

## **His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar - Chapter 551**

Chapter 0551 Did he lose his senses, or was it just-an act? || Oh, Callie, she was still too naive and trusting.

Alexander shook his head slowly, his gaze sharp as he met Tacker's. His voice was calm and detached as he spoke, "Playing dumb may fool others, but do you really believe it will work on me? "Ywain may be dead, but he got what he deserved. He fought against me because he was provoked by the master—the true villain behind everything! "Now, tell me—who's this master? Even if you don't want to admit it, you and I both know that the so-called Black Maple master is our real enemy!" Their real enemy...

Tacker's madness had subsided by that

. point. With Callie and a slew of young Xanthos family members looking on, he met Alexander's gaze. Each word was \ strained, his voice raspy from emotion.

"Nobody knows who the master truly is.

| My father had his suspicions—he could | be from the Zadra family." The Zadra family was a powerful name, ranking second only to the three great dynasties in the north.

Alexander paused momentarily before ignoring everyone else, nodding briefly to Callie and walking away with purposeful strides.

Was the mysterious Black Maple master linked to the Zadra family? They needed to dig into that.

Meanwhile, in the Kane family's stronghold.

Ywain's death had sent shockwaves throughout the north, reducing the Xanthos family to mere names in the crowd. The unshakeable Kane family and their powerful in-laws, the Foster family, \ | were the true heavyweights.

| "Mister Kane." Raidon Foster arrived in the Kane estate's grand hall with a bottle from the Rare Whiskey Collection as his gift. He offered it to Caleb with a smile. "Mister Kane, I remember you're a collector. This one requires some negotiation and a large sum of money. I hope it will make you smile!" Caleb examined the bottle and chuckled softly.

Nobody showed up without an agenda.

The Kanes and the Fosters might be kin by marriage, but Caleb's marriage to Raidon's Aunt Yeilyn was only in name—they had not shared a bed in 15 years. The

Fosters were not pleased, but they stayed out of it for the sake of family ties, and visits were limited. So, why the sudden visit from Raidon? There was an old adage that there was no | action without a reason. The Fosters did | not do things at random; Raidon's unexpected visit had to be about Alexander.

"Are you not a fan of alcohol, Mister Kane? Don't worry; I will find something else for you next time!" Raidon casually set the bottle on the table, his grin spreading from ear to ear.

"Mister Kane, word has it that the cousin we thought was gone for good has returned, and he has acquired a whopping 60 percent of the Callie Group shares. That's big news! Why didn't you let me know? "Between you and me, I've always felt a connection with my cousin—Alexander.

I've been wanting to have a genuine

conversation with him!" A conversation? About what, exactly? When the Kane and Foster families became in-laws, Alexander had already | severed ties with the Kanes. Were Raidon | and Alexander even close? Furthermore, Alexander did not only own 60 percent of the Callie Group's stock—he owned the entire company! Caleb kept his thoughts to himself and maintained a poker face. He smiled at Raidon and said, ""Raidon, if that's what you're here for, let me clarify the situation. You're talking about Alexander from Ol' Mare? He has nothing to do with the Kane family. Any talk of that is just hearsay; nothing is solid." Nothing to do with them? The rumor mill up north was churning out a different story—Alexander was the scandalous offspring Chrissy had left

| dl behind, as well as Caleb's flesh and blood! "Well, if he's not my cousin, that simplifies things a whole lot!" | Raidon looked at Caleb, then laughed and | said, "Mister Kane, I'm on my way to the | Callie Group right now. The Fosters have a stake there as well. It's not a lot, but we can't let Alexander take them without a fight!" He gave Caleb a respectful nod before turning his heel and marching off.

"It seems like the Fosters want a piece of the Callie Group in these chaotic times," Caleb said, watching Raidon vanish from his sight. A worried expression crossed his face, and his brow furrowed.

He would not have noticed if it had been any other northern clan, but the Fosters were not a typical family. Eldon Foster, the old patriarch, was a formidable figure a martial titan among men. Even Alexander would have to think twice

d before crossing him

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Chapter 0552 Up north, in the Callie Group Industrial Park.

| Callie and her legal team completed the agreement in less than half a day. She signed over the company, and the New Chesire Group quickly gained control of the Callie Group.

"Alex... I mean, Mister Kane." In the chairman's office at the top of the tower, Callie's face was a mask of grief, her voice tinged with a sob. "The Callie Group is yours. I give it to you freely. And my father's death... I don't hold you responsible.

"I need to know—is your heart completely taken by Amber? Is there no room left for me at all?" Alexander sat motionless in the plush office chair, his eyes fixed on Callie.

|] BPE a \ It was impossible to claim there was nothing.

