

His Lordship Alexander Kane

#Chapter 642 – 650

Read His Lordship Alexander Kane Chapter 642

Chapter 0642 Konrad's pupils contracted slightly before he quickly came to his ~ senses. He whispered to Vikter, "Did Master say to kidnap Amber?" Vikter slowly turned his head to look far away in the direction of Coconut Wind Island, his voice chilling. "Do you think Alexander will surrender if we kidnap Amber? Master has given the order to kill if we can. Alexander must pay the price after seriously injuring our master, and that price is Amber's life!" It seemed their master was seriously injured. Otherwise, he would not make the serious decision to kill Amber.

Konrad looked at Vikter and scoffed in his heart. He knew it was a cover-up when Vikter said that whoever got the jade pendant could be the next Black Maple Master. Taking the jade pendant from Alexander was obviously much more difficult than killing Amber. In fact, killing Amber was a bigger and more important step.

Meanwhile...

The closest island to Coconut Wind's twin island was Ringlet Island.

Due to the limited land area of Coconut Wind twin island and the fact that there was no airport on the island, tourists traveling to Coconut Wind Island had to land on Ringlet Island before they could continue their journey on a cruise ship. After a two-hour sea voyage, they would arrive at the only pier on Coconut Wind Island.

May I ask which one of you is Coral? There are only three of you, right?" The cruise ship Alexander and the others were on had just docked when someone on the pier held a sign and shouted, "This way! Over here! We're waiting for you!" It was a tour guide.

Although the twin island had only been discovered and not much development had taken place on the island, it was a small island with all the essentials. There were more than 20 travel agencies and various hotels and recreational facilities all over the island. At the same time, the island had retained its original appearance and had been rated by the world as the most potential tourist destination.

The tour guide holding the sign was an employee of the travel agency that Coral had booked before they left. He stood beside a bus and waved to Coral, Alexander, and Amber. "Hurry up, the bus is leaving soon!" "I'll tell you all about the twin island." After the trio boarded the bus with their luggage, the tour guide immediately closed the door and said cheerfully, "Everyone must've heard about the twin island of Coconut Wind. Even though it has only been developed for more than two months, it has already

established a small town in the center of the island that specializes in welcoming tourists from all over the world.

"Please stay close to your group and listen to the arrangements made by the travel agency. Please try not to make contact with people outside your group. The customs of each country are different, and we

don't want to cause any misunderstandings!" Amber and Coral sat in the same row of seats by the window of the bus, while Alexander sat in the opposite row. Alexander glanced at the tour guide and shook his head.

The guide's intention was obvious. He did not want his group of tourists to get in touch with anyone and only obeyed the arrangement of his travel agency, simply because he did not encourage the exchange of information among tourists. In that case, it would be easier for him to overcharge them.

This happened in most of the tourist attractions where travel agencies colluded with local merchants to take advantage of tourists. The travel agency that Coral contacted was not just in the sightseeing business; they were involved with the vendors on the island to rake in as much profit as possible.

"We're at the rest stop now." As the bus slowly stopped at a small square, the tour guide waved the small flag in his hand with a smile. "We're two hours away from the next rest area, and there are no other shopping places on the way, so everyone can buy something here. Let's get off the bus!" The other tourists got off the bus while Alexander sat motionless, smiling slightly at Amber and Coral. "We have enough drinks, fruit, and snacks in our suitcases. Let's wait on the bus." As he said that, he opened his suitcase and took out two bottles of mineral water and a

few packets of delicious snacks.

"Are you Mister Kane?" On the bus, the tour guide looked at the mineral water and snacks in Alexander's hands. His gaze turned cold, and he laughed. "It's not easy to make time for a trip. At least you have to support the local ~ economic development, don't you think? "Things here aren't expensive and are made locally. You can bring some back as gifts for your relatives and friends. I'm sure they'd be very happy to receive the souvenirs!" Alexander smiled. "We have the right to choose whether to shop." He looked at the work permit pinned to the guide's chest and said, "Your name is Carson Ramsey, yes? I'll call you Carson for now. May I ask if our travel experience will be affected if we don't buy anything here?"

Chapter 0643 "Your travel experience will certainly not be affected, but the impact on my performance may be severe!" grumbled the tour guide mentally.

Carson pointed to the small stalls outside and smiled weakly. "Mister Kane, it is indeed your free will to choose whether or not to shop. I won't force you to buy anything.

"These vendors have worked hard to bring their goods here, so please support them if you can. Look at these coconuts; they're fresh from the island. Not only do they taste great, but they are also good for your skin.

"Miss Braine and Miss Chesire are so beautiful. Don't you want to buy some coconuts for them?" Amber's eyes lit up when she heard that the coconut drink was good for her skin.

New Chesire Group was based in Ol' Mare, and its products were sold worldwide. Their core business was health and skin care products. The last time she had taken the Maxima fighter jet to Coconut Wind Island, she had tasted the coconuts here and had been impressed by the high nutritional value of the refreshing drink and the crunchy texture of the flesh.

The coconut was indeed a high-quality fruit. She thought about extracting the nutrients from the coconuts on Coconut Wind Island.

exander, let's buy some." A broad smile spread across Amber's face. She took Alexander's arm and walked down the bus with Coral.

They walked to the nearest stall and Amber asked the vendor in their fluent mother tongue, "Hello. How much are these coconuts?" The vendor was a yellow-skinned, black-eyed foreigner. He grinned and revealed two rows of clean, white teeth. "I can understand you just fine.

"You want to buy coconuts, right? They're cheap, and I accept electronic payments. Each one is six hundred eighty Wyverna dollars.

You don't have to pay if you don't like it." Amber and Coral froze at this.

Coconuts that cost an average of ten dollars cost 680 dollars each on the island? The markup was staggering.

