

His Lordship Alexander Kane

#Chapter 651 – 660

Read His Lordship Alexander Kane Chapter 651

Chapter 0651 Dusk was setting in. About two kilometers away from the Grand Coconut Breeze Hotel, there was a 24-hour leisure cafe where Coral sat indulging in a large box of chocolate cookies, while holding a fresh coconut, leisurely sipping its juice. She looked content.

"This coconut water is really doing wonders for my skin." Amber was seated next to Coral, lightly touching her hand with a dab of coconut juice and spreading it gently across her skin. She reveled in the silky sensation, her face lighting up with delight. "Alex, we could totally turn these coconuts into a groundbreaking skincare line." "Mm... How about 'Natural Cocohol'? It'll fly off the shelves!" Nice name, Natural Cocohol.

Alexander grinned and turned to Wasył, who was sitting by his side. In a low voice, he instructed, "Start buying up the island's coconuts tomorrow. I want at least seventy percent of the harvest. Any issues with that?" 70 percent?! Wasył felt a jolt of concern. He quickly assessed the island's situation, his expression showing a touch of worry. "Mister Kane, back home, this wouldn't be an issue, but Coconut Wind Island is Cloud Tiger's turf. He controls most of the coconut yield, and I..." Cloud Tiger again.

vs

"In three days, there won't be a Cloud Tiger on Coconut Wind Island," Alexander said calmly as if it were nothing. "The finance department will wire the funds for the coconuts. Now, any problems?" Wasył shuddered, then hurriedly replied, "Without Cloud Tiger in the way, buying the coconuts will be easy-peasy." He was cut off mid-sentence.

"Looking to buy up a bunch of coconuts?" A middle-aged man with a limp and a face full of pockmarks hobbled over from a short distance away. He chuckled at Alexander and the group. "You should've come to me. I won't claim to know much else, but when it comes to coconuts, I'm your guy on this island." As he spoke, his eyes lingered on Amber, his grin widening. "'Miss, do you have a moment to check out my warehouse? I've got top-notch coconuts, all sourced from this very island. And the price... Well, let's take a look at the coconuts first, then we can hammer out the details.'" Was that guy peddling coconuts? Amber eyed the limping man and shook her head gently. "Sorry, but my husband has someone else handling our coconut purchases. If you're looking to make a deal, we can sit down and talk it over properly." She nodded toward Wasył, who stood nearby.

A deal? He was not looking to make a deal; he wanted her isolated.

"Come on, don't be shy, miss!" The limping man ignored Wasyl completely, his gaze locked on Amber as he chuckled. "Let's go take a look at those coconuts. My warehouse is just around the corner. Once you see them, I bet you'll be ready to talk business!" As he spoke, his hand crept toward Amber, nearly snagging her arm.

"Are you with Cloud Tiger?" Alexander finally spoke up, his voice composed and detached as he stared down the limping man. "You talk about showing coconuts, but you skirt around the actual business.

Seems to me you've got something else in mind.

"Are you thinking...kidnapping? That's a pretty low move." Kidnapping? Amber's expression shifted subtly as she instinctively edged closer to Alexander, her eyes wary as she sized up the limping man. She trusted Alexander's instincts—that guy had been off from the start, definitely bad news.

"Cloud Tiger? Never heard of him!" The man with the limp kept a wide grin on his face, casually touching the scar on his cheek as he let out a low chuckle. "Name's Vedit.

Everyone around here knows me. You're here for coconuts, right? Let's stick to business. Why fuss about anything else?" Vedit?

Next to Alexander, Wasyl's face took on a thoughtful look, then " suddenly it went pale as if a lightbulb had gone off in his head. "Mister Kane, I've heard that name. He was a coconut vendor before, but then he got mixed up with the Cloud Tigers. He's the one supplying coconuts to most of the traders around here!" So he knew Cloud Tiger after all.

In that instant, Alexander's eyes grew sterner. "Surprised, are you? The boss of Spring Sunshine Travel Agency has crossed paths with your gang before. It didn't take much to uncover your real identity.

"Still going to deny it? Your act is so bad it's painful to watch!" In a flash, Vedit's face went white as a sheet.

He might have been part of the Cloud Tigers, but he always worked under Quinto and did not know much about the gang's inner workings.

He never imagined that someone in Alexander and Amber's company could blow his cover.

"Back at the Grand Coconut Wind Hotel, you were behind the poisoning, and now you're plotting a kidnapping." Alexander spoke with a detached demeanor, his eyes

piercing. "That waitress, I only took out her vital energy. I didn't go for the kill, but you..." Mid-sentence, his right hand made a swift move.

A coconut on the coffee table in front of him shot up like it was fired from a gun, cutting through the air with visible waves, and crashed hard against Vidit's skull! ' Blood splattered, and bone fragments scattered everywhere.

Vidit did not even see it coming. A sudden blow to the head, as if struck by a falling coconut, shattered his skull. He dropped like a stone, limbs twitching wildly as he let out a few tortured cries before his body went rigid. He passed out unconscious on the spot.

"An ant's life is hardly worth a second thought," Alexander muttered, not sparing a backward glance at Vidit as he rose and strolled over to the cafe's counter to pay his tab.

He eyed the cashier, who was shaking like a leaf, and said in a low voice, "If Cloud Tiger's goons come snooping around, tell them I'll be at the Grand Coconut Breeze Hotel.

"Time to settle the score, once and for all."

Chapter 0652 Three SUVs tore into view, skidding to a stop outside the cafe.' "Quinto, Vidit's a goner!" A squad of burly men barged into the cafe. A man with a beard crouched beside Vidit, checking his condition, then stood and gave Quinto a grim shake of the head. "He's hanging by a thread. Won't die, but he's looking at a lifetime in bed. Best case, he's a vegetable." Alexander... The man was a supreme grand martial for a reason. His touch was lethal.