"The way I feel about you... it's stuck in the past—15 years back." \ | His gaze wandered, lost in memories, recalling the awkward young teens they once were. A flicker of regret crossed his face. "You were my playmate when we were children. That's the truth.

"However, that was all you were to me— a sister and nothing more." Callie's heart dropped, her body trembled, and tears welled in her eyes. He had finally said it—loud and clear.

No more secrets. Alexander had confirmed his true identity. He was Caleb's son, the last of the Kanes, and the Alex she had held onto for the past 15 years.

"Just one more question," she said, her voice quivering as she fought back tears.

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, "Did you take over the Callie Group for ' revenge against the Xanthos family or to protect me? [—" k | es ' Her words were cut short by a loud crash and a wave of frantic footsteps in the corridor.

"Mister Kane!" A security guard's desperate and urgent voice cut through the chaos. "Raidon Foster has brought a crew to reclaim the Foster family's investment. We need your orders, Mister Kane!" As the call echoed, the corridor outside descended into complete chaos.

Raidon marched into the room, his face radiating authority, accompanied by over 20 top-notch bodyguards. They had effortlessly knocked the Callie Group's security off their game. He strolled into the office, his gaze fixed on Alexander and Callie.

"You're Alexander?" His lips curled into a mocking smile as he | gestured toward the beaten security | guards. "So this is the Callie Group's famous hospitality? Or should I say, the | New Cheshire Group now? "New Chesire Group—so grand, so tyrannical, with no regard for the Foster family's reputation! Do you truly believe that you can rule the north without opposition after eliminating the Xanthos family?" He then turned to Callie, sneering, "Miss Xanthos, you've truly opened my eyes.

Alexander was the one who murdered your father, and now you are smiling at him? You have disgraced the Xanthos name!" Callie's face paled, her lips pressed tightly. ""Raidon, stop telling lies. I—" ""Miss Xanthos."

Alexander dismissed Raidon and his entourage, saying calmly, "You didn't get to finish your question earlier. Shall we?" Callie blinked, perplexed, as Raidon's expression turned icy.

What was that about? A total disregard for his presence? Alexander sure lived up to his reputation, bold enough to show such audacity even in front of Raidon! "The security team from New Cheshire Group had just treated me with blatant disrespect! Since you'll not teach them a lesson, I guess it's up to me." Raidon's gaze was icy as he locked eyes with Alexander before making a sharp gesture to his squad of over 20 bodyguards.

He ~ ~ ot Go ahead, teach those guards outside a lesson. Break a leg each and show them what good manners look like!

"This is the North, not O' Mare. Your | 'title—King of O' Mare—means nothing here! You've crossed the Foster family | | and will now pay for the consequences! "Get them!"

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Chapter 0553 What was the level of the Foster family's bodyguards? | Belonging to a venerable martial arts lineage, even the most ordinary Foster family bodyguard was infused with vital energy! Raidon's crew, on the other hand, were the cream of the crop, with each member a vital energy expert on par with a martial arts grandmaster! "On it!" With Raidon's orders, the elite bodyguards charged, their vital energy surging like a storm. They were like predators descending on prey, charging ferociously at the building's security guards.

In that moment— Boom! Boom! Boom! The corridor echoed with thunderous

— . crashes! The Foster family's 24 bodyguards were sent flying as if hit by a freight train; their bodies slamming into the walls and leaving a trail of human-shaped dents! They slid down the walls and crumpled on the floor. Their bones were shattered as they screamed in agony, unable even to crawl.

However, that was not the most astonishing part! The moment was electrifying, as if the air in the chairman's office and hallway had stopped, only to snap back to reality instantly! Nobody noticed Alexander's move, not even Raidon, a grandmaster of the highest order who saw nothing out of the ordinary! Alexander had remained seated in his executive chair for the entire time,

seemingly without lifting a finger! "No way! It can't be!" Raidon's eyes bulged, his fists clenched tight, and his expression was one of utter | disbelief.

| The initial shock quickly gave way to a rage that knew no limits.

Throughout the north, the Foster family commanded unparalleled respect. Even when Ywain was still alive, Caleb, the Kane family patriarch, had to treat them with respect, always conceding a little ground.

"Alexander, cut the act, will you? Among the north's youth, even Tacker stands no chance against me!" Raidon's body thrummed with vital energy, his fist encased in a shimmering golden light, as he launched a punch straight at Alexander's chest, shouting, "I don't care what tricks you've got up

| your sleeve, you're going to feel the wrath of my punch!" His strike was a testament to the Foster family's legacy —martial prowess to rival the most formidable warriors, the golden | glow on his fist sharp enough to cut | through the toughest metals, including those forged by Wyverna's advanced technology.

However...

I've come across plenty of clueless folks, but you take the cake for being the most boneheaded blueblood I've ever met," Alexander said, lounging in his executive chair.