"But sir, this price is not right." Alexander stepped forward with a slight smile. "I can understand that prices in tourist areas are a bit higher than usual, but this price of yours is outrageous. Do you think we will buy it?" "If you don't want to buy it, you don't have to. We deal with willing customers. I can't force you to buy it if you don't want to." The salesman was used to customers complaining. He exchanged a quick glance with Carson, who stood at the entrance of the bus, and grinned at Alexander. "You don't want to buy it now because you're not thirsty. Soon you'll know the power of this island."

Tapter 064 bh gafeegeed oo Beneath the island was a dead volcano. The geothermal heat moved up and heated the atmosphere. Under these circumstances, the human body would consume water very quickly and become thirsty much faster. Many first-time tourists finished their drinks quickly.

Dear friends, we have bad news." At the bus, Carson looked at Alexander with narrowed eyes and shrugged regretfully'. "Our driver is not feeling well and wants to take a longer break. Everyone should buy some more coconuts to prevent dehydration." The tourists next to the stalls, shocked by the exorbitant price, were angered.

What did Carson mean? Why did the driver suddenly get sick? It was clear that they were forcing people to spend money at the stalls.

680 dollars for a coconut, 200 dollars for a bottle of mineral water, and 300 dollars for a bottle of yogurt were exorbitant prices they were charging on Coconut Wind Island. Even the world's top tourist areas did not charge this much for food and drink! "I can't help anything in this matter." Carson pointed helplessly at the bus driver slumped on the steering wheel and chuckled. "Our driver here isn't feeling well and can't drive. We can only wait here a little while longer... Hey, what are you doing?" Alexander, ignoring Carson, walked over to the bus. He gently grabbed the burly bus driver by the waist like a weightless sack of cotton and threw him into the back seat. Then, he turned to Amber and Coral

smilingly. "We can drive ourselves if the driver isn't feeling well.

Amber, Coral, tell the others to get on the bus." Outside the bus, the other tourists were surprised and happy. They did not need Amber and Coral to get them. They pushed past Carson, who was trying to block them, to get on the bus and return to their original seats.

None of them bought anything before they all got back on the bus! "You! How dare you!" Carson looked at the driver who had been thrown into the back seat and saw the fear in his eyes. He then pointed at Alexander and yelled, "You think you're amazing because you know martial arts? This is no place to be arrogant! The boss of our travel agency is—" "Everybody, sit tight." Ignoring Carson, Alexander turned his head to the tourists and smiled, "I've been here before, so I'm quite familiar with the roads on this island. Our next stop is the crater in the middle of the island. We'll see the most beautiful scenery on the island!" After the short explanation, he stepped on the accelerator, and the bus started moving toward the center of the island.

"Fool!" Carson was taken by surprise and was nearly knocked off his feet by the inertial energy of the bus. He grabbed the handrail and held on tight. He stared at Alexander's back, his teeth clenched.

'Fine! Let's go to the crater. I'll show you who's boss. Carson began to plot how to beat Alexander at their next destination.

Chapter 0644 The bus thundered down the road, not stopping for anything. In under 30 minutes, they pulled into the heart of Coconut Wind Island, the place everyone raved about— the volcano crater.

It was a whole different scene from their last visit. The place was buzzing with life, dotted with shiny new buildings and jewelry shops at every corner, showing off gems dug up from the depths of the volcano. Each stone was a burst of color, a feast for the eyes.

"We're here!" Alexander parked in the public lot and smilingly announced, "Go have fun, folks! Just remember where we parked. Be back by dusk, and we'll head to the hotel we've booked. Off you go!" With a rustle, the tourists streamed out, each one passing Alexander with a look of thanks. That volcano crater was their main event, everything else was just a sideshow. They could have been milked for every penny by the tour guides, but Alexander, steering clear of any tourist traps, had saved them both time and money. They had every reason to be grateful.

"Kane! n Carson Ramsey was the last to leave the bus, fixing Alexander with a menacing grin. "Enjoy the drive? Just so you know, we're not through with today's drama. Better stay on this bus and keep out of trouble, or

else..." Or else what? Alexander just gave a detached smile, ignoring Carson like he was nothing. He took Amber's hand, her skin soft as silk. With Coral—her cheeks puffed up, probably from some mischief—they all stepped off the bus, ready for adventure.

There was no need to fret over the suitcase left in the car. It was rigged with a GPS tracker and the latest in theft-proof electronic locks. If it ever went missing, they would have it back in no time.

"Think you can just ignore me?" Carson's eyes seethed with venom as he watched Alexander and his friends walk away. He whipped out his phone, fingers flying over the keys as he shot off a text, then stealthily tailed them.

The base of the volcano crater was a hive of activity, with shops crowding every inch of space.

Tourists from all corners of the globe spilled out of their cars in the public lot. Some clustered around tour guides, others struck out alone, all drawn to the various attractions dotting the volcano crater's edge.

Camera-toting visitors made a beeline for the volcano crater's heart, eager for that perfect shot. Meanwhile, the curious meandered through the shops, eyes wide as they picked through the bounty of

mineral treasures.

Coral-like shapes, jade-like hues, intricately carved and polished gems that sparkled like stars, and necklaces strung with rainbow stones...

"Wow, these little gems are gorgeous! Did they really come from the volcano crater?" "Look at these stones shaped like seashells. Mother Nature's a true artist, isn't she?" "Is that a pearl, ground from minerals? It's stunning..." The visitors audibly expressed their awe. Amber and Coral were no exception, their gazes drawn again and again to the treasures laid out before them.

Those pieces might not break the bank, but they were unique, a melting pot of decorative ideas from around the world, a showcase of global craftsmanship.

"This necklace is something else." Amber, arm-in-arm with Alexander, lifted a mineral necklace from a stall. It was smooth and polished, with mesmerizing patterns swirling within, the legacy of volcanic fire turned to stone. It was the kind of beauty that she could not help but hold onto.

"You like it?"

