

His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar

#Chapter 151 - Read His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar Chapter 151

Chapter 0151

The moment the young saleswoman said that, a hush fell over the neighborhood as if someone had sucked all the sound out of the world. The people passing by, the Braine family's crowd of down-and-out relatives, even Patrick and Susanne themselves, were all rooted to the spot, eyes wide and unblinking.

What had she just said?

3.6 million, one-of-a-kind?

What kind of grand gesture was that?

They had not seen that kind of money in their lifetimes!

"No, this can't be right. You're all putting on a show! This has got to be some kind of trick!" Carmela's voice trembled before she

burst out, "Get lost, all of you. I don't believe a single word she said. These are just electric cars, and they're worth maybe four or

seven thousand at most. They can't hold a candle to my family's GAC Trumpchi!"

"Mom..."

Cirroc stood there, frozen, wishing he could just vanish into thin air. He quickly tugged at Carmela's arm, flashing apologetic

grins at Alexander. "Mister Kane, don't mind my mom. She's just..."

Alexander did not even glance at the two of them. With a wave of his hand, he ordered, "Bring them out!"

Rumble, rumble, rumble!

The two transport trucks rumbled to life as two sleek Porsche sports cars touched down with precision. The store clerk and her

team whipped out the fireworks they had prepped, setting them up at the neighborhood's entrance.

Sixty-six boxes of fireworks, all ready to go, courtesy of the dealership, to mark the special delivery.

"Grandma."

Alexander, with little Olivia in his arms, walked up to the elderly woman with kindness in his eyes. "It's your big eight-oh today,

and these fireworks are just a little something from me. Here's to your health and happiness!"

With a casual snap of his fingers, the show began.

Pop, pop, pop!

The sixty-six boxes of fireworks erupted one after another, flying through the sky and blooming into a spectacular display that

rivalled the midday sun. It sent the birthday celebration to an ecstatic peak.

"Alex, that's the way to do it!"

“Patrick and Susanne sure picked a winner for a son-in-law!”

“I thought he was just putting on a show, but nope, it’s the real deal! Does anyone know what Alex does? 3.6 million! He’s loaded. I

couldn’t make that in ten lifetimes!”

The relatives steered clear of Carmela, flocking to Alexander and Amber, all thumbs up and smiles. “Alex, I’m Amber’s fourth uncle. You’re going places, kid!”

“Amber, come on, introduce me. I’m your third cousin from way back..... ”

The crowd buzzed with excitement, and Amber broke into a delighted smile as she glanced at Alexander, who seemed calm and detached.

Her heart fluttered with sweetness.

All she knew was that Alexander had stepped out earlier to find the perfect birthday present for her grandma. Little did she

expect he would stir up such a spectacle right at the neighborhood’s entrance!

The disdain her parents had endured from friends and family over the years was then paid back in full, with interest.

Carmela turned an ugly shade of green with envy! “Let’s eat already!” Carmela bit back her anger, her complexion flickering between pale

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and flushed. “I threw this birthday bash for the old lady! Aren’t we here to celebrate her? Come on, Grandma, let’s head back inside!”

She briskly took Missus Thompson’s arm and headed for the courtyard without another word.

Alexander and Amber shared a knowing smile. They then gently assisted Patrick and Susanne, joining the crowd of relatives as they made their way back to the courtyard.

“Ah, you’re all back?”

Gavin had not left the courtyard. A Marlboro dangled from his lips as he let out a sly chuckle. “Heard quite the ruckus outside.

Who set off fireworks? I...”

“Gavin!”

Carmela, seething with bitterness, marched up to Gavin, her teeth practically grinding. “Outside, just now, Alexander...”

She spun the tale with extra venom, her expression growing more ferocious with each word. “You better find a way to even the score. I can’t be made a fool of!”

“3.6 million dollars? That loaded?”

Gavin crushed his cigarette, his eyes narrowing as he let out a disdainful laugh. He whipped out his phone and fired off a few texts. Soon, a sinister grin slowly spread across his face.

“Does he think money makes him special? The old town is my domain!”

“Wanting to flaunt his wealth in front of me? He can wait his turn!”

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Patrick and Susanne, with the support of Alexander and Amber, made their way into the small courtyard.

The commotion at the neighborhood’s entrance had left all the relatives and friends utterly astounded. They trailed behind the group, with

even Amber’s sole uncle, Kolten Braine, not daring to step ahead of them.

Such was the vast chasm that status and identity could carve between people. No one, no matter how close, dared to cross that

invisible

line.

“Hmph!”

After everyone had settled in, Carmela could not help herself but shoot Alexander a withering look. “It’s like you can never have enough money, right? However, Gavin is all about giving back. He doesn’t give a hoot about cash!”

“Just the other day, an announcement came and Gavin’s the new town mayor. You should’ve seen the line of bigwigs from major

companies at our door, tripping over themselves to get on his good side!”

Gavin, the new town mayor?!

The relatives paused, then broke into a chorus of compliments. “Carmela, why keep such news under wraps? We’re right here in

the old town. With Gavin as mayor, we’re all in for a treat!”

“Exactly! I’ve got some land in town. Gavin, do you think you could pull some strings and get a house up on that plot? We’re

running short on building space, and that land shouldn’t go to waste!”

“A piece of cake for Gavin, just a word from him...”

Back and forth they went. In no time, Carmela and Gavin were the stars of the show, eclipsing even the guest of honor.

Alexander and Amber were left without so much as a nod.

“Amber.”

Carmela beamed with smugness, tapping her silverware before Amber. “Your husband, Alexander, he’s got to be loaded to afford such a car, huh?”—

“Our town’s wealthiest resident, Mister Felix Parker, boasting a fortune well exceeding 30 million dollars, practically bows down

to the influence of my family’s empire. What is your family’s net worth? How does it

compare to mine?”

Amber set her silverware down, offering a soft smile, “Aunt Carmela, let’s not talk about that. My family...”

“I’ll handle this.”

Alexander shot Carmela a look, cutting off Amber’s response. He said calmly, “Missus Lowe, you might not be aware, but Amber is the current general manager of New Chesire Group and the one and only rightful heir to the entire Chesire fortune. As for the total assets... His grin widened a touch, “New Chesire Group is the top dog in Ol’ Mare, as well as the Severn Group! Missus Lowe, rings a bell doesn’t it?”

The Severn Group?!

Alexander’s revelation hit Carmela like a ton of bricks. Her mouth was left hanging, her hefty frame shaking uncontrollably!

The Severn Group, once the talk of Ol’ Mare, was a titan. Its sheer size and influence were legendary, a giant among the ranks in all of

Tormora.

Such a behemoth could not possibly be matched by some small-town tycoon!

“That’s a load of bull!”

Carmela’s heart raced with panic, her head shaking wildly in denial. “Anything else, and I might be able to believe that. But her, the Chesire heiress? No way that can’t be true!”

“Where had all the Chesire men gone? No way a lady’s running the show!”

Alexander kept his smile as he replied, “The old Chesire clan’s history goes. New Chesire swallowed up the Chesire Group. My father-in-

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law’s the big boss now, and Amber’s calling the shots as general manager.”

He glanced over at Susanne, his smile widening. “Right, Mom?”

Susanne paused, a lightbulb moment, and then her face lit up with thanks.

Her son-in-law was making her birthday a day to shine, to finally show them all.

“Alex has got it right.”

She forked a slice of meat onto Alexander’s plate, giving Carmela a grin. “Sis, I’ve had my share of tough times, but thanks to Alex’s help, I’m living it up now!”.

“Living it up...”

Carmela bit back her anger, breathing fast and her face contorting. She could not stomach that turn of events!

She was the one married to Gavin, the star of that household, but today, her big sister stole the spotlight, smacking her pride like a backhand. Those envious looks from the less fortunate kin on Susanne, ignoring Carmela completely!

“Don’t get worked up, Carmela.”

Gavin glanced at his pricey Rolex, then shot Alexander a sly smirk. “Time’s ticking. They should be here any minute...”

Right on cue.

“Mayor Lowe! Is Mayor Lowe around?”

Just outside the quaint courtyard, a group of middle-aged men in sharp suits and polished shoes approached, their arms laden with fancy teas and top-shelf liquors. They called out their congratulations as they walked.

“Happy eightieth to Mayor Lowe’s mother-in-law! What a wonderful occasion! Wishing her joy and endless health on her birthday!”

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“Wow!”

The Braine family’s less fortunate relatives caught sight of the approaching men and jumped to their feet, their faces lighting up with excitement. “Is that Mister Garrie? What brings you to our neck of the woods?”

“And there’s Mister Reamy, Mister Kaley!”

“Look, the deputy mayor’s with them...”

Overwhelmed by the honored guest, the relatives spilled out of the courtyard, hurrying to meet the distinguished guests.

Gavin, on the other hand, rose from the couch with a relaxed air, waving off the fanfare with a chuckle. “Let’s not make a big fuss, folks! It’s just a family birthday party. We’ve got to keep it low-key! Ha!” His eyes twinkled with mischief as they briefly met Alexander’s, a silent message of triumph.

‘See that, kid? That’s the power I wield! One phone call and I’ve got the town’s VIPs lining up to pay their respects. This isn’t about money. It’s about influence, about authority!’

“Just so you know, this isn’t setting a precedent. I don’t take gifts!”

Carmela looked delighted, her smile as wide as a blooming flower as she gloated over Alexander and Amber. She waved her arms, directing the hustle and bustle. “Someone get to the kitchen, will you? And set up another table, quick!”

The relatives were all smiles, bustling into the kitchen to whip up new dishes and dialing for takeout with a buzz of excitement.

Missus Thompson even managed to stand, her hands trembling as she warmly greeted the town’s officials.

“Sis, are you ready to throw in the towel?”

Carmela was basking in her moment of triumph, a smug satisfaction she could not quite

put into words. She sneered at

Susanne, “Just so you know, no matter how loaded your family is, you’re not stealing my thunder!”

“And your son-in-law? Pfft, a loser’s a loser, and all the cash in the world won’t change that!”

Susanne’s face tensed, and she was on the verge of retorting.

“Mom.”

Alexander flashed a reassuring smile. He tapped out a quick text on his phone and waved Susanne off. “Dig into the food, let the

rest slide. We’re not chummy with these big shots, so sitting pretty will do.”

“Sitting there? What an act!”

Carmela’s words dripped with scorn, but she quickly switched gears. She was all smiles as she ushered the town leaders to their seats.” Come on, everyone, have a seat!”

“With everyone gathered, let’s dive into the town’s upcoming plans.”

Gavin cleared his throat, relishing the jealous stares from the relatives. He launched into his spiel, wine glass in hand, “I’m set on turbocharging our economy later this year, pulling in foreign investors! And local businesses? Old Chesire, New Chesire, they’re not even on my radar...”

After a good ten minutes of his rant, he shot Alexander a challenging glance.

‘Alexander, you see how tough I am now, don’t you? No matter how deep your pockets are, you’ll kneel before my power!’

“Why not consider New Chesire Group?!”

A deep voice suddenly cut through the quiet, small courtyard.

It was the mayor of Ol’ Mare, Mister Christian!

The old Habergam neighborhood’s narrow streets meant Lewis’s sleek cars had to be parked just beyond the gates. Then, he emerged in a smart casual suit, leading a sweaty entourage of middle-aged men with determined strides.

“Mister... Mister Christian?!”

+15 BONUS

Inside the courtyard, Gavin and his workmates went from stunned to springing up from the couch in an instant!

Not just the imposing Lewis that caught their attention, but also the entourage of influential men behind him, each a heavyweight in Gr Mare, including the big shot from their own little town.

“Miss Chesire, Mister Kane!”

Lewis, all smiles, bypassed Gavin’s group without a second look, carefully following Alexander’s strict instructions not to use the

formal title ‘palace Lord’. He shook hands with the pair, oozing charm and politeness. “I hear today marks the eightieth birthday

of Miss Chesire’s grandmother?”

“I was in the middle of planning the year’s second half with my team when I got wind of the celebration. I couldn’t resist coming straight over. Might I have the honor of offering my congratulations to the lady of the hour?”

Boom!

The words had barely left Lewis’s lips when the Braine family’s less fortunate kin, Gavin, Carmela, Susanne, Patrick... even

Amber, were visibly floored. Their minds raced to keep up.

The top dog of Ol’ Mare, the esteemed Mister Christian himself, had come to wish their grandma a happy birthday.

Why on earth?

It was beyond belief, utterly baffling!

“Is that the birthday girl over there?”

Lewis did exactly as Alexander’s text had instructed: he beamed at the old lady, who looked utterly bewildered, and gave a

respectful bow. “Happy birthday to you, dear Missus Thompson! May you be blessed with a lifetime of good health and

happiness!”

