

His Lordship Alexander Kane

#Chapter 601 -610

Read His Lordship Alexander Kane Chapter 601

Chapter 0601 Find another way? In the cabin, Alexander stood tall, his eyes narrowing in determination.

What could possibly have been done then? Regardless of the method—whether it was his keen eyesight, his psychic senses, or the state-of-the-art detection gear aboard the Lord of War—Alexander had come up empty in his search for the elusive island.

Was there any stone left unturned, any gadget they had not tried? "Could it be..." A revelation struck Alexander like lightning as he revisited the USB's analysis. His gaze sharpened, there was a hidden link among the jade pendants. Eight in total, each carved with its own unique pattern, yet undeniably part of a once-unified artifact.

"The jade amulet..."

With a swift decision, Alexander gestured decisively and barked out an order, "Aledandra fighter jet, change course—head back to Wyverna, now! Our target is the Kane family estate!" Three hours later, in the northern reaches of Wyverna, Caleb Kane sat in his study, idly turning over the jade amulet Chrissy had left.

Across from him, Yeilyn watched, her presence a silent comfort against his barely-there smile tinged with sadness.

Half a month had slipped by.

Ever since the north had settled into peace, his son Alexander and daughter-in-law Amber had ventured to the Northwest's mines and vanished without a trace.

It was as if they would never return, as if the north—and he—were a distant memory.

Leaving Chrissy's pendant behind, Alexander had made his message clear: he had no desire

to recognize Caleb as his father.

Caleb carefully placed the jade amulet against his chest, exhaling a deep, contemplative sigh.

"Yeilyn, I've turned it over in my mind, and it's clear—you're the one who should reach out on my behalf.

"Make time for a call to Amber, that young one. The piece I mentioned, it's time she received it." Yeilyn's eyes softened, and she gave a gentle nod of understanding.

She was well aware of the significance of "the piece" Caleb spoke of—the ancestral jade of the Kane family, a token of acceptance for the women who joined their lineage. It had graced Chrissy's wrist, then Yeilyn, and was destined for Amber, Alexander's beloved.

"The question is, will she even pick up my call?" Yeilyn pulled out her cell phone, Amber's contact info at the ready. Her finger hovered, hesitating only briefly before she steeled herself to dial.

I

However, at that moment...

Whoosh! A piercing sound sliced through the air above the manor as the fighter jet, named Aledandra, burst onto the scene, hovering a hundred meters up before its cockpit sprang open.

A young figure jumped from the jet, plummeting like a shooting star, and landed with a thunderous crash in front of the study! "Who's there?!" Antonio, the manor's butler, rushed towards the commotion, his eyes widening in astonishment at the sight of the newcomer. * Is it really you, young master?!" The term 'young master' hung in the air, but Alexander merely acknowledged him with a nod, then bolted straight for the Kane family study without a word.

"Alexander... no, better to say Temple Lord Kane."

In the quiet of the study, Caleb and Yeilyn stood up at the same time, their faces flickering with surprise that quickly dimmed.

They turned to Alexander with a formal bow, their voices laced with a hint of sadness, "We're honored by your visit, Temple Lord Kane. Forgive me for not greeting you properly from the start." 1 Alexander's eyes were frosty as he faced the man who was his father in name alone. "The jade amulet. Hand it over." Caleb blinked, taken aback, his heart pounding in his chest.

Was Alexander asking for the jade amulet as a sign of acceptance, at last recognizing his father? 'The jade amulet was Chrissy's legacy, I've only been its keeper." With a sigh of relief, Caleb drew the pendant from his pocket, his gaze softening, "I've heard about your mining ventures up north, that you might have found a clue to another jade. Is that why you're here?

'I actually wanted to reach out to you. Chrissy believed the pendants shared a mysterious bond, that they might resonate when close..." However, Caleb's words were cut short. With a swift gesture, Alexander summoned an unseen force that wrapped

around the jade amulet, effortlessly pulling it from Caleb's grasp before he strode out the door.

"Alexander!" Yeilyn's voice broke as she stepped forward, watching his figure disappear into the distance.

"Won't you forgive Caleb after all this time? He's been here, quietly watching over you, always caring...

"Just a short while ago, Caleb had mentioned his intention to gift the family's ancestral jade to Amber, your wife and the Kane family's beloved daughter-in-law." Ancestral jade...

Right then, Alexander was soaring through the

skies above the manor in his namesake fighter jet. He hesitated for a brief moment at the entrance of the cockpit before the hatch sealed shut, and the jet sped off toward the sea near Coconut Wind Island. I After an indeterminate amount of time, a I chilled, deep voice echoed in Yeilyn and I Caleb's ears.

"Got it!" I

Chapter 0602 Far from Wyverna, across the vast expanse of the Pacifara Bay near Coconut Wind Island.

Amidst the carriers, with warships in formation, hundreds of fighter jets performed an aerial ballet, their sensors at full throttle, scouring the sea for any sign of the elusive ' Nameless Island.' I "Report, the second squadron's search is complete—nothing within a hundred nautical miles!" I I "First squadron returning, covered a hundred nautical miles, no new discoveries!" "Sixth squadron is on the hunt, but so far, nothing's caught by eye or radar..." Feedback from the missions kept pouring into the control room of the Lord of War carrier.

Green Dragon, the Duke of War, with his combat helmet on, was glued to the satellite feed, his face a mask of severity.

More than thirty hours had ticked by.

Since the Maxine fighter jet went missing, a full day and night had passed without a trace of Lady Amber, Maxine, or the White Tiger, Duke of War. Still, no one had a clue about the Nameless Island's coordinates.

The question hung in the air: Did the Nameless Island even exist? The world's superpowers had their eyes glued to the Lord of War's fleet of carriers, the mightiest armada under the Temple of War's command. Every tiny ripple they made sent shockwaves through the delicate balance of international tensions.