Alexander eyed the necklace and smiled warmly. "Go ahead, get it. It's on me." Throughout their marriage, he had never sprung for such a trinket. It was not about the gift, really. It was all about Amber's delight.

Sir, miss, what excellent taste you have." The vendor, a middle-aged man with a shopkeeper's savvy, gave Alexander and Amber a once-over, then cast a glance at Carson trailing behind. He nodded to himself and beamed as he pitched, "This necklace is crafted from rare minerals found only in the volcanic heart of Coconut Wind Island. You won't find this anywhere else! "Don't let its simplicity fool you. It's got a luster that outshines diamonds and it's as light as a feather. Miss, a beauty like you will dazzle even more!" Necklace fittings were standard fare in the jewelry game. Amber's cheeks flushed with a shy thank you to the vendor before she passed the necklace to Coral for assistance.

It sparkled like a star.

She was a knockout, no question. With the necklace's glow against her skin, she was a sight that made passersby pause and gape in awe.

"Alex, how's it look?" Amber spun, a playful twinkle in her eye and a blush spreading across her cheeks. "Pretty, huh?" Alexander looked at her, his face soft with adoration. "Gorgeous! Even

the simplest bauble becomes the world's most exquisite gem on you.

It's a perfect match!" Amber's blush deepened, and she playfully pretended to spit.

Such a charmer, but she loved it.

"Shopkeeper?" I Amber's fingers grazed the delicate necklace, her eyes sparkling with a mix of shyness and delight. She leaned in closer to the vendor and whispered, "How much for this piece? Can I pay with my phone?" The vendor gave a sly grin and flashed two fingers. "One price only.

Three hundred thousand dollars!"

thousand dollars?! Amber froze, her face a mask of bewilderment. It was not that she could not afford it, but the price was just ludicrous.

For New Chesire Group, where she was the big boss, 300 thousand dollars was chump change. Heck, even three million or 30 million would not make her bat an eyelash.

As the head honcho, Amber was no stranger to glitzy events, always decked out in gowns and a dazzling array of accessories. g Necklaces, rings, headpieces, tiaras, bracelets... The stash Susanne had curated for her alone was worth an impressive 15 million.

Moreover, Amber knew her way around jewelry, and she could spot a rip-off a mile away.

That necklace? At best, it was worth 1500 bucks, maybe three grand tops in a tourist trap. That vendor had the nerve to jack up the price a hundred times? That was not just highway robbery. It was pure, unadulterated greed! "Come on, you're pulling my leg, right?" Amber scoffed in disbelief.

Amber had not even opened her mouth when Coral, standing next to her, laughed with a mix of disbelief and mockery. "What do you take us for, easy marks ripe for the picking? This kind of necklace? You

could probably scoop up some rocks from a volcano's edge, give them a quick polish, and voila! "And you're talking about three hundred thousand dollars? I'd balk at three thousand!" With that, she turned to Amber, insisting, "Amber, we're not getting duped by this! Take it off and hand it back. Not even a fool would fall for this scam." Amber hummed, unclasped the necklace, and set it back down on the stall. She looped her arm through Alexander's and made to leave.

However, then...

"You've worn the necklace, and now you think you can just walk away without buying it?" The vendor's face twisted from friendly to scornful in an instant.

"Miss, that's not how things work! The necklace is second-hand now that you've touched it. If you don't buy it, who will? "You put it on, so you're obliged to buy it. That's my stalls policy. You want to go? Fine, but cough up the three hundred thousand dollars first!" What?! Amber froze, her expression turning to one of shock.

Since when did trying something mean she had to buy it? That was not

how it worked anywhere! Not even the fanciest brands in the world had such a ridiculous policy. Trying on accessories was part of the service, and if anything, they might have charged a minimal fee! Forcing a sale is against the law." Alexander's voice was even, his eyes steady on the vendor. "Three hundred thousand dollars might not seem like much, but I'm willing to put it on the table. Are you willing to take it?" Oh? The vendor shot a quick glance at Alexander, then peered over at Carson in the distance. Their eyes locked, and a wicked smile spread across his face. "You think you're threatening me, mister? You clearly have no clue where you are!" He gestured dramatically with a sweep of his hand and bellowed, "Show yourselves!" In a flash, from the stalls dotting the area around the volcano crater's rim, a mob of about 30 men in suits, all muscle and menace, came charging out. Some brandished rubber clubs, others gripped daggers, and they quickly encircled Alexander and his friends.

It was a show of brute force.

The nearby tourists scattered in panic, steering clear of the trouble.

Hardly anyone stopped to gawk, the scene spoke for itself. Those vendors were in league with each other, ready to strong-arm their customers into coughing up cash.

"Three hundred thousand bucks for a little peace of mind—that's a steal!" With his gang of goons backing him up, the vendor's smirk deepened.

He snatched up a necklace and dangled it in front of Alexander, his voice dripping with scorn. "Where's your three hundred thousand, sir? Hand it over, and we'll see if I've got the guts to take it." Alexander remained unfazed, ignoring the suited thugs completely.

His tone was flat, emotionless. "What I choose to buy, no one can deny me. What I refuse, no one can force upon me.

"That's how it works everywhere, and Coconut Wind Island's no different.

"The three hundred thousand is in my phone account. If you think you can take it, be my guest and try." : The vendor's lips curled into a sly grin as he gave Alexander a once-over, his eyes lingering with a hint of mischief on Amber's graceful figure. He chuckled softly. "Fellas, forget about this guy. Let's focus on the lady here, shall we? "This lovely lady has taken a shine to this necklace. If we hit it off, I might just let her have it in the house!" On the house? The suited men shared knowing looks, their grins widening with ill intent.

They all got the hint. The woman before them was a rare beauty, the

kind they do not just stumble upon every day. To them, a fleeting moment with her was worth far more than any trinket, especially one that was a dime a dozen.