Right behind him, a group of VIPs joined in with a mighty cheer that could shake the heavens, saying, “Here’s to Missus

Thompson. May your day be as bright and beautiful as your smile. Happy birthday!”

“Oh, bless you, bless you all!”

Missus Thompson, clearly overwhelmed by the grandeur, nodded and gestured frantically. “Everyone, please have a seat... Oh

dear, this yard is just too tiny. There’s hardly room to breathe!”

No room?

“Mister Wagar!”

Lewis’s eyes narrowed, and his voice took on a serious edge. “If I’m not mistaken, this neighborhood is slated for redevelopment,

right? You better make sure the relocation goes smoothly. Have you got a new place lined up for our dear Missus Thompson?”

Montez Wagar, the man in charge of the old town, felt a jolt of panic and quickly assured him, “Yes, yes, it’s all taken care of!

Missus Thompson will get a ground–floor home, her very own entrance, and the best compensation package we offer.”

“Um... well, we’ve got this standalone villa at Valenders Pavilion, over 4,000 square feet. How about we offer that to Missus

Thompson as compensation?”

Just 4,000 square feet?

Lewis could not just call the shots and blow Alexander’s cover. He glanced over at Amber, probing, “Miss Chesire, what do you

think? Is Montez’s offer alright with you?”

+15 BONUS

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“Are you pleased?”

Lewis’s question hung in the air, and Amber froze in shock.

However, it was not just Amber, but everyone, save for Alexander, was utterly taken aback.

The mayor of Ol’ Mare himself had come forward, offering Missus Thompson a villa in the name of neighborhood redevelopment.

The demolition of the Habergam area was ages away. That was an outright gift!

Was that extravagant present from Mayor Christian for Missus Thompson’s birthday all because Amber had put in a good word?

That was beyond belief!

“Mister Christian, I... I don’t know what to say.” Amber looked uncomfortable and was at a loss for words.

A whole villa!

Even with the redevelopment of Habergam, families would only get a commercial property and some cash, around 50 thousand

dollars at most. However, those villas at Valenders Pavilion, though not huge, were in a prime spot, worth way more than a

handful of commercial properties.

The birthday gift was overwhelmingly generous!

To top it off, Mayor Christian did not just offer that jaw–dropping gift. He actually sought Amber’s approval, asking if it met her expectations.

Was that some kind of alternate reality? It was downright incredible!

“This can’t be happening. It just can’t be real!”

Next to her, Carmela’s jealousy was about to boil over. Her fists clenched so tight she thought her chest might burst.

Her ego was bruised.

Alexander, Amber, Susanne, Patrick... were all nobodies, so why did Mayor Christian care about them so much? She was the

one running the Braine family show, and she would not let anyone overshadow her.

“If Miss Chesire has no objections, then we’re all set.”

Lewis, the seasoned mayor, had been through it all. He knew exactly how to handle the curveballs life threw his way. With a

booming laugh, he acknowledged Amber, but as his gaze shifted to Gavin, his gaze turned to ice. “Gavin, you were saying

something about not considering the New Chesire Group for the old town investments?”

“And just where did you get that idea? I want an explanation, now!”

Gavin’s whole body shook. His legs turned to jelly!

He had made up that story to put Alexander and Amber in their place, but he was way out of his league. Such big decisions were

way above his pay grade, reserved for the city’s big shots.

Then, Gavin could not muster a single word with Lewis bearing down on him.

“Go home and think long and hard about what you’ve done!”

Lewis eyed Gavin’s pathetic state and huffed, “Miss Chesire is family to you, isn’t she? You’d be out of a job if not for her, How about a little gratitude?”

Gavin was a mess, swaying on his feet, lips trembling like leaves in the wind. “Mister Christian, I... I...”

“Amber.”

Alexander shot Lewis a look of respect, then gently took Amber’s hand. He turned to Carmela with a playful grin and teased,

“Missus Lowe, don’t you think we owe Amber a big thank you?”

Carmela was seething, yet she bit her tongue, breathing heavily, her eyes blazing with rage. The answer was simple but oh so

+15 BONUS

complicated. To thank Amber would be to admit that her family was second best, outdone by Amber, Susanne, and Patrick!

Alexander had orchestrated the whole scene, intent on making her swallow her pride and admit defeat. He wanted her to be the

architect of her own downfall.

“Carmela, apologize now!!”

Gavin, witnessing Carmela’s predicament, went white as a sheet. He leaped forward, yanking Carmela into a bow before Amber,

his voice quivering. “Amber... I mean, Miss Chesire! We’re so grateful for your forgiveness. Your aunt and I were wrong!”

“We were blinded by our own egos and lied through our teeth. The New Chesire Group is a force to be reckoned with, and we’re convinced It would bring the town fortunes!”

Carmela, with Gavin’s hand clamped on her neck, could not even raise her head, defiant to the end. Her anger inside threatened

to

explode. Her lips slowly began to move...

“Pfft!”

In a fit of pent-up rage, she coughed up a mouthful of blood!

“Aunt!”

Amber gasped, rushing forward, ready to catch Carmela.

“Missus Lowe’s fine.”

Alexander stepped in, gently holding back Amber’s wrist, a slight smile on his face,

“Missus Lowe’s always been tough. Anger

just got the better of her. Better out than in, I say. This ordeal might just be the lesson she needed.”

The relatives around them were as silent as a graveyard, none daring to utter a word.

It was clear to all that Carmela had brought that on herself. Had she not messed with Amber’s family, she would not be in that

mess.

From that day forward, the Braine family would march to the beat of Amber's drum.
"Miss Chesire?"

Lewis shot a wary look at Alexander, biting his lip before finally sidling up to Amber. In a hushed tone, he said, "There's

something I'm not sure I should bring up, but since I'm here today..."

He dropped his voice even lower, "The other day, the bigwigs at Jacobsma Group from Province Town approached me. They're

eyeing New Chesire Group, wanting to buy us out. I turned them down flat."

"I'm just worried they won't take no for an answer and might try something against New Chesire Group."

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Jacobsma Group from Province Town?!

Amber's heart skipped a beat at what Lewis said, and her face paled.

"Don't worry about it."

Alexander, ever so sharp-eared, had overheard everything. He gave Amber's hand a reassuring squeeze and offered her a

comforting smile. "You heard the man. Mister Christian said no, and Jacobsma Group hasn't even tried to reach out to us. We're

good."

However, Alexander kept one thought to himself. 'They think they can take over the New Chesire Group? Jacobsma can dream

on!

"Mister Christian, I owe you one for today."

Amber's mind was a mess from the corporate, troubles, and it showed. She thanked Lewis, then turned to Patrick and Susanne

with a strained smile. "I've got to handle something. Enjoy yourselves. I need to step out."

With an apologetic grin at Lewis, she walked toward the exit absentmindedly.

"Amber?"

Alexander's brow creased in concern. He handed Olivia off to Patrick and Susanne and strode out after her, ignoring the rest.

They cruised down the outskirts of Ol' Mare in a cherry-red Porsche. Alexander glanced at Amber, her brow creased with worry.

He said softly and comfortingly, "What's got you so rattled? Grandma's birthday bash is still in full swing. Why the rush to bail?"

Amber exhaled a heavy sigh.

The Jacobsma Group loomed large in Province Town Woolpackton. They were not the biggest fish in the pond, but they threw their weight around like nobody's business.

The New Chesire Group was just finding its stride, poised for a growth spurt, but Jacobsma Group was eyeing them for a

takeover. They were like a storm cloud ready to burst. She was at a loss for how to handle the looming threat.

“Is the potential takeover bugging you?”

Alexander had a hunch, and with a reassuring grin, he said, “Dad’s the big boss, and you’re running the show. We hold the reins.

If we don’t want to sell, what can Jacobsma Group do? They can’t force our hand.”

He puffed up his chest with a confident spark in his eyes. “And if they think they can push us around, they’ve got another thing coming. Your hubby’s no pushover in a scrap!”

Amber burst into laughter, her eyes softening at the thought. That was right, she had Alex.

The time Sean had her in a bind, Alex had stormed the Youphoria Nightclub himself, putting the fear of God into a gang of

hooligans who did not dare twitch a muscle.

The memory alone sent a rush of adrenaline through her. What was there to fret about with a guy like Alex in her corner?

“Alex, you barely touched your food earlier, huh?” With a tender look, Amber said softly,

“Let’s go. I know just the spot. It’s right

up your

alley.”

Alexander’s laugh was infectious. “Lead the way!”

About twenty minutes later, the Porsche pulled up to the entrance of Elsa Music Restaurant.

They were right in the heart of Ol’ Mare’s bustling downtown, with plenty of open parking spaces out front. Alexander brought the

car to a stop, and they strolled into the restaurant.

Just then.

Tucked away in a corner, a woman with a bold fashion sense, donning a daringly short skirt, was seated across from a sharp-

dressed young man. She was sipping on milk tea, her laughter tinkling through the air.

Her eyes widened as she caught sight of

Amber, her grip on the milk tea cup faltering. “Amber?!”

+15 BONUS

“Huh?!”

Amber’s head whipped around instinctively, locking eyes with the woman, a surge of surprise and delight washing over her.

“Braylee, it’s really you!”

Her old college buddy, Braylee Jacot!

“What are the odds!”

Braylee nodded to the man in the suit, then rose from her seat, beaming as she approached. “We used to grab bites here all the

time during our college days. I’ve just returned from Province Town to Ol’ Mare. This is my first stop, chasing down those

memories. And look. I

run into you!”

She gestured toward the man in the suit. She said, warm and friendly, “Oh, let me introduce him. This is my boyfriend, Yorick

Schneider, the second son of the Jacobsma Group from Province Town!”

Jacobsma Group?!”

Amber’s smile froze, her lips quivered. “Braylee, you...”

“I’m here with Yorick to look into buying out New Chesire Group.”

Braylee twirled in place, her miniskirt flaring as she laughed. “Amber, you know what they say, absence makes the heart grow

fonder. I was always in your shadow, but look at me now, I’m the project manager at Jacobsma Group.”

“Are you shocked, or what?!”

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‘Is that really her?’

+15 BONUS

Amber’s expression stiffened even more!

Back in college, she and Braylee were thick as thieves, but Braylee came from a modest background. They had lost touch after graduation.

With Neil’s relentless pressure, carrying Olivia, and being ousted from the Chesire family, Amber was too ashamed to reach out

to her old college friends. Little did she know, Braylee had climbed the ranks to become a top executive at Jacobsma Group and

was in charge of that major acquisition!

“Miss Chesire, hello.”

As she spoke. Braylee’s boyfriend, Yorick, approached with a glass of red wine in hand.

Yorick’s eyes sparkled as he caught sight of Amber’s beauty, and he offered his hand with a suave smile. “Yorick Schneider, the

second son of the Schneider family. It’s an absolute pleasure to meet you, Miss Chesire.”

“Hello to you.” Amber replied, a touch awkward. She avoided his handshake and quickly glanced back at Alexander. “Oh, I

almost forgot, this is my husband. We’ve been married for five years!”

Alexander had overheard Braylee and Amber’s conversation and wore a slight grin.

He confidently reached out to Yorick. “Head of Security at New Chesire Group, Alexander.”

What?!”

Yorick’s eyebrows quivered as he glanced over at Braylee, who stood frozen, her shock outstripping his own.

“Amber, New Chesire...”

Braylee’s voice trailed off, her smile dimming, her forehead creasing with worry. “No way, Amber, you’re the Head of Security at

New

Chesire, then that means you're..."

"Amber is the manager of New Chesire Group."

Alexander kept his smile. He said gently. "The Chairman is my father-in-law, Amber's dad. New Chesire Group is our family's latest venture.

Braylee's smile vanished completely.

She had one mission in Ol' Mare: to back Yorick to the hilt and secure the New Chesire Group, no matter what. Her modest roots did not impress the Schneider clan. Only by pulling off that major coup could she dream of joining their ranks!

"Yorick, we overvalued New Chesire Group in our initial offer."

She was icy, her earlier warmth nothing but a show, as her eyes flicked dismissively over Amber. "Miss Chesire, my old college buddy, got cast out by her own family. With what she's got, she can't possibly keep New Chesire Group afloat."

"Mark my words, in six months, New Chesire will hit rock bottom. Our takeover is their only lifeline!"

Amber's face went ghostly white in an instant as if she was meeting the girl in front of her for the very first time. She stared in utter disbelief.

What on earth had she just said? Why put herself down like that? Was the bond between classmates really so worthless when weighed against personal gain?

