

# **His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar**

## **#Chapter 451 – 455**

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#### **Chapter 451**

Chapter 0451 Alexander shook his head.

Where was he going with that? Vincenzo kept his eyes glued to Alexander, not showing an ounce of respect for the so-called 'King of Ol' Mare'.

The moment Alexander's head stopped moving, Vincenzo's hefty frame surged forward, launching off the dock.

Like a bolt from the blue, he landed with a thud on the cargo ship's deck.

The short knife, made of a sleek alloy, was drawn in a flash, its chilling edge pressed threateningly against Afred's neck.

Hostage situation!

With Afred as his leverage, Vincenzo's confidence soared. He threw his head back and cackled at Alexander. "Haha! I know you're tough as nails, Alexander, but you're not the sharpest tool in the shed! "Don't kid yourself, thinking your sniper's got me spooked. Sniper or no sniper, I'm not scared! I've got all the time in the world to slit Afred's throat before a bullet can even graze me!" Afred stood frozen, the chill of the blade on his neck warning him not to move a muscle.

"Mister Sabine, don't sweat it." Alexander leaned casually against the dock's edge, his gaze sweeping over Afred and the rest of the crew. His voice was calm and even. "If he so much as ruffles your hair, I'll take a

finger. If he chips a tooth, I'll snap a bone.

"You're part of the New Chesire crew. I got your back." By what right? Clutching the alloy knife, Vincenzo threw his head back and roared with laughter. "Alexander, do you really see yourself as some kind of unbeatable warlord? Even the mightiest warlord can't do everything! I've got the upper hand with the guy here, so what's your move? "This is Rabaldiston, home turf of the Little Knife Society! "Sure, in Ol' Mare, the New Chesire Group might mean something, but here in Rabaldiston, you're just small fry!"

He shot a piercing look at the lean man on the dock. "Mateo, it's time! Alexander, Ray, each of you take out an | arm! And if you even think about fighting back, I'll slice Afred's throat in a heartbeat!" With a rush of movement, Mateo and the Dagger Society's 50-

plus members charged, their battle cries filling the air as their alloy daggers whipped up a storm of silver flashes, descending upon Alexander and Ray.

"Ray, they're all yours." Alexander stood his ground, his eyes calmly fixed on Vincenzo on the deck.

"You're using a hostage to threaten me, right? Well, Mister Sabine's neck is right there at the mercy of your knife.

Try me." As the words left his mouth, Ray

already unleashed his fury. Newly advanced to the Grandmaster level and armed with techniques taught by Alexander himself, he made quick work of Mateo and the gang.

His blows sent them flying like rag dolls, their bodies thudding to the ground with sickening crunches.

One by one, they fell.

In no time, over 50 thugs, Mateo included, were sprawled out without so much as grazing Ray's jacket. Broken limbs, caved-in chests, blood, and bits of viscera spewed forth in a gruesome spectacle.

"This is insane..." Vincenzo stood on the deck, eyes wide with shock, as his men writhed and howled on the dock. With his dagger

pressed threateningly against Afred's throat, he bellowed at Alexander, "Don't you care about Afred's life? Tell Ray to stop now! "If he doesn't back off this instant, I'll cut Afred's throat without a second thought!" Still, was it that easy to cut someone's throat? 2 Alexander's face remained impassive, his gaze on Vincenzo as distant and detached as if he were staring down a ghost. "Remember what I told you just now? "You have the blade. You think you can slice through Mister Sabine's throat? Give it your best shot."

Chapter 0452 "Alexander, have you lost your mind?" Vincenzo snapped mentally.

Vicenzo's eyes locked onto Alexander's with a fierce intensity. He took in the sight of his 50-odd men strewn across the dock in disarray and steeled himself.

This was it. It was then or never.

He took out Afred, then dove into the sea to make his getaway. Growing up by the shore had made him a strong swimmer.

Once he was in the water, he would rally his crew, and they would make sure Alexander paid with his life.

"This is on you!" he bellowed, his grip on the alloy knife tightening before he brought it down hard toward Afred's neck.

That was the end.

In that instant, it did not matter if they were Afred, one of the 120 New Chesire Group employees, or even Ray standing on the dock—all instinctively shut their eyes.

They all knew Alexander was a force to be reckoned with, but Vincenzo was not the head of the Little Knife Society for nothing. His arm was sheathed in an invisible force, a clear sign of a seasoned fighter who had mastered his vital energy.

The knife was at Afred's throat, and it would take less than a blink to sever it.

With more than 20 meters between

Alexander and Vincenzo, the situation was dire. There was no one, no way, to snatch Afred from the clutches of Vincenzo's deadly blade.