"Miss, do us the honor," one of the men said, his eyes greedily fixed on Amber's chest. "We're not the bad guys here. Just a little chat, a cup of tea, and the necklace is yours." He stepped forward, reaching for Amber's wrist.

However, before his hand could make contact...

Crack! The sound of a sharp slap cut through the air.

Alexander stood there indifferently, his hand leaving a trail of motion as the man spun away from the force of his strike. He turned his stern gaze on the onlookers.

"Try anything else, and it'll be the last thing you do."

Chapter 0646 The man hit the ground hard, and Alexander's words hung in the air like steel. The shops, the stalls, the tourists—all fell into a deathly hush.

Eyes were glued to Alexander's hand, then to the red mark on the man's cheek, to the blood and broken teeth spilling from his lips...

A collective gasp rippled through the crowd.

It was sudden, shocking, and utterly unexpected.

Moments before, it seemed to everyone that the trio—one man and two women—who refused to buy the necklace were about to face a major setback. However, in an astonishing twist, the man lashed out with a fearless slap that sent the suited man soaring through the air.

Strength was not lacking, but there on Coconut Wind Island, those folks were no easy targets.

"You think you can cause trouble here, kid?!" The stall owner, taken aback at first, quickly turned menacing. He jabbed a finger at Alexander's nose and roared, "Come on, guys, do not just stand there. Let's take him down! Cut this guy to pieces, and keep the girls—we'll bring them to the boss!" With a rustling surge, more than 20 men in suits lunged from all sides, brandishing rubber clubs, daggers, and sabers at Alexander's head,

intent on taking him down right there and then.

Then there were Amber and Coral.

In the nearby crowd, a handful of men in suits crept closer to the two women without drawing attention. Once they were within striking distance, they pounced, ready to snatch them away.

11An undisciplined mob, biting off more than they can chew." Such a small skirmish was hardly a challenge for Alexander. With a swift step, he moved to protect Amber and Coral, placing them behind him. His hands traced an arc in the air and, with a subtle tremor, sent forth into the void.

The Remote Strike.

The chaos was intense, with the attackers scattered, some still hidden among the bystanders. However, Alexander's mystical Remote Strike, precise as a homing missile, left Amber and Coral unscathed, with the surrounding crowd feeling nothing more than a whispering wind.

The men in suits were sent flying by an unseen force, their screams piercing the air as they crashed to the ground. Blood spilled from their mouths as they failed to rise.

"This... This can't be..." The middle-aged stall owner was petrified, his lips quivering uncontrollably as he stuttered, "Y—You... You..."

It was fear in its purest form. He was genuinely terrified, his words jumbled in his fright.

He did not want to admit it, but his body betrayed him. He was shaking from head to toe, his legs twitching wildly, and a warm wetness spread in his pants. He had been so scared that he had wet himself.

"Don't be scared, you're not going to die. Killing you would just make my hands dirty." Alexander stepped forward, his gaze icy as he stared down the stall owner. "You tried to rip me off, your eyes darting around. When I refused to buy the necklace, you quickly looked away, signaling our tour guide. Are you two working together?" A buzz filled the stall owner's head. He glanced instinctively at Carson among the crowd, his words faltering, "No, no, that's not—I..." In a flash, Alexander's face was impassive, and he disappeared from where he stood, reappearing in an instant before Carson, grabbing his collar and hurling him to the ground with a thunderous crash.

Carson was thrown like a ragdoll, tumbling and bouncing on the ground, ending up right at the stall owner's feet.

"Ready to confess?" Alexander was back in his original spot in a blink, his voice detached.

"Carson, you've been tailing us since we got off the bus. Did you really think I wouldn't notice?"

Teaming up with this vendor, trying to strong-arm us into a sale— where do you get the nerve? Out with it!" Carson was too terrified to speak.

Ever since he landed a gig at the Spring Sunshine Travel Agency, he had been in cahoots with local merchants, fleecing tourists left and right. With the shadowy backing of Coconut Wind Island's big shots, life had been a breeze—trouble was a stranger to him.

However, what happened this day was a shocker. That Kane guy was like something out of a comic book, a one-man army. More than 30 goons swarmed him, and not a single one could lay a finger on him.

With just a flick of his wrist, they were airborne! What kind of superhuman was that? Did people like that even exist? He was like a character straight out of a fantasy ! "Kane, you...don't get too cocky!" Carson, flat on the ground, struggled mightily before he finally managed to push himself up. Shaking, he pointed at Alexander and the two women, his teeth rattling like a pair of dice in a cup. "You might be tough, but you can't keep those two ladies safe forever. We've got more than enough muscle on this island! "Our boss from Spring Sunshine, Wasył Jurgensen, is here on the island as we speak! He's a heavy hitter from Wyverna Ol' Mare's underworld, used to roll with Mister Hardy, and now he's part of the infamous New Chesire Group!" 4/6

What?! Behind Alexander, Amber shot a look at Coral, who was sporting a dazed expression, and her mind raced. Then it clicked.

She understood.

The whole Coconut Wind Island trip, including the plane tickets, was Coral's doing. With money to burn, she had naturally reached out to the biggest travel agency in Ol' Mare city— Spring Sunshine. Who would have guessed that their boss, Wasył, had ties to the notorious Mister Hardy? Wasył? The name did not ring any bells... However, it did not matter.

Not one bit.

"You're telling me he's on the island? Good." Alexander's face was a mask of ice as he stared down Carson, who was smirking like he owned the place. His voice was a blade of frost. "Get Wasył here in ten minutes, or I swear, I'll dirty my hands and end you myself.

"Whether he's pulling the strings or you're just out of control, you're going to answer to the tourists today.

"The clock's ticking. Ten minutes." A countdown? Carson's heart skipped a beat under Alexander's icy glare. No more

delays—he whipped out his phone and punched in Wasył's number.

