

His Lordship Alexander Kane

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Chapter 0621

A machine gun? How terrifying!

Alexander remained expressionless, paying no attention to Tiego and the eight assassins. He calmly watched Jonathan and the machine gun in his hand, speaking softly, "Jonathan, as the young heir of a prestigious family. before doing anything, one should consider the possible consequences.

"I gave you a chance before, gave you a way out. Now you've brought people to trespass on Wafford Mining Corporation's mineral deposits, using firearms to coerce, intending to seize the graphite vein.

"You can't bear the consequences of such actions!"

Jonathan laughed at Alexander's words. He looked utterly wild and reckless.

"Hahaha!" He cradled the machine gun, skillfully reloading a fresh magazine and aiming the muzzle at Alexander's forehead recklessly. "Kane, let me make it clear to you, my old man is always cautious. He doesn't allow me to act rashly because he's already old!

"The future of the Walbeer family is mine to dictate. The future of the Walbeer family lies in my hands! What is the future? Power is the future! I don't need my old man's support. With my own strength, I can take the graphite mine!"

Alexander's brow furrowed slightly, his expression gradually calming.

Alright, then.

Thorin, the old man of the Walbeer family, obviously was unaware of Jonathan's current actions. It was all Jonathan's own doing.

"Kane!" Behind Jonathan, Tiego obviously did not realize the disaster they had brought upon the Walbeer family. He held a machine gun, his finger tightly on the trigger, pointing the gun at Alexander, full of arrogance. "Are you deaf? Didn't you hear what my nephew just said?

"Hand over the graphite mine, or else...

He never got to finish.

Alexander's eyes lowered as he paid no attention to the fat man who relied on others' power. He calmly addressed Jonathan, "I can make an exception this once. Call Mister Walbeer Senior now and see what his stance is.

"If he supports your use of force to seize the graphite mine, then I can tell you right now, there's only one outcome for your Walbeer family: uprooted, the entire family wiped out."

What?

Jonathan's face hardened suddenly, and he angrily cursed at Alexander. "You insolent fool! Even facing death, you dare to spout such arrogance! You think you're so skilled at fighting? I want to see now if you can withstand a barrage of machine gun bullets!"

As soon as he said this, his finger slammed down on the machine gun trigger, poised to fire.

All of a sudden...

"Stop!" an abrupt roar echoed through the air above the mine, transmitted through a high-powered speaker.

It was Thorin, the head of the Walbeer family.

His aged figure stood at the door of the helicopter, supported by Horace and the old butler to remain steady. Holding a megaphone, he glared down at Jonathan on the ground below, roaring, "You insolent brat! How dare you show disrespect to Mister Kane? I'll end your life!"

What?!

On the ground, Jonathan's finger was less than 0.1 centimeters from the machine gun trigger. Looking up at the rapidly approaching helicopter, his eyes certainly did not deceive him. Did he mishear what his grandfather said? Was the family head really saying this? Was he turning against his own family to protect Alexander Kane?

Did he no longer want the mine? That mine was crucial for the rise of the entire Walbeer family, the family head could not be this confused!

"What... What's going on?"

Within the entire mining zone, Tiego, the eight assassins, Darius, and a large group of miners...

Everyone, except for Alexander, everyone looked up at the Walbeer family's helicopter, watching the furious old man standing at the cabin door, feeling like their minds could not keep up.

Did the old man misspeak? Was he really going to kill his own grandson, just because Jonathan offended Mister Kane? After all, Jonathan was the only young male heir of the entire Walbeer family.

"Little beast!"

At this moment, the helicopter finally descended slowly. Thorin stormed angrily toward Jonathan and delivered two resounding slaps across his face.

The old man showed no mercy.

Jonathan staggered back three steps from the force of the blows. The machine gun in his arms clattered to the ground as he raised a hand to his cheek, his face filled with astonishment. "Grandpa, you..."

"I'm not your grandfather!" Thorin shook with fury, pointing a trembling finger at Jonathan's nose. His lips quivered for a moment. Then, he turned, dropping to his knees beside Alexander, and wailed, 'Please, Mister Kane, spare us!

"The Walbeer family is in disgrace. I've failed in my teachings, allowing this beast, Jonathan, to offend you! Mister Kane, whatever you say, the Walbeer family will follow. Whether Jonathan lives or dies, it's up to you to decide!"

What?!

At this moment, including Jonathan, everyone present was petrified, watching Thorin kneeling on the ground. They could not help but stare in disbelief.

The dignified head of the Walbeer family, the true helmsman of the Walbeer family, a figure who could shake the entire Northwest with a stamp of his foot...knelt before Alexander?

How could this be possible!

"Are you all idiots? Kneel before me!"

Tharin bowed repeatedly to Alexander, then suddenly raised his head, glaring fiercely at the shocked Jonathan and the others beside him. He roared, "I've knelt down, and yet you still dare to stand?

"Prostrate yourselves and beg Mister Kane for forgiveness! If Mister Kane refuses to forgive you, then kneel until you're dead!"

Jonathan and the others from the Walbeer family were dumbfounded.

It was not just them. It also included Darius and hundreds of miners from the Ninth Mining Zone. They all stood there, staring dumbfoundedly at Thorin kneeling on the ground.

What on earth was happening?

The head of the Walbeer family, showing such reverence to Mister Kane... No, it should be fear, dread, even going so far as to make the entire Walbeer family kneel. The old man was using the most extreme way to beg for Mister Kane's forgiveness.

"G-Grandfather..."

Jonathan stood nearby, trembling with fear, his entire body numb, barely able to speak coherently. "Y-You, you're not scaring me. It's just the New Chesire Group; they're at best the local big shots in Ol' Mare. We're the masters of the Northwest! Why should we bow to someone named Kane? I..."

Thorin erupted like thunder, flipping over from the ground and standing up abruptly, delivering another resounding slap that sent Jonathan sprawling on the ground, disoriented. "You little beast, are you deaf?! Do I need to repeat myself?"

Then, glaring at Horace and the others from the Walbeer family, he roared, "Are all of you planning to rebel? I told you to kneel and bow to Mister Kane with me!

"If Mister Kane doesn't say stop, then keep doing so until your heads are smashed in! Now, do it!"

This time, no one dared to hesitate anymore. Following Thorin's example, they knelt before Alexander, banging their foreheads hard against the ground, instantly splitting the skin and flesh. The sound echoed loudly.

"But I..."

Jonathan's knees went weak, still refusing to kneel, but his face had turned pale with terror.

Talk about subverting expectations.