Quinto narrowed his eyes at the fallen Vidit, then marched up to the bar, fixing the waiter with an icy glare. "Talk. What went down here? Give me the details." The waiter, ghost-white and quivering, fumbled with the surveillance footage, fast-forwarding through the frames as he stuttered, "The gentleman, he...he said..." Echoing Alexander's exact words, the shopkeeper's voice broke into a sob, "Mister Jabs, we've paid our dues to you every month, to the last penny. We're not involved in this mess, and we wouldn't dare cross you, not in a million years!" "Of course, you wouldn't dare!" Quinto finished watching the surveillance footage and ignored Vidit

sprawled on the floor. He strode out of the coffee shop with his crew in tow, then paused and fixed his gaze on the man with the scruffy beard.

"Alexander's on high alert. That fool Vidit thought he could snatch Amber right from under Alexander's nose. Pure fantasy! "However, now Alexander's got his guard up, making our job to snatch Amber that much tougher... Beard, we've got to switch up our game plan. Alexander's busy with the Cloud Tiger, but us..." His voice trailed off, growing softer with each word until he was whispering secrets meant only for the bearded man's ears.

"Go see Alexander. Tell him I'm looking to make a deal." Adeal? The man known as Beard blinked in surprise, then a realization dawned on him, and he nodded briskly.

"Got it!" Half an hour later at the Grand Coconut Wind Hotel.

"I came all this way to Grand Coconut Wind Island and barely got to enjoy myself, all thanks to that scoundrel, Cloud Tiger!" Coral lounged by the hotel pool in her bikini, her lips pursed in a pout as she wallowed in the water, her face etched with frustration.

"Let's just head back to Ol' Mare, cousin. Wasyl handling the coconut sales 2/5

for us. Sticking around here is pointless." y Alexander leaned against the edge of the pool, his eyes following Amber and Coral as they splashed and played, a faint smile playing on his lips. "We could head back to Ol' Mare, sure, but first..." "Mister Kane!" Just then, Wasyl came rushing over, his head bowed, careful not to look at Amber and Coral enjoying their swim. He spoke in a hushed tone, "I've just been contacted by someone close to Quinto, a right-hand man known as Beard!" Quinto? Alexander's face remained unreadable as he murmured, "Go on." "Quinto's the heavy hitter of the Cloud Tigers." Still stooping, Wasyl whispered, "Beard's the guy Quinto trusts the most. He's the one I deal with for the protection fees from my travel agency.

"He called me up. Said Quinto wants a meeting, wants to sit down with you, Mister Kane." Asit-down? Alexander gave nothing away. He glanced toward the entrance of the Grand Coconut Breeze Hotel and then back again, giving Amber and Coral a reassuring wave, "I'll be right back, just need to step out for a

sec.

"Don't worry about safety. I've got eyes on everything within a kilometer—nothing dangerous gets past me." With that, he strode off with Wasyl, making a beeline for the hotel's front door.

It was not more than a few seconds later.

"You must be Mister Kane?" Outside the hotel's grand entrance, Beard stood with a couple of his guys, spotting Alexander from a distance. He came forward with a welcoming grin, "On behalf of Quinto, I gotta apologize. That little mix-up at the cafe? All just a big misunderstanding.

"Oh, one more thing, Vedit got taken down by Mister Kane, and he had it coming. Quinto says he's letting it slide and really wants to be pals with Mister Kane!" Pals? Alexander chuckled.

"Is that it?" he asked.

His eyes were steely, his voice emotionless. "Well, if that's everything, go tell Quinto that neither he nor the so-called Cloud Tiger can throw their weight around on Coconut Wind Island.

"He wants to be my friend? He doesn't have what it takes!" What?!

The bearded man's face went pale, anger simmering beneath the surface, his words laced with a veiled threat, "Mister Kane, don't be so final. You might be the top dog around here, but Quinto's no slouch either! "Let's cut to the chase since we're alone. If you're up for teaming up with Quinto to knock the Cloud Tiger off his throne, Quinto's ready to cut you in on the deal, offering up to seventy percent of the take! "Or else...

"Just a flick of Quinto's wrist, and his crew will come at you full force.

Even someone as tough as you might not live to see another sunrise!"

Chapter 0653 Alexander was not fazed by the bearded man's so-called threat.

A flick of the wrist, and a gang would come rushing? To the Lord of War, it did not matter how many came at him. Even if they were all Martial Overlords. They were nothing but pushovers! Don't get it twisted, Mister Kane. I'm not threatening you. I'm just laying out Quinto's generous offer." Beard locked eyes with Alexander, his laugh sharp and distant. "Mister Kane, Quinto may be the right-hand man, but the crew's been grumbling about Cloud Tiger for years. They're itching for a revolt! Quinto's got the muscle, and with his gang of nearly two hundred, even you, Mister Kane, should think twice. If you're in, we can take out Cloud Tiger together. Quinto takes over Coconut Wind Island and keeps you stocked with coconuts. It's a win-win.

"Mister Kane, team up and we both come out on top. Keep this up, and we'll just tear each other down. Think it over, will you?" Tear each other down? Over Quinto? How laughable! "n 0 .

You've been spewing so much hot air, you've wasted enough of my time."

Alexander's gaze fell, his attention leaving Beard as his hand rose with deliberate slowness. There's an old saying: don't kill the messenger.

However, that's for the weak. The strong? They don't just follow rules — they make them, bend them, break them." With those final words, his hand flicked with a swift motion.

A crisp snap echoed.

Beard staggered, agony exploding in his gut, his face a mask of horror as he stared at Alexander, his voice shaking. "You... You've crippled me too? You..." Be thankful, not resentful," Alexander said calmly, pulling back his hand. "Cloud Tiger's gang is going

down. Today, I've stripped you of your power and made you just another face in the crowd. Stay out of trouble, and you might just save your own skin.

"Life's more valuable than power, wouldn't you agree?" He did not wait for an answer, just turned his back on the bearded man and walked Wasyl back to the poolside.

"Alexander! Alexander!" The bearded man's hands were clamped over his stomach, his eyes fixed on Alexander's back as he walked away. His teeth were gritted so hard they might shatter, his voice a hysterical shriek. "You're gonna regret this, just you wait! 1" 1 .

You've crossed a line, Alexander. Our feud is as deep as the ocean now. We're enemies for life!" Fury and helplessness.

By the hotel pool, Alexander ignored the bearded man's furious shouts. Watching Amber and Coral splash around in the water, a gentle smile played on his lips.

They could enjoy themselves, free from care.

He was their protector, after all.

Deep into the night.