"Miss Jacot, I'm taking your words as a challenge!"

Alexander clasped Amber's hand and gave Braylee an icy glare. "You're Amber's classmate, so I'll give you one chance to apologize. Now."

Apologize?

Braylee let out a mocking laugh, then jabbed a finger at Amber, her face twisted with bitterness. "Tell me, what did I say that's not true? Back in college, have her looks, smarts, perspective, or skills been better than mine?"

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+15 BONUS

"Besides her family's status and being slightly more attractive, what does she have that even comes close to me?"

"I worked my tail off to become a project manager at Jacobsma Group, and she just waltzes in and becomes the general manager of New Chesire without lifting a finger! Amber, explain to me, how is that fair?!" Amber bit her lip, fighting back the tears that threatened to spill.

The trials she had faced over the past five years were no less harrowing than Braylee's. The Chesire family's aloof demeanor,

her uncle's tyranny, the relentless setbacks... She had poured her heart and soul into New Chesire Group's success.

"I'll tell you what Amber's got that you don't!"

Alexander's gaze softened as he saw the tears on Amber's cheeks, but then he turned back to Braylee with a steely look.

Braylee's face, sculpted to the latest internet celebrity craze, was a mockery. "Amber's beauty is the real deal—no lip tattoos, no eyebrow embroidery, no silicone implants, no fillers, and no face—lifts!"

"Amber's the genuine article, beautiful inside and out, not a phony like you!"

Bang!

Braylee's face flushed crimson, her crystal-painted nails digging into her palms.

She had secretly flown out of the country, spending a fortune on one of the world's top plastic surgeons to achieve her seamless

look. A job so well done only a seasoned pro could spot the signs.

Alexander was just a security chief, yet he had seen right through her.

"Your insincerity doesn't stop there. Your brow's a mess, your hips are slack, and you've been messing around with guys since

you were barely a teen. Your life's a train wreck!" Alexander said, his voice as icy as ever, pulling no punches.

"I can smell the decay on you from here! And you think you can measure up to Amber?"

"A streetwalker has more class!"

His words were like daggers, stabbing into Braylee's heart, leaving her gasping for air, each jab hitting its mark. She clutched her

chest, on the verge of losing it.

"Is he telling the truth?"

Yorick, who had been brooding silently, finally spoke up with a chill in his voice. "You told me that night was your first time. There was even blood."

"It was all lies!"

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Chapter 0157

"No, that's not it... Braylee's face turned ghostly pale as she shook her head desperately at Yorick. Her feeble attempt to lie fell

flat." Listen to me, Yorick. I can explain, I..."

"There's nothing left to say."

Yorick's scowl melted away, replaced by a sly grin. "You're my girl, your past doesn't bother me."

He reached out to Amber once more, charming and polished. "Miss Chesire, we really should talk about the acquisition. Even if a

buyout is off the table, there's room for partnership, don't you think?"

However, Amber was a wreck, all thanks to Braylee. Guilt painted her face as she shook her head. "Mister Schneider, I'm sorry. I

just... I need to leave!"

With that, she fought back tears and, alongside Alexander, made her exit from the

restaurant.

“Amber, Alexander...

Yorick’s eyes lingered on their retreating figures before fixing his gaze on Amber’s delicate waist. A frostiness flickered in his eyes, growing more intense.

Deep into the night, the silence was shattered in the presidential suite atop the Marigold Grand Hotel of Ol’ Mare.

“Ah, no, please, ah...”

Yorick kicked the battered Braylee, tumbling off the bed. Clad in his nightgown, he strode to the window, his face a dark storm as he surveyed the city below. “So much for purity, for being untouched. Dreaming of joining the Schneider family? What a joke!”

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Re–opened

Damon Schneider’s family.) in DB 61

Braylee trembled, curled on the floor, clutching a blanket around her. Her sobs filled the room. “Yorick, I realize my mistake. Just

give me another chance, I’ll secure the New Chesire Group for you. I swear it!”

Yorick’s chuckle was low and sinister as he fished a sneaky snapshot from his pajama pocket. His eyes devoured the image of

Amber, pure and captivating. He murmured with a heated gaze, “Now this... this is what real purity looks like! Oh, Amber...”

Lust painted his features as he lasciviously licked the photo, his tongue tracing the image as if to claim it. Whirling around, he

seized Braylee by the neck, his glare turning sharp and dangerous. “No woman I desire has ever slipped through my fingers!”

“Tomorrow night, you’ll invite Amber out, pretending you want to make amends. Say it’s to apologize, to catch up on old times.”

“Make sure she comes alone. Alexander must not tag along. Got it?”

Tears crystallized on Braylee’s cheeks as she stammered, “Yorick, what are you... ”

He flashed a vile grin, brandishing a clear glass vial with a liquid as clear as water. “I paid a pretty penny for this little treasure

from overseas. She won’t taste it, won’t even know it’s there. However, with just one sip... she’ll be putty in my hands.”

Dread flickered in Braylee’s eyes. She ventured, “And if she won’t agree to meet?”

His smile twisted cruelly. “Fail to bring her out, and you’ll pay with your life.”

The following evening, at half past seven, Elsa Music Restaurant buzzed with activity.

“Mister Schneider, what a surprise to see you here.”

Amber, with her secretary Queenie by her side, spotted Braylee and Yorick tucked away in a corner. Her brows knitted together in concern.

She got a tearful call from Braylee just as the workday wound down, begging for a face–to–face apology and a chance to

rekindle the camaraderie of their school days. She had no intention of showing up, but Braylee's tearful plea over the phone tugged at her heartstrings, and she could not bear to say no. So, she had Alexander turn the car around and head home while she and Queenie made their way to the party.

75136

+15 BONUS

"Is it that Miss Chesire can't stand me?"

Yorick, with no sign of Alexander, shamelessly ogled Amber. His eyes alight with raw desire. His barely contained yearning blazed like wildfire, threatening to scorch his very gaze.

"Amber, I thought we agreed you'd come by yourself?" Braylee, worried Yorick might lose control, rushed over with a forced grin.

"This is your secretary, right? Have her head back. You and I can catch up, just us girls."

She handed Amber a wine glass, her expression a mix of guilt and appeal. "I messed up yesterday. Let's call it even over this drink, okay?"

Amber eyed Yorick's sleazy grin, then the glass in Braylee's hand, sensing something was off. She stood her ground, cautious.

"Braylee, you said it'd be just us. Why'd you bring Mister Schneider along?"

"Let's skip the apologies. I'm not here to talk shop." With that, she grabbed Queenie's arm, her voice shaking.

"Queenie, we're leaving."

Chapter 0158

'Think you can just walk away? You won't get far!'

Yorick lounged in a restaurant corner, eyes fixed on Amber and Queenie. He fiddled with an empty bottle, spinning it between his fingers.

He hurled the bottle to the floor only when they reached the door. His grin twisted. "If playing nice doesn't cut it, it's time to get tough. Go!"

Amber's grip on Queenie's arm was iron-tight as they stood frozen outside the restaurant, staring at the sleek Audi A8 parked a stone's throw away.

The time was edging past seven-thirty. Usually, the streets would be alive with foot traffic. However, a strange silence hung over the

restaurant's entrance tonight, not a single car or passerby in sight.

Out of nowhere, a group of imposing men strode out from beside the New Chesire Group's Audi, each brandishing a rubber baton. One of

them twirled a nylon rope, his menacing smirk all too clear in the dim light.

“What do you guys want?” Queenie’s voice shook despite her bravado as she scrambled for her phone, yelling, “Back off! I’m calling the

cops right now!”

“A phone call?” Yorick emerged from the restaurant with Amber’s photo in hand. His sleazy smile unmasked. “Go ahead, try it.

Let’s see what’s quicker, your call or my men.”

In a blur, the bodyguards lunged forward, encircling Amber and Queenie in the blink of an eye.

“Miss Chesire, you know the saying, ‘take the easy way or suffer the consequences’.

There’s no point in fighting now. Will you

come quietly, or do I need to have you dragged?” Yorick leered at Amber, his eyes greedily scanning her.

Amber’s face was ghostly, her heart pounding against her ribs. She had been caught by Sean once and knew too well what

kidnapping felt like. She had pepper spray in her purse, a feeble defense against one, maybe, but against a gang like that, she

was out of options.

“Miss Chesire, run for it!”

Queenie, trembling from head to toe, suddenly mustered all her strength and shoved Amber out of harm’s way, then spun around

to confront Yorick. “Yorick, I’m taking you on!”

However, it was no use.

Before Queenie could even get close, a towering bodyguard kicked out, tripping her to the ground. With another swift kick, he

knocked her

unconscious. He smirked at Yorick. “No worries, boss, she won’t be waking up anytime soon.”

“I couldn’t care less if she wakes! Snap her neck, bag her up, and dump her in the ocean!”

Yorick gestured dismissively, then turned back to Amber, his sleazy grin widening. “Miss Chesire, now that we’re alone, will you

end up at the bottom of the ocean like her, or will you come with me without a fuss?”

Amber shook uncontrollably, her lips quivering with fear.

She had never imagined Yorick could be so bold, so heartless, so utterly deranged!

“Release her! I’ll go with you!”

Fighting back her terror, Amber lunged to hold Queenie close, tears circling her eyes. “If you’ve got a problem, take it out on me,

not my staff. She’s done nothing wrong!”

Yorick burst into a loud, arrogant laugh and casually flicked his wrist. “Did you hear that? Forget the ocean. Just chuck this one in

the dumpster and let her off easy.”

“Got it!”

The two bodyguards chimed together, swiftly moving in to pry Queenie from Amber's embrace. One grabbed her by the head, the other by the feet. Together, they tossed her into the dumpster in the alley beside the eatery.

Amber cast a fleeting look down the shadowed alley, then slowly turned away, her eyes lingering as if tethered to a secret within.

She trailed after Yorick, her steps unsteady, as they approached a Range Rover parked on the curb. As she slid into the vehicle, tears cascaded down her cheeks, unnoticed.

Neither Yorick nor the bodyguard noticed that Amber had surreptitiously pinched her arm in secret when she embraced Queenie.

desperate communication.

Queenie...

She was Amber's last thread of hope.

Chapter 0159

"Miss Chesire, are you cold? You've been shivering the whole time. Yorick is really worried for you!"

The SUV sped through downtown Ol' Mare, with Yorick sitting in the back seat, watching Amber trembling.

With a lecherous grin, he said, "Take a nice hot bath once we get to the hotel. I'll warm you up later too, haha!"

Amber bit her lip tightly, her gaze unwavering. She would rather die than yield!

She would rather die than let him touch her. She would never allow this beast of a man to defile her purity.

"The way you bite your lip is truly enticing, Miss Chesire!" Yorick praised Amber with a growing intensity in his eyes.

He reached out to touch Amber's chest, chuckling sinisterly. "I can't wait any longer!

Miss Chesire. Have you ever done it in a car? Why don't we..."

Buzz...

At that moment, Yorick's cell phone vibrated continuously in his suit pocket. It was an incoming call.

"Damon?" Glancing at the caller ID, Yorick raised an eyebrow and answered the phone.

Meanwhile, in a coastal villa living room in Woolpackton, Damon was on a call. He said in a deep voice, "Yorick, how is the acquisition progress for the New Chesire Group?"

"Don't worry!" Yorick lounged with his legs crossed in the back seat of the Range Rover.

He smirked as he glanced at Amber

beside him, whispering. "After tonight, Amber will be mine! Whether it's the Old Chesire Group or the new one, they will all be

under the banner of the

Schneider family!"

What?! Damon's heart trembled, his expression changing instantly.

His younger brother, Yorick, planned to make a move on Amber?!

“Yorick, what have you done to Amber? Don’t act recklessly!” Damon’s heart tightened, and he said sternly, “Don’t forget, Amber’s husband is Alexander Kane! Whatever your plan is, stop immediately. I’ll take care of the acquisition!”

He was genuinely worried! Previously, he went to Ol’ Mare with Luke and witnessed Alexander’s skills. He had been secretly trying to get a favor from Alexander. Unfortunately, he had not succeeded.

A few days ago, Alexander had entered the Youphoria Nightclub alone, intimidating everyone present. He killed Sean Winston in front of everyone, and even Tommy could not do anything about it!

How could Yorick provoke such a formidable figure?!

“Damon, why are you afraid?”

Yorick did not take Alexander seriously, sneering as he held his phone. “Although Alexander is formidable, the Schneider family is not to be trifled with! Don’t forget, we have an influential figure backing the Schneider family!”

With that, he turned to glance at Amber beside him, chuckling slyly. “Damon, I am done with this conversation. Miss Chesire is sitting right next to me! Do you want to have a taste of Miss Chesire? Later, let’s find a few female celebrities and the two of us can have some fun together!”

