

Chapter 0458

"Leader!"

"Grandpa!"

"No, please..."

As Yevgen's leg thrust forward, the nine Grandmasters, the Yanker family's young and old—all eyes widened in horror. Zane's own grandson was so sorrowed that tears mixed with blood streamed down his youthful, anguished face.

They were caught in a checkmate with no way out.

No matter if nine Grandmasters joined forces, they would not stand a chance against Yevgen's deadly strike. His leg whipped up and slashed down with such blistering speed and brute force that it was a foregone conclusion—Zane was a goner.

In the blink of an eye, Zane's fate was sealed.

"Looks like...I'm not dead yet."

On the brink of death, Zane should have been consumed by despair, his weathered face a portrait of defeat. Suddenly, as if he caught wind of something, he flashed a sly smile at Yevgen, "Looks like my savior's here!"

What?!

Yevgen's eyes narrowed, his body twisting with the speed of a lightning bolt.

However, he was too slow.

As he moved to counter, a jolt ran through the dominant strength shield enveloping him. A searing pain tore through his left ear, followed by the whizzing sound of something slicing the air.

Even a powerhouse like him only caught a blur, a seemingly trivial pebble that had flown from afar, effortlessly piercing his dominant strength shield and shredding his left ear to pieces.

Blood and flesh scattered.

His already grotesque face contorted in horror as blood gushed down his neck, soaking his collar in a chilling crimson tide.

"Who's there?!" Yevgen bellowed, enraged. His fighter's instinct had failed to alert him, his dominant strength shield shattered like glass.

Who could deliver such a strike? Who had that kind of power?

It could only be Alexander!

"Guess I'm not too late after all."

Hundreds of meters away on the treacherous trails of

Yewspire Mountain, Alexander walked with ease, ascending from the middle of the slope to the summit. He ignored Yevgen completely, offering only a nod and a smile to Zane, "Mr. Yanker, sorry for the scare."

Zane could not help but chuckle, shaking his head as a heavy burden was lifted from his chest at last.

He had given up hope, convinced that this would end in despair. However, at the brink of death, his mind sharpened, his senses heightened to an almost ethereal level, making him acutely aware of the slightest changes around him.

In that critical moment, he sensed an incredibly powerful presence closing in fast, reigniting his will to live.

Alexander... That boy had finally shown up!

"What are you?!" Facing Zane, Yevgen's eyes were red with fury, his gaze darting over Alexander, a sense of dread growing inside him, his heart pounding uncontrollably. 1

The young man was too quick, too strong, and far too young! 1

From a distance, with a mere pebble, he had effortlessly dispersed Yevgen's dominant strength shield and shattered his ear... His power had to be at the heavyweight with peak level, or maybe even that of a Martial Overlord! 1

A Martial Overlord Power, not even 30 years old? When did such a prodigy emerge among the youth of Regulus Windsur?

"Maple leaf..."

While Yevgen was taking in Alexander, Alexander's eyes were fixed on him too, specifically on a barely noticeable black maple leaf tattoo on Yevgen's neck.

The lapel partially concealed it, but the glimpse of the black maple leaf's edge was enough to confirm that the burly man with the wild look was undoubtedly a member of the Black Maple Organization.

"His name's Yevgen, one of the Four Guardians of Black Maple thirty years back." Zane stepped up beside Alexander, aligning himself as an ally, and murmured, "You're on the hunt for Black Maple? Snag him, and you're bound to hit a goldmine of intel." ¹


Guardian?

A flicker of ice crossed Alexander's eyes. ¹

The Black Maple had recently laid a deadly trap in Ol' Mare, targeting Callie. The fallout claimed the lives of the Ciro and Cian brothers, shaking the foundations of the northern territories.

Yevgen was the key to stripping away Black Maple's shroud of secrecy, letting him slip away was not an option.

"Talk." Alexander's gaze was piercing as he addressed Yevgen, his tone frosty, "What did you pull off thirty years ago? And what's your game now, after all this time?"

 +20 BONUS

"Don't even think about running. It's not in the cards for you."