However, if the search dragged on, there was no telling if those countries might just barge in, and Alexander...

"Temple Lord Kane is here!" At the Duke of War, Green Dragon's command center, an observer leaped to his feet, jabbing a finger at the monitor where a crimson arrow blazed. "It's the Aledandra, the Lord's own jet, the Aledandra! The Lord's back!" Tha

Thirty hours had passed since Alexander had last been seen, and then he was swooping back into the disaster zone aboard his personal jet, the Aledandra.

'Sweep the area!" From the cockpit of the Aledandra, Alexander clutched a jade amulet and peered down at the ocean's expanse, barking orders, "Scour every inch within a thousand nautical miles, and make it snappy!" With a whoosh, the jet tore through the sky at six times the speed of sound, crisscrossing the search area.

One minute, five minutes, ten minutes...

Then, a buzz. Out of the blue, the jade pendant in Alexander's grip trembled.

The jade amulet was reacting! In that instant, the Pacifara Bay's wild waves bowed down as if a titanic Lord of War Domain had materialized from thin air, halting time itself in a breathless pause.

Buzz, buzz, buzz...

The jade amulet quivered, and above the sea's surface, an unseen barrier shimmered into existence. As the jade amulet vibrated, the barrier began to crack and dissolve into nothingness.

The whole spectacle was over in less than five seconds. : Observed by the crew aboard the Lord of War, scrutinized by the Temple of War's vigilant members, and under Alexander's piercing gaze, a verdant island spanning twenty kilometers slowly emerged at the heart of the ocean.

"The Unnamed Island, that's the one marked on the Black Maple's USB drive!" Without a moment's delay, Alexander commanded with a thunderous voice, gazing down at the island, "Fighter jet Aledandra, descend and land immediately!"

On the Unnamed Island, the air was tranquil.

At the island's core, beneath a canopy of giant coconut trees, Maxine and the White Tiger, Duke of War, wore expressions of sheer amazement as they eased the barrier of inner power they had been upholding.

'The magnetic oppression is gone." Maxine, steadying the ashen-faced Amber, swept her gaze around them, her eyes reflecting both relief and a thick veil of mystery. "What

caused that tremor? An undersea quake, or a volcanic eruption? "However, the island is unchanged, the flora untouched, so the magnetic field..." Was the magnetic field significant? Supported by Maxine, Amber had an epiphany and slowly raised her head, her gaze fixing on the increasingly distinct form of the Chaos Dragon in the sky, her eyes brimming with tears.

She had seen him.

It was truly him! Even from afar, her eyes pierced the distance with clarity. There, silhouetted against the aircraft's open hatch, was the man she longed for day and night—her husband, Olivia's father, her beloved Alexander.

"Mister Kane!" In that electrifying moment, both Maxine and the formidable White Tiger, Duke of War, caught sight of the fighter jet Aledandra slicing through the heavens. Their faces lit up with wild excitement. "Mister Kane, we're here, Miss Chesire too, we're all here!" They were alive, every single one of them! Hovering over three hundred meters from the ground, Alexander's heart was on fire with passion. He fixed his gaze on Amber, at the island's heart, and without waiting for the jet to touch down, he leapt from the hatch.

"Amber!" "I've come for you!"

Chapter 0603 At the center of the unnamed island, two figures clung to each other in a fierce embrace.

A narrow escape from disaster, a heartfelt reunion after what seemed an eternity.

It had been merely three hours, yet it felt longer than a century.

Amber could scarcely fathom the heroic deeds her husband, Alexander, had undertaken to find her. Commanding the Temple of War, he had stood against the might of Umbracia's forces, slain the formidable General Hesberg, and left the Black Maple master gravely wounded, all while traversing the expanse between the North and the Pacifara Bay.

However, in that moment, she knew that was no dream. She shivered in her husband's embrace, her tears flowing freely.

"All is well now." Alexander ran his fingers through Amber's

long hair, shooting a look that sent Maxine and the White Tiger, Duke of War, back to their ship, the Lord of War. His voice was soft as he spoke, "Amber, you have no idea how much you've helped me. I owe you a big thank you." Ah? Tears pooled in Amber's eyes as she gazed up at her husband, love-struck and bewildered, her voice quivering, "Thank me? However, I've only caused you trouble. You must've gone through so much to find me. I'm the one who should be apologizing, oh..." Haha! Seeing Amber

unharmd brought a wave of relief over Alexander. He took her hand in his left and with his right, he held up the jade amulet his mother had left him, grinning from ear to ear, "Take a look at this." The jade amulet was alive in his hand, vibrating with an energy that was beyond words, sending out invisible waves. It was pointing towards the heart of the island, a dormant volcano some three hundred meters

away.

"There are eight of these jade amulets, each one linked to an ancient tomb holding secrets beyond our wildest dreams." He held Amber's hand as they both looked towards the volcano, his spirit soaring.

"If I'm right, there's another jade amulet waiting for us over there.

"Let's go!" In the heart of the island, at the edge of the volcanic crater.

They descended, the path sloping down two hundred meters into the dimming light.

The path was uneven, a snaking trail of stones leading into the depths, lined with the bones of hundreds of humans and the remains of large animals, all reduced to skeletons by the passage of time.

"These must be the ones who fought for the

jade amulets." Alexander took Amber's hand, his brow furrowed as they made their way down the cobblestone path. "These animal bones...

they're from creatures that don't belong to our time. They've been erased by history's relentless flow." Amber's grip on Alexander's arm tightened, her body quivering ever so slightly.

The skeletons of those massive beasts were unlike anything she had ever seen—some bore a striking resemblance to lions and tigers, others seemed ripped from the pages of ancient myths, fierce and otherworldly. They were relics of a bygone era, then utterly extinct and vanished from the modern world.

"These bones hold incredible value for science, " he mused.