He laughed heartily for a moment and hung up the phone directly.

“Yorick... damn!”

Damon listened to the dial tone from the phone and instantly felt a mix of shock and anger. He gritted his teeth, recalling

Alexander’s terrifying skills. “Men!”

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Six elite bodyguards swiftly rushed into the villa’s living room, bowing to Damon. “Mister Damon!”

13136

+15 BONUS

Damon’s pupils contracted, and said through gritted teeth, “Bring your weapons, be fully armed! If Alexander goes berserk, we

must protect my younger brother no matter what!”

The six bodyguards slightly frowned, a glint of determination in their eyes.

“Yes!”

Meanwhile, in the alley next to the entrance of the Elsa Music Restaurant.

“M–Miss Chesire...”

Queenie trembled a few times before waking up in the stench–filled trash bin. With difficulty, she opened her eyes. After less than half a second of bewilderment, she immediately struggled to climb out of the trash bin, crying out repeatedly, “Miss Chesire?

Miss Chesire!”

A dead silence surrounded her!

The restaurant's anti-theft shutter had already been lowered, and a few dim streetlights lighted the deserted street. Not a single pedestrian was in sight.

Only at the distant intersection did occasional vehicles pass by, their headlights casting the alley into intermittent brightness and darkness.

"My phone, where's my phone..."

Shaking violently all over, Queenie completely ignored the foul odor from the trash bin as she frantically searched through the garbage.

She found it in a messy pile of leftover food!

Her phone's screen was already cracked. The screen finally slowly lit up after desperately pressing the power button a few times.

"The phone still works, it still works!"

Overjoyed, tears streamed down Queenie's face.

As soon as the phone booted up, she immediately dialed Alexander's number. Her fingers trembled violently as tears flowed out.

"Mister Kane, please save Miss Chesire. She's in trouble!"

"She was taken by Yorick, got into a Range Rover, and the license plate is... I got knocked out and couldn't see the number plate!"

15:38

+

Chapter 0160

Meanwhile, Alexander gripped his phone tightly in the Chesire family living room in Belmont Hills. A murderous aura emanated from his entire being.

'Yorick Schneider! That beast dared to kidnap Amber? He has a death wish!"

"Daddy?"

Olivia held a doll, looking up at Alexander with a puzzled expression. "What happened to Mom? What Range Rover?"

"It's nothing, Olivia. Be a good girl, stay at home with Grandpa and Grandma. Daddy is going out for a while."

Alexander patted Olivia's little head without saying anything else. He smiled at the bewildered faces of Patrick and Suzanne, then swiftly rushed out of the living room.

As the anti-theft door closed, he immediately dialed Maxine's number. His tone was ice-cold as he said, "About half an hour ago, Amber was in an Audi A8, and a Range Rover appeared at the same location!"

"Immediately locate the current coordinates of the Range Rover!"

About five minutes later, Maxine returned the call and said, "I got it! Coordinate positioning completed. The current location of the Range Rover is at the Marigold Grand Hotel in Ol' Mare! Our high-altitude reconnaissance satellite cannot capture real-time

images. The vehicle should be parked in the underground parking lot... ”
Whoosh!

Alexander did not wait for Maxine to finish and hung up directly.

His figure was like lightning breaking through the air. He rushed quickly out of the building toward the parking lot at the entrance

of the residential area.

Boom!

The bright red Porsche’s engine roared as it sped toward Marigold Grand Hotel!

On the other side was the Marigold Grand Hotel, a top–floor presidential suite.

“Miss Chesire, the moment of bliss is worth a fortune. Are you looking forward to it too?”

Yorick sat on the leather sofa in the suite living room with his legs crossed, holding a Cuban cigar. He unabashedly eyed

Amber’s delicate body with a lecherous smile on his face. “Are you going to undress yourself, or should I help you?”

Amber’s lips almost bled from being bitten. Her hands tightly gripped her collar, trembling violently.

“Not doing it yourself, I see? Hehe!”

Yorick chuckled sinisterly twice, waving his hand at the burly bodyguards. His lips curled into a wicked smile. “Same old rules!”

Swish! Swish! Swish!

The bodyguards understood instantly, surging forward to bind Amber’s hands and escort her in front of Yorick. Such tasks were routine for them, having done it countless times before.

One of the bodyguards suddenly reached out, pushing Amber to the ground. He wore a malicious grin. “Mister Yorick, sticking to the usual games? Hang her up or just strip her naked?”

Yorick licked his lips, his eyes fixed on Amber’s trembling figure. He swallowed hard, desire burning through him.

Beautiful, truly beautiful!

Amber was dressed in a professional female outfit, the slit revealing a section of her slender, snowy–white legs. Tears were

clinging to her eyelashes, a pitiful sight that ignited a fiery passion.

He had no intention of tearing her clothes apart; the allure of playing with her in that professional attire was far more thrilling.

“Toss Miss Chesire onto the bed, I want to savor this slowly!”

1538

+15 BONUS

Yorick grew more excited at the thought, his hand massaging his crotch. His saliva nearly dripped at the thought of it. “And all of

you, get out and guard the door. Not even a fly should enter. I’m going to play until dawn, and there will be hefty rewards

tomorrow if you do the job right!”

“Yes, sir!”

The bodyguards smirked, lifting Amber and tossing her onto the luxurious bed. They then left the suite, shutting the door behind them. Only Yorick and Amber remained in the vast presidential suite.

“Yorick! I warn you, don’t go too far!”

Amber curled up on the bed, hands bound behind her back, struggling desperately. Her voice trembled as she said, “If you want to acquire the New Chesire Group, we can negotiate! If you recklessly act, Alexander won’t spare you, he absolutely won’t!”

“Alexander, your so-called husband, that useless guy?”

Yorick sneered disdain in his tone. “Do you think I’m afraid of him? It’s laughable!”

“You should be grateful he’s not here. Otherwise, I would make him kneel and watch me ride on top of you. I’ll let him cheer me on!”

He casually tossed aside his cigar, clearly unable to contain himself. He ripped off his shirt and undid his belt, a sinister smile spreading across his face.

His eyes looked crazed with passion. He was eager to pounce on Amber and indulge in unrestrained play.

“Don’t come any closer! Yorick, you beast!”

Amber’s face turned completely pale, frantically struggling and crying out, “If you dare touch a hair on my head, Alexander will make you regret it. Don’t come near me, go away!”

Amber’s face paled, her delicate body trembling. Bound hands rendered her powerless, and she could only weakly wriggle on the bed, retreating to the corner.

“Go away? Haha! Little beauty, are you that impatient? I’ll play with you right now!”

Yorick burst into laughter while kicking off his shoes. He laughed wildly, lunging toward Amber on the bed...

His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar #Chapter 161 - Read His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar Chapter 161

Chapter 0161

Boom!

Just before Yorick was about to pounce on Amber, the entire Marigold Grand Hotel trembled slightly as if a miniature earthquake had erupted. Even the explosion-proof glass windows embedded in the stairs showed spider web-like cracks!

“What’s going on?!”

Yorick suddenly froze with one hand clutching his belt. He anxiously looked toward the door.

Meanwhile, a bright red Porsche drove directly into the hotel’s revolving door, shattering

it instantly. The car swiftly skidded in the lobby, leaving four dark burn marks on the floor before coming to a stable stop in front of the front desk!

“W–What...” Behind the front desk, seven or eight beautiful female attendants stared in astonishment at the young man in the driver’s seat.

They could not help but stutter, “Sir, y–you...”

It was none other than Alexander!

“You only have one chance!”

The moment he jumped out of the car, Alexander’s body exuded a soaring killing intent. He then leaped behind the service counter.

Alexander’s hand shot out like lightning, instantly grabbing the neck of the hotel’s duty manager. His voice was chilling as he said, “Where is Yorick? Speak!”

The duty manager shuddered all over, and his legs immediately went soft. There was a warm wetness in his pants!

The killing intent emanating from the man in front of him was almost tangible, and his courage was shattered. He was so scared that he

directly wet his pants!

“Mister Yorick...”

At that moment, the duty manager could not care less about the hotel’s confidentiality rules. His lips trembled violently as he spoke, “He...”

While speaking, his gaze subconsciously looked toward the top floor, and his voice trembled even more. “He’s in the presidential

suite on the top floor. The room number is...”

Swoosh!

Before the duty manager could finish speaking, Alexander had already rushed out.

Instead of taking the elevator, he charged into the stairwell safety passage. He

resembled an arrow in mid–flight, turning and

leaping in the corridor, ascending one floor at a time!

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

In less than twenty seconds, he rushed into the top–floor corridor of the hotel at an incredible speed!

“Amber’s useless husband, Alexander?” Four burly bodyguards looked at the suddenly appearing Alexander outside the

presidential suite. At first, they were slightly stunned, and then they started to grin as

one of them said, “Interesting! You found

your way here?”

“Coming here is useless! You dare ruin Mister Yorick’s good time? Absolutely unforgivable!”

As soon as they said this, the four of them did not hesitate and simultaneously rushed

out like a bunch of crazy bulls.

It was clear that they were all martial arts experts who had cultivated vital energy. They fiercely swung down toward Alexander's head.

"Yorick... So he's indeed here!"

Alexander did not hesitate for a moment. He accelerated toward the four bodyguards, his eyes filled with icy determination, and

an overwhelming sense of murderous intent emanated from him.

He had never been this furious since leaving the Northern Wyverna and returning from military service. He appeared like a fierce

beast. His fists rushed through the surrounding air, making them appear as if they were engulfed in flames.

15:37

+15 BONUS

A thunderous crash!

The burly bodyguard leading the charge could not even keep up with Alexander. He only felt a sudden pain in his chest. His 180-

plus- kilogram body was sent flying, crashing violently into his three companions behind. Crack, crack...

Bones shattered, bodies sprawled!

Four well-trained experts in vital energy could not even stop Alexander. The lead bodyguard, who had his chest caved in, spat

out a

mouthful of dark blood mixed with countless fragments of internal organs.

Three bodyguards behind him had their chests caved in, and all four bodies collided with the corridor wall. There was a series of

cracks as bones broke and black blood oozed from their mouths.

One move, just one move!

All four burly bodyguards were unconscious, twitching violently on the ground. They were barely breathing, evidently beyond salvation.

"A bunch of scum, not worth pitying!"

Alexander did not slow down. With a low growl, he swiftly reached the door of the suite. Boom!

A punch struck, and the high-strength alloy material of the metal security door burst along with the reinforced concrete wall

embedded with the security door. His punch blasted a menacing hole straight through the door.

"Alex... Alexander?!"

Yorick held his pants with his left hand as he ran out of the bedroom in the suite. He stared at the fiercely murderous Alexander

and froze in place. "How did you find your way here? You..."

Alexander paid no attention to Yorick. He focused intensely on the bedroom behind

Yorick. He looked at Amber curled up on the bed. Tears stained on her face, her hands tightly bound, and her relatively intact clothes.

A tight string in Alexander's heart relaxed slightly.

Thank god!

He arrived just in time. Amber had not suffered any abuse.

"You do have some skill to be able to find me!"

After a brief shock, Yorick finally regained some composure. He turned his head to look at Amber on the bed, and a sinister smile

slowly spread across his lips. "Alexander, see this? Amber is already in my hands!"

"Now that you're here, let's talk things out! The influence of our Schneider family far

exceeds your imagination! Kneel

immediately, and watch how I play with Amber. As long as you..."

Whoosh!

Alexander remained expressionless as he took a step forward. Like a true lightning bolt, he instantly appeared in front of Yorick.

A thunderous explosion!

Yorick's vital area beneath his crotch was shattered by Alexander's kick, exploding into a mass of mangled flesh!

Recharge Promo: 1000 Bonus Free

GET IT

15:37

A piercing pain shot through Yorick, and he let out a scream that sounded like a slaughtered pig. He collapsed to the ground,

hands tightly covering his crotch, rolling in sheer agony.

Crack, crack!

Alexander lifted his foot and brought it down, crushing all of Yorick's limbs without mercy.

"Ah, ah... Ah!!!"

Yorick's cries gradually grew softer as his eyeballs almost popped out of their sockets.

He lay stiff on the ground, convulsing

violently. barely conscious.

His muscles had completely lost control. A yellowish, filthy substance mixed with blood flowed from his crotch, creating a gushing

pool on the ground. After a few grunts, his head tilted, and he passed out on the spot.

"Before death, he will endure boundless suffering," Alexander said slowly, his voice cold as an ice cellar. He then walked briskly

to the bedside, instantly tearing the nylon rope on Amber's wrist.

