mare, straddling the vital territories of Aaronson and Sunhaven, was a prize worth fighting for. Taking down Zabaleta and Ol’ Mare would have meant they had the southeast in their pocket. The Redwine family would have shot straight to the top, giving those northern big shots a run for their money!

“The real thorn in our side at Ol’ Mare is Alexander. As for Zabaleta, it’s the Saunders family...”

Wido Jentsch, head honcho of the Jentsch family, and Gibson Fabio, the big guy from the Fabio

family, locked eyes before Gibson leaned in and murmured, “We can handle the Saunders bunch, but Alexander’s a different story. Got any tricks up your sleeve? We’re all in this together, so lay it on us.”

Dallas let out a low chuckle, “No tricks, no plans.”
What?!

Both Wido and Gibson were floored, their faces a picture of pure shock.

No game plan for a double takedown of Zabaleta and Ol’ Mare? That was crazy talk. “Do we really need a game plan with our families’ muscles to take on Alexander and Roslyn?”

Dallas saw the worry written all over their faces and smirked, “Gentlemen, when our families

throw their weight around, it’s like a heavyweight champ stepping into the ring with lightweights. Alexander and Roslyn are toast!

It’s like squashing bugs—why overthink it? We go in hard and fast, and it’s game over.”

Wido and Gibson’s eyes sparkled with excitement.

15 BONDS

In the bustling city of Zabaleta, the Saunders family was the top dog, but up north, the Redwine, Jentsch, and Fabio families made the Saunders look like small fry. Even with old-timer Alexander, known to some as Ol’ Mare, in the mix, they could not hope to make a splash.

They were all about raw power, unbeatable in a head-to-head clasp
“Last time we were in Zabaleta, my boneheaded little bro didn’t think before he leaped and ended up losing us four top-notch
Envoys.” Dallas said with a sneer, remembering Owen’s blunder
He held up three fingers, a smug look on his face. “However, the roots of the Redwine family run deep. We weren’t even
scratched. This time around, we’re bringing out the big guns—the Quickle brothers from the north!”

The Quickle brothers?

Wido and Gibson were floored, their faces a picture of shock.
Each brother was a Grandmaster, a peak performer in energy transformation.
Together, they could take down any run-of-the-mill supreme grand martial Their fearsome reputation had spread far and wide in
the north, and then, poof, they disappeared over ten years ago, with no one the wiser about their whereabouts.

It appeared they had been in the Redwine family’s corner all along!

“With the Quickle brothers stepping up to the plate, we’re looking at a whole new ball game!”

Wido and Gibson thrust out three fingers each, their faces oozing with a commanding aura. * Between the Jentsch and Fabio
family, we’ll bring out three Grandmasters each. Alexander might be tough, but he’s no match for us!*

With the three major families banding together, boasting nine Grandmasters in total, the alliance was downright formidable.

“It’s a deal, then!”

Dallas grinned triumphantly, shaking hands with the patriarchs of the two families before flashing a wicked smile. “Once you two
are geared up, we’ll throw down the gauntlet to Alexander and Roslyn!

“I’m going to show Alexander and Roslyn that kings will be kings, and they’re nothing but bugs

trying to pick a fight with us!*

Wido and Gibson, fists clasped, could not hide the greedy glint in their eyes as they daydreamed about the spoils to come.

“No time to waste, let’s get to it!”

Chapter 0406

The three major families put on quite the spectacle, sending shockwaves through the norther tycoons,

It was the talk of the town.

In just a single night, the buzz from the Redwine family had everyone talking. The noble families of the north had only one thing
on their minds.

With nine Grandmasters stepping onto the scene, Ol’ Mare Zabaleta was staring down the barrel
of a gun!

“The three major families are dead set this time. Ol’ Mare Alexander, Zabaleta Roslyn... Looks like they’re in for a rough ride!”

“Owen Redwine, the second-born of the Redwine family, was rumored to have met his demise at Alexander’s hand. It was only expected that the Redwine family would retaliate, but no one anticipated the sheer magnitude of their vengeance.

“Alexander, Roslyn... If you ask me, they’re definitely going to run for it, head overseas to dodge the bullet. If they don’t, they’re as good as dead.”

The consensus was uncanny, everyone agreed.

Old Mare Alexander and Roslyn Zabaleta stood no chance against the might of the three major

families.

“Roslyn, you have to listen to me this time!”

Late into the following night, at the Zabaleta’s Saunders family estate.

Blaine, with a crude iron blade strapped to his side, fixed his bloodshot gaze on Roslyn, who was

seated on the couch. “The three major families are bearing down on us, led by nine Grandmasters. We’re outmatched. Our only option is to run!

“Before they get here, you need to take the young ones and get out of the country. The three major families won’t be able to touch you once you’re abroad.”

Roslyn pursed her lips in silence.

She might have been a woman, but as the reigning matriarch, her choices were critical to the Saunders family’s fate. At such a pivotal moment, there was no room for error.

+15 BONOS

To stand and fight, or to flee?

One wrong decision would render the Saunders family into nothing but dust.

“Dad.”

Roslyn’s hands balled into tight fists, her voice barely above a whisper. “If you take charge of our Saunders family’s elite squad, throw everything we’ve got into the fray, along with Mister Kane, George, and Ray... If we go all out against the three major families, do we stand a chance?”

Blaine ran his fingers over the worn hilt of his saber, his silence hanging heavy before he replied with a grimace. “Honestly...our odds are less than slim.

“You haven’t faced a Grandmaster in combat. You can’t imagine how terrifying they are, especially the Quickle brothers with their flawless teamwork, moving in perfect sync. I doubt I could withstand even one of their

strikes. And Mister Kane, for all his strength...”

He trailed off, giving Roslyn a slow, meaningful shake of his head. It was clear what he thought.

Sure, Alexander was tough, but he was no match for the Quickle brothers. Moreover, they were not

the only threat. Six other Grandmasters were with them!

“Is there really no hope for the Saunders family this time?” Roslyn murmured, her eyes shut tight

as tears traced her cheeks.

Sometimes the odds were just too overwhelming.

No matter how hard she fought, how stubbornly she refused to yield, what could she do when faced with the might of the three

major families’ nine Grandmasters?

It was like trying to smash a rock with an egg—all she got was a mess and a headache.

Blaine approached Roslyn with a heavy heart, his face etched with agony. “The

Saunders family has worked tirelessly for years

to build what we have. I can’t bear to let it go.

“You know as well as I do, if the nine Grandmasters show up, we won’t stand a chance of escaping. We need to act now, before

they get here. You have to...”

His words were cut off as an ominous presence loomed outside.

Nine formidable presences, unmasked and oppressive, descended upon the Saunders family estate like a storm cloud, casting a

shadow over the grand villa,

A mere 200 meters away, nine figures stood in a line, their movements deceptively slow yet

unbelievably swift. In just a few strides, they were at the gates.

+15 BONOS

The three major families, the nine Grandmasters.

“Everyone, hear me loud and clear!”

Tristan Quickle, the formidable leader of the Quickle family, just a hair’s breadth from

becoming an overlord, brandished his

circular alloy blade and with one fierce swing, the Saunders’ gate was

no more. His voice boomed like thunder across the estate.

“Give us Roslyn, and the rest of you leave Zabaleta for good. “Refuse, and the Saunders will never know peace again.”

Chapter 0407

The nine Grandmasters...came at last.

In the Saunders’ living room, Blaine’s body tensed, his eyes darting from the shattered gate to Roslyn’s ghostly pale face.

Despair washed over him.

It was too late.

The Saunders family had just caught wind of an impending attack by the three major families. Before they could even think of escaping, the nine Grandmasters struck. They descended like a silent storm in the night, leaving no room for the Saunders to run.

Their intent was clear: total annihilation, without a shred of mercy. If they did not surrender Roslyn, the Saunders family would face their end.

“Mark.”

Upstairs in the villa, Roslyn’s grandfather, the former head of the Saunders family known as

Cingen, made his way down the staircase, his voice as grave as his expression. He leaned on a

beautifully carved wooden cane, declaring, “The Saunders have always been warriors, not

cowards afraid to die.

“We won’t give up Roslyn! I may be old, but I still have some fight left in me. I’d rather be broken to

bits than let our child suffer!”

The Saunders’ Quick Blade Team, all 120 of them, drew their iron blades and encircled Roslyn, their voices thundering as one.

“We swear to protect our leader, to share her fate, whatever it may

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be!”

Her grandfather, father, and all those brave men.....

Tears streamed down Roslyn’s cheeks as she looked at them. She stood up from the sofa, bowed

deeply to Cingen and Blaine, and managed a tearful smile for her protectors.

Her voice wavered. “I always thought I was clever enough to take on the northern tycoons. But

now, I see I was so very wrong.

“In the shadow of overwhelming force, every clever plan becomes pointless. The Saunders family

was on the brink of ruin, and as their daughter, the leader of our time, I knew I had to step up.

“If it means saving everyone, I won’t hesitate to risk my own life,” Roslyn declared.

“Please... Just survive. Don’t try to stop me!”

123

+15 BONOS

With those final words, she bowed deeply to Cingen and Blaine, her face set with resolve. She then marched toward the villa's doorway.

She was ready to trade her life for the peace of the Saunders family.

"Roslyn..."

Behind her, Cingen's frail form trembled, tears carving paths down his cheeks. Blaine's hand was white-knuckled on the hilt of his knife, his urge to intervene nearly overwhelming, yet he held back, his eyes a fierce red.

The Quick Blade Team members were all in tears, their cries echoing.

"Our leader!"

At the Saunders family villa entrance, the presence of the nine Grandmasters was suffocating.

Eight at the pinnacle of their power and one a half-step from being an overlord, they stood like immovable mountains, their aura so fearsome that just being near them made Roslyn's steps heavy.

The short walk from the living room to the front gate, less than 200 meters, took her an agonizing minute. By the time she reached the outside, her legs were barely holding her up, her body on the verge of collapse, nearly kneeling several times.

"So, you're Roslyn?"

Tristan towered at about 1.9 meters, his frame as imposing as a dark steel tower. With the alloy blade held aloft in his grasp, his voice was as impassive as ice.

"The young master's decree is clear. Roslyn Saunders, head of the Saunders family, you've overstepped, blind to the danger you court. Your sentence is death."

The words had barely left his lips when his arm whipped down, the blade slicing through the air

toward Roslyn's pale neck.

"This is the end..."

A ghostly pallor washed over Roslyn's beautiful face. A wry, sad chuckle escaped her as she envisioned one last time the man who was always so light-hearted, his smile a constant fixture, his demeanor ever so serene.

"How I envy Amber. In another life, I'd throw caution to the wind and tell him how desperately I want to be his wife... Alexander, this is goodbye..."

213:

+15 BONOS

As the deadly whistle of the blade loomed overhead, she shut her eyes, bracing for the

final blow.

However, in that fleeting fraction of a second...

"Miss Saunders."

A voice she knew all too well, tinged with a hint of amusement and brimming with an unshakable

confidence, whispered in her ear.

"Under my watch, no one will lay a finger on you. Doubtful? Let them try."

Chapter 0408

He was there.

Alexander

Roslyn's heart pounded at the crossroads of life and death, and her eyes flew open in disbelief.

Barely two meters away. Alexander stood, his silhouette as unyielding as a mountain.

With just two fingers, he effortlessly caught

the descending blade, a veritable fortress that shielded her from harm.

"Alexander? That's some skill!"

At the heart of the circle of nine Grandmasters, Tristan's hand was locked on his blade's hilt, his

muscles twisting like serpents. His energy erupted with the ferocity of a landslide and tidal wave,

hammering crazily at Alexander's unyielding fingers. The clash boomed like a raging sea at the

Saunders villa entrance.

Slay

Eccml

The impact was thunderous.

Where the blade met Alexander's fingers, it was as though a grenade had exploded, a pale

shockwave rippling out for yards on end.

Surprisingly, Alexander's fingers stood unshaken as if forged from the strongest superalloy. He

did not even quiver under the assault of such fearsome power!

"Mister Kane..." Behind Alexander, Roslyn shivered with a mix of fear and awe.

This was the epitome of manhood.

was

She had witnessed Alexander's strength before, but never in her wildest dreams did she imagine

he could be that formidable, that terrifying, that utterly beyond belief!

He was an unbreachable fortress, offering her an overwhelming sense of safety.

*Alvaro. Barak!"

Tristan, a seasoned warrior on the brink of domination, did not hesitate. He bellowed, "Alexander's

might is unmatched. We must band together and take him down!”

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

+15 BONOS

From Tristan’s flanks, the Quickle brothers, Alvaro and Barak Quickle, burst forth, each wielding a matching ring-shaped alloy blade. One aimed a horizontal slash, the other a diagonal strike, both targeting Alexander’s left temple and right flank.

Meanwhile, six other Grandmasters sprang into action.

True to their title, these Grandmasters were forces to be reckoned with, each brimming with a powerful energy transformation.

They launched their attacks with precision—some with the flash of long swords, others with the arc of broadswords, and a few with the swing of staves.

They came at Alexander from every conceivable angle, leaving no room for escape.

It was a death blow in the making.

When the nine Grandmasters combined their might, it was like the heavens and earth were colliding. As they unleashed their

power, a vacuum formed in the air, invisible but deadly.

“A tiny pearl trying to outshine the sun?” Alexander quipped with a dismissive smile. He glanced

back at Roslyn and whispered, “Close your eyes.”

With those words, he lifted his left hand as if he could set the sky on fire. His fingers danced—a simple gesture, yet commanding.

He unleashed his fury with a single, resonant, “Scram!”

The sound was earth-shattering.

A roar like a monstrous beast echoed as the Saunders family villa trembled to its core.

Cups on the coffee table shattered into

dust, and everyone inside, including Blaine, Cingen, and the 120 swordsmen, turned ghostly white as their ears rang with the thunderous blast.

However, the true horror was yet to come.

Alexander’s fingers, like titanic pillars, vibrated with such intense power that the air itself seemed to pulse in harmony, ripping through the vacuum the Grandmasters had created.

The force radiated outward.

In a 20-meter radius around Alexander, a zone of death emerged. The Grandmasters, Tristan included, watched in horror as

their very flesh and blood began to disintegrate before their eyes— muscles, veins, and sinews all coming apart in a gruesome display of Alexander’s overwhelming might.

In the blink of an eye, the sleeves of the nine Grandmasters were gone, their arms stripped of skin and flesh, leaving nothing but the stark white of their bones exposed.

What kind of strength was that? That was the power of the mightiest alive!

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+15 BONOS

Temple Lord Kane, the globally revered Lord of War, with what seemed like a mere flick of his

wrist, had crippled the arms of the nine Grandmasters.

The Quickle brothers, proud of their signature martial move, did not even get the chance to show

it off.

The difference in their abilities was just too overwhelming!!

“No way, this can’t be!”

After that single devastating move, the Grandmasters staggered back in shock, staring at their arms, then nothing but bloody

skeletons.

They stared at Alexander, who stood there as if nothing had happened. They could not believe what they saw, could not fathom

their own defeat!

They gazed at Alexander with fear as if he were a monstrous creature from a time long forgotten, their voices shaking

uncontrollably.

“What kind of move was that, what kind of power do you have?”

“Just who are you?!”

Chapter 0409

No one knew Alexander’s true strength.

The enemy commander, slain by Alexander, remained oblivious. So did the dozen Lords of War who met their end at the hands

of Alexander.

Even the mighty Four Dukes of War of the Temple of War, renowned for their strength, remained

clueless.

All that was known was that even the mightiest commander beside the Emperor of the Serandsi, a formidable powerhouse

surpassing the overlords of that era, could only withstand two moves from Alexander.

The third move ended with Alexander obliterating him with a single punch, turning his body into a

myriad of blood mist that stained the entire Serandsi Palace red.

“Who am I? Don’t you know?” Alexander wore a smile, gazing at the nine Grandmasters before him and lightly chuckling. “Didn’t

you just shout my name a moment ago? The Redwine family, the Fabio family, the Jentsch family-haven’t you investigated me

enough?

“I’m Alexander from Ol’ Mare, which is no longer a secret. Do I need to explain myself then?” he

continued.

The nine Grandmasters stiffened. Their arms were devoid of flesh, trembling violently. More than

the physical pain, the terror in their hearts was overwhelming.

With their combined strength, they could have easily swept through Of Mare and dominated Zabaleta. Yet, they never imagined

they would be defeated by the young Alexander before them. Moreover, it was a crushing defeat, with no chance for retaliation.

What kind of disparity was this? They even began to doubt if this was all a dream.

Even for a supreme grand martial or someone at the pinnacle of overlords, it was inconceivable to unleash such horrifying

techniques.

“Alexander, you’re very strong.”

The other eight Grandmasters turned pale, and none of them spoke again.

Only Tristan chuckled as he stared at Alexander with bloodshot eyes. “As you bested us today, I finally understand what it means

when they say there is always someone better, something beyond the ordinary.

“You disabled our arms and reduced us to cripples, but— We’re sworn to fulfill our assigned task

+15 BONOS

kitar ha xalqi bine, the hated sharply. His lower abdomen bulged instantly, his entire body

paling an inflating battoon, his clothes bursting apart in an instant. It felt as if a volcano were brewing within him, causing the very surrounding air to pulsate,

body continued to expand, his skin almost becoming translucent:

don’t forget our instructions and the heads of your respective families, Spare no effort, even if it means perishing together!” he

roared. “This is the dignity of a warrior!”

“your oath to kill Alexander!”

The other eight Grandmasters all shouted in fury, their bodies rapidly swelling. As

Grandmasters, their vital energy was

immensely profound. With a desperate posture, they began an irreversible collective self-destruction.

The most thorough, the most ruthless, the most insane method-self-destruction.

“Run! Take cover!”

Meanwhile, 200 meters behind the fight zone, in the Saunders family’s living room villa...

Everyone-including Blaine and Cingen-fearfully rushed outside the villa as fast as they could.” Mister Kane, Roslyn, run!”

“The self-detonation of energy transformation Grandmasters is enough to destroy the entire Saunders family estate, Nine

Grandmasters... Run, quickly!”

Could they even escape?

Behind Alexander, Roslyn's newly born hope plunged into the abyss, She looked at the nine Grandmasters about to self-destruct, then glanced at the robust figure standing in front of her. She bit her lip tightly as if making a tremendous decision.

Her voice slightly trembled as she said, "Mister Kane, I'm not afraid to die with you! I'm only afraid that I won't have a chance to tell you before I die. I..."