Since childhood, he had been bright. As the only male descendant of the Walbeer family, he was destined to be the heir to the Walbeer family's future. Horace doted on him in every possible way while Thorin treated this grandson as his lifeline, never uttering a harsh word to him.

No longer.

Not only did they repeatedly slap him, but they also made him kneel and bow to Alexander along with the others from the Walbeer family.

Why was this happening?

"Grandpa, even if I die, let me die with understanding."

He struggled to get up from the ground, hands covering his swollen cheeks, shaking violently all over. "Didn't you say it yourself, Grandpa? The North is the root of our Walbeer family. Sooner or later, we will return to the North. Now, as long as we obtain the graphite mine, your wish will be fulfilled!

"Everything I've done is for our family. I want our family to prosper and expand, to break out of the northwest!"

Break out of the northwest?

'You fool, why offend Mister Kane of all people? Don't you know Mister Kane's true identity? This is pushing the Walbeer family into an abyss!'

Of course, Thorin dared not reveal Alexander's true identity. He grabbed Jonathan's neck, viciously slammed him to the ground, and forcibly made him bow to Alexander, repeatedly begging, "Mister Kane, this unfilial grandson is ignorant and disobedient, all due to my indulgence!

"All the faults are mine. Please punish me, Mister Kane!*

Thorin's attitude was quite submissive.

Alexander lowered his eyelids, quietly watching the Walbeer family members, his gaze slowly falling on Jonathan's face. He softly spoke, 'Mister Walbeer Senior asked you to kneel, and you'd rather die than submit. That's a bit of backbone.'

After saying that, his voice lowered considerably, sounding quietly in Thorin's ear, "Has Frank told Jonathan my identity?

"Jonathan is your biological grandson, so there's no harm in telling him this information. Since the Walbeer family is already dependent on the Redwine family and has some ties with me, considering this goodwill, I can make an exception and give you another chance."

Another chance?

Thorin was initially taken aback, then felt as if he had been granted a reprieve, unable to contain the shivers coursing through his body.

It was said that Mister Kane seldom resorted to extreme measures, often leaving a glimmer of hope. If one failed to seize the opportunity, they would inevitably face dire consequences next.

Jonathan, that little rascal, must have squandered his chances long ago. The opportunity Mister Kane unexpectedly granted was the Walbeer family's only hope.

"Little rascal!"

Thorin dared not delay any further, seizing Jonathan's ear tightly. His voice dropped to a barely audible level, only audible to the two of them, "I was trying to save you by having you kneel and bow! You're usually so clever, why the foolishness today?!"

"Do you even know who Mister Kane is? Mister Redwine spoke with absolute sincerity. This Mister Kane before us, ostensibly the son-in-law of the Chesire family of Ol' Mare, is in fact the young heir of the Kane family in the north. He's the legendary Lord of the Temple of War who is invincible in battle!"

What?!

Jonathan's whole body stiffened, mouth slowly agape, pupils dilating. He felt as if he had been struck by lightning, even the ear being gripped by Thorin did not seem to hurt anymore.

The Lord of the Temple of War?

Alexander, the head of security of the New Chesire Group, Amber's husband... Beneath these surface identities, he was that supreme legendary figure?

What could be more shocking than this? What could be more regrettable?

In this vast world, with nearly ten billion people, he managed to offend the one person he absolutely should not have!

"Alexander... No, Mister Kane!"

Jonathan frantically bowed to Alexander, tears streaming down his face. "Mister Kane, I admit my mistake! I truly know I was wrong this time!"

"Everything was my own doing, with no relation to the Walbeer family! I'm willing to bear the consequences alone, regardless of your punishment!"

Beat the consequences alone? Jonathan's backbone is admirable, his courage commendable "The Walbeer family has ties to the.

Redwine family, and also to the Kane family." J Alexander stood with hands behind his back, gazing calmly at the sobbing Jonathan, and spoke softly, "The Northwest is rich in mineral resources, 'and graphite mining s of great importance, involving the nation's vital interests. No one should harbor any delusions.

"As for you, Jonathan, although you've committed a grave mistake, you stil show some filial piety. As for how to make amends, I won't say much. You should consider it yourself."

"Make amends? How should I make amends?! Jonathan knocked his head until it bled, j then lifted it, dazedly kneeling fora 'moment before suddenly realizing.

"Mister Kane, confess twas Vien who told me about the graphite mire. Fe incited me, sing me asa pawn to male enemies with yout "Ive already detained Vinicent nd locked him n the basement of my villa on the outskirts of Sullivan Tow. 1ø's ll.

because of that damned Vinicen, causing misery for our Walbeer family" Afaint smile crept onto Alexanders lips Jonathan, worthy of being the young heir of the Walbeer family, quickly guessed the answer he wanted. A smart man, indeed.

Juno had been closely monitoring the situation, Vinicent's phone signal disappeared when he reached Sullivan

"Town, and Jonathan immediately came Knocking on the door.

16's obvious that theleak of the graphite mine information was Vinicent's doing.

"Vinicent harbors evi intentions and can no longer be kept alive." Alexander's gaze was calm as he quietly watched Jonathar, "Although you have.

erred, your rime doesn't warrant death.

Now, Ill ive you a chance to redeem yourself. You know what to do." Jonathan, taken aback for a moment, quickly realized what he needed to do: il Vinicent.

The Walbeer family had offended the New Chesire Group and Mister Kane, all because of Vinicent. No matter what utility he might still hold, is fate was.

sealed.

That was death.

"Mister Kane, I will redeem myself, I

swear!" Jonathan dared not dwell on it further He bowed to Alexander repeatedly, "There are guards on the vill side, and Vinicent will not escape! 1 return to the villa now

and kill Vincent myself! With Vincent dead, matters in the northwest would basically come to an end = Alexander let out a slow breath, He waved his hand gently at Thorin and the others behind Jonathan, his voice almost as still as a pond, "After this matter is settled, I will not stay in the northwest any longer.

Ultimately, someone needs to be in charge of all the mines in the northwest.

"It could be the Walbeere family, or it could be someone else. Who will be chosen depends on the performance of your Walbeere family from now on." "The overall supervisor of all the mines in the northwest?"

Thorin trembled, subconsciously locking eyes with Jonathan. His heart involuntarily accelerated, his voice emphasizing, "Mister Kane, are you suggesting?" Alexander shook his head with a smile "Handle Vincent's matter properly; only need to know the outcome. This outcome concerns the future of your family." "Thorin's mind buzzed for a moment.