Not even a pre-arranged sniper could act in time.

Alexander did not need a sniper.

As Vincenzo's knife flashed in the sunlight, Alexander moved—a simple step forward. Yet, in that motion, he seemed to grow larger, to stretch and warp the very space around him, casting a momentary haze through the air.

He had entered the fighter's unity level, unleashing the Lord of War domain.

Within 50 meters, the fierce sea breeze stilled as if hushed by an unseen force.

The churning waves below smoothed into a gentle lull. Time itself stretched, elongating every movement, every breath, as if the world had slipped into a slow-motion reel.

In that domain, conjured in the blink of an eye, life's tempo was lost.

All but Alexander's.

He stood unchallenged within his domain, lightly hopping off the cargo ship's deck. He effortlessly plucked the alloy dagger from Vincenzo's grasp and tossed it into the sea's embrace before springing back to the dock.

Whoosh! The domain dissipated.

The rescue and the confrontation were over in less than a heartbeat.

Alexander, then facing a stunned Vincenzo, offered a wry smile. "Care to try that again?" Vincenzo froze. A chill sliced from his scalp to his heels, his body as if encased in ice, his mind void of thought.

What had just occurred? A mystery to all.

Vicenzo, Afred, the crowd of over 100 employees, and even Ray were dumbfounded.

All they knew was the dagger had disappeared from Vincenzo's hand, and Afred's neck remained untouched without a scratch.

Such was the might of Alexander's domain, the pinnacle of the fighter's unity level, the undisputed strongest Lord of War on the globe.

"No, this can't be happening. I was just dreaming..." Vincenzo stood on the deck, his world spinning, as he stared at his empty right hand in disbelief.

His dagger had disappeared! One moment it was clenched in his grip, and the next, it was gone, like a fragment of some wild, unbelievable dream... Had Alexander done that? Was he even human? That was beyond the realm of human possibility! "Alexander!" Shaking off his daze, Vincenzo glared at Alexander with wild eyes, shouting, "I don't care how powerful you are, you'll never break me! I have allies in the three great northern houses, all over

Rabaldiston! Lay a finger on me, and you'll regret it..." Alexander did not waste his breath on a ranting fool.

Why bother with such a nobody? "Ray." With a casual flick of his hand, Alexander decided Vincenzo's grim fate.

"Teach him a lesson he won't forget.

Maybe he'll do better in his next life."

Chapter 0453 Vincenzo was dead.

Ray had shattered his bones and sent him flying into the ocean. His body floated away, swallowed by the waves, disappearing forever.

"Mister Kane!" The ropes had been cut, and Afred and his companions climbed the gangway to the dock, bowing deeply to Alexander. Their gratitude was obvious on their faces. "We owe you our lives, Mister Kane. We'll never forget what you've done for us." They were all from the New Chesire Group. Saving them was simply the right thing to do.

Alexander casually gestured for

everyone to ease up on the formalities and leaned in with a hushed tone, "Other than the Little Knife Society, who else is eyeing the New Chesire Group with bad intentions?" Alfred paused, looking frustrated.

Being held captive by the Little Knife Society meant he was out of the loop, but his trips to and from Rabaldiston had given him a few leads.

"Rabaldiston has its fair share of sneaks. Since the Xanthos family challenged New Chesire Group, there's been a lot of shifty characters getting antsy." He thought it over, then sidled up to Alexander, speaking in a low voice, "I can't say exactly who's plotting, but word of Vincenzo's demise is bound to spread like wildfire. Once those rivals

catch wind that Mister Kane is in town, they'll make their move." Alexander's eyes twinkled with approval as he sized up Alfred.

He understood. The world was full of those who kissed up to power. Those rivals might not avenge Vincenzo, but they would surely stir the pot to get in good with the Xanthos family.

The Xanthos family might not have even given them the time of day, but that did not stop them from trying.

Some folks just did not have what it took to be decent.

"Time to smoke out the snakes and set a trap for the rabbits." He gave Alfred's shoulder a reassuring pat and pointed toward the three cargo ships docked nearby, a sly smile on his

face, "You're on this, Alfred. Let it be known those ships need a week to gear up for unloading and shipping out— i "And if anyone's got the guts to stir up trouble at that time, they'll be signing their own death warrant." Alfred's eyes widened in shock, but he quickly regained his composure as his breaths came in short, excited bursts.

That was a sign of Alexander's trust. If he nailed that task, he would be climbing the ranks, stepping up from Deputy Storage Manager to join the big leagues at New Chesire Group's top management! "I can't thank you enough for this opportunity, Mister Kane!" Overwhelmed with gratitude, Alfred

gave Alexander a deep bow, his voice shaking with emotion. "I'll give it my all, sir. I'll draw out every last one of those sneaky enemies and take them down in one clean sweep!" Alexander gave a brief nod, his attention already shifting back to the heart of Rabaldiston, his gaze sharpening with an icy intensity.