He gave the incoming punch a bored look and flicked his wrist dismissively.

Boom! The air itself appeared to explode and recoil! A powerful wind, as strong as steel, swept

| Raidon up like a leaf in a hurricane, hurling him against the far office wall like a toy.

His body went limp, his bones like jelly, and blood splattered from his wounds.

That seemingly effortless flick had a force beyond words. Raidon's insides shook, and his life force shattered, leaving him completely defenseless.

"No, this can't be happening!" Raidon writhed on the floor, his mind reeling from shock and his face a mask of disbelief.

Just how powerful was Alexander? He had heard stories about the King of Ol' Mare from his family members, but he had always believed that he was the north's unrivaled champion and that no martial art could match the Foster family's iron fist.

However...

| The truth was exposed beneath that unyielding fist. Alexander found Raidon's family's prized fighting techniques trivial.

"Go on, Alexander, finish me if you've | got the guts!" Raidon spat out, collapsed | to the ground, and locked eyes with Alexander, his voice thick with rage. "The Foster family and the Kane family are related by marriage. You can deny it all you want, but you can't change who you are—Caleb's flesh and blood, a Kane! "You think you can just take me out? The Kanes and the Fosters won't stand for it.

Caleb will come after you. My aunt, too.

But it's my grandfather you should really worry about. He'll come for you himself, and he won't stop until you're done for. I can guarantee that! "Go ahead, try it! I dare you to try and kill me!" To kill Raidon?

"You think you're good enough to be taken down by me?" Alexander chuckled, shaking his head. He had lost all interest | in Raidon. The man was just a nuisance to be dealt with. He waved casually to the security team down the hall.

"Get the cleaners up here to take out the garbage. I'm not talking about the bits of plaster on the floor. I mean Raidon!"

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| Chapter 0554 | ~ Raidon had become a laughingstock- The security guards in the hallway paused | for a moment, their faces filled with | shock and poorly concealed amusement.

| At Alexander's command, they stood up and dashed toward the janitorial staff.

"Garbage?" Raidon lay crumpled on the floor, his face drained of color, his chest heaving with each ragged breath, and his eyes screamed unspeakable shame.

How disgraceful! He was the Foster family's pride, the heir apparent—pampered and revered from birth. Even the patriarchs of the most influential northern families would bow and respectfully address him as Mister Foster. Who could have the audacity to call him garbage?

However...

"They're here! They're here!" On the brink of losing his mind, Raidon watched as a horde of over 30 janitors scrambled toward him. They grabbed him | by the arms and legs, hauling him and his i € 24 bodyguards away like sacks of trash.

"Alexander! Alexander!" Raidon's screams echoed down the corridor, his rage uncontrollable, his once formidable presence reduced to nothing. His strength had vanished, and he was helpless against the janitors who threw him away like yesterday's garbage in the dumpster at Xanthos Industrial Park.

Then, things went quiet.

"Miss Xanthos." The janitors had cleaned up the remaining mess in the CEO's office.

Alexander's gaze met Callie's surprised

| expression, his voice calm and even.

"It was all for show, nothing to worry about. The paperwork for the shares-is complete; you should return to the Xanthos family.

| "Come on, I'll walk you out." The words hung in the air as Callie walked down the hallway, with the company's security and cleaning staff looking on in awe.

She kept up with Alexander, her eyes fixed on the man's strong back. Her lips got caught between her teeth, and the pressure increased with each step.

Alex... The unfinished question echoed in her mind. Did he not want to hear it? She wanted to scream that her love would endure even if she did not have a place in his heart. Her love would not waver. Not for him, not for anyone else. Never.

| Meanwhile, up north at the Foster estate, Raidon cursed under his breath in his opulent bathroom. Submerged in the tub, he scrubbed his skin raw, hoping to wash away his shame. He would have been left | helpless in a heap of trash, and the prospect of confessing to his father, Geoff Foster—a man who valued honor above all else—frightened him. Geoff would rather break his son's legs than tolerate a stain on the family name.

""Raidon," a stern and foreboding voice echoed from outside the bedroom. It was Geoff. "The servants tell me you have been holed up in there for hours since you returned home. And your bodyguards are all hiding out, stinking up the place. What happened?!" Raidon froze, his face pale. That was it.

He was done for.

Raidon's mind was racing, and he could no longer contain it. With a choked voice, he said, "Dad, I'm so sorry; I let you

down! I went to the Callie Group to get our money back from Alexander, but things didn't go as expected." He told the entire story before breaking down, tears streaming down his face.

"Alexander called me garbage and threw me in a trashcan. I'm going to make him pay, and I swear I'll take his life!" "You've disgraced the Foster name, you little monster!" Geoff stood stone-faced outside the bathroom, silent for what seemed like an eternity until his icy voice cut through the air. ""Ywain is gone, and Alexander has taken over the north—it's over.