"You're kidding me?!" On the deserted west coast of Coconut Wind Island, Quinto stared down at the bearded man on the coastal steps, his eyes ablaze with fury. "Alexander had the guts to lay hands on you? The nerve!" The bearded man was on his knees, shaking with anger.

Quinto had it all planned out. Alexander was supposed to agree to their deal, team up to take down the notorious Cloud Tiger, and secure their reign. Then, when the time was right, they would take Alexander out.

However, Alexander was too full of himself, not even entertaining the idea of cooperation. Instead, he delivered a devastating blow, crippling his right-hand man.

"Quinto, this is too much, even for you!" The bearded man's voice was laced with a venomous grudge as he clenched his fists. "He didn't just cripple me; he's insulted you! We've laid out plan after plan, and Alexander doesn't care for any of it. Let's not play games anymore. It's time for an all-out battle with him!" With a crew of loyal members at his back, Quinto could not fathom the idea that they would not be able to handle a single man like Alexander.

What did it matter if he was a supreme grand martial? There was a saying that even the toughest guy could not stand up to a mob.

The tension was palpable...

Quinto's eyes narrowed, a fierce fire dancing within them, growing more intense by the second.

The bearded man had a point. If they kept biting their tongues, it would not matter if Alexander struck first or not—their crew would feel betrayed. How could Quinto lead if they did not stand up for one of their own? Winning hearts; that was the game leaders play.

"Alexander, I wanted to draw this out, make it a real game, but you've forced my hand. You have ignored the friendly toast and now you'll have to swallow the bitter consequences," Quinto whispered to himself.

He turned to his trusted lieutenants and with a decisive gesture

proclaimed, "The bearded man was one of us, and we can't let his hurt go unavenged!" What's our move?!" he bellowed, not really asking but igniting a fire in them.

"Revenge, revenge!" they shouted back, their voices thunderous, their faces red with fury. "Gather the crew, hit the Grand Coconut Breeze Hotel hard, and settle the score for our member!" "Let's do this!" Quinto's face was a mask of ruthless determination as he gave the order.

Get on the horn. Tell the boys it's time to take down Alexander!"

Chapter 0654 Quinto was a man of action.

In no time at all, he rallied his forces —over 120 strong, including 30- odd vital energy fighters and three martial arts Grandmasters. They gathered in the West Coast corridor, piled into two tour buses and six vans. Under the veil of night, they raced toward the Coconut Wind Hotel.

Meanwhile, at the Grand Coconut Breeze Hotel.

Wasył perched on the rooftop balcony, night-vision goggles in hand, his gaze locked on the street below. A muscle in his jaw twitched as he spoke, "Mister Kane, you were right—they've shown up! ""Two buses, six vans, all packed with Quinto's goons!" They were really asking for trouble...

Alexander, standing by Wasył's side, cast a composed look down at the street and murmured, "I'll handle this, give Quinto a taste of his own medicine. You keep an eye on Amber and Coral." Without waiting for a reply, Alexander made his way down the balcony stairs.

Half a minute later...

The buses and vans came to a sudden halt in front of the hotel, doors flinging open. Over 120 people spilled out. Some stood guard, others charged into the hotel. They moved with precision, clearly well- trained.

They were ready for a fight, armed with sabers, rubber clubs, and daggers, storming the lobby without a second thought.

"Run for it!" "Quinto's thugs!" "Save yourselves!" The lobby erupted into chaos as tourists scattered in terror and hotel guests shook with fear, scrambling back to their rooms to hide under beds, too scared to make a sound.

Silence fell over the hotel.

"Quinto, we've got the hotel under our thumb!" The leader of the pack, a martial arts Grandmaster, gripped his walkie-talkie, his expression hardened into a battle-ready scowl.

"The bystanders are freaking out, and Alexander's still a no-show...

Quinto, once we're done with Alexander, what's the plan for those two women?" The women? Amber, the big shot General Manager of New Chesire Group, and her cousin, Coral?

on the other end, Quinto leaned against the railing on the seaside stairs, the sea wind gnawing at his face. A savage grin spread across his lips. "Take out Alexander, and those two women are nothing.

"our guys have put in the work, so Jet's give them a little reward with those two women. Let them have their fun." Quinto sure knows how to play it composed.

"Much appreciated, Quinto!" The Grandmaster's face contorted into a wicked smile before he killed the connection. He turned to the horde of over 100 members behind him, sliced the air with a throat-cutting motion, and chuckled darkly.

"Boys, Quinto's given the green light. We take down Alexander and bring back those two women for a hell of a good time!" Laughter erupted.

The gang, muscles bulging and adrenaline pumping, swung their weapons with a menacing air, quickly pinpointed Alexander's swanky suite on the hotel's registration log, and stormed the elevators, gunning for the penthouse.

The elevators hummed in unison, ferrying the mob upwards in two waves, an unstoppable force surging to the top floor without a single soul daring to intervene.

As the elevator doors gilded open...

"What the...?"

The Grandmaster at the front locked his gaze on a young figure standing before them, his eyes instantly narrowing.

There he was.

Alexander.

Around the bend in the hallway by the elevator shaft, Alexander was casually perched in an office chair behind the top floor's service desk, a cup of coffee in hand and sporting an easy smile.

To him, the mob of over a hundred tough guys might as well have been a swarm of pesky ants.

"That's our guy, Alexander?" whispered two martial arts Grandmasters inside the elevator, eyeing Alexander with a mix of curiosity and caution. "Idan, something's not right with this dude.

How's he chilling there with our crew ready to pounce?" "Quinto reckons he's probably hit the big leagues —supreme grand martial. We can't underestimate a guy like that, we've got to bring our A-game," one of them murmured back.

Sure, a supreme grand martial was a force to be reckoned with, but everyone could be defeated.

Only those who have reached the level of a Lord of War can ignore the Sea of Humans technique. Otherwise, even a Martial Overlord can be Remed and killed by employing a sufficient number of skilled fighters wielding vital energy.

repter 0064 . I That was Quinto's game plan for the night: no matter the cost, even if it meant a hundred lives, they were going to take Alexander down.