He held his wife's shivering, cold body close. His voice gradually softened as he said,

"Amber, don't be afraid, I'm here."

"Alexander, Alexander..."

Amber trembled even more violently!

After what seemed like an eternity, she finally slowly raised her head to see the familiar face. Suddenly, she burst into tears and

hugged Alexander with all her might. She cried until she almost fainted: “Alexander, you finally came. I was scared, so scared, sob, sob, sob...”

Alexander gently patted her back in silence.

Saying too much was superfluous. She needed companionship and time to calm down! At the same time, a Mercedes S600 and two Audi A6s almost simultaneously came to a shrieking stop outside the hotel lobby. Screech!

“Not good!”

Damon opened the car door and hurriedly entered the hotel lobby.

His heart trembled when he saw the shattered revolving glass door and the Porsche parked in front of the service desk.

He recognized this Porsche. It was Alexander’s car!

“M–Mister Damon...”

Behind the service desk, the duty manager, who had just changed his pants, looked at Damon and the six elite bodyguards

behind him. His voice could not help but tremble. “S–Sir, hurry up!. Just now...”

“Let’s go!”

Damon’s scalp tingled, not daring to delay for even half a second. He quickly led the bodyguards toward the elevator.

“Oh no!”

The elevator reached the top floor after about half a minute. Damon rushed out with the bodyguards, a strong smell of blood hitting them.

Damon slightly paused, looking at the four corpses at the end of the corridor. His pupils suddenly contracted.

These four were the close bodyguards beside Yorick. Their bodies were battered, breathless, obviously dead beyond revival!

“Yorick!”

Damon wasted no time. He rushed into the presidential suite through the broken door, looking at the unconscious Yorick on the ground. His eyes instantly turned bloodshot!

1637

+15 BONUS

Rushing over with a whoosh, he reached out to check Yorick’s breathing, his heart pounding. Pinching his philtrum, he shouted frantically, “Yorick, wake up. It’s me, Damon!”

“Da Damon.” Yorick’s eyelids trembled a few times.

With great difficulty, he opened his eyes, barely having the strength to speak. His lips were dry and trembling as he said,

“Avenge me. The one who injured me is... is Alexander!*

Alexander!!!

A thunder boomed in Damon’s mind. He lifted his head slowly to look at the bedroom

next to the living room. He saw Alexander sitting on the bed, tightly holding Amber...

Every pore on his body suddenly shrank, and he felt a sudden chill in his heart. His younger brother, Yorick, had indeed captured Amber... This was a big problem! He remembered very clearly at Ol' Mare; Luke only flirted with Amber a few times and was rendered completely disabled by Alexander!

Alexander would not care about the other party's family background! The only somewhat fortunate thing was that he had been deliberately trying to please Alexander all along, and there had not been any conflicts between them!

"Mister Kane."

With that in mind, Damon took a deep breath, slowly releasing Yorick in his arms, and bowed deeply to Alexander and Amber.

He looked apologetically and said, "My younger brother is ignorant and audacious. I can't believe he offended you, Mister Kane!"

"However, judging by Miss Chesire's current state, she hasn't suffered any substantial harm. I apologize on behalf of my brother.

You're a noble person, Mister Kane. Surely, you understand. This is undoubtedly a misunderstanding..."

'Misunderstanding?' Alexander did not even lift his gaze, his voice devoid of any emotion. "Whether it's a misunderstanding or not, it's not for you to decide! I only have one thing to say today: Yorick must die! Yorick must die?"

Damon's face suddenly changed, but he forced himself to endure, tightly clenching his fists. "Mister Kane, my brother has already been disabled by you! I know you can kill him without blinking an eye, but I hope you will consider the Schneider family..."

No, the Schneider family's reputation. I hope you will show mercy and spare Yorick's life. Our family is willing to compensate you, Mister Kane!"

Alexander closed his eyes, not bothering to look at Damon.

"Mister Kane, you..."

A muscle twitched at the corner of Damon's eye, his fists clenched even tighter! He thought that by lowering his stance,

Alexander would at least be more accommodating. He thought he could defuse the situation and save Yorick's life.

Alexander seemed unforgiving and did not care about the Schneider family at all! Mister Kane, this is going too far." Damon's complexion grew darker, unable to hold back any longer, he gritted his teeth and said, "The Schneider family is not an ordinary family. Our backer..."

Before Damon could finish, Alexander's eyes opened wide, his voice like a sharp blade directly cutting into his heart.

Say another word, and you will accompany Yorick to the grave!"

1537
+15 BONUS
Chapter 0163

Chapter 0163

“Accompany... Yorick to the grave...”

Damon’s feet almost gave way as his expression changed.

He could feel the overwhelming killing intent emanating from Alexander. This was no joke. If he dared to continue, he would surely meet his end on the spot today.

“Brother, save me, save me!”

On the floor behind him, Yorick’s broken limbs trembled slightly, his voice tinged with a sob, “Save me, I don’t want to die yet...”

Damon clenched his teeth tightly, not daring to make a sound.

He cared more about his own life. He had no idea what to say to Alexander. If he had said anything wrong, Alexander would surely take his life!

“You’re sensible, very clever!”

Alexander glanced at Damon’s face, saying lightly. “Smart people often live longer, unlike Yorick, whose foolishness only speeds up death.”

He lowered his head to look at the unconscious Amber in his arms. His gaze softened slightly, and then he looked at Damon again, saying. “Now, prepare a coffin for Yorick.”

“Don’t misunderstand, you will be bringing back Yorick’s corpse!”

What?!

Damon shook violently, his gaze falling on Alexander’s face, full of disbelief. “Mister Kane, you...”

Whoosh!

Alexander did not hesitate. The next moment, he was already standing in front of Yorick. He raised his right foot abruptly, and crushed his

throat. Then, he returned to the bedside, embracing Amber’s shivering body again.

The whole process took less than half a second.

Yorick’s body stiffened completely, a large spurt of blood foam slowly oozing from the corner of his mouth. The faint light in his eyes disappeared rapidly.

His throat bone shattered, and he died on the spot!

“Yorick!” Damon’s eyes widened, tightly hugging Yorick’s lifeless body. He almost went mad as he roared, “Alexander, how dare you kill my

brother?! The Schneider family will never let this go, never!”

Alexander laughed!

He gently lifted the already sleeping Amber and calmly told Damon, “You can now

prepare the coffin. You can prepare one or two, it's your choice."

Damon shuddered all over, the frenzied curses in his mouth abruptly stopping. One coffin or two?

If he dared to utter another word, Alexander would definitely do the same to him. Two coffins, one for each brother!

"Remember, never come to Ol' Mare again. The New Chesire Group is not something you can afford to provoke!"

After saying this, Alexander walked out of the suite with Amber in his arms.

The entire time, Alexander did not even glance at the six elite bodyguards who followed behind Damon!

About two hours later, at the Schneider family estate in the capital of Woolpackton, the lights were still ablaze in the villa's living room.

It was almost 1 am.

"Yorick, my son!"

+15 BONUS

In the living room, Peter Schneider, the head of the Schneider family, was gazing at Yorick's body.

Yorick lay in the coffin, his limbs twisted and his pants stained with blood. Peter could not help but feel a piercing pain throughout his being.

"Alexander dared to kill my son! I'll make him pay with his life!"

Surrounding him was the entire Schneider family dressed in black suits. They bowed deeply, silent as the grave.

Yorick's tragic death in Ol' Mare had been kept as secret as possible, but rumors still circulated. Almost every faction in

Woolpackton was aware of it, yet none came to pay their respects.

It was all because of Alexander!

In Woolpackton, the Schneider family was undoubtedly powerful, ranking among the top aristocratic families. However, compared to the deep-rooted Hudson family, the Schneider family fell short.

Even Luke, the heir to the Hudson family, had been rendered a cripple by Alexander.

What could the Schneider family do?

Nevertheless, Yorick was Peter's son!

"Dad, leave this to me." Damon stood by the coffin, looking up at Peter, his teeth grinding audibly.

"As the eldest son of the Schneider family, I promise you that Yorick's death won't be in vain. I will make Alexander pay with his own blood!

Peter's eyes lit up, a trace of deep-seated resentment flashing through them.

"Damon, tell me, how do you plan to handle this?"

Damon squinted his eyes, chuckling softly.

“No fortress, no matter how strong, can withstand the gnawing of ants. The larger the enterprise, the more internal parasites it harbors!” He pulled out his phone, and quickly dialed a number.

“M—Mister Damon?”

A shaky, tearful voice echoed from the phone.

“Mister Damon, spare me. I followed orders! I have nothing to do with Mister Yorick’s death!”

“I’m not talking about that.” Damon held the phone, and a glint of cold light flashed in his eyes.

“Remember this number, 152****. His name is Yovanni Yusuf. the planning manager of the Now Chociro Ground Voii havn thran

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Taka

Chapter 0164

“What should I do...”

In an inconspicuous mid-range hotel in Ol’ Mare, Braylee hung up the phone. Her fingers could not help but tremble slightly as she lit a cigarette.

She was Yorick’s girlfriend. However, now that Yorick had passed away, she had fallen from grace. Her dream of marrying into a wealthy family was completely shattered.

Only by completing Damon’s mission could she make a glamorous comeback and trample that despicable woman, Amber, underfoot!

“The planning manager of the New Chesire Group, Yovanni Yusuf...” Braylee stripped off her clothes and entered the bathroom.

She looked at the graceful figure in the mirror as though she was admiring a perfect piece of art. A cold smile slowly formed at the corner of her mouth.

She had spent millions, traveling to Glacia’ several times for surgery. The plastic surgeon shaped her face into a popular internet celebrity look, and she took pride in her proficient skills in bed. As long as Yovanni was a man, she could easily conquer him!

Time flew by quickly, and in the blink of an eye, more than half a month had passed.

The New Chesire Group developed rapidly, especially focused on its latest research and development of health products, named ‘Life One’. It had entered the clinical trial phase and was about to be launched on the market.

“Miss Chesire!”

In the top-floor conference room of the group building, a large group of corporate executives excitedly reported on recent progress.

“Our Life One has not officially launched yet, but many big groups have already come to us for collaboration. For now, we’re

finalizing a deal with the Woolpackton Beauty Group. With their sales channels, Life One can definitely dominate the health product market!"

Amber listened attentively for a moment, then turned to the man sitting on her left in a suit, smiling. "Mister Yusuf, I'd like to hear your opinion."

The so-called Mister Yusuf was the planning manager of the New Chesire Group, Yovanni!

"We're in the health product industry, which concerns consumers' physical health. It's not good to rush the product to market."

Yovanni furrowed his brows tightly and whispered, "I believe that we should wait for the completion of clinical trials, confirming the food safety level of Life One. Only then can we have a responsible market launch to the consumers!"

Amber and the other executives exchanged glances and then nodded slowly.

The predecessor of the New Chesire Group was the Severn Group, and the current focus of development was the health product market. Life One was the group's first independently developed flagship product, and food safety was, of course, a top priority!

"Let's conclude today's meeting here." Amber said casually, waving her hand at the executives, "Let's follow Mister Yusuf's suggestion. We'll discuss market deployment after the clinical trial results are out. Let's adjourn."

As soon as Amber and all the executives had left the meeting room, Yovanni squinted as he watched Amber's retreating figure.

'Life One? Soon, it won't belong to the Chesire family anymore!'

After work, Yovanni drove away in the company-issued Audi A6. He glanced back at the company building, then smirked quietly and headed straight to the East Sea Grand Hotel in Ol' Mare.

About half an hour later.

"Yovanni, you're so fierce! I can't handle it anymore!"

In the luxurious suite on the hotel's top floor, Braylee lay on Yovanni's chest, dressed in black silk. Her pinkie lightly rubbed against his face as she giggled. "Yovanni, I've been serving you for so many days. Please make sure to take care of the things I asked of you!"

Yovanni reached for Braylee's chest, licked his lips, and a cold smile grew on his face. Before leaving work todayv he specifically went to the groun's main laboraton, and obtained the completo formula and ovnorimontal data

1538

+15 BONUS

for Life One.

It was not an exaggeration to say that with that information, any pharmaceutical company in the country could easily manufacture Life One!

“The New Chesire Group will fall!”

Yovanni pressed Braylee beneath him, venting fiercely. Then, panting heavily, he said, “Braylee, I know Mister Damon sent you.

Now that I’ve stolen the New Chesire Group’s commercial secrets, they won’t let it go easily. Contact Mister Damon immediately and ask him to arrange a plane. I’ll go abroad and lay low for a while!”

Braylee’s eyes sparkled slightly, and then she smiled again, pursing her lips. “Yovanni, going abroad is simple. Just give me the information first!”