Then, without any hesitation, the 70-year-old man, excited like a child of seven or eight, exclaimed, "All members of the Walbeere family, return now to Sullivan Town and execute Mister Kane's orders! "Vincent, the former general manager of Watford Mining Corporation, is to be killed without mercy!" The crowd of Walbeere family members became impassioned, following Thorin's

example, they bowed to Alexander three times in succession. Then, they rushed into the Walbeere family helicopter, 4 Together with the Walbeere Group's business team at the entrance of the mine, they flew toward Sullivan Town, all to redeem the family by killing Vincent.

"Mister Kane?" The crowd from the Walbeere family had already departed, leaving Darius and a large group of miners exchanging glances. After a good while, they

mustered the courage to approach Alexander cautiously.

Darius asked, "Why did the Walbeere family bow to you? Our Watford Mining Corporation... Wait, no, it should be the New Cheshire Group now: "Could it be that the New Cheshire Group

has already acquired the Walbeere family's minerals? When did this happen? Why.

haven't you miners ever heard of it?" I heard he is more than the Walbeere family. From "Is the New Cheshire Group's strategy to reconquer doesn't worry you?" Alexander looked at the adorable miners and heard all. All around him confidently said the group, dig wells at the 2 benches and settlements of Earl Corran either in Parson Town or Slam Town within the central North region, no one will live with a low wage since some dare to provoke 5 Darts and the miners looked at Alexander's confident expressions they recalled the oppression they had suffered

'before. A surge of blood rushed to their chests, and they cheered like thunder, "Long live Mister Kane, Long live Miss < Chesie, Longlive the New Chesire Group! "Even the Walbeer family dares not provoke Mister Kane. From now on, no one will dare to bully us!" "knew following the New Chesire Group was the right choice Mister Kane will always be our guardian." Joy and excitement swept through the crowd like tide Alexander smiled and nodded to the employees, slowly lowering his hands.

"Then, he turned his head took in the direction of Sullivan Town, and his brows unconsciously twitched.

'The Walbeer family.

Dealing with Vincent might not be so smooth for the after all.

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About an hour and a half later, at Jonathan's private mansion in the western suburbs of Sullivan Town.

"Where are the people? Where is Vincent? What are you doing?"

At the entrance to the second-floor basement of the mansion, Jonathan, Thorin, and Horace looked into the empty basement with pale faces, their voices like a volcano erupting as they hissed angrily, "I asked you to keep an eye on Vincent! Where is he now? How did you do your job?"

'Idiots! All fucking idiots!"

The four bodyguards of the Walbeer family dropped to their knees, their faces filled with indescribable shame.

Impossible! They had done their duty and watched Vincent's every move, but Vincent managed to take advantage of the situation!

"We're sorry, Mister and Young Master!"

One of the head bodyguards bowed his head deeply, lifting his hand to lift a piece of hair at the back of his head, revealing a bruise on the back of his head, his voice full of self-reproach, "All four of us were divided into two shifts, guarding Vincent twenty-four hours a day. I didn't expect..."

"Unexpectedly, just half an hour ago, all of us suffered a sneak attack. We were knocked out before we could see the shadow of the other party.

"By the time we woke up and just about to notify the young master, the master and young master just happened to arrive, and then..."

Then, Thorin and Jonathan burst into a rage because there was no sight of Vinicent in the basement.

'Mister!'

Jonathan's face was bloodless. He turned his head to look at Thorin as he shakily said, "Vinicent must have been rescued. How can we explain this to Temple Master Kane? How can we explain the matter to him?"

How else? The only way was to tell the truth.

"We can only blame our Walbeer family's bad fate."

Thorin seemed to have aged a dozen years. The radiant glow when he just got off the helicopter had disappeared, replaced by a disheveled look. "Go to the surveillance room and find who could have rescued Vinicent, and then call Mister Kane to report what happened truthfully. Have Mister Kane decide the next step.

*Remember, we must inform Mister Kane of everything that has happened since Vinicent's arrest. Don't leave out any details!"

That seemed to be the only way.

Jonathan gritted his teeth, shook his head helplessly, and walked with the crowd to the surveillance room.

He played the CCTV footage, then he slowly pulled his phone out of his pocket and dialed Alexander's number, his voice vaguely shaking.

"Mister Kane, the Walbeer family has committed a most solemn offense. Vinicent has escaped."

Escaped?

Meanwhile, in the ninth mining area of the Wafford Mining Corporation.

Alexander drove a bulletproof Mercedes Benz S600 out of the entrance of the mining area. His fingers flew into the central control screen and operated it quickly, following the map navigation as he drove toward Sullivan

Town. He asked, "Was he rescued by someone?"

In the surveillance room of the suburban mansion, Jonathan was about to open his mouth when he stiffened again.

Alexander had guessed the truth before the Walbeer family could fill in any details. He was indeed worthy of being the legendary Temple Lord. They could not hide anything from him.

"That's right!"

Jonathan held his phone, his face full of guilt. "The bodyguard was knocked out by a sneak attack. I'm checking the surveillance video from half an hour ago, and so far, nothing has been found. It's like..."

It was then he stopped, staring at the surveillance screen, fixated.

The video displayed what was happening in the mansion. Two dark silhouettes flashed past the camera like ghosts walking at night, their feet landing noiselessly. They easily bypassed the surveillance's scanning rays, knocking out all four of the Walbeer family's bodyguards, and then leaving with Vinicent.

The whole process took less than half a minute as if no one had entered the building. Not even the alarms were triggered.

"Their skills... How terrifying."

Jonathan gripped the phone tightly, his voice shaking violently. "Mister Kane, I saw it! Two people brought Vinicent out, but the camera couldn't catch their faces. They were fast, very fast!"

Even the camera could not catch them? Their strength must be at least at the Grandmaster level.

"Got it."

Alexander drove with one hand and adjusted the gear with his right hand. The speed of the Mercedes sedan was fast as it sped to Sullivan Town. Alexander's expression did not change in the slightest as he continued, "You confiscated Vinicent's phone, didn't you? Does he have any other electronic products with him?"

Electronic products?

Jonathan was slightly stunned before he replied, "Yes, he has!"

"I had the bodyguard confiscate his phone and put it in the safe, then I bought him a large screen phone which I didn't install a phone card or connect to the mansion's Wi-Fi. The new phone had several hundreds of grade-G videos for him to relieve his boredom in the basement.

"When I checked the basement earlier, I didn't see that phone. Vinicent must've taken it."

Alexander was impressed by the thoughtfulness. "It's good that he has a phone," he said.

Alexander's tone was slightly relieved, the corner of his mouth slowly curled up. "Jonathan, find the purchase record of that new phone and find out the phone's identification code.

*Regardless of whether there was a phone card or not, and regardless of whether the phone is connected to the internet or not, as long as there is an identification code, I can locate Vinicent."