IlKane, we're onto you. You're one of those supreme grand martial, aren't you?" The martial arts Grandmaster known as Gray Wolf gripped his serrated blade, one designed to cleave mountains, and edged closer to Alexander with a mocking grin. "You could've outrun my men with your skills," he taunted.

"However, those women with you, where could they possibly hide? "Be smart and give up. I'll make your end quick. However, if you choose to be foolish..." His words hung in the air as he closed in, then a mere five meters away. Mid-sentence, Gray Wolf's blade arced through the air, a chilling energy radiating from it, and slammed into Alexander's chest with a burst of lethal force.

A treacherous sneak attack! Without any warning, he struck, showing no mercy to the man he suspected to be a supreme grand martial. He broke all the unwritten codes of their world with his ambush, aiming to kill with a single blow.

If he succeeded in taking down Alexander, he would complete his mission and Quinto would rise to rule Coconut Wind Island, unchallenged.

' Chapter 0655 { Was Alexander truly a legendary supreme grand martial? The answer was a resounding no.

He was not just any supreme grand martial. He was the undefeated Lord of War, the mightiest warrior revered worldwide, standing four whole levels above any Grandmaster.

"He's done for. He's a dead man!" Five meters away, the Gray Wolf's blade I arced through the air, his eyes locked onto Alexander's, alight with a fierce excitement.

He had landed the perfect ambush.

Alexander, coffee in his right hand, casually tapped the hotel's service counter with his left, seemingly oblivious to the attack.

~ No reaction? That spelled doom.

y Faced with such a surprise attack, even a deadly strike from an Apex of —= Grandmaster would mean certain death for someone, even a Peak Supreme Grand Martial, caught off guard without any defenses! However, then...

"A sneak attack? Bold move, but sadly, it's too feeble." Alexander's left index finger curled slightly. Without sparing a glance at the descending blade, he tapped the counter and said, "You're looking for a swift end? I'll oblige.

"You'll die fast, and painlessly." As his voice faded, his fingertip lightly struck the counter, emitting a crisp 'snap'.

Suddenly, the air in the hallway seemed to seize up. The blade's trajectory crumbled before it could graze Alexander.

\ However, there was more.

With that simple flick, Gray Wolf felt no shift in the air, yet his chest caved as if hammered, his bones and organs shattering. I He could not even scream. His body was \ flung back, slamming into the corridor wall, then dropped to the floor with a 'snap', limbs convulsing briefly before he lay still, dead.

"What?!" A short distance away, the two remaining Grandmasters and a crowd of over a hundred muscular men were frozen in shock, their eyes wide as they gazed upon Gray Wolf's lifeless body. It was as if they had seen a specter; they simply could not believe what was before them.

Gray Wolf, dead? I The formidable Grandmaster, second

+ only to the notorious Quinto, the \ unchallenged right-hand man of their entire operation, had perished without a whisper of resistance, his end shrouded in mystery.

How had he fallen? What did Alexander do? Alexander was no ordinary supreme grand martial. No one of that state could wield such fearsome strength! "Dying by my hand is a privilege," Alexander declared. He had just stepped out from behind the service counter, casually holding a cup of coffee in his j right hand. After taking a small sip, he gazed calmly at the horde before him and said disinterestedly, "If you're eager for the same privilege, I won't hesitate to oblige." Privilege? The word sent a shiver through the crowd. Even the Grandmasters were yon edge, their teeth clenched in a grimace as they bellowed, "Guys, we fight!

"He's only one man, and we are many!" \ "Even if he's a peak supreme grand martial, how many can he take down? Whoever's left standing must avenge our brothers. No retreat, we'll bury him under our numbers!" "Charge!" I "Attack!" i With that, the men cast aside any last shred of doubt. Their weapons—a whirlwind of sabers, clubs, and knives — descended upon Alexander like a tempest.

Sea of Humans technique! The narrow hallway, barely wide enough for two people to walk side by side, was jam-packed. The crowd surged forward, each person driven by a feverish determination, launching a frenzied charge at Alexander! "Ants, no matter their number, are still just ants,"

Alexander cradled his coffee, eyeing the \ ragtag mob before him. With a casual flick, he sent a spray of coffee droplets flying, his voice devoid of feeling. "Dying by my hand is an honor you don't deserve." The droplets scattered.

Those tiny beads of coffee, light as air yet seemingly filled with boundless force, struck the two Grandmasters leading the charge, effortlessly piercing their guts, and then, unstoppable, they tore through the ranks, impaling over 100 burly men.

Not a single one was spared.

123 men, including two martial arts Grandmasters and a cadre of over 30 I warriors wielding vital energy, were I devastated by those minuscule droplets.

. Their cores were shattered, their inner channels and organs quaked, and their hard-earned powers were utterly destroyed.

It was a fate worse than death.

y For those hardened fighters, accustomed to the taste of blood on their blades; losing their powers was a torment more excruciating than death itself! "No, this can't be, it just can't!" On the floor, two Grandmasters curled up, clutching their torn bellies, looking up at Alexander who stood just a breath away, their voices quaking with fear.

"Turning droplets into arrows, leaves into blades... You're not just a supreme grand martial. You're a wielder of the spirit energy Martial Overlord!" Martial Overlord? Alexander ignored the two so-called Grandmasters, draining his coffee cup in one final gulp. Towering above the worthless crowd, he asked in a hushed tone, "Where's Quinto? "You might as well fess up, It's a small

+ island, and I can easily sniff out his \ hideout. However, if you disappoint me, I'll be in a foul mood. And when I'm in a foul mood, people tend to die. So..." He locked eyes with one of the Grandmasters, his lips curling into a sly grin, "Shall we begin with you?" The Grandmaster shuddered, his legs turning to jelly.

Moments ago, he was a top-tier Grandmaster, arrogant and proud. Then, stripped of his powers, he was less than a commoner, his arrogance gone with the wind.

"Mister Jabs... I mean, Quinto!" He was quaking, his voice quivering, "Quinto's on the west coast of Coconut Wind Island, by the seaside promenade. It's a tourist spot, and he's..." He stopped abruptly.

As he uttered 'seaside promenade',

+ Alexander's form blurred and vanished before him, leaving only his words lingering in the hotel hallway.

"Get off Coconut Wind Island and don't ever come back. Or it'll be your end, no second chances."