“No problem!”

Yovanni did not care. He took out a metal USB drive from the pocket of his sprawled suit and casually threw it to Braylee. Then, he chuckled. “Tell Mister Damon not to burn bridges. I’ve made a backup of the information in the email archive and set a timer for it to be sent out!”

“As soon as the email is sent, everything Mister Damon has done will be exposed completely. By then... hehe!” Braylee’s face changed, but she managed to force a faint smile. “Alright!”

Recharge Promo: 1000 Bonus Free

GET IT

X

15:38

+15 BONUS

Chapter 0165

Early the next day, at the core research and development department of the New Chesire Group over a dozen experimenters

clad in sterile suits meticulously conducted the final experiment for Life One.

Their eyes fixed intently on the cultivation dish on the experimental table, their gazes ablaze.

Recent clinical trials indicated that Life One could improve the human circulatory system. It could enhance cell activity and

significantly strengthen the physique of middle-aged and elderly individuals. Also, to a certain extent, it could delay aging. Its

market value was exceptionally high.

*Tell Miss Chesire immediately!” A white-haired old professor exclaimed, his face flushed with excitement, “Last night, the final modification to the formula went very smoothly. Life One can be officially put into production!”

For more than half a month, they had worked tirelessly, barely sleeping, finally perfecting the final formula for Life One. This

marked the first time the New Chesire Group had launched a self-developed health product since its establishment, a significance beyond measure.

Just at this moment, an urgent cry came suddenly from the laboratory entrance.

“Professor Walds!”

It was Amber!

In quick succession, Amber and Alexander rushed into the laboratory. Amber’s delicate face was deathly pale. “Professor Walds, besides

the personnel within your laboratory, does anyone else know about the formula for Life One?”

“Huh?” Professor Walds blinked slightly, scratching his fully white head, and said in surprise. “That’s impossible. Everyone signed a confidentiality agreement, they definitely wouldn’t disclose it to outsiders. I was just about to tell you that our Life

One...”

“Your formula has leaked!” Amber cried out, tears streaming down her cheeks!

Almost all the loans provided by the Ol’ Mare Bank had been invested to develop Life One. However, the Jacobsma Group unexpectedly

held a press conference, claiming to have developed a health drug specifically designed to improve physique. Its health effects were

nearly identical to those of Life One!

“W–Ahat?!” Professor Walds felt as if thunder had gone off in his head, and he was stunned like a wooden chicken. “Miss Chesire, how is

this possible?! The raw material formula, proportions, production processes... all the data is stored in my computer, even under my

supervision...”

At this point, he suddenly froze, his voice faltering. “It’s Mister Yusuf! Yovanni!”

Yovanni?

Alexander supported Amber, his gaze suddenly darkening. “Professor Walds, tell me, what do you mean when you say Yovanni?

What did

he do?!”

Professor Walds trembled violently, his voice involuntary quivering. “Yesterday afternoon before leaving work. Yovanni came to the laboratory. He asked me to report on the progress of the experiment and even checked my work computer...”

Bang!

Alexander's pupils suddenly contracted, and his palm clenched into a fist!
"Miss Chesire!"

At the laboratory entrance, another panicked voice sounded.

The HR manager rushed over, sweating profusely. Trembling, he said, "Miss Chesire, Mister Kane, I have something to report.

Mister Yusuf didn't come to work today. I was worried about the launch of Life One, so I called him, and..."

Alexander's gaze turned cold, and he abruptly turned to the HR manager. "Speak, what happened to Yovanni?!"

"He went abroad!"

The HR manager was almost in tears. "Miss Chesire, what should we do? Mister Yusuf is in charge of the marketing for Life One.

He suddenly went abroad without a word, and our listing..."

+15 BONUS

Before the HR manager could finish, Amber went weak, and tears streamed down her face instantly.

It was over!

Billions of investments from the New Chesire Group, the hard work of numerous researchers, all the way to the moment of success, and yet...

Yovanni stole the core data and sold it to the Jacobsma Group!

"The Jacobsma Group. It's the Schneider family!" Alexander slowly exhaled, his eyes shining brightly. "Amber, since we know it's the Schneider family, it's easier to handle! I'm going out for a moment, and I'll be back soon!"

As soon as he said this, he turned and walked briskly toward the laboratory door.

"Alexander, wait!" Behind him, Amber called after him while shaking her head repeatedly, "Alexander, please don't act recklessly!"

"The Schneider family is holding a press conference to turn lies into truth! Unless we can catch Yovanni and prove that the

Schneider family stole our confidential information, those reporters will say you're bullying the weak! Then, our New Chesire Group's reputation will inevitably be ruined!"

Catch Yovanni?

Alexander stared into Amber's eyes, exuding immense confidence. "All I need is half a day. I will handle this matter flawlessly.

Just wait and see!"

Without further delay, he walked out of the laboratory with determined strides.

Chapter 0166

"Maxine!"

The vibrant red Porsche left the corporate building and sped through the outskirts of Ol' Mare in the east. Alexander gripped the steering wheel with one hand, rapidly tapping the central control screen with the other to dial the Duke of War's number.

"Target individual, Yovanni Yusuf, the former planning manager of the New Chesire Group. Immediately provide me with his location!"

After about three minutes, Maxine whispered with a hint of tension, "Your Lordship, our tracking satellites have located Yovanni's real-time position. He has fled to Celadon City in Umbracia, and we have no extradition treaty with them!"

Extradition treaty? Do we need one?!

"Prepare the jets immediately. Assemble in the eastern outskirts of Ol' Mare in ten minutes. We're heading to Umbracia right away."

Alexander sounded really decisive. "Forget Umbracia. Even if Yovanni escapes to the ends of the earth, I will personally bring him back!"

"Yes!"

Maxine's spirit surged at Alexander's base in Northern Wyverna, blood boiling. 'Lord Alexander wants to capture Yovanni, and he's truly furious this time!' Since Lord Alexander announced his retirement, too many had forgotten the awe-inspiring title of 'Lord of War'. This capture operation would undoubtedly remind those insignificant individuals of the fear imposed by Lord Alexander!

"Lord Alexander commands!" Maxine roared as she burst out of the base building.

"Lord Alexander's plane takes off immediately. The destination is the eastern outskirts of Ol' Mare. Follow Lord Alexander to Umbracia!"

"Move out!"

About two hours later, a young observer stared fixedly at the satellite monitoring screen in the heavily guarded hexagonal building of Umbracia on the other side of the Pacific.

"Report! Urgent report!"

Beads of sweat formed on his forehead as he said, "Our airspace is under illegal invasion. The intruder is fast and will soon breach our airspace!"

What?!

Not far away, an elderly man leaned on an electronic cane and walked quickly to the front of the monitoring screen. He had four golden stars pinned onto his shoulders, his white hair flowing graciously. He watched the bright red dot approaching Umbracia on the screen, and his pupils suddenly contracted.

Fast, too fast!

The sixth-generation fighter jets employed by Umbracia were equipped with the world's top-notch technology, featuring anti-gravity engines with powerful thrust. Their maximum flight speed could reach four times the speed of sound, making them the airborne overlords.

However, the dot on the monitoring screen exceeded five times the speed of sound, effortlessly surpassing Umbracia's flight technology!

"There's only one aircraft in the world capable of reaching this speed..."

The old man with white hair thought quickly, his face suddenly turning pale. "It's him; it must be him. Wyverna's Lord of War, the world's strongest Lord of War! That's his exclusive plane, the 'Alexandra'!"

Of course, it was Alexandra!

A fighter jet was soaring high over 10,000 meters above sea-level. It was adorned with a snowstorm pattern, and its wings were marked with the shining golden world 'Alexandra'. It continuously tore through the sky, rapidly approaching Umbracia!

"Your Lordship!"

Inside the cockpit of the jet, Maxine was clad in crimson battle armor. She glanced at the blinking communication request on the screen

1639

+15 BONUS

and respectfully inquired, "It's a communication request from Umbracia, Shall we accept?"

Alexander responded with a nonchalant grunt and said, "Let's hear what they have to say."

Buzz...

A faint electric hum resonated as satellite communication was established. On the communication screen before Alexander, an angry-looking elder appeared. It was none other than Wilton, the second in command of the Umbracia military.

"Lord Alexander!"

At this moment. Wilton stood in the hexagonal military command hall, staring intently at Alexander on the screen, gritting his

teeth. "Just because you're the world's strongest Lord of War doesn't mean you can recklessly provoke Umbracia like this!"

"You illegally entered our airspace, insulting our nation. Are you trying to start a war?!"

Alexander remained calm inside the warplane cockpit, his voice devoid of emotion.

"Anything else?"

Anything else?

Wilton was momentarily stunned, then erupted in anger, "Our anti-aircraft missiles are ready to launch. Your aircraft must

withdraw immediately! If you continue to invade, don't blame me for not warning you!" "Heh." Alexander chuckled softly, his gaze suddenly turning cold. "Wilton, let me also inform you that our trip to Umbracia is to apprehend a fugitive and bring them back to our country. If you dare to obstruct us, then we will have no choice but to attack!"

"You..." Wilton's face froze, teeth grinding audibly.

Under the command of the Temple of War were 4 Dukes of War, 9 Barons of War, 108 Generals, and 100,000 elite soldiers.

Even Umbracia had to treat them seriously, and they did not dare to provoke a conflict easily!

Once the Temple of War was angered, the consequences were unimaginable!

"Lord Alexander!" Wilton clenched his fists tightly, then slowly released them. After several consecutive times, his attitude gradually softened.

"You are the world's strongest Lord of War. I'll give you a pass this time! After capturing the fugitive, immediately return to Wyvema and don't linger in Umbracia!"

Alexander smiled.

Of course, he knew what Wilton was worried about. As the strongest Lord of War of the era, if he wanted to assassinate the top echelons of Umbracia, it would be like entering an empty space, rendering any defensive measures virtually useless!

"Wilton, you're a smart man." Alexander looked at Wilton on the screen, and a shallow smile appeared on his face. "Rest

assured, I have no interest in the top echelons of Umbracia. You can trust me."

With a 'snap', the communication was abruptly cut off.

"Your Lordship." Beside him, Maxine had been maintaining satellite surveillance, pointing at a faint dot on the screen. Her gaze

brightened slightly as she said, "We'll arrive in Celadon City in five minutes. Yovanni is there!"

Alexander nodded slowly, a glint of determination flashing in his eyes.

'Yovanni, just you wait!'

Recharge Promo: 1000 Bonus Free

Chapter 0167

15:39

+15 BONUS

Yovanni was living the high life.

At this moment, a luxurious yacht was docked on the shores of Maple Creek Lake in Celadon City. Yovanni lay on a recliner at the edge of the deck with the bikini-clad Braylee in his arms. They basked in the warm sunlight reflecting off the lake, indescribably content.

Just last night, he had handed over the formula for Life One to Damon. He received a hefty sum of money and took a flight to

Umbracia with Braylee, embarking on the journey to enjoy his perfect life.
“Yovanni.” Braylee swayed her slender waist, holding a tablet in her hand, giggling.
“Look, this is from Mister Damon. He’s holding a press conference!”

Yovanni glanced at the tablet, and a slow smirk spread across his face. On the screen, the Schneider family’s Jacobsma Group was holding a press conference, announcing the launch plan for their new product. Jacobsma Oral Essence. Many reporters were eager to interview and question, causing a huge sensation in the health product industry.

*The formula for Life One has been leaked. That bitch Amber and that idiot Alexander probably can’t even eat property now!”

Braylee giggled, closed the tablet, and looked flirtatiously at Yovanni. “Yovanni, Mister Damon gave you so much money, don’t forget to treat me well!”

“Haha!” Yovanni laughed lasciviously, suddenly pouncing on Braylee on the deck. His gaze was inexplicably triumphant. “Don’t worry. since you’re willing to come abroad with me, I won’t let you suffer. Come, my dear...”

As he spoke, he reached out and tugged at Braylee’s bikini, clearly burning with passion, ready to indulge in the moment.
Just at that moment...

Whoosh!

A deafening sonic boom resounded from above the yacht.
It was the Alexandra!

The sonic boom generated by supersonic flight formed a turbulent white flow on the surface of the aircraft. The Alexandra’s anti-gravity engine instantly activated, abruptly stopping above the yacht, casting a huge black shadow that completely enveloped the entire vessel

“What is that?!”

Yovanni and Braylee were horrified. Reflexively, they crawled up from the deck, hurriedly putting on their clothes, trembling uncontrollably.

With their limited exposure, even ordinary military aircraft were beyond their reach.