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The phone identification code, also known as the phone's serial number, was used to uniquely identify each phone, which was the equivalent of human identification.

With the Temple of War's satellite surveillance system and the supreme authority Alexander possessed, it was quite possible to track Vinicent's location in real time through the security chip configured in his phone.

*Purchase record, phone identification code..."

In the surveillance room of the Walbeer family mansion, Jonathan was nervous. Suddenly, he turned his head to look at the bodyguard beside him and shouted impatiently, "Weren't you the one who bought the phone Vinicent was using? Find out the purchase record. Quick!"

The bodyguard head dared not waste a minute. He rushed to the mansion's warehouse to retrieve the phone's purchase receipt from the warehouse, and then quickly returned to the surveillance room. Sweating profusely, he handed it to Jonathan. "Young Master, I found it!"

That was it.

"Mister Kane, the identification code has been found!"

Jonathan held the ticket, gripped his phone tightly, and reported in a loud voice, "The identification code for Vinicent's phone is 86746200... a total of seventeen digits. I'll read it again, Mister Kane."

"You don't have to repeat it," said Alexander and hung up the phone. With one hand on the wheel, his right hand quickly tapped a message on the screen of his phone, sent to Juno.

[Track this cell phone identification code, and locate Vinicent's hiding place for me.]

Just under three minutes later, Alexander's phone vibrated, alerting him to the receipt of Juno's message.

[Tracking shows Vinicent is now about sixty kilometers from you. He is at an abandoned gas station in the western suburbs of Sullivan Town. I've given you his real-time location.]

Good.

Alexander did not hesitate. He stepped on the accelerator and sped off in his bulletproof Mercedes Benz S-Class. His destination was the abandoned gas station in the western suburb of Sullivan Town. He had to kill Vinicent.

Meanwhile, around the outskirts of Sullivan Town...

"Vinicent."

At the entrance of the abandoned gas station, two black-clad and masked slender men, one on the left and one on the right, stood beside Vinicent and said in a deep voice, "Master knew that you didn't betray the organization but rather were used by Alexander to eliminate our branch in the Great Northwest.

"Although you won't get credit for what you did, it wasn't a mistake either. There is no need to live in hiding in the future. I hope you will continue to serve our master.

Vinicent sat on the floor, holding his large screen phone in his arms, watching the foreign sci-fi action movie on it, the corner of his mouth revealing a trace of an undisguised miserable smile.

Continue to serve?

Even though the Black Maple Master's strength was monstrous and he had reached the middle stage of the Lord of War, who was he compared to Alexander?

Alexander was the strongest Lord of War in the world, standing at the top of the entire world, on par with the ruler of Wyverna, and his strength was far beyond the peak of a Lord of War. He was also one who commanded four great Dukes of War, nine great Baron of War, and 108 generals.

How could the Black Maple Organization resist such a tyrannical power?

"Are you afraid?"

One of the men in black had a hoarse, deep voice that sounded like gold and iron rubbing together. He laughed a few times in his throat before saying coldly, "Don't worry. Although Alexander is strong, he is still a body of flesh and blood!"

*This time, in addition to saving you, Master has also specially arranged a team of Black Maple Guards to lurk in the dark, ready to snipe at Alexander at any time.

"It's okay if Alexander doesn't come. If he dares to come, he will be left without a way back."

Black Maple Guards? Vincent looked up sharply, a flash of horror flashing across his eyes. The Black Maple Guards were the core members of the Black Maple Organization, one of the most powerful cards in the hands of the Black Maple Master, and it had taken him a full 30 years to cultivate 20 of them.

Rumor had it that the selection criteria for the Black Maple Guards was very strict. From a young age, they had to undergo special operations to cut off the human body's pain nerves, and then soak their bodies in various poisons every day while practicing martial arts techniques to torture their bodies to the point where they felt no pain and had no feelings. It was through these that they could become mass murderers.

"If Master hadn't been injured, he might not have been willing to send the Black Maple Guards."

The two men in black looked at the shocked Vincent and laughed low and cold, "Each Black Maple Guard carries at least two kilograms of high explosives, enough to destroy a small military base!"

*No matter how powerful Alexander is, as long as he is a human, he'll never be able to retreat peacefully under the attack of the Black Maple Guards!"

The Black Maple Guard, combined with the explosives, was already the most powerful strike the Black Maple Master had set up in the Great Northwest.

*Besides the Black Maple Guards, there are also us!"

The two men in black walked out of the abandoned gas station and looked far ahead at the empty road, their smirks growing more malicious. "Vincent, the mission given by the Master is that we must take off Alexander's head at all costs.

"We'll let you see Alexander's head and let you know that joining the Black Maple Organization is the best decision you've made in your life."

Vincent looked at the backs of the two black-robed men and glanced at the distant suburban highway, and he finally realized that these two Black Maple Protectors, as well as the 20 Black Maple Guards, were ready to die.

They were about to commit a suicide attack to kill Alexander.

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Boom!

On the suburban highway of Sullivan Town, Alexander followed the real-time positioning sent by Juno. His hands gripped the steering wheel as the Mercedes-Benz S-Class sped along, getting closer and closer to the abandoned gas station. He was about two kilometers from the target.

'Hm?'

Alexander felt something as he drove. His gaze narrowed as his feet stepped on the clutch and brake at the same time. With the help of the recoil force, his body shot up into the sky, smashing into the bulletproof roof of the car and instantly shooting up to a height of more than 50 meters.

Below the ground, a small black and red mushroom cloud erupted. The wave of flaming gas like a hurricane tossed the five-ton bulletproof car over. It rolled in the air, falling more than 20 meters from where it stood.

The ground exploded, sending dirt and rocks flying.

Smoke rolled in a radius of nearly 100 meters. A crater about seven or eight meters in diameter was clearly in sight. At least 50 kilograms of high explosives had been detonated to cause the horror of the destructive power.

Those Black Maple Guards hiding in the dark had fired a shot.

Alexander took off into the air, and a series of air-breaking sounds rang out almost simultaneously while 20 powerful bombs came whistling from all directions, apparently seizing the momentary gap in Alexander's transition of movement.

*High explosive grenades? Ridiculous!"

Calmly, Alexander walked in the air as if he were walking on flat ground. He elevated, and his distance from the ground increased to more than 150 meters.

He was using Wyverna's ancient light stance, the Ladder Cloud Vertical Jump.

As his distance from the ground increased, the 20 powerful grenades lost their target and exploded where Alexander had been. Countless pieces of shrapnel flew violently, instantly covering the surrounding area for more than 50 meters.

The attempt to detonate Alexander was in vain. The destructive power and range of the explosion were far too small compared to the height Alexander had risen to. Even the blast of air caused by the explosion was only lightly flicked from under Alexander's feet, not even grazing a hair of his.