"It seems like the head of the Saunders family forgot what I said." Alexander shook his head and chuckled softly. "I said that under my watch, no one will lay a finger on you. Self-destruction... it's somewhat valiant, but unfortunately, they chose the wrong place."

Alexander extended both palms. As if holding a nonexistent sphere, he slowly closed his palms

toward the center.

Chapter 0410

In the palm of Alexander's hand, the air compressed rapidly. Just over 10 meters ahead, the air around the nine Grandmasters mirrored that of Alexander's palm. It was as if nine air cages materialized out of thin air, tightly binding their bodies and forcefully suppressing the expanding momentum.

They—from their muscles to their blood vessels, bones, and energy transformation—were compressed, deformed, and twisted. The entire process took less than two seconds. Before the eyes of the Saunders family members, they transformed into cold, blood-soaked corpses.

A total of nine Grandmasters, unable to even self-destruct in front of Alexander.

"Their... Their self-destruction is shut down..."

More than 200 meters away, Blaine, Cingen, and 120 skilled operatives who just escaped from the living room stared dumbfounded at the corpses of the nine Grandmasters. They gulped, and their eyeballs nearly bugged out of their sockets.

What kind of technique was this? Was this 'Mister Kane' even human? Who could be certain that he was not an extraterrestrial, a god?

Truly, he was too powerful!

"The Saunders family should be in the clear now."

Alexander paid no attention to the reactions of Blaine and others. He did not even spare a glance at the bodies of the nine Grandmasters. He turned to look at Roslyn behind him, smiling. "Miss Saunders, it seems like you had something to say to me just now. Proceed."

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Roslyn was stunned, her mind a blank slate. The man before her had just prevented nine Grandmasters from self-destructing. In the most critical moment, he descended like a deity and stood before her, saving her life twice in a row. However...

How could she dare to speak? How could she say anything? He had become the son-in-law of the coastal Chesire family, Amber Chesire's husband. He was a man she never dared to hope for.

"I..." Roslyn's eyes turned red, and the words she buried in her heart remained settled inside.

She bowed deeply to Alexander, and tears slowly slid down her cheeks. "Thank you, Mister Kane, for saving my life. The Saunders family will never forget your kindness!"

1/3:

Alexander shook his head with a smile. He glanced at Roslyn, then looked into the distance at Blaine, Cingen, and others running toward this side in the villa courtyard.

Pointing to the incomplete bodies of the nine Grandmasters, he said softly. "Send their bodies back to the Redwine family. Wrap

them in white cloth and write this on them with their own blood Those who offend us will be mercilessly killed."

The pitch-black night gradually faded away, and the eastern sky revealed a faint light. It was dawn.

"The nine Grandmasters should be returning soon."

In the main villa living room of the Redwine family estate in the north, Wido and Gibson stood uneasy, glancing at the entrance of the living room from time to time. Although they knew that the Grandmasters would complete their task without flaw, an indescribable sense of anxiety lingered deep within.

Dallas looked at the somewhat pale faces of the two and smiled softly.

"No big deal!" He picked up a cup of hot tea, took a small sip, and looked content.

"Mister Brierss, rest assured. Our first target is the Saunders family. With Blaine and the Saunders family's Quick Blade Team, they are no match for the nine Grandmasters.

The Quickle brothers are not to be underestimated. The Saunders family is finished!"

Wido and Gibson exchanged glances. The nervousness on their faces gradually disappeared, replaced by a deep agreement.

They complimented Dallas with clasped hands.

“You’re right, Mister Redwine. The Saunders family is nothing. With the Quickle brothers taking action, victory is certain!”

Dallas felt proud as he casually crossed his legs. “Once the nine Grandmasters return, we’ll divide and conquer the Saunders family. You two can rest assured. I...”

Bang!

The tightly closed door of the living room was suddenly kicked open from the outside, abruptly interrupting Dallas.

A member of the Redwine family, looking terrified, stumbled into the living room and knelt in front of Dallas with a loud thud.

His voice trembled, almost in tears. “It’s over! Early this morning, the bodies of the nine Grandmasters were thrown outside the gate as if they were crushed by a road roller. The bodies

+15 BONOS

“I tried calling our spies in the Zabaleta area, but none of the calls went through. It’s likely that something bad has happened, and they...”

“The bodies of the nine Grandmasters are covered with white cloth. ‘Those who offend us will be mercilessly killed,’ are written on them!”

His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar #Chatper 411 - Read His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar Chatper 411

Chapter 0411

In the grand living room of the Redwine family, the air seemed to have frozen.

Dallas’ body swayed for a moment, almost collapsing on the spot. Wido, on the other hand, slumped to the ground, his lips

trembling violently, unable to produce any sound. Gibson’s vision darkened as he slowly tilted off the sofa, with only two words left in his mind.

‘It’s over.’

“No, no, this can’t be true!” After a brief moment of losing composure, Dallas, as if pricked by a needle, jumped up from the sofa.

He pointed at his subordinate, looking almost frantic. “You’re lying!

“With the nine Grandmasters joining forces, the Saunders family must’ve fallen. The high-level martial artists from Ol’ Mare and

Zabaleta combined are no match for the nine Grandmasters.

You’re lying to me, you must be! I’ll kill you, I’ll kill you!”

The subordinate knelt on the ground and shivered. He looked up at the crazed Dallas, knocking his head on the floor, crying out loudly, "Mister Redwine, I dare not speak rashly! The bodies of the nine Grandmasters are right at the doorstep, and many aristocratic families are outside witnessing. The news can't be concealed! "The nine Grandmasters...are really dead!" The atmosphere in the living room fell quiet again.

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A deathly silence.

For Dallas, Gibson, and Wido, it felt like a thousand-pound boulder pressed against their chests.

Their hearts almost stopped beating.

After what seemed like 15 minutes, someone emitted a groan of desperate despair, like the trembling of one on the verge of death.

"Our three major families, our position among the northern aristocratic families, everything we painstakingly built through the scheming in Ol' Mare and Zabaleta. All gone!"

—

The news about the death of the nine Grandmasters spread like wildfire. It brought about an incredibly immense impact.

Throughout the entire north, any family with even a hint of reputation received the news about. Zabaleta.

The ongoing projects of the Fabio family in Ol' Mare came to a complete halt, the real estate investments made by the Jentsch family all ended up in stillbirth, and the upfront capital invested vanished like smoke.

All of it, every bit.

The three nightclubs operated by the Redwine family in Ol' Mare, the chain restaurants opened in Ol' Mare, the high-end internet cafes operated in Sunhaven for several years, and the recently invested transoceanic bridge...

In just two short days, the direct losses for the Redwine family exceeded ten billion. As the vital artery for north-south trade, the

aftermath of this battle caused immeasurable indirect losses. Without exaggeration, the three major families were almost completely devastated, becoming the laughingstock of the entire northern region.

Meanwhile, at the ancestral home of the Redwine family...

“You bastard!”

Family head Vince’s eyes were bloodshot. He viciously lashed his cane onto Dallas’ back.

“Do you

you realize what you’ve done? Because of your reckless actions, our Redwine family has regressed to at least 20 years! If our ancestors knew, they’d crawl out of their graves in frustration! Ooh, how I want nothing more than to whip you to death!”

Dallas knelt on the ground, his back oozing blood as he cried heart-wrenchingly. He was the

eldest son, once highly favored by Vince.

No more. He became the scapegoat for the entire Redwine family, nearly dooming its future. The fact that Vince did not cast him

out was already the greatest mercy.

“Dad, Frank!”

Redwine family’s third son, the ever-so timid and honest Frank, bowed. A barely noticeable glint flickered in his eyes as he spoke slowly, gaining determination. “There were some things I didn’t dare to say, but now-

He raised his head slowly, his voice gradually becoming firm. “Who do you think controls Ol’ Mare and Zabaleta? Is it Roslyn, Blaine, or that old man Cingen? Who can kill the nine Grandmasters? Who can make the industries of the three major families collapse within two days?

“Only Alexander Kane!”

The cane in Vince’s hand froze.

Dallas also trembled, slowly looking at Frank as if seeing him for the first time. Did he even know

+15 BONOS

what he was saying? How could Alexander be so formidable?

“You all always thought I was useless, but I am a descendant of the Redwine family, flowing with the blood of the Redwine lineage.”

Frank lowered his head again, his voice incredibly heavy. “In the past year, too many things have happened in Ol’ Mare. The rise of the New Chesire Group, the death of Mister Hardy, the demise of many forces... Everything that happened revolved around one man, Alexander Kane.

“I cannot fathom Alexander’s strength, but I can swear it is absolutely for the good of our Redwine family. At this point, our only

way out is not to continue resisting Alexander.
“We must recognize reality and apologize to him for our mistakes!”

Chapter 0412

Frank’s words echoed in Vince’s ears and heart like a roaring thunder. The rise of the New Chesire Group, the death of Mister Hardy, and the demise of many forces—events in the past year in Ol’ Mare unfolded like a rapidly spinning carousel.

Hearing Frank’s words, a glint quickly flashed before Vince’s eyes.

His second son was killed, the nine Grandmasters perished, and the three major families declined -much like the fate of those forces In Ol’ Mare. Anyone who crossed paths with Alexander inevitably spiraled into decline until complete obliteration.

On the contrary, forces that allied with Alexander swiftly thrived, and the Saunders family was the best example.

“Face reality and apologize to Alexander...” Vince dropped the rattan cane in his hand with a snap, muttering to himself. His countenance seemed to age a dozen years in an instant, and the veins on the back of his hand trembled slightly.

Was all this truly because they offended Alexander? Frank’s words made sense, or rather, it was a harsh reality. The only one capable of orchestrating all this was Alexander.

“Frank.” Vince took a few steps forward, placing his hand on Frank’s shoulder. His voice became hoarse instantly. “You... See to it, then. Whether in Ol’ Mare or Zabaleta, find Alexander and say it was my decision. We’ll apologize, make amends.

“As long as he’s willing to let bygones be bygones, the Redwine family is willing to pay any price.”

Frank knelt and bowed to Vince three times before standing up with determination on his face. Even if it meant sacrificing their dignity, they must seek Alexander’s forgiveness—for the sake of the Redwine family and, above all, for themselves.

“Dad!” Frank had just left when Dallas climbed up from the ground.

Enduring the pain on his back, he shook his head repeatedly. “You can’t let Frank go to Alexander! If we submit to Alexander, how can we stand firm in the North in the future?”

“Trust me, we’ll spare no effort to confront Alexander! As long as we conquer Ol’ Mare, control Zabaleta, and secure the resources of the two cities, we can become one of the four major powerhouses! You—”
Smack!

Vince, furious, picked up the rattan cane from the ground and fiercely lashed it across Dallas’ face.

142:

15 BONOS

“Dallas!” He glared at his eldest son, his steel teeth almost grinding in anger. “Haven’t you done enough harm to the Redwine family?! Daring as you are, you’re reckless and audacious! If Alexander refuses to calm down, do you know what the consequences will be for the Redwine family?” With that said, a whip struck, lashing Dallas until he cried out for his parents. Then, he strode out of the hall, shouting, “Men!”

“Expel Dallas from the Redwine family! Remove him from the family records, strip him of the family name, never to return for a lifetime!”

Four burly men rushed in, paying no heed to Dallas’ pleas, and unceremoniously threw him far onto the ground outside the Redwine family estate.

The gates closed, severing all of Dallas’ hopes completely. About half a month later, in Zabaleta, the New Chesire Group’s newly established branch.

“Alexander.”

In the CEO’s office, Amber glanced down at the electronic documents sent by the company headquarters, then looked at the surveillance cameras in the lobby. She sighed helplessly as she smiled at Alexander on the sofa. “Frank Redwine of the Redwine family is causing trouble again.”

She had not been involved in the matter of the nine Grandmasters. It was Roslyn who informed her afterward. Due to this, Roslyn and Amber became closer, and she introduced many clients from Zabaleta, making the branch’s development exceptionally smooth.

“He’s been kneeling in the lobby for half a month straight; he’s quite persistent.” Alexander left the sofa and walked up behind Amber. He glanced at the kneeling Frank in the lobby and reached out to touch his wife’s pretty face. He smiled and asked, “Amber, do you want the Redwine family to disappear forever?”

Amber blushed slightly. She held Alexander’s hand and softly said. “I’ll follow your lead in

everything. Before you decide, though, why not listen to what Frank has to say?”

Amber remained as kind as ever, clearly not wanting to be too ruthless.

Feeling the warmth of his wife’s soft hand, Alexander nodded gently. “Alright.”

Chapter 0413

Guided by two security guards, Frank stood at the doorway of the office on the top floor. He rubbed his knees that had gone sore from kneeling before cautiously pushing the door open.

It felt like a nervous university graduate attending their first job interview.

“Mister Kane, Miss Chesire, I apologize for the intrusion. Please forgive me,” he said, carefully choosing his words despite knowing that Alexander was the son-in-law of the Chesire family and Amber’s husband.

He slowly raised his head, finally seeing Alexander’s face. Shock overtook his face instantly.

In his desperate plea to the Redwine family, he knelt in the lobby of the office building every day. Unfortunately, he had never seen Alexander’s true face up until this moment.

To his surprise, Alexander was remarkably young, only a few years older than himself. It was hard to imagine that this peer, not much older than him, not only created the forbidden

territories of Ol’ Mare and Zabaleta but also killed his younger brother, Owen. Alexander even

killed nine Grandmasters and instilled fear in the three major families.

At this moment, Alexander and Amber were sitting on the reception sofa in the office, appearing

like any ordinary young couple. If there were any differences, it was in their eyes.

Alexander’s eyes were slightly brighter than others, but aside from that, there was nothing unusual

“Are you done staring at me?” From the moment Frank entered, Alexander had been staring into his eyes. He said softly. “I’ll allow you to say three sentences. You have one minute, starting now.”

Frank’s heart trembled. He immediately bowed and clasped his hands in a respectful gesture.” Thank you, Mister Kane, for giving me this opportunity.”

“That’s the first sentence.” As Alexander said this, he slowly raised one finger, his face devoid of

expression. “You have two more sentences.”

Frank’s face stiffened for a moment, then quickly returned to normal. Taking a deep breath, he spoke slowly and deliberately. “All hundred-and-three members of the Redwine family swear allegiance to you and are willing to be your workhorses, with no regrets for life!”

“Very clever, very decisive.” Alexander laughed after a few seconds. He looked at Frank with a playful gaze. “Impressive performance. Now, you can say a few more sentences.”

Maintaining his posture on the ground, Frank’s voice became even more respectful. “My two

brothers offended you, Mister Kane, causing more harm than good. They’ve placed the Redwine family in an inevitable situation of death.

“I don’t know how strong you are, but I do know that unless the entire Redwine family surrenders, there is only one path—annihilation. This is the only chance for the Redwine family, and it’s my

only chance!

“I hoped to become your representative in the North, wishing for your success!”

This time, Alexander genuinely smiled.

“You’re intelligent, ambitious, and brave. Unfortunately, you’ve overestimated the Redwine family

and, more importantly, yourself.”

He looked down at Frank, faintly smiling. “Using me to seize the position of the Redwine family head, using my name to swallow

up other northern families, and seeking my help when facing formidable enemies?

“Your plan sounds good, but have you forgotten one crucial thing? Why would I help you?”

Frank’s head buzzed, cold sweat breaking out on his forehead. All his scheming had been

completely exposed by Alexander.

I

“I...” He knelt on the ground, his mind racing, and finally gritted his teeth. “I dare not deceive you, Mister Kane. Indeed, that’s my plan: using the Redwine family as a foundation, growing and expanding, like a dragon soaring.

“I want to be like Roslyn and become your right-hand man, a hero in the North. Apart from this. I

have no ulterior motives.”

Alexander remained indifferent. Judging any other ulterior motives based solely on

Frank’s words was impossible. It was certain

that if Frank had been in charge of the Redwine family from the beginning, it would not have fallen into its current state.

“Your one minute is up.” Alexander withdrew his gaze, picked up the tea on the coffee table, and said. “The Redwine family can survive, and you can leave alive. Just don’t let me see any member of your family in the Zabaleta and Ol’ Mare regions.

“Now, get lost!”

Frank did not dare to linger for even a second longer. He quickly got up from the ground and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

He bowed deeply to Alexander and Amber, and he briskly walked toward the office door.

Just as he was about to leave, his steps hesitated slightly. He turned, bowing once again, his voice firm. “Mister Kane, I will

prove my capabilities. Just like Roslyn, I am definitely qualified to

+15 BONOS

be your representative in the North.”

After speaking, without any further delay, he turned and swiftly departed.

“Alexander?”

Amber, who had remained silent until Frank disappeared, finally spoke softly. Leaning against Alexander’s chest, she blinked and

asked, “Why does he think he can be compared to Roslyn? Are there many girls with both talent and beauty like Roslyn in the world?”

Alexander chuckled silently, gently kissing Amber’s forehead. His gaze seemed a bit trance-like.

Talent and beauty combined, with intelligence and strategic prowess. Of course, there were girls like that, but there was indeed one who could match Roslyn, or perhaps even exceed her. That was Callie Xanthos.

Chapter 0414

“There’s something I haven’t told you.” Leaning against him, Alexander gazed into the distance. memories from the past

resurfacing against his will. He said softly. “The Girl Prodigy of the North’ -have you heard of this title?”

What?

Amber’s expression shifted in recognition and shock. Alexander was referring to Callie Xanthos.

In the domestic business circle, almost everyone knew her name. She was a brilliant student at Haver Business School, earning

two doctoral degrees before the age of 19, a true prodigy.

After graduation, she founded the Callie Group. In less than three years, the company gained international fame, making it into business school textbooks—a genuine legend..

It was said that the Callie Group operated in over 30 fields, dominating the market with a share. exceeding 40 percent. Such achievements surpassed 90 percent of entrepreneurs worldwide, a goal countless business prodigies aspired to achieve.

“Alexander, do you... Do you know Callie Xanthos?” Amber turned to look at Alexander in disbelief. She knew Alexander was acquainted with many influential people, but Callie was in a league of her own. How did Alexander know her?

“Not only do I know her, but we were once put up to be engaged.” Alexander caressed Amber’s pretty face, smiling softly. “But that was many years ago, and I do not acknowledge that engagement.”

Engagement... Amber’s heart sank as if a thousand-pound boulder weighed on her, making it almost difficult to breathe.

Since Alexander returned from the military, everything he exhibited over the past year fascinated her deeply. She had speculated

more than once about Alexander's true identity, certain that he was not an ordinary discharged soldier.

She guessed that a man as outstanding as him would become the target of countless exceptional women.