The Lord of War was never short on bloodshed.

If one were to cross New Chesire Group, they would better brace themselves for a storm of fury like no other.

Time zipped by.

In just a week, over 20 groups had tried their luck around the docks. Some

messed with the New Chesire Group's cargo ships, others played with fire, and a few even dared to sneak underwater, plotting to plant bombs on the hulls.

They all failed, spectacularly.

Any shady group that came with bad intentions got wiped out by Ray, their lack of a Grandmaster making them easy pickings for his relentless assault.

The underground of Rabaldiston was rocked to its core, power dynamics shifting like cards in a shuffling deck.

Up north, even the big-shot families were getting nervous. They had their own stakes in Rabaldiston, and if things continued at this rate, they knew they would be caught in the crossfire before long.

And then, like dominoes, one event set off another.

SSE Zane, secluded in the mountains of Yewspire, received the same troubling news from Rabaldiston. Alone in the shadowy confines of the Yanker family hall, he mulled over the situation before finally jotting down an address.

With a hushed tone, he broke the silence.

"Quinby, I need you to check out this location. Thirty years back, it served as a hideout for the Black Maple Organization. I made a promise to Alexander to dig into their affairs, and this is where we'll start." From the gloom, a young member of the Yanker family stepped through a discreet side entrance of the hall, accepting the note from Zane's

outstretched hand. With a quiet resolve, he murmured, "Understood."

Chapter 0454

Deep into the night, a chilling wind whispered through the desolate northern cliffs. At the base, an eerie, long-forgotten wooden shack stood, its door creaking open under the careful hand of Quinby Yanker. He slipped inside, his movements as silent as the shadows that danced across the walls.

That was the place, the exact location Zane's note had led him to.

The interior of the shack was a testament to neglect, with cobwebs every corner and decades-old decor buried under a thick blanket of dust. It was clear no soul had set foot there in ages.

"Thirty years ago, that was a hideout

for the Black Maple," Quinby murmured to himself. He paused, pulling out a northern map and marking it with a stark red 'X' before shaking his head and heading back to the door.

His every sense was on high alert. As a proud practitioner of the Divine Ape Backbreaking Fist and a protege of Zane, Quinby had been on many such missions, each executed flawlessly.

This night would be no different.

He had been vigilant since stepping into the shack, his focus razor-sharp, ready for any hint of danger. However, as he moved to leave, nothing had seemed amiss—until that final moment.

In a heartbeat, Quinby felt a shiver of premonition. Without a second's FT

hesitation, he exploded into action, his fist launching with the force of a wildfire, targeting an unseen threat at his back.

The Old Mystic Flash was a fundamental move of his martial art, swift and devastating. It was a strike that could shatter steel, aimed at the lower defenses of an adversary.

However, what followed was unexpected—a sharp, resounding crack.

His right hook, unstoppable in its fury, collided with what might as well have been an unbreakable wall of the toughest alloy, snapping his wrist bone clean through. The jagged ends of the bone jutted out from beneath the skin, a gush of bright red blood painting the scene.

The difference in their power was staggering. In the shadows, a figure too blurred for the eye to catch let out a raspy, chilling chuckle. With a nonchalant flick of his left hand, he ripped off half of Quinby's right arm. Then, with a swift sidestep, he grabbed Quinby's throat with an ease that belied his strength.

"Stop, please stop!" Agony from the torn limb wracked Quinby's body, making him shudder violently. He managed to force out a plea, "Mercy, sir, you've got it all wrong..." A misunderstanding? "Divine Ape Backbreaking Fist, and you're from the Yanker family, yet you claim a misunderstanding? Ha!" The shadowy figure scoffed and gave

no room for Quinby to explain. With a fierce twist, he snapped OQuinby's neck.

Crack! He tossed the lifeless body aside as if it were nothing, sending it flying over ten meters.

"I've always steered clear of the Yanker family, yet they've dared to cross me." He turned northward, his wild, blood-red eyes flashing menacingly from beneath a tangle of long hair.

"Yankers...just you wait." Beneath the cloak of night, the man, wild and imposing, crouched on powerful legs and leaped an astonishing forty meters, racing towards Yewspire Mountain.

The night wind whipped through his hair, revealing a face that was a stark contrast of light and dark. One side was relatively untouched, the other a map of scars, as if mauled by a bear, a sight both gruesome and awe-inspiring.