Guided by the mysterious jade amulet, they reached the volcanic crater's edge. Alexander glanced back at the skeletal remains and offered Amber a reassuring smile. "I'll have these taken back for study, to uncover their I bE Se

secrets." Amber simply nodded in agreement, her voice a soft whisper. "Okay." They had descended more than five hundred meters below the surface, enveloped in a darkness so complete, it swallowed up all light and life.

Beneath a jumbled heap of bones, a faint glow shimmered, almost imperceptible, echoing the light from the jade amulet Alexander held.

"There it is!" His eyes narrowed in concentration, Alexander's mind reached out, scanning the jade for any sign of danger. Satisfied it was safe, he gestured gracefully, and the bones scattered as if caught in a silent tempest. With a swift flick of his wrist—Whoosh! The jade amulet responded to the call, soaring through the air and landing with a sureness in Alexander's open hand. It was the spitting image of the one Chrissy had left behind, save

for one detail: the intricate patterns within that jade amulet shimmered with a subtle glow, unlike the one from Caleb, which had dimmed to nearly nothing.

"What is this..." As Alexander grasped the jade amulet, Amber, who was right next to him, did not pick up on anything out of the ordinary. However, Alexander was struck by a jolt, his eyes lighting up with a wild joy he had never felt before.

It was the essence of nature itself! That was the coveted force that the ancient Wyverna warriors sought in their martial arts journey, as chronicled in their age-old texts. It went by another name, one that resonated with anyone who heard it.

The spiritual energy of heaven and earth!

Chapter 0604 In the annals of ancient martial arts, the spiritual energy of heaven and earth that flows was a well-documented phenomenon.

The spiritual energy of heaven and earth was not uncommon in ancient martial arts records.

Many martial arts masters found themselves stuck at the Lord of War 's peak level, unable to progress any further, as they approached the final step of their martial arts journey. 1 In those days, warriors exhausted their wits in search of the elusive breakthrough, and they all agreed on one thing: they needed the spiritual energy of heaven and earth itself! A fighter's journey was one of self-refinement, transforming the body into a crucible, refining their physique, opening up meridians, nurturing their mental power, gradually forming vital energy, dominant strength, and spirit energy. After reaching the Lord of War realm, they can even unleash the Lord of War Domain. That was considered reaching the I peak level of human fighter ability.

Yet, that spiritual energy of heaven and earth was not something one could simply cultivate.

It was a stroke of destiny, a wondrous power birthed by the natural world, and the ancient Lords of War sought it with a fervor, for it was the key to transcending the Lord of War realm and entering a state of being that was nothing short of extraordinary.

"This sensation..." Alexander stood at the base of the volcano's mouth, the jade amulet in his grasp quivering with intensity. Waves of warmth surged through his body's pathways, converging in his core, and there, like a gentle stream, they began to coalesce into a distinct and powerful - sphere of energy.

Crack, crackle! Inside Alexander, a mysterious barrier that seemed to defy understanding was under siege by a powerful force. It was the Lord of War's barrier, the very threshold of martial mastery, the critical point that one must surpass to ascend beyond the rank of Lord of

War.

After an intense half-hour, the energy finally began to ebb. Alexander's eyes dimmed from their inner glow, his skin losing its ephemeral sheen, returning to normal as his breaths drew long and steady.

He remained at the peak of the Lord of War, not quite breaking through. Yet, he felt stronger, closer to shattering that final barrier.

"Alexander?" Amber's voice quivered in the pitch-black, her arms wrapped tightly around his. "It's so dark. Now that we've got the jade, can we go? I "And since the jade amulets seem to I connect... maybe we could take them to the "Northwest mines to try our luck? "You mentioned a magnetic field in the ninth mine, right? Maybe..." That's it! A spark lit up in Alexander's eyes, his face breaking into an eager grin.

"Amber, we're heading back to the Northwest, now!" "We're going to claim that third jade amulet, no matter what!" Wyverna's Northwest was alive with celebration at the Wafford Mining Corporation headquarters. Flowers lined the path, employees cheered, and fireworks lit up the sky—a spectacle of welcome, all orchestrated I by the ever-thoughtful Vinicent Reath. I The power players of Wafford Mining, Amber, the savvy General Manager of New Cheshire Group, and Alexander, the astute Security I "Minister, had come down personally, a testament to the weight of the situation.

"Alexander, Amber..." Vinicent watched from the building's entrance, his eyes narrowing with a flash of icy fury that most would miss.

The night before, the news had hit him like a punch to the gut: Hesberg was dead by Alexander's hand, and the Black Maple master

was left reeling from severe injuries. Every plan Vinicent had meticulously setup had crumbled to dust.

Then, it was down to him and the Northwest branch of the Black Maple Organization. They had their orders from the master: get that jade amulet hidden under the ninth mining area, no matter the cost.

"Vinicent, always the hard worker, aren't you?" Two kilometers from Wafford Mining, Alexander drove with a relaxed ease, glancing at Amber, who sat beside him. He flashed a knowing smile. "He's one of Black Maple's own, and yet he's clueless that we're onto him.

He thinks his secret's safe.

"And what do you think he's itching to do now?" he asked.

Get his hands on that jade amulet, obviously.

Amber turned to him, her expression playful as she stuck out her tongue. "Let me guess, you're thinking of letting him sweat it out, right? Use Vinicent to reel in the big catch, to sniff out Black Maple's hideout in the

Northwest? "Am I on the right track, Alexander?" She was every bit the General Manager of New Chesire Group, every bit Alexander's astute wife.

Alexander looked at her with adoration, his mind drifting back to that fateful encounter with Yevgen Jaquin on Yewspire Mountain, the memory igniting a spark in his eyes that grew brighter by the second.

Sinew-Melting Blood-Dissolving Powder! During the showdown at Yewspire Mountain, Yevgen, one of the Black Maple Organization's Four Guardians, fell to Alexander's swift strike.