Two consecutive waves of sneak attacks seemed to have come to an end. However...

"Die, Alexander!"

Almost at the moment that Alexander's Ladder Cloud Vertical Jump had just ended, two dark shadows tore through the air and struck. It was no longer a high-explosive grenade, but the Explosive Flame Shaft Destroyer, which specialized in breaking the protective inner force.

The strange secret weapon, Explosive Flame Shaft Destroyer, was carefully developed by the top secret weapon sect of the ancient Northern Song Dynasty. The weapon was forged with special metal materials and strong gunpowder, coupled with the semi Martial Overlord's secret weapon technique, which was enough to penetrate the inner power in a martial lord's body.

Although it disappeared in the modern world, the legend of the Explosive Flame Shaft Destroyer had been circulating in the martial arts world.

The reason for this name was that the structure of the Explosive Flame Shaft Destroyer was divided into the cavity and the tip of the shaft. After the concealed weapon was struck, the gunpowder in the cavity would explode simultaneously. The tip of the shaft would speed up, reaching its extreme speed in less than a thousandth of a second.

This was a frightening speed that surpassed all modern firearms. The highest speed of the shaft tip catalyzed by modern gunpowder exceeded 15 times the speed of sound!

Three successive waves of attack, one after the other. The third wave used the Explosive Flame Shaft Destroyer. To kill Alexander, the Black Maple Master had gone to great lengths and even managed to guess Alexander's coping strategies from the previous two attacks.

"If it were any other Lord of War, they might've been seriously injured. Unfortunately for you, you're facing me."

More than 150 meters above the sky, Alexander had nowhere to put his feet, his body was about to fall. In the blink of an eye, a wisp of spiritual power erupted from his body, locking onto the direction where the two Explosive Flame Shaft Destroyers were located, and his forehead shook.

Transforming reality with emptiness, spiritual impact.

Three meters away from Alexander, the Explosive Flame Shaft Destroyers that came through the air were like hitting a layer of sticky swamp that was invisible to the naked eye, and they slowed down.

Eventually, it came to a complete stop, unable to advance an inch.

The two tips of the shaft-one on the left and one on the right. One aimed at Alexander's throat, the other at the center of his eyebrow, less than an inch from Alexander's skin.

The distance, though small, was hard to overcome. Seemingly only an inch, but in reality, it was an insurmountable valley, the chain of sneak attacks that the Black Maple Master had planned at all costs had completely failed.

"Worthy of being the Temple Lord. Worthy of being the strongest Lord of War in the world."

On either side of the ground highway, two Black Maple Protectors appeared from the natural strip next to them, followed by ten Black Maple Guards each, looking up at Alexander as he slowly descended from the air with a cold smile on their faces. "My Master personally ordered for your head if the sneak attack succeeds.

"If the sneak attack fails, we'll be the last fourth wave of the sneak attack."

They intended to self-destruct.

The two Black Maple Protectors and the 20 Black Maple Guards had their internal energy surging wildly inside their bodies, and their bones rattled like thunder. Their blood, muscles, veins, and internal energy expanded their skin, stretching it over and over again.

In less than five seconds, the distance between Alexander and the ground was down to the last 20 meters. Their size had swelled three or four times, like an active volcano about to erupt, containing their dominant power, their lifetime of cultivation, and their entire lives.

Explode!

On the ground, the two Black Maple Protectors had reached their limits, their skin cracking all over, their bodies bloated as if they had turned into blood-colored giants.

They looked up at Alexander, who was about to land on the ground, and let out the last vicious, maniacal laugh of their lives. "It is our honor to die with Temple Lord Kane!"

"Die, Temple Lord Kane!"

How terrifying was the power of two semi Martial Overlords and 20 supreme grand martial who collectively blew themselves up? In today's world, no martial artist could survive such an explosion. Not even a Lord of War. : However "Inner power, dominating power, and spiritual energy are all cultivated through martial arts practice." Alexander slowly descended in the air, gazed at the Black Maple Protectors and Black Maple Guards below, and spoke softly, "A Lord of War powerhouse is only a tiny step away from the Empyrean realm, and only a true Empyrean can utilize the innate true energy.

"After reaching the ultimate level of Lord of War, one's cultivation can no longer improve, and the only way to make the

martial arts journey never end is to absorb the spiritual energy of Heaven and Earth and succeed in the Empyrean Realm." Of 'With that, Alexander gently turned his palm. A stream of light-green air spread out from his palm, forming a vaguely transparent barrier on the surface of his body. The fundamental difference from an ordinary Lord of War's internal power protection was the spiritual energy of heaven and earth absorbed from Coconut Wind Island, "That's." On the ground, the two Black Maple

Protectors were dumbfounded. Even the 20 Black Maple Protectors who were.

devoid of any human emotions could not help but see slight changes in their faces.

Alexander displayed a power that surpassed that of a Lord of War.

The Temple Lord in front of them had not

yet broken through the Empyrean realm, yet he was displaying a powerful pressure that even Empyrean powerhouses might not possess. The seemingly inconspicuous layer of airflow on his body surface contained unimaginable and terrifying energies that far exceeded their self-destruction power! They felt a deep sense of despair. Finally, they felt remorse, and more than that, a deep sense of helplessness. The Black Maple Master's seemingly perfect attack plan did not affect the legendary Temple Master Kane.

Boom! Less than a second later, a blood-colored.

mushroom cloud tens of meters in diameter burst into flames and blossomed on the suburban highway. The two Black Maple Protectors and 20 Black Maple Guards exploded into a rain of blood, the power of which was no less.

than a small nuclear explosion.

Such a violent shock wave, such terrible energy did not hurt Alexander in the slightest. The barrier on the surface of his

body dissolved without the slightest sign of smoke or fire.

There was a tight sound as Alexander landed softly on the ground.

He was unharmed from the one he encountered the sneak attack the time the members of the Black Maple Organization blew themselves up, all our waves of attacks in a row were enough to kill a Lord of War powerhouse. Such was the true strength of Temple Lord Kane.

"The Black Maple Masters truly impressive." Alexander's eyes narrowed slightly as he looked at the shattered deep pit on the highway floor, more than 10 meters in diameter. A flash of light flickered in the bottom of his eyes. "The sneak attack arranged by the Black Maple Master was indeed unexpected. It had been launched at another Lord of

War, I'm afraid he would've been seriously injured, if not killed.

"The Black Maple Master will have to be dealt with, but it's only a matter of time, sooner or later. Now." Alexander looked at the abandoned gas station at the end of the highway from a distance. His feet slammed into the

ground, his figure like a flying arrow on a string, instantly transforming into a blurry human shadow.