"Mister Jurgensen, Carson here! We've got trouble. Some guy named Kane, a tourist from Ol' Mare, stirred up a storm in our group, even hijacked our bus..." He spun the tale with extra drama, then pleaded, "Mister Jurgensen, you've got to come fast. I'm down at the commercial strip by the volcano crater's base.

"You've got... No, scratch that, nine minutes! If you're late, he'll kill me, and he doesn't give a damn about you!" Oh? Wasyl's voice rumbled through the phone, a wild edge to his tone, "Someone's messing with my crew? He can wait."

Chapter 0647 Nine minutes flew by...

"There he is!" From the crowd of spectators, someone spotted the incoming vehicle—a bright red Ferrari that screamed luxury, its engine's roar sending shivers down spines. "That's the car from our hotel's VIP spot!" "That's Spring Sunshine Travel Agency's big boss, Wasyl!" The boss was there, and the show was about to begin.

In that desperate moment, Carson felt a surge of hope as if he had spotted a lifeline. With newfound energy, he stumbled and lurched forward, shouting at the top of his lungs, "Boss, I'm over here, here!" A sleek Ferrari at the end of the nearby road pulled off a stunning drift, its tires screeching and leaving trails of dark smoke, before coming to an abrupt stop in front of Carson.

Wasyl emerged from the car, a towering figure nearly six-foot-three, his muscles straining the fabric of his sharp black suit.

"Boss, that's the guy!" Carson was a mix of tears and rage as he pointed accusingly at Alexander and his companions, his eyes burning with vengeance, "He thinks he's tough, took down all our guys with his fancy moves!

Boss, don't we have ties with the New Chesire Group? We can't let this slide, we've got to get back at them for the members!" That guy? Wasyl narrowed his eyes, tracing the line of Carson's outstretched arm until his gaze landed on Alexander's face. A flicker of recognition crossed his features, followed by a widening of his eyes as his heart pounded uncontrollably.

Kane? Mister Kane? The man Carson had labeled as 'that guy', the one who single-handedly wiped out over 30 of his own, was none other than the man he admired most—the security chief of the New Chesire Group, the kingpin of Ol' Mare, Alexander, Mister Kane.

There, standing right behind Mister Kane, was the stunning woman who wielded the real power in the New Chesire Group, the timeless beauty of Ol' Mare, Mister Kane's wife, Miss Chesire.

"Damn you!" In a heartbeat, Wasył's hand cracked across Carson's cheek, sending him sprawling to the pavement. Without missing a beat, Wasył dashed to Alexander, bowing deeply, his voice betraying a quiver.

"Mister Kane, Miss Chesire, I'm Mister Hardy's man, Wasył! I owe you both an apology." What the...?!

A few steps back, Carson was just getting to his feet, the middle-aged vendor at the stall, and a crowd of onlookers... They all gaped at the spectacle, their minds reeling in disbelief.

Wasył bowing down to them? With such deference?! 'Mister Kane', 'Miss Chesire'? Just who were they? \When Mister Hardy met his untimely end, he left the running of Rectewald Mall to me, but I didn't take the reins then." Alexander's gaze was composed as he addressed Wasył calmly, "Mister Hardy's daughter Acela, now Amber's right-hand woman, will take over once she's ready. Rectewald Mall will be hers in due time.

"I'm curious, does your pledge to join the New Chesire Group have anything to do with Acela?" That was Wasył's trump card.

"Mister Kane!" Wasył stood with his head bowed, his voice heavy with shame. "Ever since Mister Hardy died, we've been like sheep without a shepherd.

With Miss Acela Hardy throwing her lot in with Mister Kane, everyone just kind of figured we were part of the New Chesire Group by default.

"I never saw it coming..." Mid-sentence, he turned, fixing Carson with a furious glare. "Carson,

I get over here! Spreading rumors in front of Mister Kane? Out with it, what in the world happened today?!" Carson was frozen in fear as if his spirit had left him.

Mister Kane, the Mister Kane of legend? Moreover, Miss Chesire was beside him...

Good god.

Today was the worst possible day for bad luck. Why on earth did he have to cross paths with these two? Not just him, a lowly tour guide, but even his boss, Wasył, would be groveling at the feet of Mister Kane and Miss Chesire, not daring to cross them.

What was the power of a big name? Just the title 'King of Ol' Mare' said it all! "This wasn't just a misunderstanding." Amber did not wait for Carson to start his excuses. She locked eyes with Wasył and said quietly, "Spring Sunshine Travel Agency has its share of good and bad. Carson's been in cahoots with the Coconut Wind Island merchants, bullying tourists into unfair deals. Earlier..." She laid out the whole story, then shook her

head slowly, her voice laden with gravity. "Wasył, you're practically family. Alex and I don't want to make a big deal out of this.

"We need to address the unfair treatment the tourists have faced today, and the explanation should be good enough to satisfy

I everyone!" Wasył's face flushed with anger as he whipped around, his eyes blazing red, and fixed Carson with a furious glare.

The backstabber! He had set up shop under the New Chesire Group banner, founding the Spring Sunshine Cooperative. With his old crew, he had turned over a new leaf, diving into a legitimate business and leaving his risky past behind.

He could never have imagined that a lowly tour guide would stoop to such despicable, underhanded schemes. Worse yet, that jerk had crossed the one line he should not have, pulling his strong-arm scams on Mister Kane and Miss Chesire! "As the boss of Spring Sunshine Travel Agency, I take full responsibility for today's mess." Wasył hung his head low, his hands flying to his face as he slapped himself hard repeatedly. Then, turning to face the crowd of tourists, his expression was one of deep remorse. "Please, give me a chance to make things right. I promise to clean house, weed out the bad seeds, and steer this ship back on course! "And for Carson's tour group, I'll bring in a seasoned new guide, and Spring Sunshine Travel Agency will foot the bill for all the expenses of this trip!

I'm truly sorry for the trouble we've caused. I ask for your forgiveness." With that, he bowed deeply, not once but three times, his sincerity unmistakable.