"The Black Maple Organization has been keeping a close eye on us; everyone is nervous, and a storm is brewing in the north. The Fosters can't be the first to poke our heads out. We will sit back, observe the chaos, and be ready to swoop in for the win.

"You're my only son, and that is the only reason I am teaching you this. If it were not for that, especially with the shame you have brought upon our family, I would've thrown you out of here!" Raidon shook like a leaf inside the bathroom, sobbing repeatedly. "Thanks



for not giving up on me, Dad. But what do we do now? I can't let this go." "You'll have to let it go, whether you like it or not!" Geoff squinted into the distance, toward the Xanthos estate, and muttered under his breath.

"The Black Maple Organization has been lurking in the north for years, inextricably linked to the Zadra family.

Now that Alexander has risen, it's time for the Zadras to make their move."

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Chapter 0555 | The Zadra family, the most powerful-of | the northern elites, was usually kept in the background, but they were finally making their move.

"Mister Kane, a moment, please!" Alexander was about to see Callie off at the gates of the Xanthos estate when a voice called out from nearby.

It was Franklin Zadra, the heir to the Zadra dynasty! "Mister Kane, with your bold venture into the north, you're sure to leave a lasting mark on its future," he said with a beaming smile, stepping in front of Alexander and Callie. "The Zadra family enjoys making new friends, and in your honor, we are hosting a charity gala. We would be delighted if you could join us and support charity organizations in the north.

"Such work not only benefits the country ' and its people but also provides an excellent opportunity to establish one's | reputation. I'm sure a man like you | wouldn't turn it down, right?" The Zadra family? That guy was one of them? Alexander frowned as he looked at Callie; she appeared surprised for a moment before leaning in and murmuring, "That's Franklin Zadra, the eldest son." The future head of the Zadra family, no less! Alexander's lips curled into a smirk, but his expression quickly turned cold. His hand moved quickly through the air, landing a sharp slap on Franklin's cheek! "Argh!" Franklin was caught off guard by the force of the slap, which sent him stumbling backward. He clutched his

| reddening cheek, his voice brimming with venom, his eyes wild with rage. "You hit me? You had the nerve to hit me? I | was being nice by inviting you, and this is your response?!" Why would he suddenly hit him? Callie stood next to Alexander, her beautiful face etched with shock, her eyes wide as she attempted to figure out what was happening.

Why would Alexander hit someone without a cause? That was totally out of character for him! Then it hit her...

Her heart skipped a beat as she noticed Alexander's subtle smirk on his lips, and everything fell into place.

The Black Maple Organization! Tacker once told her that the elusive master of the Black Maple Organization might be a Zadra by blood!

| That slap was not just for Franklin; it was a bold message to the puppet master hiding in the shadows! "I couldn't care less about your charity galas." Alexander's expression was frosty as he addressed the enraged Franklin, dismissing the previous confrontation as nothing. "Let's get one thing straight— the Zadras have no right to summon me.

You aren't in the same league! "And now, I suggest you leave." The gloves were off! Franklin's teeth clenched as his gaze was fixed on Alexander's, burning with retaliation. However, as quickly as his rage flared, it was extinguished, replaced by a chilling, venomous gaze. He said, "I will not forget this slap, Mister Kane.

"Will you not be attending the charity gala? It's okay if you don't plan to come.

| However, I heard that you have ties to the Kanes in the north. They are headlining the event, so don't say I didn't warn | you!" Re Then, he flung his arm dramatically and spun on his heel, his car speeding into the distance.

"Alex... I mean, Mister Kane!" Callie's face was a mask of concern, her heart pounding in her chest long after Franklin's car had vanished. "What was he hinting at? Is he going to confront Mister Caleb at the gala?" Confront Caleb? If the Black Maple master was truly with the Zadra family, it was entirely possible.

"Caleb is Caleb; I am myself." Alexander's gaze was a frigid squint as he spoke, and he turned quickly, striding to his sleek black sedan. He gave Callie a

small wave before leaving.

UAlex:.." Callie stood at the manor's grand entrance, watching his car fade into the distance, her eyes blinking back a flood of thoughts. Alex might deny that Caleb was his father, but she knew him better than that. He would not stand by and let Caleb walk into danger.

If she were right, the Zadras' charity gala was a ticking time bomb.

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Chapter 0556 | The Zadras' charity dinner began promptly at seven p.m. the next evening, The Johansson Grand Hotel, the north's crown jewel with its seven-star status, was packed with the elite. Everyone qualified to attend that gala was a prominent figure from the north. Even average second-rate families did not reach the participation threshold. Only the top and second-tier elite families of the past could be at that gala, with seating arrangements determined by their family's wealth.

The Xanthos family was, of course, present.