-He had taken the lethal Sinew-Melting Powder beforehand, making interrogation impossible.

The poison took effect instantly, and he died without leaving a trace.

It was clear that the Sinew-Melting Blood- Dissolving Powder was a last resort for the Black Maple Organization's inner circle, a deadly secret kept to avoid capture and protect their clandestine operations.

"We'll need to outsmart Vinicent to extract any information from him." Alexander floored the gas pedal, and the armored car raced toward the towering Wafford Mining Corporation office, a subtle smirk playing on his lips.

"Vinicent is after the jade amulet, so let's make sure he gets it—on our terms." Whether it was the enigmatic Black Maple or Vinicent himself, neither could have imagined that Vinicent's every action was being watched by the vigilant Juno, the Duke of War.

Chapter 0605 The sleek, bulletproof sedan glided to a stop in front of the towering Wafford Mining Corporation headquarters, carrying Alexander and Amber within its fortified embrace.

"Give them a big welcome, folks! Let's roll out the red carpet!" 'The entire team at Wafford Mining is thrilled to have Miss Chesire and Mister Kane grace us with their presence. Let's show our leaders the warmest of welcomes!" "Salute with the cannons, light up the sky with fireworks—let's make it snappy!" -In the midst of the jubilant celebration, the sedan parked smoothly at the building's entrance. Vinicent, with the beauty of a secretary by his side, barely dressed for the occasion, greeted them with a beaming smile and a bow of utmost deference. "A wonderful day to you, Miss Chesire, and to you, Mister Kane!" It was a wonderful day.

Alexander and Amber emerged from the car, acknowledging the staff with a casual wave.

Without wasting another moment, they joined arms and strode into the heart of the building, where they reigned supreme.

"My deepest apologies!" At the pinnacle of the office tower, Vinicent served up steaming cups of coffee to Alexander and Amber. His face etched with guilt, he confessed, "I've only just learned about the mess in mining sector nine. Galvin Brooks has been hoarding the workers' pay for his own gain. It's a failure of my oversight, and I'm deeply sorry for the trouble it's caused.

"Look, we've just been swamped by the Mineral Group. Rumor has it there's some new magnetic field in the ore veins, right over in the Ninth District? My team's been running around like headless chickens, and even today's welcome ceremony was thrown together last minute. I really hope Miss Chesire and Mister Kane can overlook the rush!" ~The guy seemed sincere enough, but his cover !

was blown, and all the acting chops in the world could not save him then.

"Mister Reath's got a point." Alexander took a casual sip of his coffee, clearly impressed: "Being in charge means you can't always keep an eye on everything. Miss Chesire and I only caught wind of this mess after someone tipped us off.

"The miners have received their paychecks, and the drama hasn't spread, so while Mister Reath didn't exactly save the day, you've been through the wringer. Let's just call it water under the bridge, there's no need for any quilt trips, Mister Reath." Vinicent kept his poker face, but inside, he was "doing cartwheels.

The boss nailed it! 'Alexander and Amber, they've got a soft spot for the crew. As long as you don't screw up royally, they're likely to let things slide. Coming clean really paid off this time—no punishment!" A passing notion flashed across Vincent's thoughts.

"Miss Chesire, Mister Kane." Vinicent fought to keep the glee under wraps, his face a mask of sorrow. "You both have such big hearts, and I can't thank you enough! "I've heard about this magnetic field in the Ninth District, and there might be some rare minerals hiding down there. Give me a shot to lead the dig and make things right, will

you?" Taking charge of the dig? Vinicent, you just can't wait, can you? Showing your hand that fast!" A brief thought darted through Alexander's mind.

'Let's give Mister Reath a shot at making things right," Amber suggested, turning to Alexander with an innocent look that seemed oblivious to Vinicent's devious plans.

"Alexander, how about we put Mister Reath in charge of the deep mining operations in Ninth District? Sounds good to you?" Absolutely!

Alexander's smile held a hidden edge as he eyed Vinicent. "Handing it over to Mister Reath is fine by me. However, the magnetic fields down there are pretty intense, and not just any I miner can handle it. Got any tricks up your sleeve, Mister Reath?" I 'Ido, I do!" Vinicent was ecstatic, nodding vigorously. "I've spent years in the Northwest, rubbing elbows with some tough martial arts I types. I can call them up right now to help dig I out that ore vein under Ninth District!" Martial arts types? The Northwest was a backwater with few influential families and even fewer martial arts schools. Where was he getting all those so- I "called martial artists? Clearly, they were from the Black Maple Organization's outpost in the Northwest.

'Well then, Miss Chesire and I can rest easy," Alexander said, his smile never reaching his eyes as he addressed Vinicent. "Mister Reath, you've got full control over Ninth District. Miss Chesire and I will step back. Here's to your

roaring success!" With that, Alexander stopped paying Vinicent any mind and strode off with Amber.

"Idiot!" Vinicent watched with a sneer until Alexander and Amber were out of sight. He wasted no time, whipping out his phone and dialing a number he knew like the back of his hand.

"The trap's sprung," he reported to the three operatives on the line. "Alexander's taken the bait, and I'm now running the show at the Ninth District.

"Get ready to blend in. Suit up in miner's gear and make your way to the Ninth District!" However, what Vinicent did not realize was that...

The moment they left the towering Wafford Mining Building, Alexander and Amber slid into a bulletproof sedan. They too pulled out their phones, only to receive an urgent update from Juno, the Duke of War.

"We've got a lock on the location! "The Black Maple Organization's hideout in the Northwest? It's holed up in an old, rundown apartment block on the outskirts of Pearson town, southwest side, ready to be torn down."