A shake-up, a free trip, heartfelt apologies... That should do it.

"Mister Jurgensen, everyone makes mistakes. We don't hold it against you!" The tourists, reasonable folks that they were, watched Wasył from afar, their shouts echoing.

"That's the spirit! We didn't really lose out on anything, just got a bit of a fright, that's all." "Absolutely, we owe a huge thanks to Mister Kane and Miss Chesire.

Without them, we might have been totally ripped off on our trip to Coconut Wind Island!" "Hey, isn't there something else we need to deal with? What about Carson..." Carson? Wasył's fist tightened in an instant, his eyes locking onto Carson with a deadly glare. "Carson, it's time for you to fess up. You broke the rules, insulted Mister Kane and Miss Chesire—what do you think should happen to you now?!"

Chapter 0648 What should happen? Carson stood a good distance away, trembling all over like he was in a windstorm, his legs shaking so badly he could barely keep upright.

"Boss, I—I..." His voice shook as he stumbled forward. Suddenly, he broke down, bowing deeply to Alexander and Amber. "Mister Kane, Miss Chesire, I'm begging you,

please have mercy on me! "I didn't know who you were before, and I was rude. Please, I'm asking you to let me off the hook! I've got a mom in her seventies, and a little one back home who's just started school..." Amber, who had been standing by Alexander with a stern expression, felt a tug at her heartstrings when Carson mentioned he had a child.

Her own Olivia was only six, just starting first grade. Carson might be a scoundrel, but he had a kid who needed him...

carson." She nibbled on her lower lip, her voice soft but firm, "Today, you dodge a bullet, but you're not off the hook. You've got a kid to raise, so I'll cut you some slack. You're fired from Spring Sunshine Travel Agency, and you're banned from guiding tours ever again.

"Can you live with that punishment?"

Could he ever? To Carson, it was like winning the lottery without buying a ticket—a second chance at life! Miss Chesire, you're an angel, a saint!" Carson was a mess, thanking Amber and Alexander through his tears, I] swear I'll turn over a new leaf, live right, and never let you down again, Miss Chesire! "Thank you, Mister Kane, thank you, Miss Chesire!" Amber's heart had melted, after all...

Alexander gave a knowing nod, gently took Amber's hand, and growled at Carson, "This ends now. Scram!" Carson wasted no time, bowed quickly, and scurried away.

Just moments after his departure, a sudden burst of applause was heard.

The crowd of tourists erupted, clapping for Alexander and Amber, their voices loud and clear, "Mister Kane, the fair! Miss Chesire, the kindhearted! You've won us all over!" "Absolutely, we owe you big time for taking a stand for us!" "Without Mister Kane and Miss Chesire, we'd still be getting fleeced by those crooked guides on the island, in cahoots with the shopkeepers. And to think they even called in muscle..." Muscle?

Alexander's eyes narrowed as he took in the sight of the 30-odd men in black sprawled on the ground. He fixed a piercing gaze on Wasyl, who stood nervously beside him. "Were they, like you, once working for Mister Hardy?" he asked, his voice deep and steady.

"No, not at all!" Wasyl, jolted by the question, shook his head vigorously and edged closer to Alexander.

Casting a wary look at the injured men moaning on the ground, he whispered, "Mister Kane, they're not with the travel agency. They're the big shots of Coconut Wind Island.

"A lot of travel agencies and businesses have to pay them off. My agency coughs up at least fifteen thousand dollars a month. If we don't, they won't let us bring tourists onto

the island." Ahint of intrigue flickered in Alexander's eyes. "Big shots, you say?" "Yes!" Wasył's voice was still a hushed murmur, his face showing traces of fear. "Their leader, known as Cloud Tiger, is a force to be reckoned with. He wanted to make a statement, so he shattered a volcanic rock over half a meter thick with a single punch, right in front of a crowd of tourists! "Nobody knows his real name, but he's got the whole island's tourism under his thumb. Without paying up, you're finished here. It's the same for all travel agencies, domestic or foreign. No one dares cross him." Wasył's voice dropped even lower, his face growing paler as he

continued, "Not long ago, a travel agency from Eunora tried to stand up to him. They brought in a squad of mercenaries for a real showdown with Cloud Tiger.

"By dawn the next day, the travel agency and its hired guns had been completely wiped out. Coconut Wind Island, with no nation to claim it, left no room for international intervention —those who perished did so without recourse." "Hm?" Alexander's face remained stoic as he calmly asked, "So, you're too scared to stand up to him, too? You just pay up on time, as Cloud Tiger demands?" To get by on that island, paying up was a must.

Wasył's face was a mix of shame and regret as he confessed in a low voice, "I've failed. I've thought about fighting back, but Cloud Tiger's got over two hundred thugs under him. They run this island, and their power... It's immeasurable, so..." "No more," Alexander said, his voice firm as he watched the jubilant tourists. "Don't give Cloud Tiger another dime; he's not worth it. The money you've handed over, I'll make sure he coughs it all up, with interest.

"Remember, you were once Mister Hardy's man. Even though he's gone, you can't let his legacy down. The respect you've lost, you're going to reclaim it yourself!" What?!

Wasył's shock was evident after his initial surprise. Was Mister Kane saying...he was going to take on Cloud Tiger?! "Mister Kane, think this through!" Wasył's voice shook with fear.

!Cloud Tiger may have only been on Coconut Wind Island a short while, but he's vicious, a real killer without a shred of mercy! "I'm well aware that you're a force to be reckoned with, every bit as tough as Mister Hardy was back in his prime, but... Cloud Tiger? He's on a whole other level than Mister Hardy ever was! "Plus, Mister Kane just tangled with Cloud Tiger's crew. Even if Mister Kane doesn't go looking for trouble, Cloud Tiger's not the type to let bygones be bygones. If I may be so bold, I'd urge Mister Kane and Miss Chesire to make a quick exit from Coconut Wind Island, or else..." Wasył did not get to finish his warning. Alexander had already turned on his heel, gently taking Amber's hand, and with Coral in tow, they made their way back to the parking lot they had used before.