J Chapter 0656 Quinto leaned against the railing of the seaside walkway on Coconut Wind Island, the salty breeze playing across his face.

He checked his watch.

His plan should have been in full swing, Alexander would be six feet under, and Amber and Coral in the clutches of his crew. Soon, his name would be on everyone's lips, outshining the island's top dog, Cloud Tiger. Before long, he would be the one calling the shots.

Cloud Tiger might have been a big shot once, but age had dulled his edge. He was no more intimidating than a tiger with no teeth.

"Quinto!" A man in black bolted toward him, looking terrified. He hit the deck with one knee, stammering, "Boss, I've got urgent news. Your guys... They've all bailed!

+ "They were all doubled over, bleeding...

\ They snagged a couple of speedboats and took off into the night. They wouldn't turn back, no matter how much we yelled!" Quinto's heart skipped a beat. He lunged forward, grabbing the messenger by his shirt, his breath catching in his throat. © © "Run that by me again? That can't be right! "Three Grandmasters, a whole bunch of vital energy-wielding hotshots, and a crew loyal to the bone—vanishing without a peep? They were supposed to § take Alexander by surprise. How could this happen..." The silence was suddenly profound.

A young man, tall and poised, made his way toward me along the moonlit "boardwalk, his steps silent in the heavy night air. He seemed like a shadowy)- specter, a figure of death itself, moving through the darkness.

Even from 20 meters away, the force of his presence was unmistakable, a ø palpable energy that they could feel without seeing. } "Kane, Alexander?!" In an instant, Quinto spun around to face the approaching figure, a shiver running down his spine. "It's you, it has to be you! "What did you do to my men? What's happened to them? You... You've taken their power and banished them from Coconut Wind Island?! "How did you manage it? What kind of strength do you possess?! I sent so many against you, and even if you were at the peak of your powers, they should have overwhelmed you, you..." Enough talk.

Alexander's face was a mask of I indifference as he regarded Quinto, his " ~ voice detached and aloof. "I don't owe

you any explanations. Just understand this—we're not from the same world." 4 q He was right.

Quinto was just another face in the crowd, his martial skills placing him among the elite. He was still only a mortal, albeit a notable one. I However, Alexander was something else entirely. Human in form, yes, but his strength eclipsed that of the greatest) warriors. He stood on the threshold of the mythical realm of the divine.

Once someone stepped into the celestial 4 sphere, they were on a whole other level — beyond ordinary, beyond comparison.

It was a gap too wide to cross, a realm too lofty for mere mortals to grasp.

"We're worlds apart..." Quinto stood frozen, the weight of those words hitting him hard. He swayed, his ' = face a mask of utter despair.

It all clicked.

y Ever since he crossed Alexander, that bitter end was inevitable. Alexander was not holding back out of fear; he simply could not be bothered. If he had wanted to, Quinto would not have lasted that long.

"I'm such an idiot, a complete idiot..." By then, Quinto had given up on any stroke of luck. He looked at Alexander } with a grim smile. "Mister Kane, I wronged you first. If you want vengeance, I won't argue.

"Just make it quick, Mister Kane. Give me a clean break. I... Twon't put up a fight." With those words, he bowed his head, the grimace on his face deepening.

Not fighting back... It was not about wanting to, it was about not daring to.

y In the face of Alexander's immeasurable power, Quinto could not find the will to

+ resist. A crushing sense of helplessness and defeat surged through him, overpowering his very instinct to survive.

Like a rabbit staring down a tiger, an ant before a lion, a sparrow facing a dragon— his spirit was under siege, his will nearly shattered.

"You think you deserve to die by my hand? You think you're worthy?" Alexander's laugh was soft, almost mocking. "Everything has its purpose, even the most withered plant, the driest leaf, or a scrap of paper.

"Tell me, what's your worth? What makes you think a man with no value deserves my attention, let alone my wrath?" Quinto's heart skipped a beat, and he was overcome with shame.

Value... I "= In Alexander's presence, Quinto felt less

«than nothing—not fit to die, less than a dry blade of grass, a fallen leaf, or a scrap Y of paper.

"I remember you trying to get me on your side, to take down the Cloud Tiger, to make you the kingpin of Coconut Wind Island." Alexander's gaze was calm and detached, his voice floating down like it was from another world, sending shockwaves through Quinto's soul. "Thinking you could get me on your side was a fantasy.

"However, if you can take out the Cloud Tiger on your own, prove your worth to Coconut Wind Island and its visitors, then you'll have redeemed yourself.

"This is your last shot to make things right." With that, Alexander dismissed Quinto with a turn of his heel and walked away.

"Quinto?"

* Only when Alexander's silhouette had \ vanished did the kneeling henchman dare ø to look up. He saw Quinto, looking like a ghost of his former self, and ventured, I "Boss, Alexander didn't seem keen on killing us, and now he's gone. So, what do I we do now?" I Quinto managed a wry smile and slowly shook his head.

After a moment, he rallied, took a deep breath, and commanded, "We've lost I over a hundred and twenty of our members. We've got about thirty left who can still fight. Get them all here! "If we can't beat Alexander, we'll throw everything we've got at the Cloud Tiger.

We'll either rule Coconut Wind Island or...

If we go down, we'll go down with our heads held high!" The henchman's body tensed, and he bit down hard on his resolve.

"Understood!"

Chapter 0657 Half an hour had passed, and the East Sea shore of Coconut Wind Island was quiet except for the grandeur of Cloud Tiger's private villa, its lights shining like a beacon.

Shadowy figures moved within—all employees of Cloud Tiger, tasked with keeping the place spotless and tending to the exotic flowers and rare trees in the garden. No outsiders were allowed.

No need for bodyguards or security here.

On Coconut Wind Island, Cloud Tiger was the top dog, a peak supreme grand martial master whose name alone was enough to keep trouble at bay.

"Cloud Tiger... still as cocky as ever," muttered Quinto from outside the villa.

He and his crew were nestled in five jeeps, hidden by the night. Quinto peered at the villa, a steely glint in his eyes.

"Everyone ready for alittle action?

"This hit's gotta be clean. No room for mistakes! Alexander's just passing through, after all. He's here for the coconuts, and we'll give 'em to him, but first, we take down Cloud Tiger. Then this island's ours for the taking." The men in the jeeps shared a look, their resolve clear as day.