It was time for Vincent to die.

Outside of Sullivan Town, at the abandoned gas station.

"Self-destruction. The two Black Maple Protectors and twenty Black Maple Guards detonating themselves together would surely kill Alexander!" Vincent stood at the entrance of the gas station, looking at the blood-colored

'mushroom cloud rising into the sky from afar. A wave of excitement rushed over him.

"The mission was successful, and Alexander was dead.

According to the Black Maple Master's plan, the four killing strokes of the sneak attack had absolutely no room for error, even an apex Lord of War would definitely not be able to remain unharmed under such a sneak attack.

Suddenly.

"Vincent," a familiar young man's voice.

Sounded faintly in Vincent's ears, "have you presumed I've been buried in the sea of fire, succumbing to the Black Maple Master's sneak attack plan? I'm afraid the outcome

will disappoint you." Alexander Kane?! Vincent stiffened, his face full of disbelief as he looked at the youthful

= re Violent. a I really was sander Was ena spptcdobe dead? Why wa hebe a ana is hotos? According othe Bsc ple Master's petect plan, Alxahdervas sre ode ind there wouldbe io eis bout (hat. The two Back Maple Protectors and the0 Black Maple Guards had exploded J a Te der Why, then, was th oppsic the re "There are many things in this world that a: ios waite ave vic Ty) calmiy looked nt his ees as ooking ata dead perso, and spoke niferenty, "lhe Great Norwest is ich nminerals ies to the oe

Wyverna's military, and also relates to thelivelihood of the people.

"Wyverna needs stable Great Northwest, and the Black Maple Organization's forces here must be destroyed Tain Alexander nonchalantly raised bis right hand and held it in the air toward Vinicent, Boom! Inside Vinicent's body, a faint, imperceptible shattering sound rang out Softly. As his heart veins ruptured, his life rapidly vanished, the shocked expression on his face frozen. His knees weakened, and he powerlessly knelt before Alexander.

Dead. The last member of the organization that the Black Maple Master had planted inthe Great Northwest had

died, and the situation in the entire Great Northwest had stabilized.

'There was no longer any force that could affect the stability of the mineral industey in the Great Northwest "t's time to go backnow." Alexander turned, not even looking at Vinicent's corpse, and slowly walked toward the east of Sullivan City.

'There was only one thing left to do. He had to choose the Alliance Leader of ll the mining areas in the Great Northwest

Chapter 0628 At Jonathan's private mansion in Sullivan) City...

"Quick, look to the west!" } Although they were far from the western suburbs, the Walbeer family had also noticed the great commotion from earlier. Thorin, Horace, and Jonathan rushed to the entrance of their mansion ' and looked far away at the fading mushroom cloud in the sky. They could not help but be worried.

This was the self-destruction power of the two Mid Martial Overlords and 20 supreme grand martial.

Almost half of the citizens of Sullivan Town were aware of the unprecedented explosion, and the cloud that rose into the sky turned almost half of the sky in the western suburb red, like a fiery cloud formed by the evening light of the setting

sun.

» At that very moment, an inaudible air d breaking sound suddenly rang out-A faint silhouette appeared in front of the private road in front of the Walbeer Family Mansion.

It was none other than Alexander. i Despite looking leisurely, he was quick to reach his destination. Each of his steps was more than 100 meters as if he was "stepping on air currents invisible to the naked eye, and he silently appeared in front of the members of the Walbeer family.

"Temple Mas—Mister Kane!" Thorin trembled, quickly correcting himself. He nearly called Alexander "Temple Master Kane"! He hastily went out with the Walbeer family and a group of bodyguards to greet Alexander, his voice unable to help but tremble slightly as he tentatively asked, "The explosion

A TR Ae Sded Aden 'over there...' > ""Vinicent is dead." " Of course, Alexander did not need to explain anymore. Then, he said quietly, "As of today, the Northwestern Mining Alliance will be run by the Walbeer family, including the Wafford Mining Corporation, all mining companies will be run by the Walbeer family.

"Does the Walbeer family dare to take on "this responsibility?" The question was not whether they could, but whether they dared.

As mentioned earlier, the Great Northwest was incomparably rich in mineral resources, with more than a hundred cities of all sizes and a total of more than two million miners, providing daily livelihoods for tens of millions of people.

The position of Alliance Leader seemed to

* be rewarding, but in reality, it was also burdened with an incomparably heavy l responsibility. ae "We accept this task." Without waiting for Thorin to speak, Jonathan stepped forward excitedly. "The Walbeer family is honored to accept l Mister Kane's generous offer. Please be assured, Mister Kane, that the Walbeer family will do our best to protect the interests of the miners and maintain the stability of the Great Northwest!" That was the outcome Alexander wanted.

Alexander said nothing more, gazing deeply at Jonathan. He then turned his gaze back, looking far away in the direction of Pearson Town, his gaze gradually softening.

The Walbeer family had defected to the Redwine family from the north, and the Redwine family had sworn allegiance to him long ago, so handing over the Great

Northwest to the Walbeer family finally closed a chapter.

Amber, still in Pearson City at this-point, I must have been waiting anxiously.

(/ l In the afternoon of that day, in Pearson Town, in the office building of the Wafford Mining Corporation...

"Mom." In the CEO's office on the top floor, Amber held her phone, her pretty face looking worried. "Alexander went to the ninth mining area to deal with mineral sales. If it's not particularly important, can we wait for him to come back?" It was nothing important.

At that moment, in No. 1 Baltimore Mansion in Ol' Mare, Susanne held an album of classmates, her gaze melancholic. "My classmate in a dormitory back then, also my good

friend, Evelyn Wilson, is holding a reunion in the Walganus capital.

] 4 ""So many years have passed. I didn't I expect her to remember me, but she specifically asked me to bring you and I Alexander to meet each other. Amber, do you both have time? It's okay if you don't." h "Classmate reunion? Evelyn Wilson?" Amber was slightly stunned as realization "hit her.

Seven years ago, before Grandpa Donovan expelled Amber and her mother from the Chesire family, Evelyn had not missed the opportunity to contact Susanne, hoping to arrange a job for her daughter with the original New Chesire Group.

After that incident, the family was expelled and suffered a lot of humiliation.

Evelyn never showed up again, and later heard that her daughter married a rich

I second generation from the Walganus capital. The whole family moved to the I Walganus capital together and became a rich woman whom everyone envied.

"Now that our New Chesire Group is flourishing in O1' Mare, Evelyn has heard about it." Susanne held her phone with satisfaction.

