

His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar - Chapter 542

Chapter 0542 At number one Baltimore Mansion in Ol' Mare.

Alexander had not visited Old Mare in two months since the New Chesire Group entered the northern market.

Amber joined Alexander in the northern region shortly after, leaving Patrick, Susanne, and the nanny to care for Olivia, who was in first grade.

Olivia's safety had always been a top priority! George had personally overseen the security surrounding the Baltimore Mansion. The New Chesire Group's elite security team patrolled the area 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

Olivia attended Ol' Mare private

elementary school with elite bodyguards on duty to ensure her safety.

That was not all! Wanda's father, a vital energy grandmaster named Louis, temporarily closed his dojo studio— Louis Dojo—to ensure the Chesire family's safety. The security measures were comprehensive! It was around 5:30 pm.

Numerous luxury cars lined both sides of the street parking lot at the entrance to Ol' Mare private elementary school.

They were the bigwigs of Ol' Mare, smiling as they waited for their children to finish school.

Soon, the bell rang. A large group of elementary school students formed a

long and neat line, escorted by campus security and teachers, and walked out of campus one by one, jumping into the arms of their families with joy.

"Olivia?" In the elementary school line, a chubby little boy patted Olivia's backpack and asked with a goofy smile, "What's in your bag? It looks so bulging." Olivia stuck out her tongue and pulled out three exquisite dolls from her school bag. There were two large dolls and one small doll, and the resemblance to a family of three was uncanny.

"Wow, these are so beautiful!" The chubby boy was jealous. He unconsciously reached out to grab the doll. "Let me have a look!"

Suddenly...

"Hey, don't you dare!" A middle-aged woman in a traditional dress lunged forward from the side, quickly pulling the chubby boy away and apologizing to Olivia. "Miss Olivia, I'm sorry. Pedro doesn't know any better. Please don't mind him." Before Olivia could speak, the crowd had dispersed. They moved far away to hide to the side, nervously watching the scene unfold before them. Nobody dared to approach.

The New Chesire Group was undoubtedly the most powerful tycoon in Ol' Mare, Zabaleta, and even the entire East Harvey Province! Since Olivia attended the private elementary school, the principal had to greet the family with a smile. Nobody dared to

offend them! There was a sigh. "What's wrong with children sharing toys?" Susanne approached with two bodyguards, smiling. "'Missus Winton, don't you have projects with the New Chesire Group? Olivia and Pedro are classmates; there's no need to be so serious!" Susanne took Olivia's doll and handed it to the chubby boy. Then she looked around at the parents' envious expressions, and her smile widened.

All thanks to her dear son-in-law— Alexander! Susanne's life had changed dramatically. She had luxury cars and bodyguards everywhere she went and became the center of attention.

Everyone in Ol' Mare knew she was the

mother-in-law of Alexander, Ol' Mare's uncrowned King! "When a man is successful, all his cronies benefit. That's true, isn't it?" A deep voice echoed without warning.

The person sneered and jeered.

Suddenly, his voice rang out in the sky above the elementary school. "I want to see if Alexander will go insane if I hang that little girl's head from the roof of the New Chesire Group office building.

"Oh, there's Susanne too! "T have both of you here. That saves me a lot of work. You will both die today!"

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Chapter 0543 The moment the voice emerged, the entire entrance to the elementary school was in complete chaos! No one knew where the voice came from or even if the person who owned it was a human being. The air seemed to be filled with a shocking, murderous aura, and Susanne's two elite bodyguards trembled with fear.

It was Ywain. He was the almighty supreme grand martial artist! Despite being only a half-step supreme grand martial, his body had begun to develop dominant power. His aura was so oppressive that even the most powerful grandmaster would have to retreat!

we AME dag) The students, parents, teachers, and campus guards were all unarmed civilians. They were terrified by the powerful pressure Ywain exerted.

Some of them were so terrified that they peed their pants. Soon, the area started to stink! "Olivia, don't be afraid. I'm here!" Susanne said.