Chapter 0606 That very night, in the forgotten reaches of Boise Street in Pearson town's southwest suburbs, the scene was set. That place, once the bustling heart of the town

thirty years back, had slipped into obscurity. The Boise Community at the street's dead end was a ghost of a development, long since given up on by any hopeful developers. .

It was not that they did not want to—it was fear that kept them away. The Black Maple Organization had claimed that no-man's land as their Northwest stronghold, a perfect cover for the seventy-odd martial arts aces hiding within. The more desolate the community, the better their cover, and they could easily manipulate any developer who dared to venture close.

"Vincent's given the word," came the call. "Time to change into our disguises!" On the rooftop of a crumbling apartment building by the neighborhood's gate, more than seventy Black Maple operatives deftly

slipped into the minor outfits provided by Vincent.

They were all set, As per Vincent's strategy, the team embarked under the cover of darkness, posing as miners to infiltrate the Ninth District. Their secret mission: to snatch Amber when the chance arose. : "Alexander would never guess that the boss left us in reserve out here in the Northwest," one of them mused.

The three lead envoys of Black Maple finished suiting up first. They glanced back at their crew and murmured with a sly chuckle, "Sure, Alexander's tough, but he's still just one guy.

"Keep it together, folks. If Alexander shows up, stay 'composed and don't tip him off." The moment Amber's on her own, make your move. Grab her, get her to our hideout, and let the boss know.

"The boss always said Amber's his Achilles' heel. Nab her, and Alexander's as good as caught."

With a synchronized rustle, the Black Maple members bowed, echoing a resounding "Yes!" "We've covered the basics. Time to roll out!" At the envoys' signal, the operatives vaulted off the roof. They descended like nimble monkeys, their landings silent—a testament to their elite status. Those were no ordinary fighters, they were brimming with vital energy, each one a top-tier fighter. Especially the three leading envoys, they landed gracefully, their movements fluid and precise, their inner power emanating subtly, all displaying the mastery of a peak-level Grandmaster! As they neared the entrance of the neighborhood...

"Huh?!" The lead envoy of Black Maple halted abruptly, his eyes narrowing sharply.

There was someone there! At the heart of the entrance stood a young man, hands casually clasped behind him, his

gaze leisurely drifting over the Black Maple crew, his expression emotionless.

It had to be Alexander! "You can forget about heading to the Ninth District." He calmly addressed the seventy-odd Black Maple members, his voice detached, "When, real power steps in, all your little plots and schemes don't stand a chance. E "Whether it's Vinicent's delusions or the Black Maple leader's secret maneuvers, trying to steal the jade amulet is a one-way ticket to nowhere.

"I was going to let you off easy, just break your fighting spirit and let you live. But... you dared to think about snatching Amber, and that's a line you don't cross, a mistake I can't forgive!" His voice, his face... It was definitely Alexander! In that instant, the three Black Maple envoys felt a chill run down their spines, and without a second thought, they bellowed, "Scatter and

run for it!" "Save yourselves if you can, just run! Their inner power exploded, propelling them in different directions as they spirited away, covering dozens of yards in the blink of an eye! The rest of the Black Maple members scattered like birds, each one fleeing for their lives! Alexander's true power was a mystery, but the master's grand designs in the north had crumbled to dust, and the intricate plots of Umbracia had gone up in smoke... Thirty years of hard work, all undone by Alexander's hand.

The Black Maple members stood paralyzed, their fighting spirit extinguished. Their only thought was to run for their lives! "Run? You think you can get away?" Alexander's eyes were like shards of ice, his right hand reaching out to clutch at the air, fingers curling as if drawing in the very breath of death. With a voice as chilling as the reaper's own, he whispered, "Die."

With a snap, the air itself seemed to shatter.

The three envoys of Black Maple, along with everyone else, froze in place. Their life force locked up tight, their very essence and spirit crumbled away in an instant, snuffing out their existence. , His will made manifest, Alexander turned the unsген into lethal reality. : : It was a ruthless end, reserved for those who dared to cross the line by trying to abduct Amber.

"Clean this up." I Without a second glance at the fallen, Alexander pulled out his phone and called Juno, the Duke of War. "Vinicent will hear about this soon. Keep an ear to the ground, and find the Black Maple master." Juno's voice came through the line, tinged with excitement. "Green Dragon has taken your jade amulet to the Ninth District and located the exact spot of its counterpart." 'Deep beneath the surface in the bowels of

Mine Number Twenty-Eight lay a secret I untouched by time: the tomb of an ancient general, over a millennium old." I

Chapter 0607 An ancient general's tomb, there, beneath the Ninth District? "Got it!" With a sharp glint in his eye, Alexander ended the call and wasted no time heading to the Ninth District.

The tomb itself was not the prize—it was the jade amulet within. That jade would make his third, and if it held the same spiritual energy of heaven and earth as the others, it could be the key to unlocking the Lord of War realm for him.

A realm above the Lord of War! Such a realm was the stuff of legends, a transcendent state his mother's old tomes spoke of in hushed tones.

At Wafford Mining's Ninth District, Darius Labar led a brigade of more than one hundred and fifty miners. They were decked out in gear

from head to toe—helmets, ropes, shovels, and even emergency medical kits. They stood at the mine's entrance, their faces etched with worry.

With a whoosh, the Duke of War, known as Green Dragon, burst forth from the mine's depths. Sweat-soaked and wrapped in an inner power, he took several heaving breaths, his face finally regaining some color.

The ancient general's tomb was a labyrinth of : deadly ingenuity! As the head of the Temple of War's four Dukes of War, his strength had long surpassed the peak level of Martial Power, yet the tomb's defenses were a nightmare. Even with the aid of Alexander's two jade amulets, navigating the tomb was a Herculean task.

The thought alone was chilling: an ancient tomb buried over fifteen hundred meters beneath the earth, its air thick with decay and laced with a mysterious gas so sinister that even the Green Dragon, Duke of War's, alloy armor could barely endure.