Even with Ywain gone and the Callie Group out of their hands, their coffers were still brimming with billions—a cut above the competition.

"Mister Kane, you made it!"

Callie's face was filled with concern as she approached the hotel's grand entrance. She saw Caleb and Antonio and | rushed over, her voice barely above a whisper, "This party has news written all | over it. Franklin has been talking tough, / and he might come after you!" i Caleb's stride broke for a moment, and he chuckled dryly.

Franklin? A mere noble offspring was hardly a concern. He would not bat an eyelash at Franklin, let alone the entire Zadra family.

"My brother says the Black Maple Organization's leader, that enigmatic master, might just be a Zadra." Callie spilled the beans, her voice filled with urgency. "Mister Kane, you need to watch your back. Have you seen what that master could do with the Heavenly Silence Melody? Even Alex may not stand a chance if he's out for blood!"

The Heavenly Silence Melody? Caleb's hand instinctively moved to his chest, and a steely resolve flashed-across his face.

| If the Black Maple's master were truly | from the Zadra family, that would be a stroke of luck! Should he dare to strike, it would be the ideal time to clear the slate of all past and present scores! "Mister Kane!" A few steps away, a group approached with purpose. The man in the lead was built like a tank and wore a sleek black robe. He was accompanied by the Foster family's young hotshot—Raidon. It was none other than the Foster family's leader, Geoff! He took a quick look at the hotel entrance before facing Caleb, his smile more of a grimace. "Why is Alexander not with you? Raidon mentioned a misunderstanding between him and Alexander. It appears

"that today is the perfect day to set things right." A misunderstanding? Caleb could not help but chuckle.

| The whole incident at Xanthos Industrial | Park, where Alexander ordered the janitors to throw Raidon in the trash, was the talk of the town up north. Caleb knew the score.

Raidon was the architect of his own humiliation! Alexander is a rising star, not at all like my boy. They might share a last name, but that's where the similarities end." Caleb remained stoic, deftly steering the conversation away before turning to Raidon and softly saying, "I heard about your beef with Alexander Kane.

"You know, it's better to bury the hatchet than to let bad blood brew. Find a chance to make amends, to downsize a mountain

to amolehill. If you keep this grudge burning, it won't do the Foster family any favors!" 'Are you sticking up for Alexander?!" A thought crossed Raidon's mind.

| Raidon's jaw clenched in rage, his face a mask of defiance. "Mister Kane, after 15 years with my aunt, don't you understand how the Fosters operate? Nobody can push us around, not even the Kanes! "You can play dumb all you want, but I know Alexander is your kid! Just wait till I get my shot. I'll—" Whack! A slap came out of nowhere, stinging Raidon's cheek mercilessly! "Raidon!" Geoff's hand slowly retracted as he stared at Raidon's red mark, his voice icy. "The head of the Kane family is part of our family! Watch your mouth and show

| some respect." "You shall serve him drinks tonight—a | way of apology." - He had to serve Caleb drinks? | Raidon gritted his teeth and swallowed | his pride. He refused to cross Geoff. He contained his rage and bowed deeply to Caleb. "Mister Kane, my apologies!" "Let it go." Caleb dismissed it with a nonchalant wave, nodded to Callie, and then walked beside Geoff, slowly approaching the hotel lobby.

Little did anyone know...

As Caleb and Geoff crossed the threshold into the grand lobby, Franklin was already there, rooted to the spot and staring at them. He quietly pressed the button on his earpiece.

| "Caleb and Geoff are here. Time to make

| our move."

## **His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar - Chapter 557**

Chapter 0557 The Zadra family's hired killer was-a master of stealth with unfathomable | methods.

| Ashadowy figure crouched by the chandelier, nestled among the streamers high above the Johansson Grand Hotel lobby and beneath the grandeur of the 12-meter dome. He surveyed the scene below, a sinister grin spreading across his face.

His target was in sight.

He clutched a sleek dart in his right hand and tied a black band around his wrist with the number eight emblazoned on it.

His gaze was focused on Caleb, who had just entered the hall. The grip on his dart tightened, and his wrist shook with anticipation.

However, right when he was about to strike...

Why Te eur "Number eight? That symbol seem familiar." A voice, tinged with amusement, entered the assassin's ear from behind. "Unless I'm mistaken, you belong to the northern hidden supreme grand martial sect and | are adisciple of the Eight-Armed Guardian.

"Does the Eight-Armed Guardian know you are on the Zadra family's payroll?" The assassin's heart skipped a beat, and he spun around instinctively, only to come face-to-face with the young man floating behind him, his eyes narrowing in recognition.

It was him! The talk of the north, the Zadra family's primary target—Alexander, the uncrowned sovereign.