To keep her husband by her side, to retain his heart, she did everything she could, ultimately allowing the New Chesire Group to reach its current scale. The primary reason was to showcase her charm in front of her husband.

She was confident that she would not lose to any woman. In the past year, her efforts even earned her the nickname 'Girl Prodigy of Ol' Mare' in the business circle.

Chapter 0415

"Father finally stopped opposing my marriage to Alexander..."

In the office, Callie stared intently at the note in her hand. Her delicate shoulders trembled slightly.

In the northern regions, the Xanthos family and the Kane family were both among the four major wealthy families, with complex relationships involving both cooperation and competition.

Since that incident years ago, the engagement between the two had become nothing more than a piece of paper, vehemently opposed by every member of the Xanthos family.

Surprisingly, her father finally changed his mind and approved her marriage to Alexander.

"Prepare the backup!" The emboldened Callie's beautiful eyes shimmered as she softly instructed the young female assistant in front of her. "Cancel all appointments, I need to attend to my private matters."

There was another sentence she kept to herself.

What she was about to face was the most important thing in her life and with the most important person.

Meanwhile, in the northern region, at the Kane family...

After meeting Patrick and Susanne, the head of the Kane family, Caleb, returned to the Kane family.

He was satisfied with Amber as his daughter-in-law.

She was gentle with a strong personality, and she dearly loved his son. Now, the New Chesire Group had already taken over three cities around Ol' Mare... Such a daughter-in-law, though not comparable to Callie Xanthos, was no problem at all.

As long as Alexander adored Amber, Caleb would support it.

"Mister Kane." Outside the study, the Kane family's chief steward, Antonio, dressed in a gray robe, slightly bowed outside,

whispering, "Miss Xanthos is here, already in the outer hall."

Callie Xanthos?

Caleb raised an eyebrow slightly, then spoke in a low voice, "Let her in."

Antonio hesitated for a moment and bowed again. "Yes."

In less than half a minute, Callie came gracefully.

+15 BONOS

She did not bring her female assistant, entering the Kane family study alone. On her youthful, radiant face was a touch of shy joy, a far cry from the icy female CEO in the office.

"Hello, Uncle Caleb."

She sat across from Caleb in a natural manner, her voice gentle and respectful. "It's been so long, and you still have the same charisma, Uncle Caleb. I have come to visit, and I hope that I'm not troubling you."

The girl remained as polite as ever.

Caleb held a scroll of ancient text in his hand, smiled at Callie, and spoke, "Our two families have a long-standing relationship.

There's no need to be formal. If you have something to say, go ahead."

Callie blushed slightly, then gently opened her lips and uttered one word, "Alex."

As expected.

Caleb set down the ancient text, pondered for a moment, then shook his head with a chuckle. "I

knew it would be about this matter. However....."

He sighed softly and continued, "You should know that my son has been expelled from the family. He has no relation to my Kane family, let alone your Xanthos family, which is even more incompatible.

"Moreover, the Xanthos family has strict rules. How could they tolerate a castaway becoming their son-in-law?"

He gazed at Callie's slightly pale face and smiled. "Callie, if you don't mind, I'll take you as my adopted daughter in the Kane family. I..."

Callie's expression changed.

She came to fulfill the engagement between her and Alexander. If she became Caleb's adopted daughter, would that not make her and Alexander adoptive siblings?

The engagement would be completely annulled with no hope left!

"I've heard about everything Alex has done in Ol' Mare," she said after a while.

Without knowing how much time had passed, Callie's face gradually regained its color.

She stared at Caleb, speaking with firm

determination, "Regardless of his success or downfall in Ol' Mare, even if he ends up on

the streets or becomes wicked, I will still marry him. No one can stop me. not even you!"

+15 BONOS

Having said that, she stood up, bowed slightly to Caleb, and turned to leave.

"The Xanthos family..."

Watching Callie's retreating figure, Caleb's gaze gradually became solemn.

Callie might be deeply infatuated with Alexander, and even if the engagement was canceled, her actions would not be too

irrational. However, the same could not be said for the Xanthos family.

Given Alexander's remarkable achievements in Ol' Mare, the Xanthos family must have noticed.

Such an outstanding young talent would undoubtedly be sought after by the Xanthos family at any cost.

If the recruitment failed, the most likely outcome would be direct destruction.

His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar

#Chapter 421 - Read His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar Chapter 421

Chapter 0421

Thousands of miles away, in Northern Wyverna...

Over the past couple of weeks, since the fall of the nine Grandmasters, the entire northern region had been shrouded in an eerie atmosphere. The most significant recent event was the change in leadership of the Redwine family.

Frank Redwine became the new family head, initially the third heir of the Redwine family.

"Frank went to Zabaleta and met with Alexander. Upon returning, he inherited the position of the family head."

In the evening, at a desolate pavilion atop a rarely visited mountain, a faint figure beneath the pavilion lightly stroked a jade-like zither. The figure spoke with a voice as if cutting through paper, hoarse and deep.

"Have you investigated it thoroughly? Is this Alexander the abandoned son of the Kane family?"

Outside the pavilion, two figures in black, straight as arrows, muscles tense, reported, "This is my report. For now, we can only

confirm that Alexander shares the same name as the abandoned son of the Kane family. Further investigation is needed to determine if it is him."

"No need for such trouble." The person playing the zither in the pavilion spoke again, the voice seemingly devoid of any emotion.

“Whether it’s him or not, a test will reveal the truth. If not, let him live or die on his own; it has nothing to do with me.”

Outside the pavilion, one of the black-clad figures hesitated for a moment and cautiously inquired,

“And if it is him?”

The melody of the zither abruptly stopped in the pavilion, resuming after a moment of silence.

“Ten years, twenty years. Merely a blink of an eye. The trap I set back then is finally ready to be used again. This time, no one will be allowed to interfere.

“One of the deceased nine Grandmasters, named Ian Yanker, belonged to the secluded Yanker

family. Inform the Yanker family of the news, and they’ll naturally send someone to test the

waters. It couldn’t be better!

“If Alexander from Ol’ Mare is indeed the abandoned son of the Kane family, then...

There will be no mercy.”

The two black-clad figures dared not delay, immediately bowing in unison.

“Understood!”

As they said this, they turned and swiftly departed, their figures disappearing into the surrounding

+15 BONOS

darkness shortly after they left.

Twang!

A sharp melody from a resounding instrument abruptly pierced the sky, as if carrying the anger of the person playing the instrument, echoing suddenly through the forested mountains. The sound seemed to carry a dangerous energy.

Hundreds of birds in the woods, under this musical assault, instantly fell from the branches, meeting their demise.

Late into the night, on the outskirts of the northern wilderness, on Yewspire Mountain.

The mountain, standing at just over 300 meters, was not a renowned historical site.

However, over a century ago, this was the largest stronghold for bandits in the north.

The head of the Yanker family at that time, wielding the legendary technique, the ‘Divine Ape Backbreaking Fist’, dominated

everyone. He became the supreme figure of the underworld across 63 provinces.

In the words of those in the martial world, he was also known as the leader of the martial arts alliance!

“Ian... Oh my little boy, Ian!”

At this moment, on the peak of Yewspire Mountain, cries echoed within the Yanker family hall.

Since the death of Ian Yanker, they had just received the news.

The body, not exploded as intended, appeared as if all moisture had been drained, its appearance withered and twisted on the floor of the ancestral hall. Truly a pitiful sight, it was.

“Sir, you cannot sit idly by!”

“Although Ian was unruly, his sins didn’t warrant death. When dealing with a dog, one must consider its owner. The other party didn’t give the Yanker family any respect at all. We cannot swallow this insult!”

“Alexander dared to kill Ian! We must avenge him...”

Amid the cries, an elderly figure slowly walked out from the crowd in front of the hall. He was

none other than the current head of the Yanker family,

Chapter 0422

The Yanker family had been hidden from the world for a long time. The family head, Zane, broke the family oath to reappear in the world to seek revenge for Ian.

Like a stone creating ripples in a pond, the news spread throughout the northern regions in less than half a day. Almost all factions were watching with keen interest, while others chose to bide their time, preparing to reap the benefits.

Of course, numerous families dispatched scouts to gather information about the situation in Ol’ Mare through various means.

“Old Mister Kane.” In the study of the Kane family, Antonio, dressed in a gray robe, stood outside the door with a lowered head, speaking in a hushed tone. “Zane Yanker has issued a statement, demanding Alexander to apologize within five days. The intentions are hostile.

“May I ask, Old Mister Kane, should the Kane family continue to stand idly by?”

Inside the study, Caleb put down the ancient book he was reading and asked softly, “What does that rebellious son say?”

After a brief moment of silence, Antonio spoke in a low voice, “Alexander said that if the Yanker family seeks death, he’s willing to grant it.”

The Yanker family wished for death, and he was willing to grant it. This was Alexander’s response.

“Pompous brat!” Inside the hall of the Yanker family’s residence, the members gathered, all shouting in fury.

“Chief, Alexander sees no one as his equal. We cannot let him off lightly!”

“For Ian, let’s conquer Ol’ Mare!”

“Alexander is a son-in-law of the Chesire family. Let’s destroy the new Chesire family, annihilate them, and leave no one alive!”

“Leave no one alive! Leave no one alive!”

Amid the clamor, Zane sat in a bamboo chair, and he slowly opened his eyes. The

murky gaze seemed to penetrate a thousand miles, seeing the murderer and the indifferent young man in Ol' Mare. The son-in-law of the Chesire family, Alexander Kane.

+15 BONOS

"The Yanker family has been dormant for too long. The youngins probably forgot the Divine Ape Backbreaking Fist and our Yanker family's heritage."

He looked toward Ol' Mare and spoke slowly to the younger generation in the hall.

"Spread the word: All Yanker family members with vital energy, regardless of age or gender, gather in front of the hall.

"The disciples of the Yanker family's teachings, wear the armbands and follow me to conquer Ol' Mare!"

Dozens of Yanker family members rushed out. In less than 10 minutes, they returned to the front of the hall, mostly men, with

dozens of female relatives among them. They were the forces accumulated by the Yanker family over many years of hiding.

A total of more than 200 people gathered.

Everyone knew the purpose of this emergence: To follow the family head, kill Alexander, conquer Ol' Mare, and avenge Ian.

At the same time, it was also a declaration to the world: the renowned Divine Ape Backbreaking Fist was returning to the world.

Shortly after their departure, rumors spread like wildfire in the north.

"Did the Yanker family really set out?"

"They've gone truly mad! Zane, that old lunatic, took the entire Yanker family, each one harboring vital energy accumulated over centuries!

"Ol' Mare is done for! No matter how skilled Alexander is, he can't possibly match the Yanker family... Where has the Yanker family gone? Find out, now!"

"They chartered a train and brought over twenty coffins. It's said that anyone related to Alexander will be wiped out without mercy, not a single one spared."

News about the Yanker family echoed loudly in the north, spreading rapidly through various channels, even reaching the core of Wyverna and Walganus Capital.

At this moment, the venerable old man, looking at the rapidly moving train on the satellite map, had a faint smile on his weathered face.

"My Lord!" Before the old man, a masked man clad in armor half-knelt and bowed, speaking with a deep voice, "The Yanker family has emerged, invading Ol' Mare. It concerns the safety of the people. Please, my lord, decide!"

Regulus Windsur waved his hand slowly, gazing at Ol' Mare on the satellite map as if speaking to

himself. The smile on his face grew increasingly pronounced.

+15 BONOS

“The Yanker family, a mere trifle. What’s there to be concerned about? With that man stationed in

Ol’ Mare, one person is more than enough!”

himself. The smile on his face grew increasingly pronounced.

+15 BONOS

“The Yanker family, a mere trifle. What’s there to be concerned about? With that man stationed in Ol’ Mare, one person is more than enough!”

Chapter 0423

+15 BONOS

The one referred to as ‘that man’ by the Lord of Wyverna was none other than Alexander.

At this moment, in Ol’ Mare, at the New Chesire Group’s office building...

“Alexander!” Inside the CEO’s office, Amber’s delicate face turned pale, her voice trembling. “The

Yanker family are really here!

“Alexander, you better hide somewhere. As long as you’re not around, they shouldn’t trouble

anyone else!”

Hiding was the only solution she could think of.

Even with George, Luca, the Chesire Group’s Security Department, the Saunders family, and Wanda’s father together, they were

no match for the Yanker family.

Even though Amber knew Alexander was powerful, and her husband’s depth was unfathomable, it was the Yanker family—a force

of over 200 disciples, with the weakest among them being vital energy warriors, and surely many Grandmasters among them.

Who could resist such strength?

She needed to escape with Olivia before they came. It was the only way out.

“Olivia, sweetie, Mommy is just joking. Daddy won’t go anywhere.”

On the guest sofa in the office, Alexander held his pale-faced daughter. He glanced at the panicked Amber, then at the terrified

Patrick and Susanne.

He smiled and said, “Mom, Dad, you and Amber take Olivia to kindergarten. Don’t worry, I’ve got

everything under control.”

After saying that, he handed his daughter’s small hand to his wife, then walked decisively toward

the office door.

“Alexander!” Behind him, Amber held onto Olivia tightly, tears streaming down her face

as she looked at Alexander's retreating figure. "This is different from before. The Yanker family's strength is far beyond those forces in the past. I can't let you take risks.

Where are you going?"

Alexander turned around, his smile unchanged.

"The Yanker family's train won't reach Ol' Mare. I'll see them off!"

The car roared.

+15 BONOS

A high-speed train from the north zoomed along the electrifying tracks toward Of Mare.

"We're almost there," remarked Zane, seated cross-legged in the VIP compartment. His arms adorned with 24 iron rings,

emanating a faint golden glow, showcased the formidable vital energy.

He was a supreme grand martial.

In his eighties, having immersed himself in the martial arts since childhood, Zane devotedly practiced the ancestral martial arts of the Yanker family.

At the age of 59, he finally broke through and became a supreme grand martial. He continued his cultivation for more than 20

years. He had thoroughly solidified his mastery, standing proudly at the pinnacle of the world.

Had he chosen the military path, Wyverna would have promptly bestowed upon him the title of Duke of War, elevating him to an exalted status.

About 50 kilometers from the coastal destination, a subtle click echoed from above the compartment.

"Hm?"

Zane's eyes snapped open, radiating a sharp brilliance. Initially seated cross-legged, he swiftly ascended into the air, tearing a hole over two meters in diameter in the alloy-roofed carriage.

He stood firmly on the roof as the high-speed train, racing at over 300 kilometers per hour, roared against him with a furious

wind. Zane was like an immovable mountain unaffected by the strong gusts.

Before him stood the adversary.

A young man in his early twenties, dressed inconspicuously in a casual suit, wore a faint smile on

his face. With a tall and handsome figure, he was the target of the Yanker family's mission-

Alexander Kane of Ol' Mare.

"You killed my nephew, Ian Yanker?"

Zane's legs spread, enduring the cutting wind on the rooftop like a blade. His white hair fluttered

in the wind, and he stared fixedly into the eyes of Alexander. "In the world of martial

arts, actions in the martial world are met with consequences. Killing begets retribution. It's only fair!"

As he spoke, the 24 black iron rings on his arms all lit up as if they were one entity. The surface emitted a faint golden light, indicating the activation of his vital energy. He was ready to strike at a moment's notice.

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\$15 BONOS

"Ian was foolish, and you're an old fool." Alexander, with his hands behind his back, gazed at Zane indifferently. "I helped clean up the Yanker family's mess, and instead of gratitude, you gather forces, forcing me to apologize and even flatten Ol' Mare?"

"For either of these charges, it's enough to bring down your Yanker family!"

Zane's eyes widened with a fiery red glow, resembling actual flames. Despite his nephew's greed for wealth, taking the position of an offering, and collaborating with the eight Grandmasters to invade Zabaleta, violating the ancient decree of the Yanker family to remain hidden, he was still family.

Zane would not tolerate any harm against his family.

"Daring to disrespect the Yanker family must be paid with blood! Alexander, I don't waste words. Considering your young age, I'll make an exception and give you a chance."

Zane took a slow breath, and his emaciated right arm lifted, the 12 black iron rings clinking. "As long as you can withstand my attack, I'll turn and leave. This matter will be settled then."

Chapter 0424

'Does he think he can defeat me in a single move?'

Alexander looked at Zane indifferently as if he were looking at an insignificant ant. A supreme grand martial in the fighter realm might be impressive to ordinary people, even the top guns of Wyverna would have shown them respect. However, in the eyes of a Lord of War, they were nothing more than slightly larger ants.

"I'm fine. One move, it is."

Hands clasped behind his back, Alexander spoke gently to Zane, "The winner is the king. If you play by the rules, I'll keep my promise. If you defeat me in a single move, I'll accept my fate and submit to your mercy! I won't flinch or run away.

"Otherwise, then take all the Yankers with you and retreat to where you came from. Get the hell out of Ol' Mare."

That was a big statement.

Zane, though stunned by the statement at first, scoffed. He had practiced his family's secret method, and his Divine Ape

Backbreaking Fist was so good that he was considered one of the best of the supreme grand martial.

Under such circumstances, it was almost impossible for anyone to defeat him in a single move.

Zane was confident it would take at least three moves from the Lord of War in the army to defeat him.

"I hope you picked a god and prayed, Alexander!"

Suddenly, Zane went all out, using his left leg as a support shaft, his right leg swinging around like a windmill. The black iron rings worn on his arms compressed as if they were one with his body. Zane lunged at Alexander with an indescribably horrifying

speed, aiming for the most powerful strike.

Divine Ape Backbreaking; Chopping Attack, which was the third sequence in the spring kick technique.

In a single move, Zane's iron fist seemed to have powerfully crushed the air, the surface of the black iron rings turning into fuzzy golden balls of flame that glowed when in contact with the air. It was so fast that it felt like it appeared on Alexander's chest the moment it was sent out.

"Is that all from a supreme grand martial in the fighter realm?"

+15 BONOS

Alexander's left hand was left behind his back. He extended his right hand slowly, his fist tightly clenched, ready to meet Zane's fast iron fist attack.

Fingers and fists collided head on and the air around them seemed to be sucked out.

Ripples of air spread out in all directions, forming a tempest of energy visible to the naked eye.

Win or lose, one could tell with just that one move.

The two collided, but Alexander's figure remained rooted to the spot, the roof of the train under his feet as before. Meanwhile,

Zane was shaken up and sent backward. He retreated three steps as he tried to regain balance, and each step left distorted

impressions about half a meter deep on the roof of the train.

"No, it can't be!" It was not easy to remain standing after that powerful blow.