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"Time to head down!" Darius, along with a throng of miners, couldn't wait to dive in, patting their oxygen tanks with a confident grin. "We've been living and breathing the mines of Nine District for years. Digging in our blood! "It's just an old tomb. With these oxygen tanks, we could hang out down there forever! Mister Kane and Miss Chesire have done so much for us. If he needs that jade amulet, we'll get it for him, no matter the risk!" The Green Dragon, Duke of War, wiped the sweat from his brow and chuckled. "You guys..." He was cut off mid-sentence.

"Green Dragon!" At the mine's entrance, Alexander arrived like a bolt from the blue, soaring through the night.

He acknowledged Darius and the crew with a nod, then beckoned with an outstretched hand, "Come!" The Green Dragon, Duke of War, did not

hesitate. He reached into his chest pocket, retrieved two jade amulets, and handed them to Alexander with all due respect.

"Nobody goes down without my say-so," Alexander commanded, then peered into the mine's abyss and leapt with a graceful bound.

Whoosh! He plummeted down in a free fall.

They were already deep in the mine's belly, where the shaft plunged another two hundred meters to the ancient general's burial chamber, The Green Dragon, Duke of War, had carved a straight path to the chamber's entrance.

However, the true peril lay within.

'No trap in the world can hold me back.'" In a mere moment, Alexander touched down with the grace of a feather, his body's inner power forming a seamless shield that repelled the tomb's ancient, corrupting air. He followed the dusty footprints to the tomb's entrance, where a massive cyan boulder stood guard. A

smirk played at the corner of his mouth.

The Dragon-Blocking Stone.

In the olden days of Wyverna, the elite and the powerful sealed their tombs with such colossal stones, weighing as much as a small mountain. Their purpose was twofold: to keep the air out, preserving the corpse within, and to trap the souls of the entombed workers, ensuring they would never see the light of day again.

Clearly, the general who lay there was no saint, he would not have condemned innocent souls otherwise.

"Break!" Alexander commanded, sinking into a stance as the inner power in his palm roiled like a stormy sea. He unleashed his power with a thunderous palm strike against The Dragon-Blocking Stone.

The impact sent shards flying as the cyan monolith, its material unknown, cracked and crumbled under the force. Fragments, heavy as boulders, burst forth, leaving the passage in ruins.

With a deep exhale, Alexander stepped back, his chest rising as he expelled a powerful breath, clearing the air of dust and debris. His eyes, sharp and focused, pierced the darkness of the tomb chamber.

What he saw was horror.

Skeletons, hundreds of them, lay in a macabre heap, their garments long since rotted away—innocent lives spent for one man's vanity. At the heart of the chamber, atop a stone dais of the same cyan hue, the general's coffin was a picture of decay. Burial

treasures lay forgotten, coated in the dust of ages, alongside a suit of ancient, rust-streaked armor and a bronze spear, the once-mighty weapons of the tomb's master.

"The miners must have been digging too greedily, destabilizing the ancient tomb's structure. Given enough time, the chamber's contents were bound to crumble and fade away." Alexander paused, a moment of silence hanging in the air, before he stepped forward.

I

He carefully navigated around the scattered bones of the tomb's guardians, making his way to the coffin of the tomb's master. He I peered inside.

A wooden chest! The master's bones lay in repose, eerily well-preserved within the coffin, hands folded over the chest, clutching a pitch-black chest. The.

wood, its origin a mystery, had miraculously resisted the ravages of time. : "I feel it!" Alexander's gaze locked onto the chest.

Despite his usual calm, his heart raced with anticipation.

In his embrace, two jade amulets stirred to life, their intricate patterns lighting up as if greeting an old friend from afar, resonating with something inside the chest.

If his hunch was right, the third jade amulet, kin to the others, was nestled within that chest!

Chapter 0608 With a swift motion, Alexander's hand hovered and then snatched the chest from its resting place, shaking off years of dust with a single flick of his wrist.

The ancient artwork, once obscured, then lay bare before him. The simple yet masterful strokes depicted a scene of ancient warfare, perhaps the tomb master's most glorious battle.

However, time had worn away any hope of uncovering the warrior's identity.

"The name of the one who rests here doesn't matter. What matters is... the jade amulet." With a steady breath, Alexander gently lifted the lid of the chest.

There it was—the jade amulet! Tucked inside the wooden box was a jade amulet, its green hue as deep as the heart of the forest, nearly identical to the two others he had already found. The intricate patterns

within played a game of hide and seek, matching perfectly with the ones on its siblings. The only twist was a slight shift in the pattern's flow, the exact meaning of which

remained elusive. Caleb's clues pointed to one thing: gather all eight jade amulets to unlock their deepest mystery.

"The energy's barely there." The initial thrill faded as Alexander ran his fingers over the refreshing surface of the new jade, a silent sigh in his thoughts. For some reason, that jade's life force paled in comparison to the one from Coconut Wind Island. If that one was a vast lake of energy, this was nothing more than a puddle, useless for his quest to reach the Lord of War realm.

"No energy, no problem. The main thing is, it's mine now." With a grin breaking through, Alexander pocketed all three jade amulets, gave a respectful nod to the silent guardians of the tomb, and ignored the scattered treasures as he made his way back to daylight.

"He's back, Mister Kane's back!" Darius and the miners had been pacing by the mine's mouth, worry etched on their faces.

However, relief washed over them as Alexander stepped into view, "Mister Kane's okay! That blast wasn't bad at all, he's alive!" What? Feeling the solid earth beneath his boots, Alexander paused, a flicker of confusion giving way to understanding.

That explains it! They must have thought the tomb's entrance stone coming down was some kind of cave-in.

The might of the Warlord was something beyond the grasp of mere mortals.