At the base of Yewspire Mountain, within the solemn walls of the Yanker family's ancestral hall, a sense of urgency hung in the air.

"Quinby was sent to scout for information, and he's still not back," Zane announced, his back to the entrance as he addressed the gathered kin. His voice was heavy with concern.

"I'm afraid he might be gone for good." A collective gasp rippled through the crowd. They were in disbelief as the

| Yanker family members exchanged worried glances, They all knew Quinby's reputation for being tough.

He was not the highest-ranked among the young ones, but his knack for staying alive was legendary — easily in the top five.

Who could take down someone like Quinby? It would be a feat for even the most skilled Grandmaster, let alone anyone less. It had to be the work of a supreme grand martial.

"Supreme grand martial..." Zane muttered under his breath. He pulled out a simple, plastic-cased cell phone and painstakingly typed out a message.

After a long pause, he finally hit send.

The message was brief.

Chapter 0455

Zane's face was a mask of solemnity, even after the message was sent. He knew the identity of the culprit.



30 years ago, he was one of the Black Maple's Four Guardians, known as Half-Faced Bear—a man who never forgot a grudge and revealed his role as a killer. Yevgen Jaquin.

"Spread the word," Zane commanded, his voice cutting through the tension.

Zane narrowed his eyes and commanded with a grave tone to the young warriors of the Yanker family, "Lock down Yewspire Mountain immediately. No one but Alexander is allowed in!

"Alert me the moment anything seems off!" With a flurry of movement, the young warriors of the Yanker family sprang into action. They took their orders seriously and moved quickly. The entire Yanker clan prepared for battle, establishing a series of checkpoints at the base of Yewspire Mountain, sealing off every critical route.

"Mister Yanker, if Yevgen launches an attack, I'm afraid our kin won't be able to hold him back." Behind Zane, 10 Grandmasters looked at each other, concerned in their eyes.

One spoke up quietly, "Together, the ten of us might just manage to fend off a supreme grand martial. Please, let us guard the mountain's base. If we fall, it will be up to you to step in."

Defeat at the hands of Yevgen did not just mean losing—it meant death. | "Thirty years ago, Yevgen had already ascended to the heavyweight level.

With another thirty years gone by, his fighting skills are undoubtedly even sharper." Zane shook his head slowly. "If Yevgen doesn't show up tonight, we'll breathe easy. However, if he does make it to Yewspire Mountain..." He paused, the weight of his dread like a heavy stone on his chest, "If he comes, it'll spell disaster for the Yanker family. You must stick together and follow my lead!" The 10 Grandmasters of the Yanker family stood in silence, their hearts | pounding uncontrollably.

Yevgen was no ordinary fighter. He was a behemoth of a man, a super brute who had ascended to the heights of power, a true overlord. Even Zane, the | patriarch of the Yanker family, might find himself outmatched in Yevgen's presence.

As they waited in silence, the minutes slipped by unnoticed.

At some point, the eastern horizon began to blush with the first light of dawn, signaling the day's arrival.

"He's here!" At the hall, Zane's eyes snapped open.

Once clouded, they blazed with a fierce intensity, like a legendary sword unsheathed and ready for battle, locked onto the base of the mountain.

He came? The 10 Grandmasters felt a jolt of surprise and instinctively cast their gazes down the slope, their brows knitting together in confusion.

From their lofty perch, their keen eyes could scan the landscape for miles. Yet, the whole of Yewspire Mountain lay serene, betraying no hint of disturbance.

If there had been an intruder, the family's young guards stationed at the mountain's base would have surely detected it and sounded the alarm.

"Hehe!" Out of nowhere, a short and low chuckle echoed from halfway up the mountain. The first half of the chuckle was distant, but the second half was

shockingly close, revealing a presence that moved with a terrifying swiftness.

In just three seconds, a hulking figure, his clothes in rags and wild hair obscuring half his face, landed with a near-silent thud from dozens of yards away. With a mighty leap, he crashed down before the Yanker family hall, his arrival marked by a bestial roar that ripped through the air.

It was the wild brute who had slain Quinby in a single blow, one of the feared Four Guardians of the Black Maple Organization, known as Half-Face Bear, Yevgen.

"Yanker kin, to me! Rally at the hall, on the double!" The Yanker family faced a dire threat, banding together to confront the

looming danger.

"Women, children, and the elderly, evacuate the mountain swiftly. All Yanker men, to arms! Any invader of the Yanker clan will be met with death!" Before Zane could even utter a word, 10 of the Yanker family's Grandmasters bellowed their defiance. They were all too aware of Yevgen's fearsome reputation. Despite their combined might, victory over that infamous brute was far from certain.