"Amber, I do hope you both can come. I want Evelyn to see that my daughter can't be worse than hers. After all, you found me the best son-in-law!" Amber's pretty face blushed shyly at how Susanne brought up Alexander. "Mom, how can you say that? It's embarrassing! Let's wait for Alexander to come home, and I'll discuss it with him. Oh, right on cue, Alexander is back!" Vinicent had died, and the Great Northwest had been completely stabilized. Alexander finally returned to Pearson Town.

He stood at the office door and looked at his blushing wife with a smile on his face,] 4 "Amber, are you on the phone?" ~—— "Uh-huh." Amber nodded gently and told him what had just happened. "Mom I wants us to go to Walganus Capital together to attend her classmates') reunion. What do you think?" Alexander smiled and nodded. His mother-in-law would rarely make ' requests, so how could he not fulfill one when she asked? Besides, the mineral business in the northwest had been handed over to the Walbeer family, so there was no need to linger.

"I'll go tell Mom." Alexander stepped forward and gently held Amber's hand, smiling softly. "Let's return to Ol' Mare now and go to the Walganus capital with her."

Chapter 0629 Two days later, at the Springvale Grand Hotel in the third ring of Mosgas City...

As the capital of Wyverna, the prosperity of Mosgas City was not hard to imagine.

I There were three seven-star grand hotels in the city, and the Springvale Grand Hotel was one of them. It was luxurious and magnificent.

» The minimum expenditure in the hotel, even for the most ordinary standard room, started at over 30000 dollars. As for the luxury ballroom on the top floor, which was the ninety-sixth floor, the price even reached a staggering 400000 dollars. That was just the price of the venue, not including the drinks and food.

Evelyn chose to host the reunion party there as she wanted everyone to know she was the top of the top, no matter the year.

Besides Evelyn, the other classmates

were also materialistic and eager to prove their success. For the sake of the reunion party, many old classmates spared no { expense, renting expensive sports cars from car dealerships. Some even took out loans to buy luxury goods just to show off in front of people.

After all, that was their first and only reunion in the 30 years since they graduated, so no one wanted to look inferior to the other.

"My old classmates! We haven't seen each other for about ten years, have we now? Where are you working now?" "Sarah, right? When we were in school, we often went to the library together, do you remember?" "Wow, I recognized you right away! Isn't this our class monitor, Aiden? I haven't seen you in so many years, and you) haven't aged a bit. Back then, you were the star of our school's soccer team..." I I

A large group of old classmates reunited after a long time, seemingly chatting enthusiastically, but in reality, the vast ø majority of people's eyes were intentionally or unintentionally fixed on Evelyn. She was the one who organized and paid for the reunion party, so she deserved to be the center of attention.

Evelyn was over 50 years old, but she looked very good for her age. She dressed gracefully in an exquisite handmade dress. She also wore her earrings, which were a limited edition from the top international luxury brand, Hennessy Ville. There were only ten sets of those earrings in the whole world and were hard to get, so it was priceless.

It was no exaggeration to say that just the pair of earrings was worth more than an ordinary person's life.

"Susanne, I've been looking forward to seeing you, and I finally see you here!" Evelyn stood in the middle of the crowd,

keeping a constant eye on the entrance to the banquet hall. She immediately greeted them with a smile when she saw Susanne, Amber, and Alexander walk through the door.

"Oh dear, isn't this beautiful lady your daughter, Amber? Oh, and this must be your son-in-law who married into your family! I heard he goes by the last name of Kane.

"It's okay to live off your wife, but the key is to be obedient! I know you young people would rather find a good wife than struggle to make a living. Hehehe!" Susanne and Amber's faces changed instantly.

In the eyes of outsiders, Alexander was a son-in-law who married into the Chesire family for wealth; he was known as a good-for-nothing who lived off his wife.

However, since Alexander returned from the military, he repeatedly solved many issues for the Chesire family and even

+ single-handedly supported the Chesire family by growing the New Chesire Group into a huge business empire with a market value of hundreds of billions of dollars.

Without Alexander, the Chesire family would not have been as successful as they were. Amber would be the first to stand up for Alexander if anyone dared to call Alexander a son-in-law living off his wife.

"Speaking of living off someone, I just remembered something.

Amber held Alexander's arm and looked at Evelyn steadily in the eyes. "When you were destitute, my mother fed and clothed you, found jobs for you and your daughter. However, you both were lazy and chose to rely on men, never thinking of relying on your strength to make a living.

"Now you're holding a reunion party, making such a big scene just to tell

everyone that you and your daughter have found wealth through marriage.

People rely on clothes to look good. I must say that your outfit today looks exceptionally expensive!" Evelyn's expression froze when she heard Amber's ridicule, and she felt very close to cursing. \ Amber was right. Evelyn's second marriage was to a middle-aged businessman who had a comfortable life.

He was a vegetable vendor in a small county who could not rise to the occasion.

On the other hand, Evelyn's daughter married into a wealthy and prominent family influential in Mosgas City. The mother-daughter duo relied on the son-in-law to greatly improve their standard of living, and they made contact with many wealthy missuses.

"Amber, watch your words. How could you be so rude to Evelyn?" Without giving Evelyn a chance to

respond, Susanne pretended to rebuke Amber then she took Evelyn's hand and ' smiled apologetically. "Evelyn, we've { been sisters for many years. Please forgive the youngsters for their ignorance.

I "Then again, you have mistaken something. Alexander is not good for nothing. Although he is a son-in-law who married into our family, he came from the famous Kane family up north — "Mom." Alexander gently stepped forward and smiled at Susanne. "I don't have anything to do with the Kane family.

Evelyn just said something reasonable, a good son-in-law should indeed be obedient." Having said that, he turned his head to Evelyn again, seemingly smiling.

"Evelyn, is your son-in-law here? I'm sure he's very obedient, right?" The reality was Evelyn and her daughter

relied on her son-in-law to live in dignity, so they had to look at the son- ! in-law's face for everything. How could * he possibly be obedient to her? At most, he would give Evelyn face for her daughter's sake.

I "You're provoking me, aren't you? You'll pay for that." Evelyn glared viciously at Alexander and violently threw Susanne's arm away while waving over someone in the distance. "My dear son-in-law, Erhard, come over and say hello to Susanne!" Evelyn's son-in-law, the eldest young master of the Eastwood family in Mosgas City, Erhard Eastwood.

The head of the Eastwood family gave him the name, intending to make him someone who brought honor to his family. Although he had a good name, his appearance was quite unsightly. He was short and stout, and his face was filled with pimple scars. Even the most

expensive skin care products could not save his face.