"We're sticking to the plan. Tonight, we bunk down at the Grand Coconut Breeze Hotel. And if Cloud Tiger's got the guts to come after us, we'll be ready for him!"

Chapter 0649 At 6 p.m. that evening, they were at the Grand Coconut Breeze Hotel.

The place was the go-to spot set up by Spring Sunshine Travel Agency, where most tourists from abroad found themselves bedding down.

With Coconut Wind Island's development being a mere two months young, the hotel was a rush job, barely scraping a three-star rating.

"Time for some well-deserved rest and recreation!" Up in the penthouse suite, courtesy of Wasył's arrangements, Coral flopped onto the plush king-sized bed, rolling around with glee before dashing to the panoramic window to take in the view, a blissful grin on her face. "Had I known Wasył was in our corner, I wouldn't have shelled out a dime! "I dropped a hefty three thousand dollars on this group tour. You owe me a refund, cuz!" Amber and Alexander lounged on the plush living room sofa, exchanging amused glances as they watched Coral's playful silhouette dance across the room.

Their little cousin was a gem, though her approach to handling tasks was a bit hit-or-miss. With the resources of the New Chesire Group at their disposal, they could have reached out to any travel agency, yet they ended up with Wasył of all people. However, as luck would have it, Wasył's proactive updates gave them an unexpectedly clear picture

of the goings-on at Coconut Wind Island.

Ding-dong! The chime echoed through the suite as the sturdy wooden door was rung. A cheerful female voice floated in. "Mister Kane, Miss Chesire, Miss Braine, good day to you all! Mister Ramsey's lavish meal for you has arrived. Please, open the door to accept it." A feast? Wasył sure knew how to make a good impression.

"On my way!" Coral, her face alight with excitement, skipped toward the door, eager to greet the delivery.

However...

"Hold on." Alexander swiftly left an ephemeral shadow on the sofa, materializing beside Coral soundlessly. He gently ushered her back and took hold of the doorknob, murmuring, "Let me get that." With a gentle twist of his hand, the lock clicked open.

The door swung ajar to reveal a young, attractive waitress standing there with a respectful demeanor, pushing a gleaming dining cart.

There was nothing out of the ordinary.

"Looks like we're in for a treat." Alexander flashed a grin as he effortlessly lifted the cover off the dish, unveiling a gleaming silver platter crowned with a perfectly roasted

chicken. He locked eyes with the waitress and said with a sly smile, "A good meal delights the senses with its color, scent, flavor, and

presentation. This chicken looks and smells divine, and its presentation is impeccable. However, how does it taste? "Why don't you give it a try?" The waitress's face flickered with unease, but she quickly masked it with an apologetic look. "I'm terribly sorry, but our hotel has strict policies against staff sampling the guests' meals. I hope you understand, Mister Kane." With that, she made to wheel the cart inside.

"Is it that you're not allowed, or is it that you're afraid?" Alexander blocked the doorway, his smile teasing as he studied the waitress.

"Something tells me these dishes have been tampered with. What did you use—poison, or a sedative? "You've got a decent poker face, I'll give you that. However, you can't hide your vital energy. Your steps are too quiet, not the mark of an ordinary waitress. Am I onto something?" He could not be wrong. Even with carpeted hallways, an average person's steps would still make a thud. Yet that waitress, pushing her cart, moved with a silence that betrayed her—she was brimming with chi, and her agility was no joke.

Such a martial arts titan could not just be a regular hotel waitress.

"Mister Kane." A shiver ran down the waitress' spine, though she kept up her facade, forcing a smile. "Mister Kane, I'm not sure what you mean. I've delivered your dinner, and it's time for me to clock out." With those words, she released the cart and spun around to leave.

"Give Cloud Tiger my regards." Alexander's gaze followed the retreating figure of the waitress as he murmured, "If you're bold enough to want payback, then have the guts to face me. Stop with the sneaky games.

"You were just following orders, and this isn't a capital offense.

Consider this a warning shot. Shape up from here on out." With those words, he gave a slight squeeze of his hand.

Pop! From about four or five meters away, the waitress suddenly froze in her tracks. It was as if inner power within her body was swiftly expelled, coursing along her meridians and pouring out through every pore, dissipating completely in an instant.

"You... You drained my vital energy?!" she gasped, staggering and whirling to face Alexander with a look of sheer terror. "You... You're an Apex of Grandmaster... No, wait! Only a supreme grand martial could take me down so easily. You must be one of the supreme grand martial!" Supreme grand martial? Alexander chuckled.

"It doesn't matter what I am. What does matter is that you deliver a v message to Cloud Tiger for me." His smile faded to a stern gaze as he addressed the waitress, his tone distant and detached. "He has three days to publicly apologize and make things right with the tourists and the travel agency. It's his only shot. Now, leave your phone and scram!" g The waitress, her face ashen, did not dare to resist. She backed away, her hands shaking as she dropped her phone to the floor and bolted for the stairs, her heart pounding like it was about to burst.

"We have to alert the boss right away. This Kane guy is off the charts— hit the supreme grand martial tier. We can't take him lightly!" A thought crossed her mind.

"Alexander?" It was not until the waitress vanished down the hallway that Coral dared to peek from behind Alexander. She eyed the cart before her, her face draining of color. "Someone poisoned this food? Was it Cloud Tiger's doing? I can't see anything wrong with it!" In today's world, there were just too many invisible, tasteless chemical poisons that regular folks could not pick up on.

"Cloud Tiger's got a serious grip on Coconut Wind Island, huh? His reach even extends to this hotel. If Wasył..."

Alexander squinted, his gaze dropping to the roast chicken on the plate. He stepped forward, stomped the waitress' cellphone into pieces, and whipped out his own to speed-dial Wasył.