"Close it off." Alexander did not need to elaborate on the grim scene within the tomb. He simply shook his head at the miners and whispered, "We owe the dead their peace. The air's thick with L

toxins, and there's nothing worth digging for.

"Once it's sealed, fill the shaft. No one digs here again without my say-so. And the magnetic field down there? It'll fade before long, so don't fret." Darius and the crew did not question Alexander's command, nodding eagerly, "You can count on us, Mister Kane. We'll seal this shaft tight! I "Besides, we've got plenty of other digs. Mine twenty-eight is off-limits for good, no exceptions! "We'll do as you say, Mister Kane..." With a smile, Alexander left the mine alongside the workers. The silent Duke of War, I Green Dragon, trailed behind until they were alone. Then he leaned in close, his voice a hushed murmur.

" Your Lordship, Juno's just sent word.

~~ Vinicent's caught a whiff of trouble and skipped out in the dead of night.

"Juno followed your orders to the letter, kept "

tabs on Vinicent without making a move.

Satellite's got him pegged heading for Sullivan town, a hundred clicks out." Sullivan town? Alexander's gaze drifted eastward, toward the distant Sullivan town, a spark igniting in his eyes, growing brighter by the second.

Vinicent could run, but he could not hide from the all-seeing eyes of the Temple of War's satellites. They were not just letting him slip away, they were biding their time, waiting for him to lead them to something bigger. The moment Vinicent reached out to the elusive Black Maple master, Juno, the Duke of War, would be hot on his trail.

Black Maple master...

Those three jade amulets in his possession were too precious to let go of without a fight.

As the night deepened, Alexander bid farewell to the dusty confines of the Ninth District and made his way back to the heart of Pearson

town. At the Armando Grand Hotel, he found Amber, his wife, deep in slumber. He watched her lips move with whispered dreams, a soft smile gracing his face before he lay down beside her, succumbing to sleep's sweet embrace.

Meanwhile, Vinicent was a mess, barreling down the road in his Mercedes S600, fleeing to Sullivan town, a hundred kilometers of desperation behind him.

Sullivan town was a far cry from Pearson town, with its straightforward hierarchy.

There, the underworld was non-existent, replaced by venerable families with deep roots and vast influence. Vinicent's eyes were set on the biggest fish of them all—the Walbeer family, the undisputed mining magnates of Sullivan town. 1

Chapter 0609 Sullivan Town.

As one of the most abundant mineral cities in the northwest of Wyverna, Sullivan Town harbored the most rare earth mineral deposits in its major mining areas.

In the highly developed modern era of technology, rare earth minerals were widely used in alloy production and aerospace technology. It provided numerous rare elements essential for atomic reactors and laser weapon manufacturing, which significantly impacted the prosperity of Wyverna.

The Walbeer family, operating in Sullivan Town for many years, controlled nearly 90 percent of the rare earth mineral deposits.

They even possessed the sole graphite mine, which earned the family riches beyond measure.

It was worth noting that although graphite appeared ordinary, its optical properties, especially in the form of graphene, found

increasingly wide applications in modern high- tech fields. This drove its price to soar.

According to the latest data released by the Global Mining Alliance, the price of graphite ore has maintained a rapid upward trend for seven consecutive years, with limitless future value.

It was no exaggeration to say that the income from just the graphite mine owned by the Walbeer family could surpass the total output of all the mines in Pearson town.

"Mister Walbeer!" Early the next morning, in the office building of the Walbeer Mining Group in Sullivan Town. In the general manager's office.

Vincent looked utterly defeated as he bowed to the young man behind the desk, his voice tinged with bitterness. "To the victor go the spoils. I concede this time. If you don't mind, I'm willing to work under your command.

Considering our past relationship, I hope you can provide me with a means of livelihood, Mister Walbeer."

His words were filled with humility, devoid of the arrogance he once possessed.

Forced submission.

The branch of the Black Maple Organization in the northwest was completely eradicated by Alexander, including three Black Maple messengers. None survived.

The most infuriating thing was that Alexander probably leaked information long ago. The Black Maple Master might even suspect him of being the informant, thinking he betrayed the organization...

Caught between a rock and a hard place, the only solution he could think of was to seek refuge with the Walbeer family, to seek refuge with the current head of the Walbeer family, Jonathan Walbeer.

"Mister Reath, are you joking with me?" Jonathan lounged with his legs crossed, looking at Vincent with a smirk. "You want to join me? Have you thought it through? A well-respected general manager like you, now willing to grovel at my feet? Even if you're a

dog, you still need to have value. Without the Wafford Mining Corporation, where is your value? I don't see it at all!" "You..." Vincent's expression changed, but he suppressed

his anger and plastered on a smile. "You're right, even being a dog requires value... Mister Walbeer, perhaps you're not aware, but although Sullivan Town seems calm now, I dare bet that within three days at most, it will be in chaos.

'Someone has set their sights on Sullivan Town, on the graphite mine owned by your Walbeer family.' What? Jonathan's gaze suddenly narrowed, locking onto Vinicent, his voice turning cold. " Say that again? Vinicent, have you grown tired of living?" His temper was extremely volatile because he had confidence. Although both were involved in mining, there was a fundamental difference between the Walbeer family and Vinicent.

Vinicent used to work for the former Callie Group that, at this moment, belonged to New Chesire Group. Meanwhile, the Walbeer family operated as a family business, needing no support from any prestigious family. All the profits from the mines fell directly into their pockets.

In the entire Northwest, even the prominent families had to show deference to the Walbeer family, never daring to dictate terms. This was solely because the mineral resources in the hands of the Walbeer family could be transformed into immense wealth at any time.

"It's not that I'm seeking death, nor am I exaggerating. It's simply the truth!" Vinicent sighed as he looked at Jonathan's expression.