Zane's right arm shook. He raised his head to stare deadly into Alexander's eyes, the muscles at

the corners of his eyes twitching.

It was unbelievable.

Zane thought that Alexander looked young, in his early ' twenties at most. Even if Alexander had started cultivating while still in

his mother's womb, he would never have attained such a terrifying martial arts strength.

With just one finger, Alexander broke Zane's fierce fist technique, which he had practiced for over

60 years. It was simply unimaginable!

“Do you still want to continue?”

Five meters away from Zane, Alexander withdrew his right hand and once again resumed his

calm stance with his hands behind his back. “If you want to fight, I’ll only oblige. You might as well gather the entire Yanker family

and attack me as a group to see if the Yanker family is stronger or if I, Alexander Kane, am better!”

Zane’s lips trembled slightly for a few moments, then he looked down at the 12 black iron rings he

wore on his right arm. His eyes slowly closed tightly as an overwhelming amount of despair

welled up in the bottom of his heart.

The rings shattered.

The set of iron rings that had accompanied him for more than 60 years did not appear to be broken in the slightest on the

surface, but inside the rings, they had been destroyed by the force of the collision.

Such strength was far beyond what numbers of opponents could make up for. It was no exaggeration to say that even if all the members of the Yanker family were to make a move against Alexander, they could never

match Alexander’s strength.

Alexander’s strength was undoubtedly the Lord of War.

“... admit defeat!”

+15 BEAU

Zane eventually opened his eyes. He cupped his fist and bowed to Alexander, his voice trembling as he said. “Your strength is

profound and unfathomable. It is a shame that I am not your equal, f admit defeat, but....”

With that, Zane gritted his teeth and bowed 90 degrees. He cupped his fists and dropped his head, “You could’ve killed me. Why

did you stop? Aren’t you afraid that keeping me alive would be a risk that one day I’d retaliate?”

Chapter 0425

‘Retaliation? Would you dare?’

“I won’t kill you for simple reasons.”

Alexander looked at Zane who bowed deeply before him and smiled faintly. “First of all, you’re not a bad person. Besides, I knew

you only wanted to avenge Ian, which I understand.

“The second reason is even simpler: Because you are not worthy.”

Zane was stunned momentarily when he heard the honest remark. Then, a pathetic smile appeared on his face.

‘He thought I was unworthy,’ Zane mocked himself.

It was true that Alexander was so young, yet he was so powerful. His potential in martial arts achievements was simply

unimaginable. Such a person with great skill who butchered fighter realm supreme grand martial arts like it was counting one two three, would never see Zane as his equal.

It was a joke to even think about the possibility of the Yanker family's retaliating. As the head of the Yanker Family, Zane was in no position to hurt Alexander. What more could be expected from the rest of the Yanker family?

Whoever dared to retaliate would eventually die; there was no other outcome.

"I surrender!" Zane was truly convinced. He no longer had the slightest bit of arrogance as he bowed low before Alexander. "I

swear in the name of the ancestors that I will retreat with the rest of the family members. I will never set foot in the Ol' Mare for the rest of my life.

"If I break my promise, I will be destroyed."

Swearing in the name of the ancestors showed Zane's utmost sincerity.

Alexander glanced at Zane. He wordlessly stepped down the top of the train. He was as swift as a bird, disappearing in an instant.

"Alexander..." Zane stood on the roof of the train for a long time, until Alexander was completely out of his sight. Zane seemed to have aged a dozen years after the duel, muttering to himself, 'What an outstanding person. So young and capable! He seems to be Lord of War at such a young age. Who exactly is he....."

On the side of the train...

"We'll be arriving at Ol' Mare soon!"

+15 BONOS

The train sped toward Ol' Mare. The Yanker family sat in a carriage, staring at the landmark signs that appeared along the way,

excited. "Report to the head of the family immediately. Everyone get ready!"

"Right, we'll kill Alexander as soon as we get into Ol' Mare!"

"Show him no mercy! He must die, and we will avenge Uncle Ian!"

Their determined voices echoed throughout the carriage.

Just as the train was about to pull into Ol' Mare, the sound of something exploding was heard.

Above their heads, the roof of the train exploded and a frail figure flew down from the hole in the roof and landed firmly on his feet inside the carriage.

It was none other than Zane.

"Sir Zane!"

"Pleasure to meet you!"

"Uncle, why were you on the roof? I thought you were in the VIP carriage up at the front?"

“Never mind that much! Sir Zane, we’re about to cross the border into Ol’ Mare, and we’re all ready to fight.”

Zane’s eyes swept over the group of Yanker family descendants and thought how ignorant they were. He smoothed his hands over his chest, which seemed to weigh a thousand pounds. He gave an order in a low and hoarse voice, “Tell everyone that we’re going home right now.

“No member of the Yanker family shall set foot in Ol’ Mare for the rest of our lives. Anyone who disobeys this order shall die.”

The Yanker family was shocked to hear the order. They looked at each other in dismay, wondering what had gone wrong.

There were more than 200 of them with powerful martial arts skills heading toward Ol’ Mare. That was known to everyone in the entire northern region and it had caused a huge uproar in the country.

Just when they thought they were about to reach their destination, they were told to turn back and never set foot in Ol’ Mare.

“Sir Zane, why the sudden change of heart? Alexander killed Uncle Ian, and he shan’t be forgiven!

+15 BONOS

Why should we give up now?”

“Yes, we’ve come this far. Wouldn’t we be a laughing stock if we were returned without doing anything? The northern tycoons are watching us!”

“We’ve been living an elusive life for years, and this time, we have let the public know what we’re up to, so we can’t give up now!

Sir Zane, please reconsider. We’re going to have a landslide victory in Ol’ Mare with our combined efforts...”

Zane looked at the presumptuous group, his aged face looking grim. He took a deep breath before speaking again.

“Alexander was here, and I lost to him in one single move! If it hadn’t been for his mercy, I would’ve been dead by now. Do you still think it’s a good idea to go to Ol’ Mare and die there?

“Whoever wants to die, go ahead. I won’t stop you. Otherwise, go home with me!

“The Yanker family...has lost.”

Chapter 0426

The Yanker family had lost.

The news spread like wildfire throughout the northern region.

“Zane led the entire Yanker Family to avenge Ian, but they went home before they got into Ol’ Mare?”

“What happened? Why did the Yanker family refuse visits from all the heads of the families?”

“Aren’t they going to avenge Ian?”

People within the circle of the northern tycoons were speculating about the Yanker

family's decision to retreat from Ol' Mare, but even the top three tycoons failed to probe insider news. Rumors were going around that Zane suffered a big loss in Ol' Mare.

The only person who could make Zane suffer was, of course, that man: The son-in-law of the Chesire family, the uncrowned king of Ol' Mare, Alexander Kane.

"Was... Was it Alexander?"

In an office on the top floor of an office building within the Xanthos Industrial Park.. Callie Xanthos sat in a swivel seat behind her desk, listening to the news that her young female assistant had just passed on.

Her pair of beautiful eyes could not hide her surprise. "Are you sure he defeated Zane?"

The female assistant held a document and playfully stuck out her tongue. "I'm not sure. It's just gossip and Zane himself doesn't admit it. No one can be sure if it's true or not."

"Still, I don't think it's possible. Rumor has it that Alexander is only in his mid-twenties. He can't be able to defeat Zane, no matter how powerful he might be."

"Well, we know Zane. He's the head of the Yanker family, a hallowed fighter realm supreme grand martial. Oh, Miss Xanthos, why are you so concerned about Alexander? Do you know him?"

Of course Callie knew him! She missed him!

Alexander was the only person from the younger generation who could defeat Zane, the man with whom she was once engaged to, the only man she approved as her husband.

"Miss Xanthos, I need to tell you something. Alexander is not a good person." The female assistant put down the document and began to speak in a disdainful tone, "We live in a modern century, but he chose to marry into a rich family for money instead of

working hard! He's a person without dignity. How can someone like him defeat Zane?

"Everyone said that he's inscrutable, but I say he's just a scum. He..."

+15 BONOS

Callie's pretty face sank after hearing her assistant insulted Alexander. 'How dare she say that?!'

"How many years have you been working for me, five or six?" Callie looked at her chatty young female assistant with a grim face.

"You've worked hard all these years. Go to the finance department and collect this year's salary. Never again show up in front of

me.

"Get out of here right now!"

The female assistant was shocked. She turned her head to look at Callie, her eyes

instantly filled with tears. “Miss Xanthos, did I say something wrong? Please don’t be angry, I...”
Callie did not give a second chance. She waved her hand to dismiss the assistant. Two security guards immediately rushed into the office and dragged the assistant away. “It can only be you, Alexander. No one else will do.....” Callie walked to the floor-to-ceiling window, looking in the direction of Ol’ Mare far away. Her pretty face blushed. She stood there for a long time before turning and walking toward the door. “Prepare my private jet. I want to get to Ol’ Mare immediately!” She did not want to wait any longer. She had to see Alexander, the legendary uncrowned king of Ol’ Mare, who had her heart in a chokehold.

Chapter 0427

“Mister Xanthos, Miss Xanthos has gone to Ol’ Mare.”
Callie’s private jet had just taken off. Antonio Kane, dressed in a gray robe, walked quickly to the door of the Kane family’s study and reported in a low voice, “Lately, all the tycoons have been speculating about Alexander’s identity. I’m afraid they’re about to find out if Miss Xanthos is meeting Alexander!”
In the study, Caleb Kane held a thread-bound ancient book in his hands and slowly shook his head. He figured that Callie’s trip to Ol’ Mare was a minor matter; he knew his unworthy son could handle it. The big problem was the mastermind of the conspiracy, the man who had been in hiding.
“Antonio.” Caleb pondered for a long time and finally said in a low voice, “Even I have trouble understanding Alexander’s strength. I have no idea where exactly he acquired those skills during the six years he was missing; not even the Kane family could find out the slightest bit of information. It’s up to him if he wants to reveal his identity or continue to keep it a secret. We don’t have to interfere.

“It’s this mysterious man who needs our attention.”

Antonio’s frail body was startled. He looked serious. That man. Although more than 30 years had passed since the incident, those who had survived that year had remembered it in their hearts and would never forget it. That man had not been in public for more than 30 years, yet they did not doubt that the

man was
in hiding, plotting something.
He was a man to watch out for. Had he started any action, it would be out of control.
Even the
Kane and Xanthos families would have no ability to stop.
“Nowadays, Alexander’s power has begun to take shape and has influenced the
northern region.”
Caleb put down the thread-bound book he was holding and spoke in a low voice,
“Alexander has not revealed his identity so far,
but I’m sure that person might’ve figured out something and is
waiting for an opportunity to make a move.
“Callie’s trip to Ol’ Mare is a good opportunity.
“As long as that person reveals a little information about himself, I’m certain that we’ll be
able to
+15 BONOS
get him out of hiding.”

Antonio’s head remained lowered, his cloudy old eyes slowly narrowing. ‘Where exactly
is this person hiding?’

At the same time, somewhere in the north, hundreds of miles away from the Kane
family mansion, in an ancient pavilion amidst
lush mountains and forests...

A cloaked figure sat on a stone bench inside the pavilion, slowly stroking the mini harp
on a table. He looked at the two black-

clothed men kneeling outside the pavilion and asked, “Did you find anything?”

Outside the pavilion, the two men in black looked at each other and reported in low
voices, “Sir, we heard that Zane led the

Yanker family to Ol’ Mare after Ian’s death, but he returned without success. Upon his
return, he refused to see anyone, so we
were unable to pry for news.

“We’ve spied on the Yanker family, but no one knows exactly what happened. I’m afraid
that only

Zane himself knows the exact reason.”

In the pavilion, the cloaked figure was silent for a moment before speaking softly, “This
time, when Callie travels to Ol’ Mare,

Alexander might make a move. Take this chance, then. You guys
know what to do.”

The two men in black bowed and replied respectfully in unison, “Yes!”

Then, they left.

“Alexander... The Kane and Xanthos families...” the cloaked figure whispered to himself.
His

fingers gently plucked the strings of his mini harp. Soon, the sound of the harp tore
through the silence, channeling invisible
power as dense as a net, cutting down the branches of the
surrounding trees in the dense forest.

When the sound of the harp faded, he was no longer in the pavilion. All that was left

was the withered maple leaf on the stone table where the mini harp had been.

Chapter 0428

That afternoon in Ol' Mare.

After Zane went home with the Yanker family members, New Chesire Group was once again safe and sound. Patrick Chesire and Susanne Braine were happy. They finally felt safe sending Olivia to the kindergarten.

Amber Chesire, on the other hand, was still worried. She sat alone in the office all day because the famous and intelligent northern tycoon businesswoman, Callie Xanthos, was arriving in Ol' Mare. Callie had sent a corporate notification, notifying Amber of a face-to-face meeting.

In the past, Amber would be over the moon if she had the chance to work with the Callie Group. Things changed after Amber found out about Alexander and Callie's engagement. The two were childhood friends, destined to get married when they grew up.

"Acela."

Amber was getting more restless as it was closer to Callie's arrival in Ol' Mare. She finally made up her mind, turned to look at her secretary—Mister Hardy's daughter, Acela—and spoke softly, "Send an official letter to Callie, informing her that the New Chesire Group refuses to cooperate in

any ways with the Callie Group."

Acela was shocked, and she looked at Amber in disbelief. "Miss Chesire, are you kidding me? Callie Group is capable and financially strong with total assets of around tens of billion dollars. They're a business giant from the north! If we can work with the Callie Group, we can easily

establish a foothold in the northern market, you..."

Amber smiled bitterly and slowly shook her head.

She was confident but was not puffed up with conceit. New Chesire Group was growing rapidly but was a young company compared to the Callie Group and the Xanthos family. Their disparity in strength was vast.

Callie had an enviable status as the eldest daughter of the Xanthos family, which Amber could not compare with.

Amber would rather lose the opportunity to work with the Callie Group, rather than allow a better

woman to have contact with her husband. Not when they were childhood friends who were

engaged.

“Miss Chesire, please reconsider.” Acela approached Amber cautiously and reasoned, “Are you worried that the Callie Group will ask for a high margin and steal most of the profits? We can...”

+15 BONOS

Acela froze.

A few meters behind her, the office door was gently pushed open from the outside, and a slim and slender female figure slowly walked in.

It was none other than Callie. She wore a simple and professional suit, revealing her pair of long legs that were straight and without excessive fat. Her hair was pulled back into a short ponytail. She looked young and exuded a strong, innate confidence.

Even Amber envied Callie’s outstanding temperament.

“You’re Amber Chesire?”

Looking at her love rival, Callie kept a straight face as if she was facing a competitor in a business deal. Her perfect and delicate face revealed a condescending aura, “Name a price. I want you to leave Alexander. I can meet any of your demands, and all you have to give up is a man who doesn’t love you.”

Decisive, domineering, and direct—that was Callie. She knew exactly what she wanted and was willing to pay any price to get it.

Acela was shocked. She finally understood Amber’s choice. ‘No wonder Miss Chesire refused to meet with Callie, she turned out to be Alexander’s ex-lover!’

“Miss Xanthos, please be respectful.” Acela was Amber’s secretary and, in private, a close friend. Acela stepped forward and positioned herself between Amber and Callie. “We shouldn’t discuss personal matters at work! If you’re here on business with Miss Chesire, you’re welcome.

“If you are here to steal Miss Chesire’s husband, then I’m sorry, but you’re not welcome in the New Chesire Group.”

Callie was unfazed.

She did not care about Acela. She stepped aside to look Amber in the eye and coldly announced, Callie Group is involved in more than thirty industries, both domestically and abroad. We have a total of twenty-eight subsidiaries and a total of nineteen billion and five million dollars in assets. “Amber, if you agree to divorce Alexander, you’ll be the new owner of the Callie Group.”

Chapter 0429

The temperature in the room seemed to have dropped after Callie made the offer. In the office were Amber, Acela, Callie’s two bodyguards, a few other New Chesire Group bodyguards, and a business manager.

Everyone in the office and the hallway outside the office was dead silent. Those who heard Callie's offer, including the security guards, knew how crazy that was. If Amber accepted the offer and became the new owner of Callie Group, the merger of the New Chesire Group and the Callie Group would be on the front page of the local and international news. The northern, domestic, Ol' Mare, and Zabaleta businesses would be impacted. It would be nothing short of a major economic storm that would shake the industries in which the two companies were involved. Such was Callie's stake in stealing Alexander from Amber. Everyone's eyes were on Amber, anticipating her response. They were likely to witness a historic moment when two women traded tens of billions of dollars

in assets for a mysterious man who married into a wealthy family. Amber calmed down after a moment of shock. "I disagree."

She slowly got up from her office swivel chair and looked firmly at Callie. She showed no hesitation or fear. "Alexander is my husband, my daughter's father. "He is not a commodity; he is not a product. Even if you're rich and powerful, even if you pay a high price, I won't give my husband away. Don't think you can ever steal him from me. "Miss Xanthos, you are not welcome here. Please leave!" Callie took half a step back, still staring coldly at Amber. Callie never made acquaintance with the word 'impossible'. To her, everything could be traded for money, including relationships and people. "Don't be too sure." She turned, walked slowly to the sofa, and sat down. She poured herself a cup of hot tea and cupped the tea gently in her hand. Her posture in the discussion was as if she was talking about a trivial matter that did not affect her much. "I've defeated countless competitors in the business arena, and you're no exception. Nobody can make me leave this office until I meet Alexander. And when he's here, you'll soon understand what

1/2:

+15 BONOS

it means to have no money and no husband. Don't regret it. "Now is the time. Divorce Alexander, and you'll take over Callie Group." Callie stood firm by her stance. She was determined to take Alexander, and she would not give in

easily.

Just when the two women were in a state of war...

"What a crowd we have here. It's so busy in the office today."

A familiar young man's voice came from the end of the corridor, instantly drawing everyone's attention. The smell of gunpowder in the air dissipated.

It was none other than Alexander.

"Alexander!" Callie was startled the moment Alexander appeared. She immediately got up from the sofa. Her eyes swept through

the crowd and down the hallway to the approaching figure, tears welling in her eyes.

Although Callie had not seen Alexander in six years, she recognized him immediately.

His appearance, his voice, his relaxed smile, his confidence; everything about him.

It was him, it had to be him, the Alexander whom she missed. The man she was engaged to.

"Alexander? Do you recognize me?"

Alexander raised his eyebrows slightly, shook his head, and smiled at Callie before walking past

her and toward Amber. He held his wife's hand and smiled warmly at her.

"Who is she? How come I've never seen her before? Amber, will you introduce me?"

