

THE BLOODLINE THAT CANNOT BE REPLACED

The engines of the armored convoy growled like restless beasts as they cut through the mountain road toward the hidden heart of Avalora. 1

Ethan Ward watched the scenery blur past his window — tall marble pillars rising from the hills, ancient temples restored with glass and steel, military outposts tucked discreetly into the cliffs.

Avalora didn't look like a normal capital.

It looked like a kingdom that had survived hundreds of wars and refused to ever fall again. 4

And somewhere ahead, in its most protected corner, the man who ruled it all — his grandfather — waited on his deathbed.

Ethan exhaled slowly, feeling the heaviness of the moment pressing into his chest. Just hours ago, he was a humiliated, heartbroken man at Brookhaven International Airport. Now he was being driven like royalty toward a villa that felt more like a fortress of kings. 1

Steward Leonard leaned forward from the seat beside him, his voice was low but urgent.

"We are almost there, Young Master." 1

Ethan nodded, though uncertainty still flickered in his eyes. 2

"I don't know if I'm ready for any of this." 1

"No one is ever ready for destiny," the old man replied quietly. "But

destiny still arrives."

The convoy turned sharply, and suddenly two colossal stone gates came into view.

They were carved with dragons twisting into the clouds, their eyes glowing with embedded security sensors. 3

Armed guards in deep navy uniforms stood perfectly still on both sides of the gate, saluting as the vehicles approached. 1

A siren gave a soft tone.

The gates began to open.

And then Ethan saw it.

Arvendale Villa. 2

It wasn't simply a residence. It was a world. 1

Wide courtyards paved with obsidian stone shone like mirrors under the sunlight. 1

Waterfalls flowed from mountain carvings into rivers that ran through the estate.

Traditional palace roofs — plated with shimmering silver tiles — stretched across the valley, surrounded by dense gardens filled with rare flowers and ancient pine trees. 2

And standing in two perfectly aligned rows were nearly fifty servants, dressed in ceremonial grey-green robes, their heads bowed in deep respect.

Ethan swallowed hard.

"I... I don't think I belong here," he whispered. 

Steward Leonard placed a hand on his shoulder.

"You belong here more than anyone, Young Master. This is your bloodline."

The SUV door opened.

Instantly, attendants moved toward Ethan — one presenting a warm towel, another opening a ceremonial umbrella above him, others bowing deeply. 

He felt overwhelmed and almost embarrassed by the royal treatment, yet the disciplined way everyone moved made it clear this wasn't special treatment.

This was protocol.

He was the heir whether he accepted that reality or not. 

"Please follow me," Steward Leonard said, guiding him through a towering wooden doorway carved with dragons and clouds.

The hallway beyond it was silent.

Oppressive.

Sacred.

Servants pressed themselves against the walls as Ethan passed, their eyes lowered.

The only sound was the distant hum of medical machines. 1

Ethan felt his heartbeat climb.

And then he saw the massive doors ahead — pure red sandalwood, engraved with the symbol of the Xavier family.

Two guards pulled them open. 1

Inside the chamber, time seemed to stop. 1

Master Xavier — the man who dominated the business world, controlled a trillion-dollar empire, and influenced entire governments — lay helpless on a modified jade bed. 1

His skin was pale and thin, his breath shallow and uneven. Tubes ran from his nose, chest, and arms into humming medical machines. 2

Yet his presence still filled the room like a storm.

Doctor after doctor bowed in silence as Ethan stepped forward. 2

For a moment, Ethan's feet refused to move. 1

He had imagined this moment many times — sometimes with anger, sometimes with resentment, sometimes with questions. But seeing the old man so weak, so thin, so breakable... 1

All that anger dissolved into something else. 2

Something softer.

Something painful. 1

"Go on," Steward Leonard whispered gently. "He has waited for you." 1

Ethan forced his legs to move. He approached the bed slowly. 1

The old man's eyelids fluttered. 1

His clouded eyes opened.

And when he saw Ethan... a light appeared in them.

A light brighter than the sun.

He lifted a trembling hand.

"Come... closer... my boy." 1

Ethan felt his chest tighten. He stepped closer, leaning forward until the old man's shaking fingers brushed his cheek — it was a soft, fragile touch that almost broke him.

"My... beautiful grandson," Master Xavier whispered. "You... came." 1

Ethan's throat tightened painfully. "Grandfather..." 1

The old man gasped slowly, his breath rattling. 1

"I wronged you... I wronged your mother... I chased her out, punished her because she loved a schoolteacher... I let pride turn me into a monster." 1

Ethan blinked hard, fighting tears.

"Grandfather... please. You don't have to—" 7

"I must," the old man insisted. "Before I leave this world... you must

hear it." 1

He swallowed with difficulty. 1

"I lost my daughter because of arrogance. I lost you because of blindness. But fate... has brought you back at the hour I needed you most."

Ethan looked down at him, pained and confused.

"What do you mean?"

Master Xavier's expression darkened. 1

"There is great trouble in Verdanis. The stability I spent sixty years building is collapsing. Corrupt forces have infiltrated the government. Enemies hide behind wealth and titles. And the Xavier Group holds the balance of this nation." 4

He coughed violently, and Steward Leonard rushed forward to wipe his mouth. 3

The old man squeezed Ethan's hand with surprising strength.

"This Xavier business empire... funds entire countries. Zhyraka... Nelvoria... Atsurim... Without us, they starve. Without us, they fall into war. Without us... chaos spreads across the continent." 4

Ethan stared in shock. 1

He had known the Xavier Group was massive.

But he never imagined it sustained entire nations. 10

"Then why call me?" Ethan whispered. "Why not someone else?" 3

Master Xavier's dimming eyes sharpened with sudden fierceness. 2

"Because only someone of my blood can hold this throne. Only someone born to me will be obeyed. Only you." 3

"Me?" Ethan breathed in disbelief. 1

"Why do you wish to hand over such enormous responsibility," Ethan asked, voice cracking, "when my company failed? My marriage collapsed. Why would I be worthy?" 3

A weak smile tugged at the old man's lips. "I have followed your every achievement. Your brilliance in technology, your courage, your leadership. A fallen man does not become worthless. He becomes dangerous. And I need someone dangerous." 2

Steward Leonard stepped in and gently placed a small metal recorder into the old man's hand. 3

Master Xavier nodded. "Turn it on."

A soft beep filled the room. His voice grew stronger, powered by sheer will. 1

"I, Magnus Xavier, Chairman of Xavier Global Holdings, hereby name my grandson here as my sole heir. He shall inherit the Group and all assets tied to my name, totaling seven hundred trillion dollars." 4

Every doctor and servant in the room dropped to one knee.

"Long live the heir!" 2

Ethan staggered back. The words echoed in his skull like thunder.
Seven hundred trillion. Sole heir. Him. 

Master Xavier reached for something on the bedside table, fingers
shaking. A small black flash drive lay there. He pressed it into Ethan's
palm. 

"What is this grandpa?" 

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