Susanne's face was pale. She hugged Olivia tightly. She had been through many situations since the formation of the New Chesire Group, so she was no longer afraid. She shouted, "Guards! Come on! It doesn't matter if I die; we must protect Olivia!" Not only did people come to help, but there were many of them! George stood across the street next to the luxurious and imposing Mercedes-

Benz Sprinter. His face was id as he led six bodyguards with vital energy to Susanne's side, clutching Olivia tightly to keep her safe.

At the same time, a burly figure appeared from afar. He was surrounded by internal power. A layer of turbulent airflow enveloped the surface of his hands, and it was none other than Wanda's father, the supreme grandmaster, Louis! "'Are you the best warrior Alexander left in Ol' Mare?" Ywain's gray hair was scattered as he entered the elementary school. The Xanthos family patriarch's demeanor had long vanished. He had a hysterical smile on his face. "Your technique seems similar to Wyverna's ancient martial art technique, the Seven Injury

Fist. A mere grandmaster is nothing to be concerned about! "Normally, I would fight you to see what makes the Seven Injury Fist so great! But today, Susanne and this little girl must die!" Ywain struck just as he finished speaking! As a half-step supreme grand martial artist after decades of honing the Xanthos family's martial arts techniques, Ywain's martial arts moves were already perfect. His hands and fingers were like steel. With a forward lunge, he was instantly in front of Louis! "Northern Region, Xanthos Family!" Louis' pupils contracted, and his heart

raced! Even though he did not know Ywain personally, he owned a martial arts studio and was familiar with the various martial arts sects and families.

The half-step supreme grand martial in front of him, who appeared insane, was demonstrating the Xanthos family's martial arts technique—the Flying Eagle Fiery Claw! "Fight!" Without hesitation, Louis demonstrated his most powerful mastery. His internal organs swelled, his muscles gnarled, and the pores on his entire body were stained with blood, spewing a blood-colored mist that was visible to the naked eye.

One had to sustain seven injuries before they began to harm their opponent. Seven Injuries Fist was a

technique used in desperate moments! Louis threw both fists out at once, colliding with Ywain's eagle claws! Boom! Blood splattered! The collision between the two fighters shook Louis. His body was unintentionally thrown backward and fell over 20 meters backward. On the way, he knocked out seven or eight parents in a row, all well-known and wealthy in Ol' Mare! George came to the rescue! Behind Louis, George did everything he could to keep Louis' body stable. Blood sprayed profusely from his mouth.

George was also sent five to six steps backward, propelled by Louis' inertial

energy. The blood in his body surged, and he fell alongside Louis! Just one single step! 2 Louis was drenched in blood, George was severely injured, and they had lost their fighting power! "Who can stop me in Ol' Mare?" Ywain laughed.

Ywain straightened his back and stared arrogantly at Louis and George. Then he turned around and laughed wildly at Susanne and Olivia. "If you want to blame someone, blame Alexander. You two are his family members.

"He wanted to destroy the Xanthos family? I will kill all of his family members in return. This is your fate." After saying that, his expression

hardened, and both of his claws extended simultaneously.

Swoosh! The power of a supreme grand martial artist with visible dominance was like an indestructible curved blade slashing at Susanne and Olivia's necks!

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Chapter 0544 What would happen when a nearly invincible supreme grand martial artist unleashed his fury? His power was earth-shattering! Ywain's attack was chilling to the bone, unleashing the full force of his Supreme Grand Martial's dominant strength. In the blink of an eye, his lethal strike was inches from Susanne and Olivia, threatening to end their lives.

However, then...

There was a soft thud! A mysterious figure appeared out of thin air in a split second, standing protectively in front of Susanne and Olivia. The figure took Ywain's

ferocious hit without flinching, solid as a rock and unshaken.

"Daddy! Is that you, Daddy?" Cradled in Susanne's arms, Olivia stared in amazement at the figure that had appeared so unexpectedly. Her face lit up with joy. "Daddy, it really is you!" Indeed, it was her father, the formidable Lord of War, the era's greatest warrior, and the uncrowned sovereign of Ol' Mare, Alexander, who had returned from the north! "There's my good girl." Alexander turned around with a warm smile, gently stroked his daughter's braids, gave Susanne a reassuring nod, and affectionately called her Mom.