Chapter 0430

Alexander's reaction shocked everyone, especially Callie.

Callie looked at Alexander and watched as he and Amber held each other's hands. She felt the judgmental eyes of the crowd on

her, and the tears of joy on her face stopped flowing. 'He..... He doesn't recognize me? How is that possible?'

"This is the Chairman of Callie Group, Callie Xanthos." Amber was equally surprised, but she

introduced Callie to Alexander as requested. "Miss Xanthos wanted to make a deal with me. She wanted to trade the Callie

Group in exchange for me divorcing you-"

"That's enough!" snapped Callie, cutting Amber off abruptly.

She dragged her startled body over to Alexander, looked at him in the eyes, and asked in a trembling voice. "Alexander, you're

lying. I know you're lying! You can't possibly have forgotten

1. me. I am Callie, your Callie!

"I adored you ever since we were kids. You were the apple of my eye! When I was five years old, you told me that you'd take me

as your wife. When I was nine, I fell off a cliff while I climbed a

mountain. You wrapped me in your arms to protect me as we tumbled down the mountain.

"You were injured all over your body, leaving a deep and visible scar on your leg. The doctor said

that the scar would be there for the rest of your life."

Alexander blinked his eyes and smiled apologetically at Callie. "Miss Xanthos, I think you misunderstood."

With that said, he bent and pulled up his pant legs, revealing the strong and smooth muscle on his leg with a broad smile on his

face. "This should be enough to prove that I am not the Alexander you knew. We may have the same name, but I am not him."

Callie's face froze at the sight of Alexander's legs. She recalled how Alexander's legs were covered with scars that even the

best-kept wound-healing medicine from the Kane and Xanthos families could not reduce its scarring. Especially the deepest

one, which, much like their engagement, was deeply imprinted in her heart.

However, Alexander stood before her with smooth skin on both legs.

"You must've had skin implant surgery. That's right, that must be it!" After a brief moment of stunned disbelief, Callie concluded

and could not hold back her tears. "Why? Why won't you admit that you're my Alexander? I knew I had the right person; I won't

confuse you with anyone else."

Alexander lowered the legs of his pants, the smile on his face slowly fading. "Miss Xanthos, have

+15 BONOS

you had enough?"

He looked calmly at Callie and spoke indifferently, "I've already made the arrangements, so I have nothing to do with you. I'll be

nice since you're a lady. I, Alexander, already have a beloved wife, a lovely daughter, and a happy and fulfilling family.

"Even if what happened today wasn't a misunderstanding, even if I am the Alexander you are looking for, I can only regretfully

tell you that you won't get anything from Amber. Till death do us part-this is the kind of relationship between Amber and I have.

Do you understand?"

It was a hard blow. Callie took three steps back, her petite body shaking, and her face drained of any color.

She understood. No matter who he was, he was no longer the Alexander she knew.

That was a fact that could not be changed.

The boy had long since lost the youthfulness of a teenager and was named the uncrowned King of Zabaleta and possibly the

Lord of War who defeated the Tate.

She lost.

"I wish you both eternal happiness and grow old together... I'm sorry." After saying her good wishes, Callie burst into tears, not

caring about the strange eyes around her. She turned and got out of the door before crying her heart out in the hallway.

“Alexander.” Amber’s calm bravado ebbed away slowly after Callie left her office. Holding on to Alexander’s big hand, she whispered in a voice small enough for only two of them to hear, “Why did you pretend that you don’t know her? Aren’t you afraid that she’ll be sad?” Alexander shook his head, his eyes sharp. Reconnecting with Callie would bring no benefits. Instead, it would be to scare the snakes away. ‘That stupid girl. My guess is that she doesn’t know she’s been followed!’

His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar

#Chapter 431 - Read His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar Chapter 431

Chapter 0431

“Callie is out.”

At New Chesire Group building’s ground floor, somewhere around an inconspicuous corner, six black-clad men in a van with a blocked number plate stared intently at Callie as she ran out from the lobby. They were ready to kill.

They had a clear maple leaf tattoo on the back of their neck. The slim man, who was the leader of the group, held a dagger in his hand. The muscles of his small arm were tensed with visible energy surrounding its surface. He was truly a Grandmaster of energy transformation.

“Alexander is upstairs. Boys, don’t act rashly. Let’s get out of here for now.”

The thin man’s gaze was razor-sharp. His gaze followed Callie until she ran into a bulletproof Bentley sedan with her face covered with tears, and they waited until the two Xanthos family bodyguards got into the car. Then, he ordered in a deep voice, “Keep up!”

The van’s engine roared to life. They stayed close to Callie but never more than 200 meters apart. They went after Callie until they were out of Ol’ Mare’s downtown area.

Unknown to them was that not long after they left, a Hummer SUV whistled out of the New Chesire Group’s underground car

park. Ray Storm was the driver. With him were two elite members of the security team. Acting on Alexander’s order, they followed the Bentley sedan and the van at a high speed. They were told to follow the group to their hiding place so they could pull out the person behind the curtain.

“Alexander, is it true?”

Inside the New Chesire Group office, the employees from each department began to leave. Amber’s heart was racing as she

clung to Alexander's arm. "Are you sure that someone is following Miss Xanthos? How many?"

Alexander nodded slowly. Before entering the office building, he had spotted the assassins lurking in the dark. Besides, he could sense the killing intent from a few streets nearby. He suspected there were no less than 50 people involved in the operation.

Those assassins were extraordinary in that they were able to sneak into Ol' Mare without being discovered by George Severn and Ray Storm. If they were local, they would surely be the elites.

"Compared to Callie, your safety means the most to me."

+15 BONOS

With Alexander in Ol' Mare himself, Amber would be safe. Holding Amber's hand, he slowly walked to the floor-to-ceiling

window. His eyes narrowed as he looked down at Ol' Mare City.

He was certain that those people came with bad intentions. At the same time, he was worried that Ray might not be able to handle the group that was after Callie. He made a quick decision to make sure they would catch the bad people that day.

"Amber, let's go!" Without much hesitation, Alexander grabbed his wife's hand and took her with him as he raced out of the office.

He planned to get the assassins while they had their attention on Callie.

As long as Roy could buy him some time, he and Amber would be able to make it in time to wipe

out all the killers.

About half an hour later, about 20 kilometers away from the New Chesire Group building, on the eastern outskirts of Ol' Mare city, an explosion ripped through the clouds.

Callie's Bentley sedan tumbled and flew, its sturdy body twisted and deformed. It rolled in the air a dozen times and fell heavily to the ground, its bulletproof glass shattering and spraying more than 20 meters.

"This is not good!"

A few hundred meters away, Ray in his Hummer looked at the van in front of him from a distance,

his heart sinking. He had not expected that.

Ever since he left the New Chesire Group, he had been closely following the van, never expecting

that those killers had a remote-controlled bomb strapped to the Bentley. It was simply too late to stop them

"Ray, they're getting out of the van!"

In the back seat, Ray's two close friends, Ciro and Cian, were red with rage. "Boss said that we have to make sure Miss Xanthos

is safe. Let's fight!"

Ray slammed his foot on the brake. In a backhand motion, he reached for his sword and stared hard at the six men in black coming out of the van. Gritting his teeth, he decided to go all out.

Chapter 0432

\$15 BONOS

On the highway outskirts of Ol' Mare, a Bentley sedan landed upside-down, thick smoke billowing from its body.

"Miss Xanthos!"

The Xanthos family's two elite bodyguards, covered in blood and torn flesh, held onto the bloodstained Callie tight as they struggled to crawl out of the twisted and deformed windows.

They were grievously wounded, almost out of breath themselves.

The bodyguards had internal energy to protect them, but they could not stop the powerful shock

wave created by the explosion. Their bones were nearly shattered, their internal organs bled, and

they were dying.

Callie, on the other hand, had learned very little martial arts. She had not cultivated vital energy.

Had it not been for the protection of her two loyal bodyguards, she might have died.

Even so, she

was severely injured. Her dress was stained with blood, and her pretty face was pale.

She lay on

the ground simply, unable to get up.

As for her driver, whose body was riddled with holes from shattered glass, he was dead.

"Miss Xanthos, come with us!"

Having just climbed out of the Bentley, the injured trio was surrounded by six black-clad men who

had just gotten out of the van.

The thin leader held a dagger and stared coldly at Callie, who was on the ground. He showed her

no mercy. "You've met Alexander, and you probably know his identity. My master is waiting for

you, and he-

Before he could finish, a long sword with fierce energy surging on its surface charged diagonally

at him from behind. He had anticipated this attack.

It was Ray, who was following them. Ray's first strike was a martial arts technique

Alexander

personally taught him, 'Split the Mountain'.

"They have backup?" The thin man grinned and casually flipped the dagger in his hand, revealing the skills of a Grandmaster of

energy transformation. His dagger was like a poisonous snake, easily dodging Ray's sword, and then slashing horizontally with a backhand move.

Blood splattered everywhere.

Ray's right arm was sliced open, causing him almost to lose his grip on the sword in his hand. His

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arm hung down helplessly, his arm muscles twitching in pain.

The disparity in strength was too great. The thin man was an Apex of Grandmaster.

"Bastard!" Behind Ray, Ciro and Cian swooped left and right, aiming their weapons at the thin man. "Ray, we'll hold down the fort

here. You take Miss Xanthos and go!" They had the same weapons as Ray.

The skinny man sneered. He would never let Ray go. Without asking his subordinates for help, he waved his dagger in the air

and sneered, "Who the hell are you all? You think you can walk out on me? Go to hell!"

he shouted as energy spread through the air.

Ciro and Cian were nothing more than vital energy fighters. They had not even completed their vital energy cultivation. Their

bodies limped like weak straws as they were fiercely attacked by the Grandmaster.

Soon, they were cut into pieces of blood and flesh.

Their weapons did not even touch their attacker's hair. In just one single move, they were

pulverized.

"Ciro! Cian!" Ray's eyes were wide open, instantly red with rage. He was just about to fight the skinny man to the death when

something shocked him.

1

He was surrounded. About 200 to 300 meters away, a total of eight vans came into view. Six black-clad men stepped out of

each van, and the leaders were all Grandmasters of energy

transformation. They surrounded Ray and Callie, leaving them no place to retreat.

"Shane, this is Ray. He works for Alexander."

A burly black-clad grandmaster looked coldly at Ray, who clutched his sword, and commanded, "Let's not waste time and bring

Callie back to master. Just kill Ray."

Chapter 0433

There were eight Grandmasters of energy transformation and more than 40 vital energy fighters.

Ray laughed bitterly as he saw the large group of assassins surrounding him. He knew that he had no chance of escaping alive.

Alexander had cultivated him with great care and personally taught him martial arts

techniques and sword skills. In just under half a year, Ray had quickly risen to the rank of Grandmaster. In no more than three months, he would soon be an Apex Grandmaster.

However, his opponents were far too strong. Even if he risked his life, it would be impossible for him to protect Miss Xanthos.

“Master Howard...I’m sorry for my incompetence. Ciro and Cian are dead, and these men will soon take Miss Xanthos with them.”

He held his sword and looked at the mutilated bodies of Ciro and Cian scattered on the ground. Tears welled in his eyes, but his energy transformation quickly vaporized then before they ran down his cheek. He sneered.

At that moment, he had no fear of death. He was ready to go with Ciro and Cian. Ray took a deep breath and faced his opponents without the slightest fear in his eyes. Miraculously, the wound on his right arm stopped bleeding, his chest swelled, and the depths of his stomach rumbled. The blood

vessels all over his body expanded.

He intended to self-destruct, the most decisive choice with the heart to die with his opponents.

“Fool!”

The skinny man nicknamed Shane looked at Ray’s rapidly expanding Body, the cold smile on his face growing wider. “Self-

destruction takes time. Do you think we’ll give you a chance?”

He let out a sardonic laugh. “Brothers, strike together and send him to hell!”

Beside him, the other seven Grandmaster assassins swung their daggers simultaneously. Their movements were almost

identical, drawing a straight cut in the air and aiming sharply at Ray’s limbs and torso.

With their strength, it would take less than half a second to kill Ray.

Just as the eight daggers were about to pierce Ray’s body, a loud cry scream rang out.

“Die!”

+15 BONOS

Alexander arrived. About 500 meters away, his big red Porsche was fast as lightning, speeding down the suburban road.

The roof of the Porsche was open. Alexander’s left hand gripped the steering wheel while his right thumb and forefinger were

bent. His eyes were on the assassins not far away as he released his flexed fingers.

It was Wyverna’s traditional martial art, Energy Sword Finger.

The inner power-filled sword element visible to the naked eye moved like a high-speed Barrett

sniper rifle, its speed far exceeding a real sniper warhead. It instantly enveloped all the assassins

in less than a tenth of a second.

Blood splattered everywhere as their heads exploded. The eight Grandmasters and 48 ultimate level vital energy fighters had no time to react, their bodies maintaining the coherent movement of stabbing the daggers in their hands. Their daggers were only a small distance away from Ray, but they could not go any further. Between their eyebrows, there was a thumb-sized hole with blood seeping out. The power carried by the energy Sword was phenomenal, destroying their skulls, nerves, flesh and blood, and brain marrow.

Alexander destroyed a total of 54 assassins in a single move.

“Boss!” Ray finally saw Alexander. Tears streamed down his face as he pointed to Callie beside

him. He was a burly man, but he was kneeling on the floor, bawling. “Miss Xanthos is fine; she only suffered minor injuries. But...

But... Ciro and Cian were killed trying to protect me. They’re not even left with their whole bodies!

“I’m incompetent. My failure cost them dearly! Boss...please kill me.”

Alexander stopped. He did not even look at Callie, who was still lying on the ground. Instead, he raised his hand and gently patted Ray’s shoulder quietly.

He took a few steps forward, slowly inspecting the bodies of the assassins. His eyes narrowed as he noticed the maple leaf tattoo on them.

On the back of the assassins’ neck was a maple leaf tattoo, the exclusive symbol of the Black Maple Organization. The last time this was seen was 30 years ago.

Chapter 0434

News of the Black Maple Organization was limited within Wyverna.

30 years ago, they made a secret move that turned all the northern tycoons against them. After a fierce battle, the northern territory was reorganized. Since then, the organization had chosen to live an elusive and mysterious life, with no one knowing its whereabouts.

Unexpectedly, they resurfaced, planning to murder Callie Xanthos.

“Ray.” After inspecting the corpses of those assassins, Alexander withdrew his gaze and turned to the grief-stricken Ray, saying

in a low voice. “Send Miss Xanthos back to the northern region, and then return.”

Ray was startled. Looking at Ciro and Cian’s mutilated bodies, he could not help but burst into tears. “But sir, Ciro and Cian...”

They were killed in the line of duty.

Alexander took a few steps forward and waved his right hand gently, his inner power whistling and churning. He collected the pieces of Ciro and Cian and solemnly said, “They deserve a proper

burial.”

That afternoon, at the Xanthos mansion in the north.....

“This is outrageous!”

The head of the Xanthos family, Ywain Xanthos, looked at his stunned daughter in pain. Then, he bellowed, “Who the hell dared to attempt to assassinate my daughter? Find out the truth at all costs. I want to know the perpetrators. I’ll avenge Callie and make their lives worse than death!”

Two armed guards from the Xanthos family bowed to Ywain before rushing away.

“Father, there’s no need to check...” Pale-faced Callie recalled every detail of the

assassination attempt and how cold Alexander

had been to her. Her gaze was somber for a moment before she said, “He examined

the bodies of those assassins, notably the

back of their necks. They all have a

maple leaf tattoo.”

Ywain’s expression changed slightly but quickly returned to normal. He did not want to discuss the topic any further but instead

asked in a low voice, “You’ve seen him? Isn’t he that boy?”

Callie knew who his father was asking about. The eldest son and grandson of the Kane family, Caleb Kane’s son. The same one

who was her childhood friend, Alexander.

“Not him,” Callie replied bitterly.

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+15 BONOS

If he was her childhood friend, he would be more friendly to her. On the contrary,

Alexander merely got Ray to send her home

after the horrible incident that almost took her life.

Callie could see that Alexander’s attention was always on Amber. He was her husband, not her friend, Alexander.

“Is that so?” Ywain stared into his daughter’s eyes as if he could search for an answer in them. After a long time, he slowly let out a sigh of relief. “Since it’s not him, then forget it. That child is unlucky. Maybe he’s long...”

His gaze became morose and he said in a deep voice, “Callie, New Chesire Group cannot be excused from being responsible

for this assassination! If Alexander only had the same name as that child of the Kane family, there would be no reason to worry.

“In the name of the Xanthos family, I will publicly declare war on the New Chesire Group for the aggression my daughter has suffered. I will demand revenge!”

Callie was shocked but soon regained her composure.

Somehow, the idea of declaring war...was not a bad idea.

‘Alexander, there must be a reason why you refuse to recognize me. No matter what it

is, I must prove to you that the Chesire family can never be as good as me. I, Callie Xanthos, will beat Amber in the business world, fair and square, and get Alexander back!

Chapter 0435

It was the next morning when Ray returned to Of Mare City from the north.

Ciro and Cian's funeral was held at noon at Ol' Mare's funeral parlor.

There were ones who earned their names after death. Both of them worked at the New Chesire Group's Security Department,

which George Severn and Ray Storm led. They were not the best. not even core members of the security team, but they were

the only brothers who had sacrificed in the line of duty thus far.

They valiantly obeyed Alexander's orders, even until the end.

"Ciro and Cian weren't even married. Their only relatives were their parents. Their

father, a cripple, couldn't get a wife and was

only able to find a woman in his forties. Blind as she is, she became Giro and Cian's mother..."

After the funeral, Ray held Giro and Cian's urns with teary eyes. "Sir, I'd like to take a leave off work to send Giro and Cian's

ashes back home to his parents.

"Fallen leaves return to their roots; I believe this is probably what they wished for. Also, here's some pension for their folks."

Alexander nodded slowly.

In the last five years when the northern region was at war, the Temple of War conquered all areas, causing countless men and

women to spill their blood on the front line. Their bodies were never left in foreign lands.

It was Alexander who took their bodies

back to their hometowns for burial.

Giro and Cian were not members of the Temple of War. Still, they were no different.

They were all subordinates of the Lord of

War, and they were brothers by oath who braved through life and death together.

"Let's go."

Alexander patted Ray's shoulder and turned to walk out of the funeral. He, the Lord of War, would give Giro and Cian a proper

send-off.

At 3 p.m. on the same day, at the southwestern border of Tormora, in a countryside village called Fighters Valley.....