It was time to follow Quinto's lead and get that show on the road.

Silently, the jeeps came to a halt in the shadows. Quinto's gang, all 30- something strong, scaled the wall and crept up to the third floor without a sound.

That was where Cloud Tiger's bedroom was—off-limits to even the staff.

"So far, so good..." Quinto crept up to the bedroom door, his heart pounding as he listened to the faint sounds of Cloud Tiger's breathing. A

flicker of doubt crossed his face.

All those years of brotherhood weighed on him.

Memories of their wild days, fighting back-to-back, always having each other's backs, flooded his mind. He would not even be in this mess if Cloud Tiger had not decided to hang up his hat and retire to that island paradise.

However, things had changed...

"Quinto?" A hushed voice came from one of his guys, gripping a blade tightly. "Are you having second thoughts? If you are, we can bail. He was our leader, and deep down, none of us really wanted to cross him." Betraying the leader was a low blow, no matter how they sliced it.

Quinto's jaw clenched as his hands balled into fists, then relaxed, and then

clenched again. He shut his eyes and let out a weary sigh. "Let it go, let it go "The boss never did us wrong. We can just leave Coconut Wind Island and start fresh somewhere else." With one last look at the bedroom door, Quinto knelt and bowed his head in a silent tribute, then turned with a heavy heart, signaling his crew to head for the stairs.

That was when...

"Oi " Quinto.

The snoring from the bedroom cut off abruptly, replaced by a voice warm and familiar. "I know you're out there. Come in." What the—?! Frozen in place, Quinto spun around, his gaze locked on the closed door. His breath came in short gasps, his heart racing as if it was trying to escape his chest.

Has Cloud Tiger been faking sleep? He knew everything all along! "Boss!" In that heart-stopping moment, Quinto's nerves were on edge as he hesitantly opened the door. He immediately bent forward, his head bowed, and let out a heart-wrenching sob, "Boss, I'm so sorry. I got blinded by ambition, trying to climb to the top for some glory. It's all on me, not the guys! "If there's a price on my head, I'll take it.

Just, please, Boss, have a heart and let my crew off the hook!" His tears were genuine, his remorse palpable.

The difference in their strength was just too great.

They were both supreme grand martial masters, but he was a novice in the supreme grand martial realm, while

Cloud Tiger was at the peak of supreme grand martial. A sneak attack might give him a slim shot, but face-to-face? He would not stand a chance.

"When did I say you were in for it?" In the bedroom's heart, Cloud Tiger, clad in his night robe, sat serenely on a round meditation cushion. He looked at Quinto, shaking his head with a soft chuckle, "Bet you're wondering why I'm not asleep at this hour, huh? "I've known for a while you were rallying the troops, plotting against me." With that, he eyed Quinto's crew, their faces ghostly white, then rose and stepped up to Quinto, giving his shoulder a reassuring pat and a sigh. "Quinto, you didn't let me down after all. You remembered the bond we shared and pulled back from the brink.

"Why would I take you out if you're not gunning for me? You thought I'd gone

soft, lost my edge, that I wasn't the Cloud Tiger you knew. However, did you ever stop to think that some things matter more than just power?" More than power? Quinto's face was a picture of shock as he looked up, locking eyes with Cloud Tiger, disbelief written all over him, "Boss, are you saying that you..." "That's right." With a smirk of defiance, the Cloud Tiger unleashed a surge of vitality that belied his years, his presence suddenly as formidable as if he had shed a decade in mere moments. "When it comes down to it, true power isn't about the size of your forces—it's about the strength within.

"I've spent a month on that island, healing and honing my skills, and I've finally broken through to the Martial Overlord realm! So, Quinto, do you still see me as an old man? Do you still think I

lack courage?" Quinto was frozen, his lips quivering without a sound.

Martial Overlord.

Those two words said it all.

The Cloud Tiger had achieved the unthinkable—the Martial Overlord realm.

A single warrior with such spirit energy could command an army to rival the nations of the world.

Consider that—across the entire globe, there might not even be a hundred Martial Overlords! Some matters are beyond the reach of even the supreme grand martial. Only as a Martial Overlord can one grasp the secrets of the higher tiers." With a knowing glance at Quinto, the Cloud Tiger gestured with a flourish, his voice warm with invitation.

"Come out now, gentlemen. Let's give my dear members here a demonstration of what real power looks like."

Chapter 0658 Gentlemen? Quinto's gaze shot to the bedroom door, his pupils shrinking in shock.

Five figures.

Looming behind the Cloud Tiger, six shadowy figures stood, their presence as elusive as spirits from an abyss, their mastery so complete that they radiated no aura at all.

A shadowy figure stood cloaked in black, a maple leaf insignia stitched boldly over the heart—a signature of the infamous Black Maple Organization.

"This is the Left Protector, also known as "Lightning Cutter," Konrad Abney—one of the Black Maple Organization's two most formidable guardians," Cloud Tiger introduced, stepping aside to reveal the man's identity. With a casual wave and a

grin, he continued, "And these four are the esteemed Envoys, second only to the guardians in rank.

"Protector Abney's power is unmatched.

He's at the peak of Martial Overlord. And the Envoys? Each one is a mid-level Martial Overlord master. Now that's what you call real strength." Quinto's heart pounded as he took in the six elite warriors before him. Five Martial Overlord masters, plus Cloud Tiger, who had just ascended to their ranks... That was a force capable of toppling nations, especially then that the world had outlawed the use of mass-destruction weapons.

"So, you're Quinto?" Konrad's voice dripped with contempt as he eyed the man before him. "I've heard about your little scheme—sending a small army to ambush Alexander, and your plans to snatch up Amber and Coral?" He sneered, "I can't decide if you're

audacious or just plain stupid. Do you have any clue who Alexander really is?" Quinto, his face flushed with embarrassment, was at a loss for words.

A mere supreme grand master would not have dared to speak up in front of a peak Martial Overlord! "Alexander's name sends shivers around the globe!" Konrad inhaled sharply, his voice turning icy. "Let me lay it out for you. He's the stuff of legends, the Lord of War, standing shoulder to shoulder with Wyverna. He's the Black Maple Organization's worst nightmare. Alone, he's a force that can take on entire nations." Lord of War?! Quinto's eyes popped, and his jaw dropped. So did his crew of 30-some members, all thunderstruck, their heads

ringing with the revelation.