Then his warm expression faded, and

he fixed his gaze on Ywain, his eyes as sharp as daggers.

Since Ywain vanished into thin air, the New Chesire Group's spies had been burning the midnight oil, exhausting every resource and scouring the globe for any trace of him. They even deployed the Temple of War's eye-in- y y the-sky network to search every nook and cranny for places where he could be hiding.

However, all signs led to one place— Ol' Mare.

"Alexander!" Ywain's eyes widened as Alexander appeared, like an avenging angel straight out of legend. His claws clenched, his chest heaved with ragged breaths, and his teeth ground together in an agonizing rhythm.

He had played his cards wrong, He had bet everything on his trip to Ol' Mare being a walk in the park. With his near-legendary supreme grand martial skills, those small fries were supposed to be no match for him. If the Xanthos family had to go down, he was determined to take Alexander's kin with them.

However, Alexander had appeared unexpectedly and on time. How was his cover blown? How had Alexander pinpointed his location? He was so close to victory, but it was slipping through his fingers. With Alexander present, Ywain could not lay a finger on Susanne and Olivia, let alone entertain the idea of escaping.

"I will not be beaten! I refuse to be

beaten!" Ywain was not about to lie down and play dead. His gaze fixed on Alexander's, his nails protruding like daggers, his skin flushed with a ghostly blood-red glow, and a scarlet mist sprayed from his pores.

That was the Xanthos family's secret weapon—the Blood Ignition Secret Technique.

In an instant, Ywain's presence erupted with power, his supreme grand martial realm rising from novice to intermediate and finally reaching the pinnacle of supreme grand martial mastery. His claws gleamed with a dark, metallic sheen as if forged from the strongest alloy, exuding an aura of terror beyond words.

"The Blood Ignition Secret

Technique?" Alexander remained unaffected by Ywain's empowered state, his eyes steely with blatant disregard.

"Impressive zeal, but it's futile.

"you've sealed your fate by invoking the Blood Ignition Secret Technique.

You're dead without me lifting a finger.

If fortune is on your side, you may even die with your body intact. Ywain, I was willing to allow you to reveal the identity of the leader of the Black Maple Organization. Clearly, that's no longer necessary." with those final words, Alexander ignored Ywain, turned to take Olivia from Susanne, and whispered, "Mom, don't worry about him. We're going home." Heading home?

Ywain, a dozen meters away, was a seething bloody vision. In a flash, he transformed into a crimson blur, his claws slicing through the air like blades of blood, hurtling toward Alexander's back at an unbelievable speed.

"Alexander! I'll drag you down with me, even in death. You may have peak-level martial power, but you're leaving your life with me today!"

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| Chapter 0545 | Ywain was a blur of movement—his | attacks powerful and seemingly unstoppable. However, they were far | from sufficient. Outside the elite | elementary school, parents huddled : together, terrified. George lay wounded, and Louis was drenched in his own blood.

Onlookers from afar gasped in horror.

Amidst the sea of stares, Alexander cradled Olivia in his arms, utterly unconcerned about Ywain's wild assault.

He did not bother fighting back; instead, he took the full force of Ywain's desperate blow on his back. The collision sent a shockwave through the air, leaving behind a howling gale.

Ywain's crimson claws smashed against Alexander's unyielding spine, his long nails snapping like twigs. A fierce inner power surged forth, radiating outward for meters.

Such a blow would have destroyed a | concrete fortress but not Alexander.

| "Had enough?" - Alexander remained unscathed, Olivia | safe in his embrace. He cast a steely look [at Ywain, who was frenzied. "After you're gone, I will see your remains returned to the Xanthos family.