The traffic was extremely congested, and the mountain road was windy. Cars with a low chassis could not go on the road there,

so only high-performance off-road vehicles were used to climb the road. It was the most remote area in the country.

+15 BONOS

The people who lived there in the village were gray-haired oldies and kids left with grandparents when their parents worked in

the city. The environment was great without industrial pollution; it had lush green mountains and clear water.

Boom! The wooden door of a small farmhouse was kicked open from the outside, and four or five thugs with cigarettes in their mouths and daggers around their waists, strutted in.

“Y–You guys...”

The farmhouse owner, Tom Carey, limping on his right leg, looked at the cracked wooden door in anger. “What are you doing?

I’ve said it several times. It is not for sale!”

He refused to sell the family’s land, even though these thugs had visited Tom several times in the last half a month or so.

There were plans to develop the mountain area and build a resort to boost tourism in that area and increase revenues for the

country. The payout for the land acquisition was very generous.

According to the provisions of the local law, each acre of land would be compensated for at least 30000. Tom had six acres of

land, which qualified for a total of 180000 dollars. However, the group of thugs offered to buy all six acres of land at the price of

900 dollars. That was daylight robbery!

“We’d probably not visit you this many times if your two sons were home, but they haven’t come back for years, haven’t they?

They’re probably dead!”

The leader of the thugs picked up two peanuts from the ground. He chewed a few times and spit them out, complaining of their bad taste.

He sneered at Tom. “How can you two, a cripple and a blind, possibly work on the six acres of land? If you think nine hundred dollars is too little, I’ll top up three dollars!”

“You’re dreaming!” Tom picked up his broom and limped a few steps forward, furious.

“My boys Ciro and Cian are out there earning big money and living well! I’m waiting for the compensation from the government, and I’ll build a house for them to get married.

“The government announced that we’d get thirty thousand dollars for every acre of land!

“You want to buy my land for just 900 dollars? Don’t even think about it!”

The leader of the thugs laughed. He had no respect for the cripple man and blind lady in the house.

He waved ruthlessly. “I knew that these two old hags wouldn’t sell their land! Let’s not waste time, brothers. Get them!”

Chapter 0436

Some of the thugs rushed forward at the order. A couple of them raised their feet and kicked hard, knocking Tom to the ground,

while the others rushed into the house, dragging the blind old lady into the yard and

kicking her.

The frail old lady howled in pain when she was knocked to the ground. "Tom! Are you alright, Tom?!"

"Don't give it! They can beat us black and blue, but you can't sell the land! We have to save it for Ciro and Cian, build them a house so they can get married!"

The leader of the thugs narrowed his eyes, enraged at the stubborn old couple. He motioned to his follower, his look turning violent. "Get the knife and stab him!"

A follower fiercely drew the dagger from his waist and stabbed Tom's stomach viciously. It all happened so fast, in the blink of an eye.

"Stop!" A low, hoarse roar came from somewhere above the small farmhouse.

It was none other than Ray.

Holding two urns with black curtains covering their surfaces, his lanky stout legs slowly stepped apart. He walked to the center of the courtyard.

He looked at Tom who had fallen to the ground, and then at the tearful and blind old lady, his bloodshot eyes growing redder.

Those were Ciro and Cian's parents, the parents of his beloved brothers. These lowlives dared to harass them. These thugs deserved to die!

"Whoa!"

The leader was caught off-guard by Ray's shout, and he jumped at the sound. He turned his head to look at Ray, and then at Alexander standing behind Ray. He laughed.

His name, Big Bob, was known in villages near and far. He knew the two men were not locals, and they were digging their own graves by messing with the wrong guy. How dare they try to make him stop?

"F*ck you!" spat Big Bob. He pointed at Ray and Alexander, then spoke proudly to his followers, Brothers, we must get Tom's six acres of land. Anyone who stops us will die! Get those two brats-

*15 BONOS

He did not get to finish what he wanted to say.

Standing behind Ray, Alexander looked grim. He wasted no time listening to Big Bob's nonsense. He acted so quickly that his figure became blurred.

Big Bob lost sight of Alexander before he felt his cheeks stinging, due to a flurry of smacks by Alexander. His teeth were broken, and blood spurted from his mouth. He was sent flying and landed four to five meters away from Alexander's slap.

"This man is full of it, Ray," scoffed Alexander. "Cut off his tongue!"

Ray nodded and set aside the two urns he was holding. He lunged forward and grabbed Big Bob's tongue, ripping it out of his mouth.

It proved to be a disgusting sight as the appendage was torn. Big Bob, who had been alive a moment before, gurgled meaningless syllables without a tongue. It was not long until he collapsed to the ground. His limbs twitched for a few moments before his head tilted to the side.

He died.

"Is... Is he dead?"

Beside him, his followers realized what had happened. Their legs and feet were turning to jelly, and they were terrified. "Run, let's get out of here! Brothers, run!"

Chapter 0437

Ray and Alexander would never spare the thugs, who all ran and screamed for dear life. Ray, like a mad lion, pounced on them and knocked out all four punks one by one.

"You..."

Tom struggled to his feet, then rushed over to help up his blind partner. He looked at Alexander, who was beside him, and then at the two urns not far away.

He froze. It felt as if lightning had struck him.

The surface of the urns was covered with a curtain, so he could not see the black and white photos of Ciro and Cian on the urns.

However, just by looking at the urns, he could guess what was under the curtain.

He knew both Ciro and Cian, his dearest sons, were dead.

In the courtyard, the four punks had their limbs broken by Ray and were dropped next to Big Bob's body.

"I'm sorry."

Alexander bowed slowly, picked up the urns from the ground, and apologized to Tom.

He handed the two urns to Tom, his voice

solemn and mournful. "Mr. and Mrs. Carey, Ciro and Cian are good men. I..."

Alexander intended to express his sorrow for their loss.

Tom's frail body shook as he tried to hold back his cries. He put a trembling finger to his lips and turned his head to look at his

blind wife.

Ciro and Cian's mother was blind, so she could not see her sons' urns and had no idea they were dead. Tom thought he could

keep it a secret from her and let her think that her sons were alive and well out there, even if it meant that she would never see them again.

"Ciro and Cian...have found a very good job."

Alexander had guessed Tom's thoughts. He gently put the urns aside, stepped forward

to support the old lady's arm, and said softly, "Missus Carey, Ciro and Cian had gone abroad to enjoy their blessings. They'll also be starting a family abroad.

"Not to worry. Every month, they'll send regular money to you both so that you can live a comfortable and good life."

1/3

+15 BONOS

The elderly lady was thrilled to hear that her two sons were going abroad to start a good life. She stroked Alexander's arm.

"Young man, are you a friend of theirs? Did you just beat up Big Bob's gang? You got yourself into a lot of trouble... You can't mess with them! They..."

Alexander silently shook his head, his heart slowly letting out a long sigh.

He vowed to take good care of Ciro and Cian's parents so that the two sacrificed men could rest in peace in heaven. He silently

promised the brothers that their parents would never suffer again under his care.

About half an hour later...

After having regained his composure, Tom clutched the urns of his two sons with tears running down his cheeks but never let out an audible cry. He had decided to spare his wife's heart and lied about the news of his son's death.

Alexander motioned to Ray, and they bowed to the old man before leaving the small courtyard streaked with bloodstains.

At this point, Big Bob's corpse had stiffened. The four punks with twisted arms and legs were tied up by Ray and thrown next to the body, the crotches of their pants stained with feces and urine. The stench was overwhelming.

"Who the hell are you?!"

They were badly injured, and the blood at the corners of their mouths had dried up.

Their fear had turned to anger, and they

hissed at Alexander and Ray, "You'll pay for killing Big Bob! You'll get the death sentence when you go to jail, you—"

Alexander's arm swung out violently, his inner power whistling in the air as he struck the left side of this punk's face so hard that

his cheekbone shattered and collapsed. The punk fainted instantly.

"Who else has something to say?"

He looked at the other three punks with a straight face ominously. No one dared to look the Lord of War in the eye. He was

condescending; he had the stern intention of killing.

The three punks trembled like chaff, not daring to make a sound in sheer fear.

No human could have such terrible eyes. They were just some rogue punks rampaging through the countryside. They simply

could not imagine the existence of such a terrible, ruthless person outside of their little world.

“You... Where is your territory?”

After a short period of dead silence, another punk finally opened his mouth to ask, “Me... No, we

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+15 BONOS

are under Tyler, Tyler Daykin! He’s the biggest contractor in the county and the developer of the tourism project!

“He’ll never forgive you for killing Big Bob! You...”

At this point, Alexander was tired of his nonsense.

“Ray.” He turned his head to look at Ray and spoke quietly. “Untie them, and let them go back to deliver the message. I want

Tyler Daykin here within an hour.

“Otherwise, there will be consequences.”

Chapter 0438

Tyler, of course, knew nothing of what had happened to the punks.

At that moment, 30 kilometers away in Vienna County, Tyler was lying next to the swimming pool of his mansion with a sultry girl

in his arms, eating imported mangoes. He was having the time of his life.

“Tyler, when are you going to start the tourism project? Have the villagers taken care of it?” The sultry girl lay on Tyler’s chest

and giggled. “I heard a man called Tom from Fighter Valley has six acres of land, but he just won’t sell it. You have to do

something; you can’t keep dragging it out like this.”

Tyler raised his eyebrows and gave a cold smile. Tom?

“You think I can’t handle a cripple and a blind woman?” Tyler took a bite of mango from the girl’s hand, took his phone from his

side and pouted his mouth with disdainful eyes. “Wait, I’ll call and ask. Jacob Roth should’ve done it by now!”

Tyler’s obese fingers tapped the phone screen a few times and called Jacob.

In less than five seconds, someone answered.

“Tyler!” Jacob’s voice came through vaguely on the phone. He sounded nervous. “I was just about to tell you that something

happened over at Tom’s side. Things are screwed up!”

Tyler’s expression changed slightly, then quickly returned to normal. He pushed away the girl in his arms aside and asked coldly,

“What’s going on? Speak up!”

Jacob’s voice was lowered on the other side of the phone, sounding cautious. “I didn’t think this matter needed much caution and

let Big Bob take his boys to do the deed, but then I heard that they got into trouble. Big Bob’s tongue was cut off, and he died on

the spot, while his remaining followers were all seriously injured, with broken hands and feet! There's more, there's..."

There was more?

Tyler's fat face sank as he said, "What else? Don't stutter, say it!"

On the other end of the phone, Jacob confessed, "A—Also, the offenders were arrogant.

They demanded that you come to them

in an hour or you'll 'suffer the consequences'."

Tyler's silence was replaced by boisterous laughter.

Hilarious! It had been a long time since he had heard such a funny joke.

+15 BONOS

Who in Vienna County dared to threaten him, Tyler? Who dared to warn him of the

consequences if he disobeyed? The

audacity. These folks must have had a death wish!

"You said there were only two of them?" Tyler reached for his cell phone, the smile on

his face widening. "Weren't they going to

defend Tom? Tch. Alright, then. We'll see.

"They killed Big Bob. Why would they think I won't dare kill them? Bring your bulldozer

and level the land for me. I'll be

responsible if anyone gets killed! If there is an accident during construction, all we have

to do is pay a few dollars. Understood?"

With that, Tyler hung up the phone.

Bulldozers, leveling the land, and construction accidents...

Jacob's mind was racing. He looked down at a couple of punks lying on the stretcher,

moaning constantly. Suddenly, he shouted,

"Come on guys, drive the bulldozer and come with me!"

On the other side of Fighter Valley...

Ciro and Cian's urns had been buried in the public cemetery of Fighter Valley. The

cemetery was filled with graves of all sizes.

The surrounding pines and cypresses stood tall, and the forest wind

whistled.

"Mister, I am sorry for your loss." Tom's wife was not there, so Alexander was allowed to

speak freely. He looked visibly pained

as he held Tom's arm and whispered, "I will arrange a place for you both to live in Ol'

Mare.

"Someone will take care of you so you can both enjoy your retirement. With this, Ciro

and Cian can

rest in peace."

Tom cried aggrievedly in front of the graves. His frail body bent slightly, his voice

muffled by his crying. "Mr. Kane, I appreciate

your good intentions. We've never been to the city in our lives, we're happy to retire

here. We can still live in the old house, I—"

All of a sudden, a man in his fifties from his village ran toward them with his hand

grasping a

small bench. Panting as he ran, he shouted, "Tom, hurry. Go home, quickly! Your house is being bulldozed!"

Chapter 0439

Bulldozers roared along the rugged village road in Fighter Valley, the gravel surface of the road rustling and shaking, the bricks of the houses on either side of the road shaking.

Most of the houses in the mountain village were built of red brick. Tom's house had been built decades before. The gray earthen wall of his small courtyard was built with stone and mud. Most of the structure of the walls had been shaken off a lot of dust and ash before the bulldozers arrived.

"Stop! Don't do it!" A large group of villagers shouted at the bulldozer from outside the yard,"

Tom's not home, and his wife is blind. You can't run down his house like this!"

"Even if you want to level his land, at least wait for Tom to come back and get his wife out of the house! You're killing people; you'll go to jail!"

In the bulldozer cab, Jacob fiercely gripped the joysticks. "Scram! Get out of my way, or don't

blame me for being ruthless. You deserve to die!"

The bulldozer was like an unstoppable steel monster crushing the villagers in front of it. The well-meaning villagers were too afraid to fight the bulldozer, so they quickly moved aside

before the bulldozer drove right through them, aiming for Tom's yard.

Just as it was about to hit the yard wall, someone quickly appeared, almost out of nowhere.

A figure flashed from the intersection on the road to the village, instantly appearing in front of the bulldozer at an unimaginable speed. It looked as if the figure casually slapped the steel bucket of the bulldozer.

It sounded like a light slap, but it was enough to shake the bulldozer's internal mechanical structure. Its body and parts made creaking extrusion noises, its body twisted and deformed, abruptly stopping its forward momentum.

Alexander's palm shattered the huge six-ton body, and the diesel engine with thousands of horsepower froze.

"F*ck!" Jacob, piloting the bulldozer, was scared to death and jerked his head back at the dozen-or -so punks behind the bulldozer. "What are you waiting for? Don't we outnumber him? Get on, get on!"

The dozen or so punks were terrified. They had made a name for themselves in the county, had seen all the big and small

scenes, and even met a handful of vital energy martial artists. They could face three or four ordinary people without any problem.

+15 BONOS

However, the man in front of them could smash a bulldozer with the palm of his hand. That kind of power was beyond their comprehension and imagination!

“Damn it! What have I been feeding you for? When it comes to the crunch, you just chicken out!” Jacob glared at the punks

viciously. He jumped out of the bulldozer’s cab, grabbing at his waist and gnashing his teeth. “Damn it, you think you’re all powerful because you know martial arts or something? I don’t think you can stop bullets!”

As he spoke, he drew a small black pistol from his waist, aimed it between Alexander’s eyebrows, and immediately pulled the trigger.

Alexander shook his head slowly. “Are you Tyler?” He stared into Jacob’s eyes, ignoring the gun in his hand and the group of punks behind him. “The tourism development project is yours? Everything is under you?”

Jacob froze slightly, but his finger remained on the trigger. “Of course. You’re a foreigner, so you don’t even know Tyler!” He smiled sardonically. “If you want to see Tyler, try again in your next life! If you don’t want to enjoy your life in the city, go to the mountains or something. If you want to die, well, I’ll gladly sort that out!” His finger hooked, ready to fire a bullet.

“I want to see Tyler, not you.”

The moment the bullet was fired, Alexander opened his mouth. As he stepped aside, the whistling head of the bullet brushed past his shoulder. His right hand reached out like lightning and easily snatched the small black pistol from Jacob’s hand, then his wrist vibrated.

The small pistol with its precise structure disintegrated into a pile of metal parts, as well as the five bullets in the magazine, clanking and falling all over the place.

Jacob’s jaw dropped. He was speechless and shaking.

This guy could take apart a bulldozer, dodge bullets head-on, and flip his wrist to disassemble a firearm.

Jacob wondered if the front of him was human. This man was a devil!

“Ray.” Alexander turned his eyes away from Jacob and spoke quietly to Ray, who arrived later. For every loser here, break one of their legs and throw them out of the village.

“As for Tyler, since he refuses to come and see me, I’ll go to him.”

Chapter 0440

Ray obeyed Alexander's order and immediately acted on it.

Neither Jacob nor the other thugs could escape the fate of having their right leg snapped. They

were then thrown far from the intersection at the head of the village.

These weaklings had no business talking to Alexander.

"You stay here and take care of the village." Alexander then nodded to the kind-hearted villagers and shot off like a shooting star, heading straight for Vienna County.

About 20 miles away in the Vienna district, by the private swimming pool of a small villa.

Tyler put on a robe and wrapped his arms around the girl beside him. His fat body rippled and undulated, and together, they walked to the upstairs bedroom.

"You must buy some jewelry for me after the deed is done, Tyler." The sultry girl giggled and planted a kiss on Tyler's face. "I just watched a little movie and learned some new poses I'll show you when we get upstairs..."

As she said that, she raised her head to look at the second floor. All of a sudden, she froze.

"Aah!" she screamed. "T-Tyler, someone is up there!"

Tyler was startled and unconsciously looked up, only to realize that it was Alexander.

On the second-floor balcony of the villa, Alexander had his hands behind his back, standing on the edge of the balustrade in front of the balcony. He looked down at Tyler like he was looking at an ugly ant, his gaze indifferent.

"Where are the bodyguards? Where are the people?!" Tyler's heart pounded as he turned his head violently and let out an angry roar into the courtyard of the villa. "What are you all doing? Someone broke into the villa, are you all blind?!"

There was no answer.

There were a total of six bodyguards in the villa, all of them professional security guards that Tyler had hired from the city at a high price. They had not even sent out a single alarm signal and had already been knocked out by all of Alexander.

"No need to call the bodyguards. They're already asleep, but they'll wake up after six hours." Alexander's tone was flat as he added, "I gave you one hour. Unfortunately, you've already

+15 BONOS
exceeded the time limit.

"Do it at your own risk.' You should be aware of what that entails."

So, it was him.

Tyler reacted. He finally realized Alexander's identity, and his heart no longer panicked.

He tilted his head with a sneer. "You're the foreigner who helped Tom and killed Big Bob?"

Alexander made no comment, his voice as calm as ever. "I have a question for you as well. If you disregard the villagers' right to live in the community, how much money can you make?"

Money? Was he in it for the money?

Tyler's eyes snapped to life as he laughed boisterously. "Hahaha! I knew it, there's no fool under the sky who just works and doesn't eat! Since it's for money, it's okay!"