Alexandra seemed like a colossal steel fortress in the sky, almost shattering their courage!

“You scoundrel, living off ill-gotten gains!”

The cockpit door slowly opened, and the Duke of War Maxine leaped down from the fighter.

With a forceful swing of her palm... Smack!

A swift and fierce slap struck Yovanni's face!
"It—It's a misunderstanding, it must be a misunderstanding!"

Staggering backward, Yovanni raised his hand to cover the side of his face, blood surging from the corner of his mouth. Terrified tears welled up in his eyes. "Madam, I haven't committed any crimes! Why are you hitting me? I..."

Crack!

Before Yovanni could finish speaking, Maxine swung her fist, sending him crashing to the ground. She then turned to the trembling Braylee and uttered a low growl, "A despicable woman who's willing to be with anyone, dare to offend His Lordship? Fed up with living. aren't you?"

Braylee's face paled, and she took a few reluctant steps back, forcing a smile, which made her look dreadful. "C—Commanding officer, what are you talking about? His Lordship? I don't know anything!"

15:39

+15 BONUS

Maxine sneered coldly. She took a step back, bowed slightly toward the cabin door, and spoke with utmost respect. "Prepare to greet His Lordship!"

Swish!

Alexander, expressionless, leaped gracefully and landed steadily in front of Yovanni and Braylee.

"A—Alexander?!"

Yovanni lay on the ground, his face blurred by the blood from Maxine's strike. He looked at Alexander descending from the sky, his body shivering in fear. "You're the legendary Lord of the War? This can't be possible!"

Braylee, equally pale, felt her vision darken and almost collapsed on the spot.

There was only one thought in her mind. 'It's over!'

The most terrifying figure in the world, the Guardian of Wyverna, the self-proclaimed world's strongest Lord of War, turned out to be Amber Chesire's husband!

"But... this is Umbracia, not Wyverna! How did Alexander's fighter jet end up here? How did he find us? Why, and on what grounds!"

"Maxine."

Alexander did not even glance at the fallen Yovanni. He just cast a brief look at Braylee. He said casually, "Killing such an insignificant

person would only dirty my hands."

Maxine bowed slightly, and her palm flickered.

Swish!

A stainless-steel longsword unsheathed, and a snow-white blade swept through the air. Braylee felt a slight pinch at her neck, and then everything went pitch-black. Her headless body swayed a few times on the deck before falling into the lake below!

“And you.” Alexander gave a slight at Yovanni. “Is the New Chesire Group’s Life One health product formula effective?”

Buzz!

Yovanni felt like he was struck by lightning, his mind buzzing. He collapsed on the ground, crying out heart-wrenchingly. “Lord Alexander, spare me! Braylee seduced me! I didn’t know you were the palace lord! I... I was wrong, please spare me, Lord Alexander!”

“The Schneider family’s Jacobsma Group is holding a press conference, and they invited many reporters. They now plan to enter the health product market with the Life One formula, and it’s all because of you.”

Alexander’s expression remained unchanged. “Just that alone is enough to make you die 10,000 times!”

Yovanni shivered all over, his throat nearly hoarse from crying. “Lord Alexander, I was blinded by ignorance, offended your esteemed self, and disrupted your great plans! My Lord, have mercy, I know I was wrong, truly wrong!”

Alexander turned around, his voice emotionless. “No one in Tormora knows my true identity now. I’m going to take you back to the press

conference. You know what to do!”

Recharge Promo: 1000 Bonus Free

X

GET

Chapter 0168

The press conference hosted by Jacobsma Group had been ongoing for the entire morning at the Woolpackton Grand Hotel in the luxurious top-floor hall. Reporters from major media outlets eagerly rushed forward, vying to interview Peter Schneider, who stood at the podium.

“We are extremely grateful for everyone’s enthusiasm!”

As the head of the Schneider family, Peter had experienced numerous grand occasions, but never before had he hosted such a large-scale press conference. The smile on his face was vibrant.

“Our Jacobsma Group has hired more than 30 top experts, local and abroad, to develop the Jacobsma Oral Essence. We

invested billions. and finally determined the final formula for the oral essence.”

He looked down at the audience, his pride unmistakable. “I assure you, the food safety of the oral essence absolutely complies

with health standards, and its health effects surpass all similar products on the market. We hope everyone will actively report on it and bring good news to middle-aged and elderly consumers!”

Thunderous applause erupted!

“Mister Schneider!”

A beautiful female journalist in the audience frowned and asked, “As far as I know, the New Chesire Group in Ol’ Mare seems to be developing health products, with a significant effort in early publicity. Meanwhile, your Jacobsma Group suddenly announces successful research and development without any prior notice. Is there any hidden secret behind this?”

Peter’s face changed slightly, and then he laughed heartily, arrogantly lifting his head. “The New Chesire Group is insignificant.

No matter how much they publicize, how can they compare to our Jacobsma Group?”

“Regrettably, I can only tell New Chesire Group that Jacobsma Group is stronger. No matter how hard they try, they can only follow behind and imitate, never hoping to surpass us!”

Applause echoed continuously, camera lights flickered, and the triumphant look on Peter’s face became even more pronounced.

“Hehe!” Damon sat at the interview desk, his eyes slightly narrowed, a fleeting trace of satisfaction in his eyes.

The New Chesire Group? Alexander?

‘Daring to oppose our Schneider family, daring to kill Yorick, just wait for the retaliation from our Schneider family! Stealing the

formula for

Life One is only the first step in our revenge!’

“It’s time.” Damon looked down at the time on his watch, then slowly pressed his hands down, giving the reporters a slight smile.

“To

thank everyone for their support of our Jacobsma Group, Mister Peter has specially arranged a celebration banquet. Please join us!*

Reporters cheered excitedly, shouting. “Thank you, Mister Peter! Thank you, Mister Damon!”

It was a joyous atmosphere!

Just at that moment, a hearty laughter suddenly echoed from the entrance, resonating through the entire hall “Mister Damon, isn’t it a bit

too early for a celebration banquet?”

Swoosh!

The journalists and photographers in the room, along with the Schneider family, were momentarily stunned. All eyes turned toward the

entrance.
Alexander Kane!

He was dressed in the New Chesire Group security chief's suit, with a work badge hanging on his chest. He walked confidently toward the interview platform. He wore a faint smile as he approached the Schneider family.

"Is it you?!"

The Schneider family was taken aback but quickly regained composure as they stood up reflexively. Alexander would not dare to

create a scene with so many journalists present

15:39

+15 BONUS

"Alexander, this is a press conference hosted by the Schneider family. You're not welcome here!"

Considering the presence of the media, Damon clearly did not want to escalate the situation. He stared at Alexander and said

firmly." Whatever you want to do, please leave immediately!"

Alexander slowly walked up to the interview platform, smiling ambiguously. "In such a hurry to drive me away? What are you

afraid of? Is there something Jacobsma Group wants to hide from the public eye?"
Crack!

With just one sentence, Alexander put Damon in a difficult position, and Peter was already furious.

Peter slammed the table and shouted, "Alexander, there are journalists present, we don't want to waste time talking to you!

Leave if you have any sense, or don't blame the Schneider family for being impolite!"

Alexander shook his head slowly, his smile deepening. "Mister Peter, I don't understand your urgency. The Jacobsma Oral

Essence is grandly listed, and I came to congratulate you. Instead of appreciating it, you're pushing me away as if there's

something shady with the Jacobsma Group. Doesn't it sound a bit unjust?"

"You..."

Peter hesitated, a sly smile forming on his lips. "Alexander, did our Jacobsma Oral Essence steal the spotlight from your New

Chesire Group? Did Amber send you to cause trouble? Haha!"

"To tell you the truth, the Schneider family wants everyone in Tormora to know that in front of our Schneider family, the so-called

Chesire Group is nothing compared to us!"

Alexander chuckled lightly, his expression turning cold. "Peter and Damon colluded to maliciously steal business secrets, took

the complete formula of New Chesire Group's Life One, and still have the nerve to hold a press conference?"

“I really want to know where you get the courage!”

Hiss!

As Alexander’s words fell, the entire hall erupted into a commotion. The journalists present were eager for a sensational revelation, especially regarding conflicts between major corporations. Any bit of information could make headlines.

A wave of excitement swept through the crowd. Microphones and cameras were pointed at Alexander, and questions filled the air. “Mister Kane, is what you’re saying true? Did Jacobsma Group really steal New Chesire Group’s business secrets?”

“Mister Kane, do you have any evidence? Without evidence, Mister Schneider might sue you for defamation. Have you considered that? Some reporters aimed their questions at the Schneider family, their faces full of anticipation. “Mister Schneider, is the formula of Jacobsma Oral Essence really plagiarized? What is your opinion on Mister Kane’s accusations?”

“Defamation, it’s definitely defamation!”

Damon, having already sent Yovanni to Umbracia, was brimming with confidence. He pointed at Alexander’s nose, sneering.

“New Chesire Group failed to compete with us and is maliciously accusing our Jacobsma Group!”

“Alexander, is this the extent of your abilities? Journalists can testify; defamation leads to prison!”

Prison? Heh!

Alexander smiled, turned around, and pointed to the entrance of the hall.

“Whether it’s defamation or not, will soon be revealed.”

“Mister Peter, Mister Damon, look who’s here!”

Chapter 0169

Corporate espionage?

15:39

+15 BONUS

Alexander turned to look at Damon with a slight smile. “As the Schneider family’s young heir, what do you have to say?”

Damon tightly sealed his lips, unable to utter a single word. Peter only had a rough understanding of the matter, as Damon was the one who dealt with it. Yovanni held evidence of both sides of the deal, making it airtight and impossible to argue against.

The Schneider family and Jacobsma Group would be doomed, their years of accumulated business reputation wholly tarnished.

“Hehe.” Alexander looked at Damon’s expression, giving a faint smile before speaking softly, “Earlier, you accused me of slander and claimed I violated laws and regulations. Now, I’m eager to see who the real criminal is.”

Alexander's gaze turned cold. "Yovanni, bring out the evidence for our journalist friends!"

Yovanni did not waste a second, quickly pulling out a metallic USB drive and his phone. A video file started playing.

"This...!" Journalists surged forward, staring fixedly at Yovanni's phone screen, their expressions vivid and animated.

On the screen was the secretly recorded transaction process.

Damon sat across from Yovanni in the video with a laptop in front of him, facilitating a substantial transfer of funds to Yovanni.

Yovanni handed a backup USB drive to Damon, and they shook hands amicably, exchanging banter. The traded data was the

proprietary formula for the New Chesire Group's Life One.

"Fearing that Damon might double-cross me, I made several backup USB drives and set up automatic email sending. It had to be turned off manually everyday. Otherwise, the email goes to major news outlets. It's my self-prepared protection," Yovanni explained without lifting his head.

The journalists suddenly understood.

With these things prepared, Damon will not dare to act against Yovanni for fear of the transaction getting exposed.

One had to admit that Yovanni was exceptionally shrewd.

"Now that the evidence is irrefutable, does the Schneider family have anything to say?" Alexander coldly stared at Damon. His voice suddenly grew louder. "Dear journalist, the Schneider family and Jacobsma Group stole trade secrets, and the evidence is undeniable!"

"The Jacobsma Oral Essence is fundamentally unfit for listing! Life One from the New Chesire Group is the genuine creator. It's the product of years of hard work from our biologist, a conscientious health product developed for middle-aged and elderly consumers by the New Chesire Group!"

Applause thundered through the hall, enthusiastic and passionate.

All journalists, cameramen, interview microphones, and cameras focused on Alexander, bombarding him with questions about the health effects and release date of Life One.

The Schneider pair and Yovanni would soon charge them according to the law.

"Alexander Kane..."

At the interview table, Peter watched Alexander being surrounded by the crowd.

Suddenly, his vision went black, and he fell

stiffly to the ground. Only one thought remained in his mind.

'This time it's truly over!'

7539

Chapter 0170

The press conference held by the Schneider family lasted until two in the afternoon. The reporters swiftly returned to their respective media organizations, not wanting to be left behind and promptly released the results of the interviews.

“The Jacobsma Group stole commercial secrets, and they are suspected of business crimes!

“The New Chesire Group’s Life One’ is about to be listed, with commendable health benefits!

“Peter and Damon Schneider were sent to prison, captured on the spot by the bureau...” News headlines like these quickly spread across the major cities of Tormora. The Jacobsma Group fell from grace overnight, and its trading index on the stock market in Umbracia plummeted, causing losses of over a hundred billion!

“Wow, Alexander handled it wonderfully!”