A! "Mom?" On the main seat of the banquet hall was Evelyn's daughter, Jennifer Gosling, who was a whole head taller than Erhard. She "held his arm and walked to Evelyn's side, frowning. "What's going on? Erhard and I are very busy. Why do you want us here if there's nothing much going on?" "Evelyn smiled at Erhard and then pointed at Alexander contemptuously. "Good son-in-law, tell this kid here that you're

willing to listen to me, why don't you? "I want you to tell this boy that you're not only an obedient son-in-law, but that the Eastwood family is prominent and influential as well. Everyone must bow and submit to the Eastwood family. Even if I kill stray cats and wild dogs, no one will dare speak out for fear of the Eastwood family's retribution."

Chapter 0630 Erhard assumed someone must have annoyed his mother-in-law.

He narrowed his small eyes. His gaze was on Susanne for a few moments before landing on Alexander and Amber. His eyes lit up with excitement at the sight of Amber.

'She is pretty!' He had heard Evelyn say more than once that Susanne was the prettiest girl in her class when they were in school. Susanne was in the top ten on the list of pretty girls at the university. Susanne was ahead of Evelyn in every way.

'Like mother, like daughter.' Amber was much prettier than Evelyn. Although she did not adorn herself with expensive things, she exuded a noble temperament that Jennifer could never attain.

Regardless of family background or

+ looks, Amber was way out of Jennifer's league.

"Mom, I'm your son-in-law. Of course, I'll listen to you." Erhard's chest puffed with pride as he looked at Amber with a blushing face. "Of course, the Eastwood family is no match for some lowly son-in-law. Who in Mosgas City hasn't heard of our Eastwood Jewelry? "You're a pretty woman, Miss Chesire.

What a waste to have married such a loser! "I hear the New Chesire Group is doing very well. I wonder if you'd be interested in working with the Eastwood family? The Chesire family is in the healthcare business, while my family is in the jewelry business. There's a lot of room for cooperation between us!" I I This was his plan to get close to Amber. If he was able to establish a cooperative

+ relationship with the New Chesire Group, he and Amber would be in frequent contact. Then, he would figure out away « to get her into bed. That would be perfect.

"Cooperation isn't necessary." Amber held Alexander's arm; her pretty face looked frosty. "Jewelry and healthcare products have nothing to do with each other. I'm sorry, but I have to let your good intentions go.

"I also heard you called my husband a loser. Please apologize to my husband, Mister Eastwood. I won't allow anyone to insult Alexander!" The corners of Erhard's mouth lifted, and he was about to speak.

"Oh, what's going on here? Why is there a fight?" The argument attracted the attention of many of Evelyn's old classmates, and : they began to gather around. One of them was eager to curry favor with Erhard and

Evelyn.

» "We were just chatting away when we heard people arguing, Evelyn. Oh; Mister Eastwood, I bought a bracelet in your store. The salesman heard that I was Evelyn's old classmate and gave me a ten-percent discount. Did Susanne's loser son-in-law annoy you? Don't let him spoil your mood! "And do you all know Erhard Eastwood? He's the young master of the famous Eastwood family! Alexander is just a loser son-in-law unqualified to make Mister Eastwood angry." Some people there were eager to comment and suck up to Erhard and Evelyn. It was just disgusting.

"Everyone can see the truth!" Evelyn was flattered by these bootlickers. She sidelined Susanne. "Susanne, you've heard it all. Your son-in-law is a loser. I didn't say it, by the way; it's the truth that everyone can see!

+ "Amber, I can't believe you even wanted Erhard to apologize to this loser. I think it's you and this loser who should apologize to Erhard!" Amber was furious. Her pretty face turned red, and she involuntarily trembled. It was unbearable! Evelyn's old classmates were there to \ curry favor with the rich and discriminate against whoever they deemed unworthy.

They could say anything without fact- : checking to flatter Evelyn! "Enough!" At this point, even the good- tempered Susanne could not help but stare into Evelyn's eyes and righteously rebuke her, "Evelyn, I didn't want to expose what happened back then, but don't you think I've forgotten all about it! "When my family was rich, you begged and pleaded with me all day long to get jobs for you and your daughter, and I 3 never complained. But when I was thrown out of my home by Sir Donovan,

'you wouldn't even let me borrow fifty dollars from you. You were cold and conspired with Neil Chesire to hurt my family! Now that you've become rich because of the Eastwood family, you tell lies and harass my daughter and son-in- law? "I'll have you know that the Chesire family is not to be messed with! The New Chesire Group now has total assets of hundreds of billions of dollars, and its » products are sold in more than fifty countries around the world. We're nothing less than the Eastwood family!" The room fell silent.

The others looked at each other in dismay. Unconsciously, they took a few steps back, slightly distancing themselves from Evelyn, intimidated.

They were just regular folks, after all.

Some of them who were capable were small business owners. Their net worth was barely ten million dollars, and they

+ were considered influential people in society. The worst ones worked in small ' and medium enterprises with a monthly 4 salary of less than ten thousand dollars.

Whether it was the Eastwood family from Mosgas City or the Chesire family from Ol' Mare, they knew that they could not mess with these two families. They would not end well no matter who they pissed off.

"Several hundred billion dollars in total assets? Wow, that's cool!" Erhard looked at those old greaseballs, who flipped to the other side of the fence faster than a book can turn its pages, then looked at Evelyn's somber face, and growled at Susanne.

"Susanne, there's one thing you missed. We're in Mosgas City now, not Ol' Mare.

"A few hundred billion dollars in assets for a small city like Ol' Mare is truly remarkable! For Mosgas City, I'm sure at least five out of ten families can easily

beat the Chesire family!" » "Do you know which bigwig sponsored d this reunion party you're attending today? Honestly, I'm not afraid to tell you that it's my good buddy, the owner of the Springvale Grand Hotel, the young I master of the famous Foster family.

They're one of the five tycoon families in J Wyverna!" Many jaws dropped at this revelation, and their hearts raced when they heard about the Foster family.

In Wyverna, everyone knew about the five great tycoon families: the Duncan Family, the Brooks Family, the Frankell Family, the Foster Family, and the Wimbur Family. They were all rich as hell and owned businesses in countless industries.

Rumor had it that those five big tycoon families and the military of Wyvernahad I close ties. To a certain extent, they could even influence the development plan of

* Wyverna.

"The young master from the Foster family is indeed a bigwig." — Next to Amber was Alexander, who looked at the horrified Susanne. He then looked at the arrogant Erhard, the corner of his mouth curling slightly. "I wonder: if Mister Eastwood could fulfill my wish to meet this big shot.

"I'm sure everyone here is also eager to meet this heir of one of the five great tycoon families, am I right?"