Good god! Could it be that the legendary figure, as elusive as a dragon, was actually the son-in-law of the Ol' Mare Chesire family, the security chief of the New Chesire Group? Their gang had been poking that bear over and over, yet they still drew breath.

It was nothing short of a miracle! "Alexander doesn't bother with you because you're beneath his notice." Konrad glanced at Quinto with disdain, then let out a dark chuckle. "You tried to take out the Cloud Tiger, aiming to rule Coconut Wind Island. That's a death wish.

"But, changing your tune at the eleventh hour saved your skin. And what's more...

Alexander had a chat with you and gave you a shot at redemption. That's a godsend, my friend."

Hmm? Quinto's eyes widened in shock. A split second later, he understood and cried out, "You're plotting against Alexander?!" "Absolutely." Konrad and Cloud Tiger shared a knowing look, then smirked wickedly. "Our Black Maple Organization has struck a deal with Cloud Tiger. Take down Alexander, and Cloud Tiger rules the north of Wyverna! "And since you're Cloud Tiger's right- hand man, once it's done, you'll be the top dog in northern Wyverna, second only to the boss himself." The thought of such power was intoxicating, impossible to turn down.

"What do I need to do?" Quinto's heart raced, his eyes blazing with fervor. "Taking on the mightiest

Lord of War, it's a rush just to think about it! I'm Quinto, afraid of nothing, not even death! "Protector Abney, Boss, just give the word, and I'm on it. If we can take down Alexander, I'll be legendary, and dying for that would be an honor!" Quinto's hunger for power was clear. He had always been eager to climb the ranks.

"Excellent!" Konrad burst into laughter, then abruptly cut it off. With a swift gesture, he reached out and grabbed.

One of Quinto's men, built like Cloud Tiger, was snatched out of the air by Konrad and then crushed with ease.

Crack! The man's neck broke instantly. He did not stand a chance, and he was gone just like that.

protector Abney!" Quinto was taken aback, only then grasping what

happened, his face a mask of bewilderment. "You..." "You needed to see proof." Konrad chuckled darkly and pulled out a small cloth pouch. He pressed and molded the face of his dead henchman, then dusted it with a fine white powder from the pouch until the man's features were a dead ringer for Cloud Tiger. Only someone as close as Quinto could spot the difference.

"Snap a picture of the stiff and take it to Alexander. Tell him Cloud Tiger is dead." Once the stage was set, Konrad's grin twisted with malice. "And let him know you stumbled

upon a heavy-duty safe in the villa, with one of Cloud Tiger's prized jade amulets inside. That'll reel Alexander in for sure.

The moment he steps foot here, we spring the trap and take him down.

Alexander's going

down!"

Chapter 0659 Konrad was plotting schemes and conspiracies, but Alexander was completely unaware.

At this moment, Alexander stood on the rooftop terrace, gazing into the deep night in the distance. His eyes narrowed slightly, with a glint of determination shining within them.

"Mister Kane!" Wasyl stood behind Alexander, bowing respectfully. "'Mister Kane, your strength is remarkable. Miss Chesire and Miss Braine are safe and sound, thanks to you. Please rest assured." Alexander nodded slowly.

The 120-plus people under Quinto's command were just a group of riffraff, unable to stir up any waves. Having Wasyl protect Amber and Coral was merely an added precaution, unnecessary but

reassuring.

What truly warranted attention was the east.

Though distant, on the eastern side of Coconut Wind Island, one could already sense the faint presence of six formidable auras, reaching the level of Martial Overlords.

Six Martial Overlords...

Globally, forces capable of assembling such a lineup are few and far between.

Yet, in a mere island like Coconut Wind Island, not even two months into development, so many experts had emerged.

There must have been a motive.

"Mister Kane!" At that moment, footsteps approached from afar. Quinto hurriedly made his way to Alexander and pulled out his phone excitedly. "I have fulfilled my mission. I

launched a surprise attack on Cloud Tiger overnight and eliminated this menace!" Oh? A flicker of interest appeared in Alexander's eyes as he glanced at Quinto's phone.

On the phone screen, the clear image of a burly man's body could be seen. He had a robust and muscular build, with dark and shiny skin, bearing some resemblance to the rumored Cloud Tiger.

However...

The skin on the face of this corpse seemed unnaturally tight, with features that were not quite coordinated. The skin on the neck differed slightly from that on the face, rough and dry, clearly not the normal condition of a deceased martial arts expert.

In other words, this was not Cloud Tiger's body at all but a disguise achieved through special means.

"It is indeed Cloud Tiger." Seeing through the ruse without revealing it, Alexander smiled faintly at Quinto.

you've done well. You may return now." Quinto quickly pocketed his phone and respectfully bowed to Alexander, his demeanor sincere. "Mister Kane, I led my brothers in a surprise attack on Cloud Tiger and fortunately succeeded. I intended to report back to you immediately, but a small matter delayed me for some time.

"In the past, on the battlefield in Abangham, Cloud Tiger obtained a miraculous jade pendant, which he kept in a personal safe deposit box. I intended to present the jade pendant to you, Mister Kane, but that safe..." Alexander sighed inwardly, shaking his head silently.

'Ah, Quinto, I've already given you

chances, yet you fail to appreciate them.

Not only did Cloud Tiger not die, but he's also plotted against me, and you became his accomplice, bringing a doctored photo to deceive me. Do you truly believe I couldn't see through such petty tricks?" 'Surely, among the six Martial Overlord auras on the eastern coast of Coconut Wind Island, there lies the original form of this photograph, the current ruler of Coconut Wind Island, Cloud Tiger." "Understood." Alexander had lost interest, even when Quinto had not finished. He raised his hand and gestured lightly. "Lead the way ahead. I'll go take a look." Quinto was momentarily puzzled, then his eyes lit up excitedly. "Certainly!" The private villa where Cloud Tiger resided was only about five kilometers from Grand Coconut Breeze Hotel, a drive

that would take at most ten minutes.