He wagged a finger at Alexander mockingly. "Since you were able to sneak into my villa quietly, foreigner, you're probably skilled.

In that case, I'll give you one hundred and fifty dollars. In turn, we won't cross each other's territory, and the fact that you killed Big Bob can be written off. How about that?"

Alexander smiled.

150 dollars? Tyler did not dream big after all. Then again, Alexander understood. After all, Tyler was only a small county punk.

He had no idea about the real rich and powerful community.

"Too little?"

Tyler misunderstood Alexander's smile. His eyebrow raised again as he picked up on something.

"Do you also want a piece of the cake from this project? Kid, the truth is, I'm not afraid to tell you that the resort project has long had a big boss who decided to invest. I'm just running the errand."

"Humor me, even if it is a lie. What would you do in front of those big bosses? Do you know Old Mare City? The big boss who invested in the project was the one who made the rules in Ol' Mare."

His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar

#Chapter 441 - Read His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar Chapter 441

Chapter 0441

+15 BONOS

Alexander would have laughed if Tyler mentioned any other city, but he brought up Ol' Mare instead.

The core of the whole of Tormora, more important than the provincial city, the heart of several surrounding coastal cities, the headquarters of the New Chesire Group, and also his base camp!

"Ol' Mare..." Alexander slowly chewed these two words, exhaling a long breath from the second-

floor balcony overlooking the smug Tyler.

The good and the bad people were mixed up.

Ol' Mare had long been built into an iron city, becoming a forbidden place in general, where absolutely no outside forces could penetrate.

"Who wants to build a resort here? Who found Tyler such a snake in the ground? Who is it that is so stupid?"

"I happen to know some people in Ol' Mare."

He looked at Tyler, the corner of his mouth slowly curling into a playful smile, and said quietly,

Tell me the bigwig supporting you, and I might know them too."

Oh? Was there such a coincidence?

Tyler was stunned, and his eyes narrowed slightly again. "Since you know I have someone in Ol' Mare, how dare you still be so arrogant? You can't afford to mess with my boss!"

"Is that so?" The smile on Alexander's face widened. "Now that you have the time, why don't you

call your boss and tell him that my name is Alexander?"

Alexander? Tyler frowned.

His brain searched for the name, but he could not remember such a person. He became even

more arrogant and laughed hideously at Alexander. "Well, boy, you want it, so you'll get it. So

much for a death wish...

"Today, I'll teach you that there are better people out there and there are higher mountains!"

With that, he gave Alexander a vicious glare before turning back to the side of the pool, picking up the cell phone next to the

lounge chair and quickly dialing a number. In less than ten seconds, the call was smoothly connected.

"Mister Godfrey." Tyler held the phone with a smile. "It's me, Tyler! We're going to build that resort

+15 BONOS

over in Fighter Valley! Those unruly people aren't cooperating, though, so I used a little trick...

"Right, right, at most one or two people's lives, a small matter! However, there was one ungrateful brat who came to my side to

cause trouble, and he also said that he knew someone in Ol' Mare. Oh, he just told me that his name is Alexander-

Ol' Mare's Mister Godfrey hung up.

"Huh?" Tyler, slightly stunned, looked down at the cell phone in his hand. He was a little hesitant and called another mogul. "Hey,

Mister Remnant, it's Tyler!

"I need you to assist me in something. Do you know that there is a person in Ol' Mare named Alexander? This person wants to get involved in our resort's business, and he also wants to get me! 1-" This phone call ended quicker than the last! Tyler even heard the sound of a gush of air from the receiver.

"Ugh..." Tyler froze and looked up to see Alexander standing on the second-floor balcony. He hardened his heart and called Mister Remnant again.

"The number you have dialed is temporarily unavailable..."

Tyler persisted and called again.

"The number you have dialed is—"

Tyler called several times but could not reach the bigwigs. He was sweating profusely, holding the phone and shaking slightly.

"Just those two?" On the second-floor balcony, Alexander jumped and landed lightly in front of Tyler, his mouth slightly open. "If you can't find someone more respectable, then don't call again.

"In Ol' Mare, there are many bigshots with the surnames Remnant and Godfrey, but none of them can meet my eyes.

"Even if I kill you in front of them, they'll only applaud. They won't dare ask for mercy for you!"

Chapter 0442

Tyler's expression finally changed when he heard Alexander's words.

He was arrogant and overbearing. However, after just the two phone calls, the reactions of Mister Godfrey and Mister Remnant were like two ticking time bombs, making Tyler's heart race like crazy.

Why did they hang up at the mention of Alexander's name? That was not a coincidence!

"You, don't make me!" He grabbed the phone, gritted his teeth, and glared at Alexander.

"I'm telling you, do you know why Ol'

Mare is called the Forbidden Land? It's because of the Chesire family and the New Chesire Group! I have connections in the New Chesire Group!"

This was Tyler's biggest trump card.

The predecessor of the New Chesire Group, the Ol' Mare Severn Group, the youngest of the Severn family, George Severn, was the biggest investor in the project.

"New Chesire Group?" Alexander's gaze turned cold, and his voice lowered. "Go and make that call, then, Tyler. Let's see who

exactly is backing you up. If you dare to lie, I'll make you regret coming to this world. I'll make sure that being alive is far more terrifying than being dead!"

Tyler's body shook violently. He was sure that Alexander would strike him if the next phone call failed him. As to what the means would be, he did not even dare to imagine.

“Mister Severn will answer, surely...” He held the phone, his fingers shaking as he operated the cell phone screen.

After ringing about eight times, the call finally connected.

“Mister Severn!” Tears fell from Tyler’s eyes as if he had met his savior. “Hello, I’m Tyler from Vienna County! You probably haven’t heard of me, but I’m the project manager of the resort. I’m the one running the project for you!”

At the same time, more than 400 kilometers away in Ol’ Mare City, George sat in the living room of the Severn Mansion, his face and tone equally serious. “Tyler, right? I think I remember you.

“Regarding the compensation for the land acquisition for the resort, it must be in strict accordance with the compensation standards, and the villagers must never be made to suffer.

“Besides, is this village called Fighter Valley? This is my brother’s hometown. They died in the line of duty. My elder brother personally...”

Speaking of which, George’s voice wavered slightly, and he suddenly stood up from the sofa.

172. 172.

+15 BONOS

With Boss and Ray gone, George was in charge of the New Chesire Group and the Chesire family’s security.

When Boss and Ray went to Ciro and Cian’s hometown, Fighter Valley, George received a call from Tyler.

“Tyler.” George’s heart sank, and cold sweat ran down his forehead. “Why did you call me? Did something happen over there in Fighter Valley? Out with it.”

On the other end of the phone, Tyler’s obese body shook violently. His face had lost all color.

Mister Severn’s reaction was strange after brought up Fighter Valley.

He could barely keep a smile on his face, and the smile was worse than crying. “Mister Severn, there is indeed a small matter.

there is a person named Alexander who claims to be...”

Alexander, his superior.

George’s body shook, and he almost fell to the ground. He forced himself to calm his mind, his voice squeezing through the gap between his teeth as he clenched his jaw.

“Where is Mister Alexander? What exactly did you do? Did you insult him?”

“The guy with Mister Kane is Ray, a good friend of mine. And Mister Kane... Boss is my most respected friend, the king of Ol’ Mare!”

Chapter 0443

George's voice, like an explosive dynamite, rang in Tyler's ears.

Tyler had insulted George's most respected friend, the king of Ol' Mare.

Ol' Mare was known as the Forbidden City because there was a mysterious uncrowned king, far above the mayor. Someone like

Tyler was not qualified to know the identity of that king.

In a twist of fate, that uncrowned king was Alexander, the young man in front of him.

"George." At that moment, Alexander spoke in a low voice, slowly picking up Tyler's cell phone. "I

need an explanation.

"If Ray and I hadn't arrived in time, Ciro and Cian's parents would've died, and the blood would be in the hands of none other than Tyler."

George was shocked.

A few months ago, he had financed the purchase of the Baltimore Mansion and given it to Amber's family to improve security.

Recently, he also arranged for the construction of a resort, just so that Alexander and Amber could relax in their spare time.

He had never expected the damned guy, Tyler, would break the law and use the resort project as a front to harass the villagers.

Worse, Tyler almost killed Ciro and Cian's parents!

"Boss!"

George gripped his cell phone tightly, he was remorseful, his voice indescribably ashamed. "This matter, it was my fault for not reporting to you. You and Amber are busy at work, so I think it's just a small thing, it's not worth your energy, so... I'm at fault, please punish me, boss!!"

Tyler's cell phone was on speaker and George's voice was clearly in Tyler's ears. Tyler was shocked!

At this point, no matter how ignorant he had been before, he no longer doubted his earlier speculation.

The Alexander before him was the master of the forbidden city Ol'Mare, someone above George.

No, there had long been rumors from Ol'Mare that George was an executive of the New Chesire Group, the most trusted henchman of the king of Ol'Mare!

"Hiring the wrong person, of course it's your fault."

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+15 BONOS

After listening to George's explanation, Alexander's anger finally subsided, his face relaxed slightly, and he said in a deep voice,

"So what if you make a mistake? Good thing we change after realizing our mistakes!"

"Tyler is the person you hired, I expect a proper explanation from you!"

After that, Alexander hung up the phone and threw it at Tyler's feet.

Boom!

Tyler stiffened, a wave of coldness jumping from his heels to the top of his head, and he fell straight to the floor, dizzy.

He understood what Alexander had meant. The King of Ol' Mare had already pronounced his death sentence before him, to be executed by George himself.

That was Tyler's ultimate fate, death for sure!

When Alexander returned to Fighter Valley, the sun had set.

Two limousines from Ol' Mare were parked next to each other in front of Tom's house.

The two big bosses of Ol' Mare City, Wayne Godfrey and Dominic Remnant, were kneeling beside the tires of the cars, trembling and full of remorse.

Both were investors in the resort project!

What Tyler Daykin was doing in Fighter Valley, they had nothing to do with it, they didn't even know exactly what evil things Tyler

was doing to the villagers, but they already knew from Tyler's phone call that Alexander was offended! The last person in the

world they wanted to mess with was the uncrowned king of Ol' Mare.

"Get up."

A young figure walked slowly into the village entrance, looked at the two bosses kneeling on the ground, and spoke faintly,

"Those who don't know don't sin, although you're guilty, you're just being kept in the dark by Tyler."

"George will be here soon to give the villagers an explanation. As for you both, stay and pacify the villagers, give everyone the compensation they deserve, make up for your mistakes, and ask the villagers for forgiveness."

Wayne and Dominic raised their heads at the same time and looked gratefully at Alexander who was standing in front of them.

"Thank you Mister Kane for your mercy. Thank you Mister Kane!"

Alexander shook his head slowly and waved gently to Ray, who was not far away.

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They had solved the issues at the village and it was time to return to Ol' Mare.

Investigating the Black Maple Organization was the most important thing at the moment!

Chapter 0444

At the New Chesire Group headquarters, perched on the top floor of a skyscraper in Ol' Mare, the General Manager's office was a beacon of light against the night sky.

Alexander had been gone for just a day, but in his absence, the Xanthos family had launched a full-

scale economic assault. Distributors were bailing left and right, and the company's ambitious

push into the northern territories hit a brick wall. Industry insiders were betting against them, predicting that under the Xanthos family's crushing pressure, New Chesire Group's days in the cosmetics game were numbered. However, the tables turned in a way no one saw coming. Facing down the Xanthos juggernaut, Chesire Group did not just hold the line—they doubled down, announcing a press conference to unveil a new product line. They were playing for keeps. From the C-suite to the shop floor, everyone at New Chesire Group rallied to meet the Xanthos challenge head-on. "A company like this," a seasoned journalist commented, "either fades into obscurity or rises to legendary status, reshaping the business landscape." That hot take went viral, sparking debates across the web. Amber's star was on the rise, too. Her popularity was climbing, inch by inch, until she was

outshining Callie.
"Amber's ready to fly solo."

Outside his office, Alexander watched through a sliver of an open door as his wife worked with precision and focus. Pride was written all over his face, a sentiment he could not—and would not—hide. Over the previous year, Amber transformed in the eyes of everyone. Gone was the timid girl once easily pushed around, she became a titan in the business world, unafraid to take on any challenge. Alexander slipped out of the office without a word to Amber, setting off alone on a flight to the formidable Yewspire Mountain. Yewspire Mountain, the Yanker family's northern fortress. The secrets of 30 years past were locked away, out of reach for the average Joe. Even the dusty archives of the Lord of War had gaps too wide to bridge with time. However, the Yanker family was a different story.

13

#15 MEAS

Yewspire Mountain was not just any stronghold, it was the cradle of northern martial arts, the heart of power for factions far and wide. Even with the Yanker family out of the spotlight, they were bound to hold the keys to the martial world's mysteries,

To peel back the layers of the "Black Maple Organization," a journey to Yewspire Mountain was a must!

In Regulus Windsur, the once-mighty social forces dwindled, Civilian martial arts masters, on the other hand, were a dying breed, Giants in the field like Zane were as rare as a shooting star in daylight.

Since the Yanker family stepped back from the limelight, they faced endless challenges, Yet, no one managed to stand toe-to-toe with Zane for more than ten rounds.

That fateful trip to Ol' Mare, where Alexander took down Zane in a single move, had cast a long, dark shadow over Zane's life

and the Yanker family's legacy.

Whispers in the martial arts circles had it that the Divine Ape Backbreaking Fist was all flash, no substance; and that Zane, hailed as a martial arts titan, was just a paper tiger.

Rumors swirled that Zane was past his prime, and with no one to carry on the Yanker family legacy, they were facing their darkest hour in a hundred years.

"They can't live up to their storied name. The Yanker family is finished!"

Right there, in front of the Yanker family's hall, a man built like a tank was howling with laughter.

Scattered at his feet, a dozen Yanker family youngsters were a mess on the ground, writhing and screaming in agony, clearly badly beaten.

"You think you're on par with the Southern Fist?"

The towering man, his fists shimmering with a reddish-gold aura, sneered down at the Yanker family members, "Has the Yanker family really fallen this far? Where are all your champions? I want Zane!"

With a creak, the hall's main doors swung open. There stood Zane, clad in a simple gray robe, flanked by 10 Yanker family

Grandmasters, stepping out to meet the challenger's gaze.

Zane's spirit was undiminished by age. It might be undeniable.

Even a martial arts heavyweight like Zane, who tried to hide his power, radiated an intensity too overwhelming for the average

person to bear. The burly man involuntarily stepped back, his expression turning grave.

+15 BONOS

The sheer force of Zane's presence was enough to tell him he was outclassed.

"The head of the Yanker family still has the vigor of youth, I'm in awe," he conceded.

Damian gave Zane a slight bow, a mocking smile playing on his lips as he straightened up. "I know my place, and I'm no match

for the Yanker family head," he said, his sneer deepening. "But let's be real—I'm just in my thirties, and the head of the Yanker

family is way past his heyday. Is he really going to pick on someone younger?

"Tell me, is there anyone in the Yanker family's younger set, or heck, anyone in Regulus Windsur, who can take me down with even a single move?"

Chapter 0445

Zane's face darkened as Damian's challenge hung in the air, but he could not come up with a comeback.

The next generation had failed to live up to expectations, their skills lacking. Damian Habeck was a force to be reckoned with—a Southern Fist prodigy who had mastered kickboxing in Alstonberg and dominated the underground fight scene, claiming the title of Demon King in seven weight classes.

In Wyverna, his strength was unmatched by the Yanker family's sorry excuse for a younger generation.

"Times change, and new heroes rise," Damian said, his fists clenched in a show of power. "Face it, Yanker family head—you're getting old! If your young ones can't beat me, it just means your Divine Ape Backbreaking Fist is history. You've got no business leading the martial arts alliance anymore.

"Just hand over the alliance ruler's token. It's time."

Zane's weathered face twitched with barely contained emotion. His hands locked behind him, his nails pressing painfully into his own skin. He knew he could take down Damian with ease, but the kid was part of the younger generation—it was their fight, not

his. He could not be seen as the big guy picking on the little guy.

"Forget it!"

He shook his head slowly, his right hand lingering over something hidden in his clothes before

pulling out a golden token, the mark of the martial arts alliance leadership.

'Alliance ruler' was boldly inscribed on one side, with a sketch of the Regulus Windsur landscape

on the other. He examined it briefly, then sighed—a sound of resignation.

He tossed the token toward Damian, who was practically glowing with anticipation.

"Patriarch!"

From behind, 10 of the Yanker family's Grandmasters were seething, itching to jump into the fray.

"Are you all so eager to be seen as bullies?!" Zane's voice was a thunderous growl.

"The

Patriarch's decree is absolute—no one touches Damian! If he's got the guts to take the token, then

we've got the guts to win it back!"

The Grandmasters stood there, their faces twisted with shame, as they watched the token arc

+15 BONOS

through the air, heading straight for Damian's eager hands.

All of a sudden, a figure sliced through the air.

A shadowy, swift silhouette darted by, a gust of wind on a calm day, moving too fast for the eye to follow. It was whisked by

Damian. With a soft 'snap', the story took an unexpected turn.

The martial arts alliance token, glinting with golden light, was snatched up with ease by the mysterious figure.

“Huh?!”

Of everyone there, Zane had the most formidable strength. His eyes squinted just a bit, and he was visibly taken aback.

Was that him?

The young powerhouse who had boldly stepped in on top of the train, knocking him out with a single move, the renowned

Alexander, the so-called king without a crown of Ol' Mare?

“Head of the Yanker family.”

Alexander's presence was unmistakable, casually flipping the alliance token in his hand.

He shot Zane an aloof smile. “I hope my

dropping in unannounced hasn't caused any trouble for the Yanker family.

“And it looks like the Yanker family has its fair share of problems, having to give up the alliance ruler token just like that, huh?”

Zane was about to retort when the 10 Grandmasters behind him were already seething with anger.

They had tagged along with Zane to Ol' Mare, only to come back empty-handed, the

butt of jokes among the elite of the north—

all because of Alexander. They had not even settled the score from before, and he had the nerve to waltz right in?

What was Alexander up to? Was he there to wreak havoc, just like Damian had?

“Looks like you all got the wrong idea,” Alexander remarked, his gaze drifting across the faces of the ten Grandmasters.

With a shake of his head and a wry smile, he turned to Damian and said in a low voice,

“You were saying that no one in the

younger generation of Regulus Windsur could beat you, and that's why you're after the Yanker family's alliance ruler token?