11As for the remaining shares of the Callie Group? I'll be collecting those myself. It's the price you pay for crossing me." With those final words, he supported Susanne with one hand, Olivia still in the other, and strode across the street toward the Mercedes-Benz, leaving Ywain behind. The fight was over, even if the rest of the world did not realize it.

Ywain's gaze was fixed on Alexander's back, and his lips quivered as if he were about to speak. However, no words emerged. He looked down at his claws and chuckled bitterly.

| He was defeated.

) Without Alexander lifting a finger, | Ywain's pride had crumbled. He realized | he was no more important than an ant | boasting about its own grandeur, | completely incapable of comprehending | the dragon's majesty. There he was, the esteemed leader of the Xanthos family, a mere speck compared to Alexander.

Crack, crack...

As onlookers gasped in surprise, Ywain's body began to fracture and fall apart. The devastating aftermath of his overexerted power struck him like a fragile vase shattering into a gruesome display of blood and bones. He was gone, completely and irrevocably.

"If I had known it would end like this, why would I even start?" Alexander gently patted his daughter's head from the comfort of his luxury Mercedes-Benz, his gaze drawn to

\ Ywain's lifeless form in the distance. He } shook his head slowly before giving a subtle wave to Louis and George nearby.

| ee "George, Mister Briers, it's time we headed back." Two days had passed.

Louis and George were recovering, and Alexander had spent a brief but happy time with Olivia in O1' Mare before heading back to the north.

During the same two days, Ywain's broken body was delivered to the Xanthos family estate undamaged. His remains, encased in a simple cypress coffin, lay unburied in the heart of the ancestral hall, all alone.

"Dad! Dad..." Tacker stood next to the coffin, his mind seemingly shattered. He alternated between sobbing and laughing, with a

| vacant, crazed expression on his face.

"Even my father is gone. It must be Alexander's doing! | | "We're done. The Xanthos family is done.

| We have nothing left." (However, was everything truly gone? A short distance away, Callie stood in her simple white mourning gown, her pale face streaked with tears, gazing at her father's coffin and her brother, who was lost in his own world. She trembled, feeling vulnerable and alone.

Her father was dead.

Alex, her lifelong friend, had done it. No, Alex did not kill her father. Instead, her father had chosen to use the Blood Ignition Secret Technique that led to his fate.

"Miss." Outside the ancestral hall, a maid from the Xanthos family bowed to Callie, her

j voice choked with tears. "The head of the } family is gone. Please, try to find some peace. You should go see what's | happening outside.

| | "The guests who've come to mourn— | your uncles— they're causing a scene!" i

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i | Chapter 0546 | Someone was causing a scene? | Why else would they be making a fuss | about it if not for the Xanthos family's (fortune? Callie's expression was one of sorrow as she stood before Ywain's coffin. She wiped her tears, her eyes hardening with a resolve she had never experienced. A Her father was gone, but her brother was still there.

So was she—Callie, the rightful daughter of the Xanthos family, the former leader of the Callie Group.

"Brother, stay with Dad. I'm going to check out what's happening." She turned with a grace that contradicted her earlier shaky steps. With the maid by her side, she made her way to the manor's front yard, her stride becoming

more steady and confident. At that } moment, she stood tall, symbolizing strength and hope for the Xanthos family.

| The courtyard in front of the Xanthos family's grand hall was lively with "conversation and activity.

For over two centuries, the Xanthos family had expanded their influence throughout the north, with thousands of kin and connections. Over 50 people gathered there, including influential members from various branches of the family.

However, in the wake of Ywain's unexpected death, the pretense of mourning was thin. Few faces expressed genuine grief; instead, smiles and hushed discussions about the family's fortunes were far more common. It was a stark example of human greed and shrewdness.

"Look, Callie's here!" / Callie's presence caused a brief hush in i the crowd, which was quickly replaced by | a flurry of urgent voices. "Callie, with the | family head gone, now is not the time to | cry. We need to act quickly and figure out | what to do next." "Exactly, we need to talk now. The Xanthos family might not be what we once were, but we have to sort out the estate before others get any ideas!" "We can't go a day without a leader. The Xanthos family needs someone at the helm and fast. Plenty of eyes are on the prize of a top noble house..." The words echoed in Callie's ears, each face reflecting raw, unmasked ugliness.