"Get up here. Dinner's on." ~ "Right away!"

Chapter 0650 "Mister Kane, Miss Chesire, Miss Braine!" Wasył made it to the penthouse in under two minutes, rapping on the door before stepping into the swanky suite reverently. "I'm hardly worthy to share a meal with you three. Help yourselves, I'll just stand guard." The dining room table was then set, the cart laden with an array of dishes—eight meat, eight veggie, and a couple of soups—all giving off a mouthwatering scent.

Sit.

Alexander took his place at the table, waved Wasył over with a casual flick of his hand, and said calmly, ignoring the incident with the waitress, "When I say eat, you eat. No need to stand in the ceremony." As he spoke, he gestured towards a bowl of mushroom cream soup on the table and said in a low voice, "Give this a taste." "Of course!" Wasył knew better than to refuse. He cautiously took a seat next to Alexander, scooped up a spoonful of the thick soup.

Without a hint of suspicion on his face, he pretended to bring it to his lips.

"Well done." Alexander gave a slow nod, then with a casual flick of his wrist...

Crash! The soup bowl slipped from Wasył's grasp, spilling everywhere. He turned as white as a sheet and quickly stooped into a bow, stammering, "Mister Kane, I beg your pardon, I..." "It's not your fault." Alexander remained unfazed, his voice calm, "A moment ago..." He succinctly explained how a waitress had attempted to poison their meal, then added calmly, "Obviously, you were in the dark about this and had no secret dealings with the Cloud Tiger." Wasył's mind raced, and then it clicked.

He understood.

The food was laced with poison. If he had been in cahoots with the Cloud Tiger, his act might hold up on the surface, but his reaction to the food would surely give him away.

Alexander had cleverly devised that test of Wasył's loyalty. Then, it was crystal clear—Wasył was fiercely loyal.

"We can't eat this food, and nothing else in the hotel is safe, either." Amber surveyed the table, deep in thought, then glanced out the window. "How about we eat out instead?" she suggested softly.

"And while we're at it, I'd love to examine the island's coconut trees more closely. Maybe I can come up with a brand-new skincare product

I from their natural ingredients." Amber could never put her work aside, not even for a moment...

Alexander looked at his wife with tender eyes and said warmly, "'Sounds like a plan!'" On the other side of Coconut Wind Island, along the sun-kissed eastern shore, a brand-new private villa had just been unveiled.

That spot used to be a barren wasteland, untouched by human hands until the island's mysterious magnetic field disappeared. That's when Cloud Tiger and his crew set foot on the island, wasting no time in transforming it into their main base of operations.

"Boss, Alexander took me down!" The young waitress, her energy sapped by Alexander, gazed at Cloud Tiger with a mix of fear and despair. Seated on the couch, he was the picture of authority.

"Alexander saw right through our poison plot. The guys we snuck into the kitchen have all bailed out! "Alexander's gotta be a martial arts master... no less than a supreme grand martial at that!" Supreme grand martial...

Cloud Tiger towered at nearly six-foot-three, his skin sun-baked and his build muscular and intimidating. With a steely look, he surveyed the waitress and his other henchmen. "Can anyone clue me in on who

this Kane guy really is?" The henchmen looked at each other, each one's eyes reflecting the seriousness of the situation.

A dominant strength supreme grand martial, was not to be taken lightly.

After all, their boss, Cloud Tiger, had once been a force to reckon with on the Abangham battlefield. Then, ruling over Coconut Wind Island, he had become the top dog, backed by his loyal crew of over 200 and his own formidable martial arts prowess.

Kane was a supreme grand martial too? He was on the same level as the boss! "Rumor has it, he's the guy who married into the Wyverna's Ol' Mare Chesire family." > In front of Cloud Tiger, a bald muscle man leaned in and murmured, "Boss, the New Chesire Group's been booming lately. Their beauty and wellness products are hitting it big worldwide.

"If we strike now, rally the crew, and take down Alexander in one go, snatch Amber while we're at it, we could take over New Chesire Group! After that..." He did not get to finish. Cloud Tiger slowly shook his head, obviously not buying into the plan.

"Quinto." He eyed the bald man, took a moment to think, then said,

"If Kane's a supreme grand martial, we better not make a move. Let's keep our composure, and wait for him to leave Coconut Wind Island on his own. Everything will settle down.

"It's not about being afraid to stir the pot, it's about not needing to, gotit?!" Quinto Jabs, Cloud Tiger's right-hand man, his face twitched, then he gave a respectful fist salute, "Got it, boss." With that, he bowed out and backed away, exiting the villa's living room.

"Quinto!" No sooner had Quinto left the room that a few other bruisers quickly followed suit, only speaking once they were past the villa's gate. They spoke in hushed tones, with a hint of disbelief, "Did you see that? The boss... He seemed spooked, didn't he?" "Back in the day, in Abangham, the big boss was a daredevil, leading his crew on wild rides, dreaming big dreams. Now, he wouldn't even Cross a son-in-law who joined the Chesire family." "What's he got? Just some top-notch martial arts skills? We've got numbers on our side, we could take him down just by swarming him!" Quinto's stride broke for a split second, a flash of ice in his gaze ~ speeding up.

1 Cloud Tiger, once bold as a tiger, was then looking to retire on Coconut

~ Wind Island, and the crew was none too happy about it. If they could l off Alexander and snatch up the New Chesire Group, Quinto's stock l would skyrocket. He might even kick Cloud Tiger off the throne and become the new head honcho.

"Get Vidit on the line." Quinto's eyes narrowed, his voice dripping with menace. "Keep tabs on Alexander and Amber. If an opportunity comes up, great. If not, make one. The

moment Amber's on her own, snatch her up for me! "And Alexander... Even if he's the cream of the martial arts crop, I've got ways to break him into a million pieces!" The muscle men around him did not miss a beat, nodding all at once.

"Understood!"