"Mister Walbeer, that Alexander from the New Chesire Group is formidable! First, he bought off the miners, raised their welfare benefits, and then sidelined my authority. He ousted me from the Wafford Mining Corporation." 'Also...' Here, he leaned forward slightly, his face full of mystery. "Even Callie Group didn't know, but I discovered a graphite mine in Sullivan Town long ago, kept it strictly confidential, and didn't disclose it to anyone!

"But now, even if I know the location of the mineral vein, it's useless! The entire Wafford Mining Corporation has fallen into the hands of Amber and Alexander. Sooner or later, they will find the location of the graphite mine." "By then..." A graphite mine? Before Vinicent could finish, Jonathan's eyes lit up.

With a half-exploited graphite mine, the Walbeer family had already secured its position as the top power in Sullivan Town. If they could obtain a brand new graphite vein, the significance to the Walbeer family was self-evident.

Owning two graphite mines simultaneously would undoubtedly make the Walbeer family the top aristocrat in the entire Northwest, even with the chance of becoming the foremost aristocrat, an invincible and transcendent existence.

"Talk!" At this moment, Jonathan's breathing

quicken, his eyes reddening. "Where is the graphite mine in Pearson town? Just tell me, and I'll give you whatever you want!" Vinicent chuckled.

"What I want is simple: safety." He stared into Jonathan's eyes, emphasizing each word. "As long as you swear to ensure my safety, I won't ask for anything, and I'll tell you the location of the graphite mine!" "Okay!" Without hesitation, Jonathan raised three fingers, swearing to the sky. "I, Jonathan Walbeer, the eldest son of the Walbeer family, will do my utmost to ensure your safety!" "Vinicent, I've sworn. Now tell me, where exactly is the graphite mine?!" This time, Vinicent did not continue to tease Jonathan. He turned his head towards Pearson town and gritted his teeth.

'That graphite mine is in the Ninth Mining Zone of Wafford Mining Corporation!"

Chapter 0610 In the Ninth Mining Zone...

Jonathan sat in the swivel chair, squinting for a moment. He glanced at Vinicent, then waved his hand abruptly. "Come!" Eight guards from the Walbeer family rushed in from the office door, bowing respectfully to Jonathan. "Mister Walbeer." "Take Mister Reath to the villa for tea." Jonathan pointed at Vinicent, a smirk playing on his face. "Remember, treat him well... Oh, by the way, there's a cellar under the villa.

Prepare more blankets for him. It's cold here, and the cellar doesn't have air conditioning.

Don't let him catch a cold!" What? Vinicent's face changed, instinctively standing up and pointing at Jonathan, eyes wide with disbelief. "Mister Walbeer, you...

You... You just swore to ensure my safety!" "Yeah," Jonathan's face was full of a wicked grin, becoming more and more arrogant. "I did

say I'd ensure your safety, but I didn't say you couldn't stay in the cellar, did I?" With that, he slapped the table and stood up abruptly, his gaze darkening. "Vinicent, you think you can use me as a pawn to deal with Alexander, treating me like a fool! Let me tell you, I'll deal with Alexander naturally, not because of you but for the graphite mine! "As for you, stay in the cellar like a good dog. If the news about the graphite mine is false, I'll skin you alive!" As he finished speaking, he raised his hand again, and the eight Walbeer family guards rushed forward. They ignored Vinicent's struggles and curses, tying him up and dragging him out.

"Tiego!" Vinicent's cursing had faded away, and Jonathan sat back in his chair. He picked up the direct line phone on the desk, his voice tinged with sarcasm. "Go to Wafford Mining ~ Corporation. Tell Alexander that the graphite mine in the Ninth Mining Zone belongs to the

Walbeer family! "As long as he's willing to sell the mineral vein, we'll offer any price. If he dares not defy me...

Heh! With the means of our Walbeer family, he'll make sure he and Amber evaporate from this earth together!" On the other end of the phone, Jonathan's brother-in-law, Tiego, chuckled. I "Alright!" At noon that day, in Pearson town, at the Wafford Mining Corporation Office Building, chaos reigned as Vinicent disappeared overnight.

With no clear leadership at Wafford Mining Corporation, employees were fraught with anxiety. Many of Vinicent's confidants quietly resigned and left, leaving various departments in disarray.

"Alexander." In the CEO's office on the top floor, Amber swiftly organized employee files, glancing up at Alexander sitting on the sofa

with a gentle smile. "You've thought of everything. The employees from the group headquarters will arrive soon. They'll take over the work here, and none of the projects will be delayed." Alexander held a cup of hot tea, his eyes full of amusement. As the Lord of the Temple of War, undefeated on the battlefield, his martial prowess was renowned globally. Nonetheless, his success also stemmed from strategic planning, including being prepared for contingencies.

Releasing Vinicent to lure the enemy required careful coordination of Wafford Mining Corporation' operations. Anticipating the opponent's moves was essential for success, a principle applicable both in warfare and business.

"Miss Chesire, Mister Kane!" A group security guard entered, bowing respectfully before addressing them. His gaze shifted to Alexander, cautiously stating, " There's a guest outside demanding to meet you both. His attitude is quite arrogant. We...

We dare not refuse!" 'Dare not'? Alexander raised an eyebrow, his smile fading slowly. "Why not?" The guard froze, sweat beading on his forehead as he stammered, "Well... B— Because he's from the Walbeer family. He's the brother-in-law of the eldest son, Tiego.

"Mister Kane, please don't underestimate the Walbeer family. They are..." Before he could finish, a domineering voice echoed in the corridor outside the office, cutting off the guard's words.

"Where's Alexander Kane? Where's Amber Chesire? You know I'm here, so why haven't you come out to greet me yet?! "New Chesire Group, eh? Others might hesitate to provoke you, but I've never taken you seriously! If you provoke me, I'll make you disappear immediately. I'm not the one who said this, but my nephew!

"Do you know who my nephew is? He's Jonathan, the eldest son of the Walbeer family!