"This matter doesn't concern all of you." She faced the crowd of family and friends, her gaze icy, putting a distance between them.

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i "Before my father died, he appointed my } brother as head of the Xanthos family.

| He's in charge of all our affairs. i | "Neither now nor in the future will | anyone undermine the Xanthos family's standing, and that includes all of you!" | What?! The relatives were taken aback, and their emotions flared. "Callie, what's this tall about? Including us? We are your flesh and blood, members of the Xanthos lineage—we are family!" "Exactly! We share the Xanthos name, and the same blood flows through our veins! We created this family legacy together, facing death while you were still on baby formula!" "I bet she's just trying to hog the family wealth and drive us out! Tacker is lost in his grief and unfit to lead! Him as the head? I will not stand for it!"

i Their words were like icy daggers, and) Callie clenched her jaw, a deep sadness in , her eyes. The Xanthos family's reality | was a reflection of human nature.

| After her father's death, the once compliant relatives bared their teeth and | revealed their true colors. If not for the respect owed to her brother, a martial arts grandmaster, they would have made their move, disregarding any remaining decency.

"Callie, there's no point in putting on a brave face anymore." Amidst the crowd, an elderly man with a shock of white hair, leaning on his cane and dressed in a crisp gray-white suit, shook his head at Callie. "To be fair, Tacker's reputation is not enough to win everyone over.

"What we need to focus on right now is selecting a family friend or relative who embodies the right balance of honor and respect to carry the Xanthos family's

|" future. We also need to take care of your } father's affairs properly. I'm right, aren't NT (' Callie could not deny the logic behind his | words. She looked at the elder, feeling a bit of tension release from her shoulders, | and said gently, "Uncle, there's no need for a vote on who will lead the family.

That responsibility should fall to my brother.

"As for everything else, we can talk, but anyone who has insulted me needs to get out now!"

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i | Chapter 0547 Get out? Would Callie kick people out? | | "Uncle, don't bother with Callie. She's | too scared even to hold a proper vote for the head of the family. She's just after the family fortune!" "Yeah! Why should Tacker take over? Just because he's a martial arts grandmaster? With enough money, we can hire a dozen more grandmasters. What's one grandmaster worth? We shouldn't fear him!" "'Callie's uncle is the obvious choice for the new head of the family. He's at the right age, and he has the respect and prestige!" "Callie's uncle taking over is what's meant to be. We're all behind you!" The relatives' voices rose like a storm,

I DoS Cig ivi and Callie's uncle, Alonso Xanthos,) entered the hall with a grin. The man was also Ywain's cousin. He took his place at j the front of the room with a confident swagger and smiled at Callie. "Did you | hear that, Callie? "I assure you that I never aspired to become the family's head. However, how could I refuse when faced with such overwhelming support from our dear friends and family? So, with a heavy heart, I will step in and temporarily fill the role, leading the Xanthos family to greater heights! "As for

poor Ywain, well, death's final, right? A big, fancy funeral would bleed our coffers dry. Let's keep it simple—get him buried in the family plot without any fuss." Crash! Callie was shell-shocked, her face a canvas of raw astonishment.

| Was that a coup? J They must have been in cahoots all along.

Alonso, the cunning fox, had planned the | power grab, and there she was, foolishly believing she could keep her brother's ' position at the helm! Those people were monsters, not men! "Bravo, Mister Alonso! You're the new head of the family!" "Mister Alonso, with your esteemed character, it's only natural for you to take the reins. My respects to you... oh, I mean, to our new family head!" "Here's to the new family head!" The room erupted in cheers as Alonso, his face creased with age, sat in the patriarch's chair, his laughter booming.

"I'm honored by your support. Since you all insist, I will humbly accept the mantle.