Shocked to see me?" Alexander dangled effortlessly, his feet

firmly attached to the crossbeam high above the hotel lobby He looked at the assassin dressed inblack with a ghost of a smile on his lips. "Who is on Franklin's hit list today? Caleb? "Do you think Franklin will kill you if you fail this job? Relax; your secret is safe with me. You're after Caleb, right? Go ahead and show me what you've got.

Let's see if you can draw Caleb's blood." The assassin's face was a mask of confusion. "Wait, aren't you Caleb's kid? You want him dead?" Alexander's gaze drifted lazily across the lobby, taking in Caleb, Callie, Raidon, Geoff, and the other guests. Anyone could be a target, but not Caleb.

'Caleb's fate is none of my business." He flicked his hand dismissively at the assassin, his voice as cold as ice. "Don't dawdle. Take your shot. And, hey, calm

your nerves and aim straight.' he assassin's lips twitched, and his grip on the dart tightened. It struck him like a ton of bricks.

No matter what happened that day, whether Caleb lived or died, his fate was predetermined. Neither Alexander nor Franklin would let him leave alive in that deadly game.

Franklin was after Caleb's life, but Alexander had more pressing concerns.

He intended to bait the Zadra family into revealing their true colors and blowing the master's cover wide open. Once that dart flew, whether Caleb was hit or not made no difference—the chaos in the north would begin, and that was exactly what Alexander was aiming for.

"You're the stuff of legends, Alexander.

To find the master, you'd even throw your father under the bus. That's ruthless, real ruthless," the assassin in black said, giving Alexander one last look

before making his move. With a quick flick of his wrist, the sleek dart sliced through the air, leaving a light trail as it closed in on Caleb's throat.

In that same instant, snap! ' A sound too faint to detect.

Alexander's fingers moved subtly next to the assassin, and an unseen force wrapped around the dart, slowing it and blowing its cover.

"This is bad!" Caleb was in the hall, joking with Geoff when he felt a shiver down his spine. He swung out with a right hook, meeting the dart squarely.

Boom! The dart went spinning out of control! Caleb's punch knocked the mysterious dart off course, and it could not continue on its deadly path. It twisted through the

air before bursting apart, raining like a metal hailstorm on Raidon, who stood next to Caleb.

It was as they said—when trouble came knocking, those nearby would pay the price.

i Raidon was delicately holding a beautifully crafted flask, about to pour Caleb a drink, when he was unexpectedly showered with shards from a dart. He stood frozen, his body punctured like a sieve, and blood gushed everywhere in an instant!

## **His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar - Chapter 558**

Chapter 0558 "Murder!" As Raidon collapsed, soaked in his own (blood, chaos erupted in the hotel lobby.

| The Zadra family's charity gala had not even begun when the venue turned into a horror show. Guests, relatives, and the northern business tycoons who had been invited...

Except for a few warrior clans, the crowd was terrified and ran for their lives, ducking and dodging with the assistance of their bodyguards. Even Callie's face was devoid of color as she instinctively sought refuge behind Caleb.

"Raidon? Raidon!" Geoff was furious, running to Raidon's side and clutching his body. He pressed his finger against Raidon's wrist, channeling a burst of vital energy into his

pressure points and desperately keeping his heart beating.

| It was a fight for life! Raidon was a shambles of blood and torn (flesh, his body littered with dart fragments. Geoff's vital energy clung to ' Raidon's fading life, keeping him from dying right away.

"Damn it! Damn it!" Amid the chaos, Franklin's eyes were fixed on Caleb and Antonio, his teeth grinding in frustration.

His plan had failed! The hitman he hired was a formidable force, only a hair's breadth away from legendary supreme grand martial status.

His ability to throw blades was unparalleled, and in that situation, a stealthy strike from him meant Caleb's death! However, how could he have missed?

Why the blunder? It was unthinkable! "I've got this!" Caleb breathed a sigh of relief as Antonio kept an eye on him. He kept Callie close } and quickly dropped into a crouch, his hand hovering just above Raidon's battered form. Inner power surged through his palm, forming a vortex that spun with urgency.

Crack, crack, crack...

The vortex tugged at Raidon's body, which was wracked with near-fatal injuries, shaking as shards of darts were expelled from the depths of his wounds, each soaked in his blood.

Ten, twenty, fifty...

Over 200 pieces of shards, big and small, were finally extracted from Raidon's body. Geoff's vital energy poured in, and finally, the wounds were under control!

"Dad..." Raidon, cradled in Geoff's embrace, fought to open his eyes. His lips quivered, and his gaze suddenly locked onto something.

J | There it was! Directly in Raidon's line of sight, by the grand chandelier of the hall, a figure dressed in black plummeted —the very assassin who had attempted the ambush, then utterly defeated! "Is he... is he dead?!" In that instant, it was not just the grievously injured Raidon who witnessed the fall of the assassin in black. Every guest in the hall saw it, including Franklin, of course! He fixed his gaze on the lifeless body of the black-clad assassin. His hands balled into fists so tight that his nails were about to break through the skin, One

thought lingered in his mind —that was the end.