“Am I even worthy to challenge you?”

Chapter 0446

That guy... He was no ordinary fighter!

A muscle in Damian's eye twitched as he locked eyes with Alexander, sizing him up in a heartbeat.

Alexander had burst onto the scene with a downright chilling speed, on par with the legends of the fighter community's

Grandmasters. Could Regulus Windsur really boast such a young prodigy among their ranks? Damian knew he could not afford to underestimate him.

“Did you come for the alliance ruler's token, too?”

His hands balled into fists, his left foot stepping forward, right leg bending into a ready stance. A surge of internal energy flowed

from his core, racing through his veins and invigorating every muscle. His arms tensed, a soft golden glow emanating from them,

a testament to his near-legendary prowess.

The pinnacle of the Grandmaster's ultimate level.

To have reached such heights at barely 30, he stood out as a titan among his peers in

the martial world.

“You think you can spar with me? You’ve got the chops!”

Damian squared off, his presence radiating a lethal intent that felt almost tangible. “Just so you know, the combat techniques I’ve

mastered are all about the kill shot, never missing their target.

Anyone who falls to me faces only death!”

Chilling words, indeed.

Yet, Alexander’s grin never faltered. His left hand casually flipped the alliance ruler’s token, and

without bothering to get ready, he simply extended his right index finger and beckoned to Damian

with a taunting flick. “Come at me. And make it quick, I’ve got places to be.”

The audacity!

Damian’s eyes blazed with fury as he let out a thunderous roar. His right foot slammed into the ground, the kickboxing

techniques he had honed at Alstonberg propelling him forward with explosive speed. He hurtled toward Alexander like a bullet

from a gun.

His legs moved in a blur, his velocity skyrocketing with each step.

In a blink, he closed the gap between him and Alexander, his body a mere blur, a ghostly silhouette racing through the air. His

right fist, trailing flames and light, seemed to burn with the friction of his speed.

.
+15 BONOS

He unleashed his ultimate move, the Earth–Shatter Strike.

It was a punch so fearsome, so filled with raw power, that even half a meter away, Alexander could feel the crushing force of the

wind, like a bomb had detonated in the space between them, ready to blast him with unstoppable might.

“Fast, precise, fierce–this is getting interesting.” Alexander murmured with a wry smile.

He reached out with a languid grace, his

voice a whisper, “In the ranks of Wyverna’s youth, you might stand among the top twenty. But against me? You don’t stand a

chance.”

Thud!

The sound was dull, heavy.

Damian’s devastating punch, which seemed like it could break through anything, was effortlessly stopped as if it had crashed

against an unyielding mountain. His fist hung in the air, halted by an unseen force, inches from Alexander’s palm.

The verdict was clear–there was no contest.

A Grandmaster at his ultimate level was nothing before the might of the Lord of War. "You... You're beyond supreme grand martial... You're a Martial Overlord!" Damian's face twisted in shock, staring at Alexander in disbelief as if he were a monstrous being. He unleashed a punch with everything he had, a blow that would make even a novice Overlord back down. This kid, on the other hand, just brushed it off like it was nothing. Achieving that was no longer within the realm of the supreme grand martial, and even the heavyweight ultimate level would have been utterly impossible. Only a Martial Overlord standing at the peak level of a fighter could have possibly accomplished it. Those who surpassed Martial Power, who commanded their own domain in the "Unity Level"? They were the stuff of legends, the kind of titans who could be crowned Lords of War. He could not even fathom reaching those heights. "It doesn't matter how strong I am. What matters is, you've been beaten." Alexander pulled back his right hand, toying with the alliance ruler token in his left, a sly smile playing on his lips. "So, you still think you can lay a claim to this token?"

Chapter 0447

Still thought he could lay a claim to the token?

Not anymore.

In Regulus Windsur, the ranks of fighters were tightly guarded fortresses. From energy transformation Grandmasters to supreme grand martials, from Martial Overlords to Unity Lords of War, each new level was a leap across a vast gulf of power.

In the ranks of Wyverna's armed forces, a master of energy transformation could rise to war

general, but it took a supreme grand martial to earn the title of Baron of War.

Zane, an old-school bruiser with the Divine Ape Backbreaking Fist in his arsenal, could be an example. Even though he was in the dominator league, he had a shot at being dubbed a Duke of War.

However, to be a bona fide Duke of War, they had to be in the Martial Power league.

The four big shots, the Lords of War of Regulus Windsur, were on a whole other level—the 'unity'

level. They had their own turf. In it, they were unbeatable.

If there was anyone above the Lords of War in Regulus Windsur, well, that was still a mystery.

However, for then, in the world of martial arts, the Lords of War were the top dogs.

Martial Power

took the crown when the Lords of War were off the scene.

Damian would have never guessed, not in a million years, that that kid, barely into his twenties,
was a Martial Power who had made it to the unity level!

‘I’m no Martial Power...’ A thought crossed Alexander’s mind.

With a chuckle and a shake of his head, Alexander gave Damian a calm stare. “If you play your cards right, you could hit the dominator level by forty. Stick to your training, and by sixty, reaching Martial Power isn’t out of the question.

“But for now, trying to grab the martial arts alliance token is just embarrassing yourself. Better to

let the elder Zane hang onto it.”

With a subtle flick of his wrist, the token soared through the air.

The alliance ruler’s token flew from his grasp, landing softly in Zane’s hand.

“To bring shame upon oneself...”

Damian mulled over Alexander’s recent words, his face losing its smugness as he suddenly

+15 BONOS

bowed deeply, his voice laced with unmistakable shame. “I am grateful for the lesson.

You’ve won

me over, completely.”

He offered a deep bow to Zane and the ten Yanker family Grandmasters behind him, then turned

on his heel and left with long strides without a backward glance.

True to his word.

Remaining would only add to his humiliation. That young man had shattered his pride, in Alexander’s presence, he was but a stumbling infant, light-years from the zenith of a true fighter.

“Alexander...”

Outside the Yanker family shrine, Zane clutched the alliance ruler’s token, his expression shifting, his feelings a tangled web.

He had already given Alexander credit for immense strength during their rooftop duel on the train, pegging him at the pinnacle of

dominance, but even that had been an understatement.

Alexander’s actual might was that of a Martial Overlord, at the very least.

Such youthful mastery of martial prowess... It was downright chilling.

Behind Zane, the ten Yanker family Grandmasters shared his astonishment, struggling to grasp the reality of the moment.

Their whole lives, they had dreamed of one thing: to shatter the ceiling of Grandmaster and rise to the ranks of martial arts

heavyweight! Yet there stood Alexander, a young man of merely 25 or 26, who already made leaps and bounds down the

fighter’s path.

Given their abilities, becoming a Martial Power was a feat they never achieved in their lifetimes. In plain terms, they never kept pace with Alexander, let alone overcome the 'King of Ol' Mare'. That was not hyperbole—it was a stark, unyielding truth.

"Mister Yanker."

The Yanker family's ancestral hall fell quiet once Damian departed. Alexander brought his hands together in a polite gesture and got straight to business. "I've come to ask for a favor. I'm hoping you'll be open with me and help clear up some confusion."

Zane's eyebrows quirked up.

Sure, Alexander had stepped in to save the Yanker family's status in the martial arts alliance. However, to ask for their help without so much as a 'please'?

What kind of manners were those?

Even for a young Martial Power, such arrogance was unbecoming.

+15 BONOS

"Zane, just a martial arts heavyweight, can't offer much to someone like Martial Power!" His expression soured, and with a grunt, he said, "Martial Power, unless there's something else, the Yanker family plans to keep to themselves, away from the world's eyes. I'm sorry, but I can't help you. Goodbye." With those words, he turned to head back into the ancestral hall.

"Such a fiery temper won't do you any favors," Alexander remarked with a knowing smile as he watched Zane storm off.

"Listen up, Yankers, let's play by the rules! If any one of you can handle just one move from me, I'll walk away, no strings attached. Otherwise, you'll answer my questions, and it's not a polite ask- it's a hard demand!"

Chapter 0448

Zane felt like he was about to explode at Alexander's words.

The audacious Martial Power, challenging the Yanker family? That was just plain bullying!

Last time, his loss to Alexander had gone unnoticed, sparing his reputation. However, a public challenge from Alexander then?

He had no choice but to accept, and the outcome was painfully clear. The Yankers would be crushed, no two ways about it.

Complete and utter defeat.

The news spread like wildfire, north to south, tarnishing the Yanker family name. Their once- mighty stature crumbled, and the vultures of high society might just have swooped in for the kill.

It was a merciless tactic, and there was no way out. No answer meant stepping into the ring.

"What's your question?!" Zane spun around, glaring into Alexander's eyes, his breath heavy with tury. "Say it. If I've got the answer, I'll give it to you straight, no holding back."

'If only you'd been this cooperative from the start,' mused Alexander. The smile on Alexander's face slowly disappeared as he leaned in and whispered two words, "Black Maple." "Black Maple?" Zane's body tensed for a moment, his breath evening out as he mulled things over in silence.

Finally, he spoke up, his voice measured, "If you were asking about anything else, I might have

some answers for you. But when it comes to Black Maple, all I can say is that they're shrouded in secrecy and tangled up with many social powers.

"Their leader, their setup—it's likely only the folks on the inside, and I mean the top brass, have any clue."

He paused, taking a deep breath before continuing with gravity, "But I promise you that if I get my hands on any intel about Black Maple, I'll get it to Ol' Mare straight away. Does that put your mind at ease, Alexander?"

Alexander remained quiet for a beat, then gave a small nod.

Zane was probably telling the truth.

Black Maple was cloaked in too much mystery. Even the intelligence outfits under Walganus Capital's Dragon Court and Regulus

Windsur had only bits and pieces about the northern turmoil
+15 BONOS

from three decades back—nothing substantial on Black Maple.

Still, with Zane's word, the investigation ahead might just smooth out. The Yanker family were the big fish in the northern pond, with eyes and ears everywhere. The play then was to wait; making a move too soon could scare off the prey.

"Alright, we have an agreement."

With that thought, Alexander gave a respectful bow and announced, "Mister Yanker, till our paths cross again."

He then spun on his heel and strode out of the Yanker family hall, his steps swift and determined.

The moment he was off Yewspire Mountain, Alexander headed straight back to Ol' Mare.

In just a day, the place was buzzing with tension, everyone on high alert.

"Unbelievable!"

At the New Chesire Group's headquarters, in the glass-walled conference room that

crowned the skyscraper, Amber's jaw was set in a hard line, her face a storm of fury.

"Business is about fair play, about competing on a level field. So why are there those who insist on playing dirty, on taking cheap shots in the dark?"

The room was filled with executives, each one wearing a grimace, their minds racing for solutions

that just would not come.

That was not some local Ol' Mare hiccup. That was a full-blown crisis from the north!

Chasing after fame and fortune was just part of the human game. Some played it straight, others played it sly. For example, the

Xanthos family had put the squeeze on New Chesire Group. It set off a chain reaction, with every no-name company out there

jumping at the chance to do the Xanthos family's dirty work.

In a mere three days, New Chesire Group's shipments had hit roadblock after

roadblock. The business partners they had so painstakingly secured were then cut by more than half.

Amber had tried to outmaneuver the chaos, but even she could not right that capsizing ship. The

real kicker? Their carefully crafted supply chain had been shattered with brute force.

Shipments that should have been dockside were then in lockdown.

"They're saying we have to bail out our own people, and the price is the northern market. If we

don't back off..." Amber's voice trailed off, her lips a tight line.

213

+15 BONOS

Holding on to the northern market was a pipe dream. They had three days before the

'New Chesire *name would trigger a death sentence for their captive workers.

Chapter 0449

The mood in the room was grim until a familiar, buoyant voice broke the silence. "Looks like you've hit a snag." Alexander said

with a grin as he stood at the conference room door.

It was Alexander. Fresh from his trip to Yewspire Mountain, he made a beeline for the company, arriving just in time for the crisis

meeting.

"Mister Kane!"

"It's really Mister Kane! Mister Kane is back!"

"Alex..."

Seeing Alexander, the executives' spirits soared, their anxiety melting away like morning fog.

He was Miss Chesire's husband, the head of security for New Chesire Group, and the man they called the king without a crown.

His presence alone was a testament to the belief that no problem was too great when

he was involved—a belief that had never been shaken.

He had the track record to prove it, earning him the title of Ol' Mare's true king.

"I'm up to speed on the Xanthos family issue." Alexander announced as he strolled into the room, gesturing for everyone to take their seats again. He chuckled softly, "Leave this one to me. You can all breathe easy."

Just like that, the tension that gripped the room evaporated.

With Alexander's assurance, it felt like they could weather any storm. The Ledger family debacle? Alexander handled that with ease. That time would be no different.

"Alex, what's our move?"

Amber's gaze rested on her husband, her eyes soft with affection despite the crowd of executives around them. "Rabaldiston's the key to the north's freight network. It's a battleground, crucial for both local and international interests.

"Our people and our products are stuck there, thanks to the other side..."

Amber did not need to finish; Alexander got the whole picture.

Rabaldiston was not just any city. It was the linchpin of the north, its docks a gateway for the

group's northern branches, which depended on the sea for their raw materials.

The seizure of their ships, the detention of their crew—it was like severing New Chesire Group's

lifeline. With the branches inoperable, the financial hit to headquarters was staggering.

+15 BONOS

"Existing products won't cut it if we want to keep our foothold up north."

After a moment's thought, Alexander said, "We've got two ways out of this mess. First, we rush to craft skincare and health products that fit the northern clientele like a glove.

"Second, we free our ships and our people. We tackle both fronts at once—everyone has a part to play. Let's get to it!"

The executives rose as one, nodding respectfully to Amber and Alexander before scattering to their posts, ready to innovate once more.

As for that second front...

Alexander had made it clear—he was going to step in himself.

Rabaldiston was a place of power, a jewel covered by all. To the south, it held sway over three vast seas, to the north, it

stretched across nine provinces. A land of historical conflicts, its worth was beyond measure. Even a sliver of its wealth could prop up a faltering noble house.

That was why Rabaldiston was a magnet for the elite, a playground for the powerful,

and a melting pot for everyone from the farthest reaches of the land and beyond. The city's social fabric was a tangled web of alliances and rivalries.

The Green Gang, Redford Sect, Tri-Union, the Mafia—they were just the tip of the iceberg. Countless local players, too, held their ground fiercely.

Among them, 'The Little Knife Society' stood tall, a force to be reckoned with.

In the thick of it all, at Rabaldiston's bustling docks, a wiry man with a metallic glint at his hip surveyed the cargo ships. He turned to the man before him, the one they called president.

"Vicenzo, do we really need to spare any of New Chesire Group's goons? Wouldn't it be simpler to just wipe them out?"

Chapter 0450

The man in question, Vicenzo Batson, was the Little Knife Society's rudder in those troubled waters. His name was a byword for cunning, his connections a web that spanned from the city's elite to its humble street sweepers. Even the fishmongers served as his eyes and ears, his network was as deep as it was wide.

Ever since the Xanthos family challenged the New Chesire Group, he had been eyeing that shortcut, corralling a crew to hijack

New Chesire's cargo ships, all to get in with the influential Xanthos family.

"Mister Batson!"

On the freighter next to the wharf, a businessman was bound hand and foot, his neck rigid, his expression defiant. "You planning to off us?!"

"It's easy to take us out, but you better think about what comes next! Our boss Miss Chesire's husband is Mister Kane, the kingpin of Ol' Mare without a crown! If you kill us, Mister Kane will come after you, and your whole Little Knife crew will go down with us!"

Vicenzo, belly bulging, chomped on his cigar and blasted a plume of smoke right in the businessman's face.

He knew exactly who that suit was.

A top dog at New Chesire Group, the guy in charge of logistics, Afred Sabine.

"Do you have a death wish threatening me like that, Mr. Sabine?" Vicenzo plucked the cigar from his lips, standing tall on the dock's edge.

He loomed over Afred, a wicked grin spreading across his face. "I gave New Chesire Group a three -day ultimatum, and it's been

two with no peep from them. Their goods are still up north in the market.

"You get what that means?"

The New Chesire Group had written them off long ago, never planning to leave the north, completely indifferent to their fate.

“Is it really worth risking your necks for them?”

Afred stood there, his neck rigid, not uttering a word.

Behind him, the entire crew and staff from the three freighters stood in solidarity—the captain, the first mate, the cook, the

cleaners, and the ship’s doctor... Over 120 souls, all under the New +18 BONOS

Chesire banner.

Abandoned or not, they would not turn their backs on New Chesire and Mister Kane.

Loyalty—that was the virtue they held dear.

“You folks are stubborn, aren’t you? Won’t admit it until you’re in deep trouble!”

Vicenzo, with a cigar clamped back between his lips, gave the employees a chilling once-over before gesturing dismissively.

“Enough talk, boys, let’s get down to business!”

“Break their hands and toss ‘em to the fish! And the cargo on these ships? It’s going straight to the Xanthos family—a little welcome present from us!”

In a flurry of motion, more than 50 of Vicenzo’s goons, each gripping a shiny alloy dagger, sprang onto the deck, ready to pounce on Afred and his crew.

Just then...

“Vicenzo, Mister Batson.”

A young man’s voice cut through the harsh sea breeze, crystal clear and unexpected. “I hear you’re quite the social butterfly,

Vicenzo. I’m curious—will your so-called friends be there to save you today?”

Vicenzo’s bulky frame shuddered, and he spun around on instinct.

Alexander!

The guy in front of them was rocking a laid-back suit with some snazzy sneakers.

Trailing him

was a tough-looking dude with skin tanned to a deep brown. Word on the street was that he was

the infamous King of Ol’ Mare, Alexander.

The burly guy bringing up the rear had to be Ray.

Just the two of them...”

Vicenzo squinted, his eyes darting over Alexander and Ray before scanning the area to confirm

they were alone. He could not help but wonder.

Could Alexander and his buddy Ray really think they would pull off a rescue with just the two of

them? Were they that cocky, or did they have an ace up their sleeve?

“Guys, fall back!”

He held off on making a move, instead gesturing for his crew of over 50 to regroup at the dock. Then, he turned back to

Alexander with a wicked grin. "I've heard the tales of Ol' Mare Alexander's

+15 BONOS

prowess. However, those words you just dropped, I must've missed them!"

"Looking to take me down? Say it again, I dare you!"

Alexander just shook his head.

He had said his piece. Whether Vincenzo caught it was his own problem. They had found the ship and the crew, so there was no

point in more chit-chat. Anyone who messed with the New Chesire Group was in for a world of hurt.