The head of the family, that is!" "Wait, we're missing a key witness! Get

, Tacker. We can't have the succession } ceremony without him!" | Two of the Xanthos family's young | members sprang into action, flanked by | three martial arts executors. They burst | into the ancestral hall and hauled a dazed | Tacker out into the open.

"Brother!" Callie could not take it anymore. She dashed forward in a burst of speed and threw herself into Tacker's arms, crying.

"Brother, please snap out of it. We can't let them take over everything Dad worked so hard for! "Brother, I know you're just acting. You have to be! You're too strong to let this get to you. Come on, shake it off, shake it off!" However, her pleas were ignored.

Tacker was crouched on the ground, cradling his head and wearing a vacant

i smile. He kept saying, barely understandable, "It's all gone, all of it, gone..." { f ' He looked like he had been hit by a ton of | bricks, his mind lost to the shock.

| "Such a shame," Alonso muttered under his breath.

Seated at the head of the hall, his aged t eyes narrowed as he studied Tacker's face, a glint of malice barely visible.

"Based on Tacker's condition, his martial arts training appears to have backfired.

He is on the verge of losing his mind.

"As the new head of the family, I can't just watch him die. However, to save Tacker's life, I have no choice but to destroy his meridians. That should prevent any further damage from his training mishap." Alonso leaped out of his seat, aiming a clawed hand at Tacker's abdomen. He let out a chilling laugh, which only Callie

"could hear. "My dear niece, don't think of) me as cruel. You and your brother are nothing more than threats. I can't let you. | | live.

"And now, both of you will die!"

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! Chapter 0548 | As Alonso struck, Callie's face went | ghostly white, and her eyes were closed.

| She was engulfed in despair, which chilled her to the core.

| Despite her noble birth into the Xanthos family, a martial tradition-rich lineage, Callie had only scratched the surface of self-defense. She had never delved into the deeper martial arts or harnessed her vital energy.

Her brother, Tacker, oblivious to the impending danger, crouched on the ground, cradling his head and emitting a pitiful chuckle, his words muffled.

It was a life-or-death situation! In front of everyone, Alonso lunged at the siblings. His right hand, fingers slicing through the air with a chilling force, was ready to strike Tacker's stomach.

| His left hand was balled into a fist and ! hurtled toward Callie's forehead—a blow that would undoubtedly be her demise, as | sudden and tragic as a shattered gem.

\ His left, balled into a fist, hurtled toward ! Callie's forehead—a blow that would | surely be her end, as sudden and tragic as a shattered gem.

However, out of nowhere...

"Quite the commotion here, isn't it?" A voice cut through the chaos, and a shadowy figure appeared in front of Callie with impossible speed, manifesting without warning.

There was a crisp snap! Alonso, in the midst of a pounce, was swatted away like nothing.

'Alex! Alex!" When Callie saw the figure, she shook, her heart screaming Alexander's name.

, Tears streamed down her face.

)\ He was there, the man of her dreams, the man responsible for her father's death, a !" childhood friend, and the husband of another.

| "It appears I've arrived at a bad time," Alexander said, landing with ease. He did not spare Callie a glance. Instead, he scanned the crowd. "However, when it comes to settling debts, timing is irrelevant." ""Ywain is gone, but his debts remain unpaid. Now, I'm here to take that 40 percent stake in the Callie Group," Alexander said.

A 40 percent stake? Alonso had just regained his footing after being knocked back by Alexander's powerful blow. He locked eyes with the other members of the Xanthos family, who were all surprised and suspicious.

, Who was the guy who had appeared out } of nowhere? | Alonso might not have been the family's | golden boy, but he was still in line to learn the Xanthos family's secret martial / arts. His abilities were adequate, and he | was on the verge of entering the Grandmaster league—a big deal in those parts.

That kid, barely older than a boy, had the ability to push him back with a single move? That was trouble.

"Who are you?" After recovering from his initial shock, Alonso's gaze became icy as he confronted Alexander. ""Ywain is dead.

What debts are you even talking about? I haven't heard of that.

"Besides, the Xanthos family is a big deal.