' The dead man wore the Zadra family's sacred tokens and the unique insignia of the Eight-Armed Guardian's external | disciples. If Geoff and Caleb discovered | that...

"It's one of the Eight-Armed Guardian's men." Caleb was quick to react as the assassin's body fell to the ground. He lunged forward, only glancing at the black band on the man's wrist. When he saw the number eight, he said coldly, "The Fosters and the Kanes have no beef with the Eight-Armed Guardian. Why send someone to kill us?" "And another thing..."

"The Eight-Armed Guardian has avoided the spotlight, never getting involved in the fighting world's feuds. Regardless of the turmoil among the northern factions,

. they would just watch from the sidelines, never getting their hands dirty." ' Caleb was right. — Cradling Raidon in his arms, Geoff first | looked at the assassin's body, then whipped his gaze to Franklin, his words sharp and biting, "You're a Zadra, and this is your family's reception. My boy got hurt on your turf. The Zadras can't avoid taking responsibility for this! "Give me a straight answer in three days, or it is war. The Fosters and the Kanes will come calling, and the Zadras will be history!" Then, he grabbed the unconscious Raidon and dashed to the hotel exit.

"Get the car ready now! We need to get to Central Woolpackton Hospital immediately. Call the Governor's office and tell them we need the roads cleared — money is no issue. My son's life is on the line,

"Hurry!"

## **His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar - Chapter 559**



Chapter 0559 "The entire hotel lobby was cleared-in less than three minutes. Geoff, Caleb, Antonio, Callie, and everyone else rushed | to the hospital in three luxury cars, | speeding past green lights along the way! "Damn it! Damn it! Damn it!" Franklin watched the three major families leave in the distance before returning to the hotel lobby. He looked at the black-clad assassin's body and roared, "What are you good for? You can't even handle such a minor issue! Aren't you supposed to be a semi-supreme grand martial artist? Where's your energy, and where are your throwing knives?" "Useless! All the Eight-Armed Guardian's descendants are useless!" In the hall, a large group of Zadra family's bodyguards remained silent, not daring to speak!

"Mister Zadra." After a while, a cautious captain of the bodyguards approached Franklin and whispered, "The Ghost Worshiper's death is suspicious.

Shouldn't we investigate? He hid above the dome; who could've found his trace? | "Also, with the Ghost Worshiper's strength, even if they found his trace, they couldn't have killed him without making any noise." Boom! Franklin's body trembled, his gaze drawn reflexively to the hall's dome. When he saw the empty ceiling lights and beams, he began to waver. He could not help but notice a slight twitch in his heart.

The captain of the bodyguards was right.

Who else in the entire northern region, aside from his own uncle, could kill the Ghost Worshiper so silently? Furthermore, his uncle had entered seclusion at the Zadra family's ancestral hall and would not be seen for at least a

i SS month. His uncle could not have appeared at the time.

(So... — 'It must be Alexander Kane!' J / The thought exploded in Franklin's mind, | fermenting uncontrollably, sending a shiver down his spine.

Aside from Alexander, who else would protect Caleb discreetly? Raidon and Alexander were only nominal cousins. In reality, they had no blood relationship at all.

Furthermore, Raidon had recently caused trouble for the Callie Group before being blasted away by Alexander in a single move. Finally, the janitors threw him into the trash heap! They were not true cousins and had grievances against one another, so...

"The one who killed the Ghost Worshiper must be Alexander!"

Franklin quickly searched the hall, but he found no trace of Alexander. Finally, he | gritted his teeth and commanded the captain of the bodyguards, "Inform the Eight-Armed Guardian to handle the Foster family. They can't be allowed to come knocking on our doors. We can't tell Father or Uncle! "Scour the entire hotel; we must find

Alexander's whereabouts. If you can't do that, leave your heads with me!" The captain hesitated to speak, a sigh echoing through his heart.

They had to look for Alexander Kane? That must be a joke! If it were Alexander, how could they, mere bodyguards with vital energy, locate him? News about Alexander's strength had already spread throughout the north. He was rumored to be a Martial Overlord, and he was Wyverna's youngest one yet! Furthermore, since Alexander had

already taken action to kill the Ghost Worshiper, why would he just leave? "The Eight-Armed Guardian and the | Black Maple Organization have no | relation." At that moment, on the streets and alleys about two kilometers from the Johansson Grand Hotel.

Alexander frowned as he looked at the intelligence sent by Maxine.

The Temple of War's intelligence system was unquestionable. They could confirm that Franklin's plan to assassinate Caleb was entirely his own, with no approval from the head of the Zadra family.