"Mister Kane, we've arrived!" Quinto personally drove the off-road vehicle, turning to look respectfully at Alexander in the passenger seat. "My men are all in the basement, guarding that safe deposit box. The rest are just servants, whom I've dismissed.

"Mister Kane, shall I find a place to park while you head in?" Parking? With such a spacious courtyard at the villa's entrance, such an excuse seemed rather crude.

"That's fine." Alexander smiled faintly, not exposing Quinto's excuse. He simply opened the door and got out of the car, leisurely walking towards the villa's front courtyard under the radiant lights.

Just as he was about to reach the center of the front yard...

"Now! "n

In the villa's second-floor living room, Konrad stood with four Black Maple martial envoys and Cloud Tiger, all concealed behind the curtains, staring intently at Alexander through the window. Konrad pressed the button on the remote control in his hand.

High-explosive timed bombs.

Prepared specifically to deal with Alexander, these were powerful explosives capable of leveling the entire front yard of the villa.

Even a Lord of War of great strength, without any precautions, would surely be torn to pieces and perish on the spot!

Chapter 0660 As the bomb detonated almost simultaneously, Alexander's expression remained unchanged. He lightly tapped the ground with his toes and instantly soared into the air, flipping gracefully before landing firmly over 100 meters away.

It all happened in the blink of an eye.

The moment Alexander leaped into the air, there was another explosion, causing the villa's front yard to erupt with a resounding blast. A small mushroom cloud billowed into the sky, unleashing a visible circular shockwave that expanded more than 80 meters.

"Did he...dodge it?!" Konrad and the others, standing behind the curtains, were astonished. While on the side of the villa's entrance, Quinto had just parked the off-road vehicle and

I stared dumbfoundedly at Alexander standing nearby. He was trembling with fear.

How did he manage to dodge it? This 'inviting the bear into the trap' plan was flawless, even going as far as using a fake Cloud Tiger's corpse to lure Alexander. Yet, Alexander seemed completely oblivious. How could he have effortlessly evaded the bomb ambush? This was unreasonable.

"What, disappointed?" Alexander turned to look at Quinto sitting in the car, speaking softly. "From the moment you showed me that photo, I knew it wasn't the real Cloud

Tiger. If my suspicions are correct..." He stopped addressing Quinto at this point, his gaze slowly shifting, indifferently observing the billowing smoke in the villa's front yard. "Cloud Tiger, if you dare set an ambush, why not

show yourself? Come out!" From the second-floor window of the villa, Cloud Tiger, Konrad, the four martial envoys, and the six Martial Overlord powerhouses leaped out, landing in different positions and trapping Alexander in the center.

The Heavenly Union Formation.

This was a long-standing formation inherited in Wyverna. Once formed, the six individuals acted as one, with each strike packing six times the power. And any attacks they received were divided among the six, making it impregnable! However...

The formation was set, yet the six Martial Overlords stood still like sculptures, their gazes fixed firmly on Alexander, without launching an immediate attack.

They were cautious.

They were not facing just any ordinary

warrior, after all. They were facing the grand master of the Temple of War, the pillar of strength for Wyverna, the most powerful warrior who shook the entire globe.

Since its establishment, the Temple of War had seen numerous battles, and Alexander has been unmatched in all of them. There were easily 80 to 100 Martial Overlords who met their end at his hands.

Even the formidable warriors from enemy nations dared not confront him directly.

Faced with such a presence, the six great Martial Overlords dared not underestimate him in the slightest.

In contrast, Alexander seemed much more relaxed.

He stood quietly at the center of the formation, a faint smile playing on his lips. His gaze swept slowly over the faces of the six great Martial Overlords as if he were regarding six jesters, his disdain

barely concealed.

This was their lineup? Too weak.

"The path of cultivation demands steady progress. There are no shortcuts," he remarked.

After a brief silence, Alexander suddenly smiled, pointing at each of the four chief envoys in turn. "You're all in the early stages of Martial Overlordhood, yet your foundations are unstable. Clearly, you've tried to cut corners to force your way into the realm of Martial Overlords.

"You think you stand a chance against me with such tactics? Are you even worthy?" The four martial envoys' expressions shifted slightly as their fists clenched instantly.

So what if they had tried to cut corners? Their ability to advance to the rank of Martial Overlord spoke volumes about their martial talent. Each of them was a

formidable powerhouse in their own right. Within the Black Maple Organization, they were held in the highest regard. If they were to leave Black Maple and join any other faction, they would be treated as honored guests! It was not an exaggeration to say that even the weakest Martial Overlord among them was enough to intimidate a small to medium-sized country.

However, in the eyes of this mightiest of Lord of Wars, Martial Overlords seemed as common as cabbage in the streets, hardly worth mentioning.

They were insignificant. He disregarded them completely.

"Alexander!" Black Maple's Left Protector, Konrad, stood at the position of the Heavenly Union Formation, his eyes slightly narrowed, his face full of ferocity. "'We know you're the strongest Lord of War, but you also need to know that the Black Maple Organization is not

to be underestimated! "You stand alone, no matter how strong you are, while our formation is enough to unleash the combined power of thirty-six Martial Overlords! If you don't want to die, then hand over all three jade pendants you've obtained. Otherwise..." Alexander laughed.

Not to mention a few insects. Even if the Black Maple Master appeared, how could he snatch half a jade pendant from him? Facing death without realizing it, were the people in the Black Maple Organization all so foolish? "Mister Abney, don't waste time with him!" Cloud Tiger clenched his fists tightly, surrounded by energy, staring fiercely into Alexander's eyes. "Everyone, go all out, aiming for a single lethal blow.

Coconut Wind Island beneath our feet will be Alexander's burial ground!"

At this point, any idle talk was unnecessary.

Led by Konrad, the six Martial Overlords simultaneously activated the energy within them, the deep thunderous sound rumbling in their lower abdomens. Faint electric arcs appeared visibly on the surface of their fists, their skin gleaming like metal.

The Heavenly Union Formation was unleashed.

At that moment, the six Martial Overlords held nothing back, their energies merging into one. Amplified by the formation, it was no less powerful than 36 Martial Overlords joining forces, unleashing an unprecedentedly powerful strike against Alexander.