And 40 percent of the Callie Group? There are billions at stake. You think you can simply walk in here and claim it?

| "And another thing —Ywain owes you? ! Where's the IOU, the proof? You can't just spout nonsense and expect us to believe i it!" | He had a point, and he knew it.

| Alexander simply stared back, unfazed, and shook his head slowly. "There is no IOU. My word serves as sufficient proof.

Ywain harmed my friend, and 40 percent of Callie Group is the payback.

"He may be dead, but the debt's not gone.

The Xanthos family has to make it right." No IOU? The rest of Alexander's speech was lost on the Xanthos family, but the phrase—no IOU—stuck like glue. They rallied around Alonso, raising their voices in a chorus of outrage. "Patriarch, this guy is just stirring trouble for the sake of it, coming here to pick a fight!" "Yeah, the Xanthos family is no

| pushover. We have to teach him a) lesson!" f ""Patriarch, just say the word. We might | not all be grandmasters, but we have plenty of fight in us. We can take him down easily if we attack at the same | time!" "Get ready, everyone. When Patriarch gives the signal, we'll move as one!"

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} Chapter 0549 i The jeers of the Xanthos family's young | guns never stopped, but Alexander ignored them.

| He locked eyes with Alonso. His voice was low and steady as he said, "This is your only chance, no second chances. So, what will it be? Are you giving up that 40 percent stake in Callie Group?" There was no way Alonso would cave! Alonso narrowed his eyes and scrutinized Alexander before laughing mockingly.

"Look at you—so0 young and spry.

Unfortunately, you are way over your head, thinking you can waltz onto our turf and win." He sneered, "Let me make this crystal clear—you're not laying a finger on Callie Group's shares! You can be a superhero for all I care, but as long as— A

| He never got to finish that thought.

\ Alexander disappeared in the blink of an | eye. Alonso's cheek flared with heat-and then burned with pain. His body flew through the air, crashing into the garden | 30 meters from the main hall! / "What the—" Every Xanthos family member was slack-jawed. The slap echoed like thunder, striking deep into their souls and ears.

Their pride was in the dirt! The Xanthos family's head was publicly humiliated and sent soaring by a slap from a nobody. If word spread, they would be the brunt of every joke up north, and they would never recover.

"you... you had the guts to hit me?!" Alonso was a mess, barely able to rise from the manicured lawn of the front garden, his hand pressed against his swollen cheek. His eyes were filled with

| rage and panic as they locked onto | Alexander's. "This is Xanthos territory, | and we don't take kindly to | troublemakers!" he screamed.

your family head has spoken. Everyone, get him! Take this arrogant fool down | and show no mercy—" Crack! Alonso's rant was cut off again.

Alexander charged in, closing the 30- meter gap in an instant, his hands a blur as they struck Alonso, sending him reeling. With a quick kick, Alonso was on the ground, and Alexander turned to face the crowd, his voice calm and detached as he said, "Anyone else feel like challenging the rules? Step up and show yourself." The silence that followed was absolute.

The once boisterous members of the %anthos family fell silent, their eyes wide

| as they watched Alonso flounder and cry yout on the ground, too scared to breathe | too loudly.

| | It was for a good reason.

| They were Xanthos in name but not in (practice, living on a generous allowance with no regard for family affairs or the martial traditions they were expected to uphold. They had never seen such raw violence.

Alonso, their so-called family head, was nothing more than an opportunist who rose to power in the aftermath of Ywain's death and lacked real clout.

They were supposed to die for Alonso? It was hardly worth it.

"You call yourself the head of the family, but it appears you're not living up to the title," Alexander said, his expression frosty as he looked down at Alonso, bloodied and ignored. "The Xanthos family owes me, and I will not be

| deterred. If you can't hand over the shares, I'll have to make do with taking | your lives." (Ywain, the former patriarch, had died, | leaving behind debts that hung over the family like a dark cloud. "Since Ywain left | this mess, it's only fair that the new head pays the price with his life," Alexander said.