Jackson Zadra, the head of the Zadra family and Franklin's father, had recently achieved the rank of supreme grand martial, a dominant strength fighter practitioner with formidable energy.

"The master of the Black Maple Organization is capable of suppressing | the entire Kane family single-handedly.

Jackson is merely a supreme grand martial; it's impossible for him to be the , Black Maple's master." | Alexander put his phone away, silently reflecting on the intelligence's contents, before returning his gaze to the Johansson Grand Hotel in the city center.

At the moment, it was impossible to say definitively whether the master of Black Maple was from the Zadra family.

However...

Geoff had already stated that Franklin must provide a reasonable explanation within three days or face a military invasion. By then, the Zadra family would have revealed all of their cards. If the master of Black Maple were related to the Zadra family, they would not remain uninvolved!

| ad The master of the Black Maple...

The situation in the north had already | become critical; even if he hid deeply; tie could not avoid detection indefinitely.

The man's identity would be exposed |" eventually! | \

## **His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar - Chapter 560**

Chapter 0560 ' Meanwhile, at the best hospital in the three northern provinces.

The atmosphere was tense, and security | was tight! At least 20 helicopters were parked all around the hospital, and elite bodyguards from the Kane and Foster families, as well as martial arts practitioners, formed an impenetrable barrier around it. No one was allowed to breach the critical care monitoring center's defenses.

It was Raidon's surgery! In only three hours, the Kane and Foster families worked tirelessly. They each sent representatives and went to great lengths to charter over 20 civilian aircraft from the Northern Aviation Center. They specifically invited about 30 surgical experts from various countries to perform the surgery together overnight!

} — There were also Caleb and Geoff! The heads of the two families banded ' together to save Raidon. They entered the operating room wearing sterile gowns, taking turns infusing him with vital | energy, tightly guarding his cardiac blood | supply, and clutching the last wisp of warmth at his heart.

Life or death depended on that moment! "Will Raidon be okay?" Yeilyn Foster—Caleb's wife and Raidon's aunt—waited outside the operating room. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she stared at the tightly closed isolation door of the operating room, her voice filled with indescribable sadness. "He's the Foster family's only heir. If something goes wrong... Oh, no!" Like the Kane family, the Fosters lacked male heirs.

Since marrying Caleb, they had not

shared a bed in 15 years. Yeilyn treated her only nephew as her own and was closer to Raidon than her own son.

However, with Raidon's fate uncertain, it was time to consider the continuation of |" the Foster family line or blood | transmission! Creak! After an indeterminate amount of time, the isolation door to the operating room slowly opened.

With sweat pouring down their foreheads, Caleb and Geoff emerged slowly with the assistance of two medical personnel. Despite their tired faces, their eyes revealed a hidden sense of relief.

"Caleb!" Yeilyn hurried forward, her face unable to contain the urgency anymore, her voice trembling with tears. "Where's Raidon? Is he okay? You both intervened, so he must be okay, right? He must be!"

Wy TT RVnWe Whew! Caleb and Geoff removed their sterile "masks at the same time, took a deep breath, and nodded slowly. "Fortunately, we intervened on time. We've removed all |" the remaining darts in his body and repaired the ruptured organs and muscles. There should be no long-term effects as long as he rests properly." "That's good! That's good!" Yeilyn sighed in relief, the tension in her heart suddenly easing. She leaned softly against Caleb, her expression filled with gratitude. "Thank you, Caleb. Raidon may not have escaped unharmed if you hadn't handled the situation properly. The assassin was an Eight-Armed Guardian disciple who carried hidden weapons..." The Eight-Armed Guardian?! Callie had been accompanying Yeilyn.

When she mentioned that, her pretty face tensed. She quickly stepped forward,

| speaking urgently, "I think we've overlooked something!" "Huh?! Geoff and Caleb exchanged glances before turning to face Callie, their eyes silently questioning.

J | ""Raidon is severely injured, and both the Foster and Kane families are fully | committed to helping him get well.

Almost all of our families' manpower is here at the hospital!" Callie's words came out quickly, her face filled with anxiety. "If this assassination attempt was orchestrated by Franklin, with the internal vulnerabilities of both the Kane and Foster families, would he take advantage of this crisis? "With Franklin's personality, I'm afraid \_n Whoosh! Before Callie could finish her sentence, Caleb and Geoff's expressions shifted

| dramatically.

They leaped out of the hospital window, "their bodies like shooting stars coHiding with the ground, leaving two giant craters on the hospital lawn! f | ""Take off, quickly!" They shot off like arrows, rushing into the two helicopters parked for their families. They shouted urgently, "Return to the family estate at the fastest speed; not a single second can be wasted!" "This is a matter of life and death! Hurry! Hurry!"