"Alonso, do you get what I'm saying? Are you the one in charge of the Xanthos family now? Your life—is it mine to take?" Alonso's heart pounded. How did that guy know his name? Alonso shook uncontrollably, attempting to ignore the sharp pain on his face. His thoughts raced—was his title or his life more important? Did that guy come for money or blood? One thing was clear—he could not be the hoad of that family

-w | "I'm not the family head!" Without a second's delay, Alonso pointed { I desperately at Callie and Tacker. "They're the true heirs—Ywain's children. They | should take over, not me! { "You want to settle a debt? Go after them.

I'm not your man, I swear!" He turned to the other Xanthos family members, pleading for backup. "Come on, help me out here! Tell him I'm not the one he's looking for!"

His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar - Chapter 550

Chapter 0550 | The question of who would lead the Xanthos family was about to be resolved.

) "It's Tacker!" someone shouted, { breaking the tension. "It's Tacker, \ 7 Ywain's son, Callie's big brother. He's the | 5 rightful heir!" "No, it's got to be Callie. Just look at Tacker; he has completely lost it! Callie has to pay for this with her life or by coughing up her shares in the Callie Group. She used to call the shots there, remember?" "Absolutely, it's Callie! We agree—Callie should take over as the new head of the family. Any debts, they're her problem, not ours!" The cries resounded one after another.

Crouched next to Tacker, Callie's face was a mask of barely visible grief mixed with a complex emotion that was difficult to

| define.

) Alex... / | ; | 'Did you come to flex your muscles at the Xanthos family to ensure I could take | over without a hitch? You say you are not i my Alex, but here you are, helping me! 'Our fond childhood memories, the games we played, the engagement we once shared—I'm confident you've not forgotten any of it!" Callie thought.

""Miss Xanthos." Alexander's gaze was fixed on Callie at that precise moment. ""Ywain's death was not my fault, but let's be honest—he deserved it! "We can leave that topic for now. What matters is that I intend to acquire 40 percent of the Callie Group's shares, and you know I mean business.

"So, let's have them."

| Shares...

) ! Callie slowly lifted her head to meet 4 i Alexander's gaze. Her eyes held a depth | of meaning that words could not fully | convey.

1 'Alex, why do you want these shares? You're not just after the money, are you? 'No way. You know, since Dad died, the northern powerhouses have been circling the Xanthos family like vultures. I am in the eye of the storm, and one wrong step could shatter me to pieces. The Xanthos family will be reduced to a hollow shell if they take over the Callie Group's remaining shares. Those affluent families will stop bothering us then! Alex, you kept quiet, but your every action has served as a silent sentinel for me, fulfilling the promise you made when you were a child— that you would always be there to protect your younger sister— me,' Callie thought.

'Just your little sister, nothing more!'

| "I'll have the lawyers transfer all 40 percent of the Callie Group's shares to you." i f | She rose from the floor after what | seemed like an eternity; her voice tinged with a sadness she could not conceal.

| "The Xanthos family and the Callie Group will part ways after this. I will make it official and inform every tycoon in the north.

"Does that make you happy?" She still had her childhood cleverness! Alexander let out a silent sigh. Then, he stopped talking, crouched down, and turned to Tacker, who was playing the fool. His voice was a deliberate whisper in Tacker's ear.

""Ywain brought his death upon himself, and it's no loss. If you're looking to avenge him, bring it on anytime! "Just tell me one thing—Ywain turned

| traitor for the Black Maple Organization.

) He must have told you something. Who is the master pulling the strings from the \ | shadows?!" p Master? Tacker froze on the ground, his previously vacant expression hardening into a mask of grief before breaking down and sobbing uncontrollably. "Dad, your death was tragic and unfair! I'm clueless, and I don't want to die." "Brother!" Callie, trembling, clung to Tacker's shoulder, her gaze shifting to Alexander, her eyes shimmering with unshed tears.

"My father is gone, and my brother has suffered a terrible shock; he has lost his senses! "Whatever you're planning, take it out on me, but please, leave my brother out of this. I'm begging you!"