Late that night, on Belmont Hills, Patrick had a flush on his face as he flashed a thumbs-up to Alexander, saying, “I originally thought we would lose everything this time, and we would be in ruins. But unexpectedly... Well, let’s not talk about it. Let’s drink!”

Amber also had a few drinks. Her gaze fixed on Alexander’s handsome face, her cheeks flushed.

The whole day, she and the top executives of the corporation were at a loss, not knowing what to do. However, in just one morning, Alexander managed to turn the tide and completely rewrite the unfavorable situation for the New Chesire Group!

The Schneider family’s press conference ended up benefiting the New Chesire Group. The company’s reputation in Tormora received a tremendous boost, providing significant advertising for the launch of Life One!

“It’s nothing. It is what I ought to do.”

Alexander did not take credit for it and smiled. “Dad, Amber, now everything is ready. Life One can be put into production, and

our corporation will face no obstacles in the future. It will undoubtedly be smooth sailing!”

Patrick felt deeply relieved, and he expressed unparalleled satisfaction with his son-in-law. Initially, he had no regard for Alexander, but now, Alexander was the pillar of the entire Chesire family. He not only established the New Chesire Group but also cured his limp leg. With such an outstanding son-in-law, what more could he worry about?

“Alexander, Amber...” After three rounds of drinks and a variety of dishes, Patrick was drunk. However, a sliver of clarity still remained, and

after some hesitation, he whispered, “Since today is a day of celebration, there’s

something I'd like to discuss with you two."

Discuss?

A thought flickered in Alexander's mind, vaguely guessing what was going on. He

chuckled softly and said, "Dad, whatever you

have to

say, Amber and I will fully support you."

"Well..." Patrick hesitated slightly, deeply gazing at Alexander. Then, he wore a wry

smile and said, "Alexander, have you already

figured it

out? I am happy with everything, but..."

At this point, his expression darkened slightly, and his eyes started to tear up. "I'm still a

member of the Chesire family. I. I can't

rest easy about Grandpa Donovan!"

The Grandpa he referred to was his father, the former head of the Chesire family,

Donovan!

Since Alexander single-handedly reclaimed the old Chesire family from Mark, Neil and

his son Jerome, they had been expelled

from Ol' Mare. They sought refuge from Harry in Woolpackton.

Donovan was paralyzed and abandoned. He was sent to the Sunset Red Welfare Home

in Ol' Mare, with no one to care for him,

living a

pitiful existence.

Donovan was an old man, paralyzed and lying on a sickbed. He could only cry silently

as he stared at the high walls and

withered leaves outside the window.

Tears welled up in Patrick's eyes.

"Grandpa Donovan has indeed made many mistakes in his lifetime. He was biased and

played favorites... I've hated him too,

even wished

for him to die early."

16:39

+15 BONUS

"But in the end, he's still my father! Although he didn't like me, he didn't abandon me, let

alone let me starve. Just for that, I can't

watch him without any family by his side..."

At this point, Patrick's emotions almost spiraled out of control, tears streaming down his

face.

"Patrick..."

Suzanne held Olivia, watching her husband weep in agony, feeling indescribably

distressed. "I used to have some opinions

about Grandpa Donovan too, but now..."

"

"Alexander, Amber, Grandpa Donovan is old. It's inevitable for him to lose his touch. But

after all, he is our elder. As the younger generation, can't we be more understanding?"

Amber bit her lip and turned to look at Alexander, her eyes reddening slightly.

"Mom, Dad, let's tidy up the room tonight."

Alexander smiled faintly.

"Respecting the elderly and loving the young is Wyverna's tradition. Grandpa Donovan may not be benevolent, but we must be

loyal." "Tomorrow morning, Amber and I will bring Grandpa Donovan back!"

Recharge Promo: 1000 Bonus Free

His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar #Chapter 171 - Read His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar Chapter 171

Chapter 0171

Early the next day, a large red Porsche pulled to a slow stop in front of the Sunset Red Welfare Home.

This was in the western outskirts of Ol' Mare, located at the intersection of the old and new city areas. The surrounding old

neighborhoods had almost all been relocated, with new residential areas under rapid construction. Advertisements along the

roadside were plastered with opening announcements for various new developments.

"Mister Huff, hello."

Alexander and Amber entered the director's office, stating their purpose directly.

Alexander then pulled out 10,000 dollars, smiling as he said, "We're here to take Mister Chesire back home. You can keep this

money for the other inhabitants here and buy them some nutritional supplements."

Gary Huff, the director of the welfare home, looked at the couple. He hesitated for a moment before saying, "Mister Kane and

Miss Chesire, both of you are influential figures in Ol' Mare. I initially didn't want to trouble you, but..."

He shook his head, a hint of bitterness on his face. "Forget it, I'll have someone process the discharge procedures for Mister

Chesire. Please wait a moment."

With that, he immediately picked up the office phone and arranged for caregivers to handle the paperwork.

After Gary finished the call, Amber pursed her lips and said softly, "Mister Huff, when I was young, I once donated money here.

After being driven out by the Chesire family with nowhere to go, you also took me in for a while."

"Just now, you have something you want to say. If there's anything I can help with, please feel free to tell me."

Gary fell into silence for a moment and finally sighed deeply. "It's not really a big deal. Recently..."

In recent years, the old districts in Ol' Mare's urban areas have been undergoing continuous redevelopment. The nearby old neighborhoods and those decades-old commercial buildings had been included in the new construction plan. According to high-level directives, the decision to redevelop was entirely voluntary, and no coercion was allowed.

However, the developer responsible for this area was the Ol' Mare Construction Group, rumored to have underground

connections. They used various means to demolish old buildings forcibly, and the welfare home was on the brink of collapse.

They were vulnerable to the construction company's violent demolition.

"We are in the old city area, and the roads here are quite busted." Gary took his glasses from the drawer, put them on, and

pulled up the electronic map of Ol' Mare on his phone. His face was bitter as he said, "I've selected a few locations, hoping to

relocate the welfare home. Otherwise, the elderly people living here will be homeless!"

"But even in the cheapest location, the cost is beyond what we can afford, so..." Gary sighed.

Alexander squinted slightly, whispering, "Mister Huff, considering the compensation law in Ol' Mare, you should receive a

considerable amount for the relocation of the welfare home, right?"

"A considerable amount? Ah!" Gary shook his head, the bitterness on his face deepening. "Our welfare home is not small, over

two thousand square meters in total. If we include the above-ground structures, we need at least sixty million in compensation.

Relocating the welfare home is, of course, not a problem."

"But the Ol' Mare Construction Group offered only five million in compensation, not a penny more!"

Five million?

Amber's pretty face was filled with surprise. "Not even a tenth of the compensation standard?! Also, didn't the higher-ups say it's all voluntary? Mister Huff, do you even want to move?"

Gary looked at the welfare home outside his office and the elderly people basking in the sun in the yard. His gaze filled with

nostalgia. "I've lived here for over 20 years, and these elderly people have become my family. Forget about the five million in

compensation. I wouldn't want to move even if given fifty million!"

As he spoke, he rubbed his eyes again helplessly. "Even if I don't want to move, what can I do? The influence of the Ol' Mare

Construction Group is too great. The welfare home can't afford to provoke them. I have to move whether I want to or not. Their

methods are too ruthless!

122

Methods?

+15 BONUS

Alexander held Amber's hand. He gazed into Gary's eyes and softly asked, "Mister Huff, why don't you tell us what methods the Ol' Mare Construction Group has employed?"

Gary's eyes and softly asked, "Mister Huff, why don't you tell us what methods the Ol' Mare Construction Group has employed?"

+15 BONUS

Chapter 0172

Gary laughed bitterly, pointing toward the entrance of the welfare home not far away.

"During the day, a few thugs would occasionally come over, blocking the entrance with sticks, threatening us so we couldn't even go out to buy groceries."

"At night, they would cut our electricity wires, smash water pipes, and even cause a ruckus outside, making it impossible for the elderly to rest. They've almost driven our inhabitants to have nervous breakdowns!" As he spoke, he glanced at Amber, seeming to want to say more, but ultimately remained silent..

Amber noticed Gary's dilemma. She said with sincerity. "Mister Huff, when I was expelled from the Chesire family, I lived in the welfare home for over half a year. You took very good care of me, and I've always remembered that. If there's anything I can do, please feel free to ask."

Gary gritted his teeth and finally spoke in a low voice, "We can't afford to offend the Ol' Mare Construction Group. Our welfare home is definitely going to close down. But those elderly people in the home... Miss Chesire, you are a capable person. Can you think of a way to give those old folks a way out? On behalf of those elderly people, I thank you!"

He bowed deeply to Amber, tears welling up in the eyes of the middle-aged man in his fifties.

"Mister Huff!" Amber hurried forward, helping Gary up. She then turned to look at Alexander. "Alexander, we..."

She really did not know how to articulate the following words.

The Ol' Mare Construction Group, as Gary had mentioned, had deep-rooted influence. Since the 1980s, they have taken on the majority of

Tormora's infrastructure projects.

Even the current New Chesire Group was no match for such a massive enterprise!

Alexander smiled gently, about to speak...

"Mister Huff, Mister Chesire is here!" An abrupt shout interrupted whatever Alexander was about to say. Two middle-aged

women in caregiver uniforms pushed a stretcher, carrying a frail, emaciated old man toward the office.

“Grandpa...” As she looked at the old man lying on the stretcher, Amber’s eyes reddened, and her voice choked up uncontrollably.

After a few months of not seeing him, Donovan seemed to have aged a dozen years. His arms outside the blanket were bony, the veins on his hands were clear, and his once spirited face now bore numerous age spots. It was evident that he had suffered at the hands of that beast Neil for quite some time. It was a life worse than death, an indescribable hardship.

“We will talk about the welfare home later. Let’s bring Grandpa home first.” Amber could not help but be filled with sadness, pulling Alexander toward the stretcher.

At that moment...

Vroom!

Not far away, two black Audi A8s roared as they sped to the Sunset Red Welfare Home entrance. They stopped abruptly, raising a cloud of dust!

“Tsk!” A man in a suit and glasses from the front of Audi opened the door. He glanced at Donovan lying on the stretcher and

viciously

stomped his foot. “Hurry up and move this old guy away, don’t block my way!”

Whoosh!

Five burly men poured out of the back Audi, pushing aside Donovan’s stretcher and the two middle-aged female caregivers next to it. They then stood on both sides of the doorway, saying in unison, “Mister Lancaster!”

The man in glasses, Jeff Lancaster, looked at Alexander and Amber standing at the doorway, then at Mister Huff behind them.

He snorted disdainfully, raised his hand, and said, “You there, come over here!”

Behind Jeff, a sturdy man with a stern face walked forward, handing a black briefcase to Gary. With a threatening voice, he said,

“Take it!”

+15 BONUS

Gary did not take the briefcase. He instinctively stepped back, his face turning pale.

“What is the meaning of this? What’s in the bag? I

don’t want it!”

Jeff sneered, “Gary, you’re feeling brave, huh? The supermarkets nearby, the old

neighborhoods, everything else has been demolished.”

“I’ll give you three days at most. Get all these old folks out of here! Or else... Hehe, the construction team’s machines don’t have eyes! I’m sure you know what I mean. Don’t blame me for not warning you!”

Gary was furious, but thinking about the force behind the other party, his gaze dimmed. Swallowing his pride, he said, “If you want to demolish it, I can’t stop you, but at least compensate us, right? The lonely elderly in the home need a new place to settle!”

Compensation?

Jeff sneered and said, “You just want money, huh? You there, give it to him!”

Beside him, the sturdy man chuckled slowly, opened the briefcase, and pulled out a demolition compensation contract. He then casually

threw it to Gary.

“Gary, as long as you sign the contract, all this compensation is yours!”

Chapter 0173

“Compensation...”

Gary suppressed his anger and picked up the contract, glancing through it. He suddenly froze, and he exclaimed, “One million?!”

“Didn’t you say last time you came that you would compensate me with five million?”

Why is it less this time? The welfare

institution sits on such a large piece of land. According to the compensation standard, it should be 60 million!”

‘60 million? Ridiculous!’

Jeff spat on the ground, threatening Gary with a stern face, “Gary, I advise you to think carefully. If you provoke our boss and get on his bad side, it won’t end up well for you! You’re not young anymore. Be careful when walking in the dark, maybe one day you’ll get stabbed, hehe!”

“You... This is coercion, I...” Gary pointed at Jeff, trembling with anger.

As soon as he raised his hand, the sturdy men beside him immediately took a step forward with fierce expressions on their faces. “Old

man, put your hand down! How dare you point your finger at Mister Lancaster? I’ll chop off your fingers!”

“You’re going too far!” At the office door, Amber could no longer contain herself and trembled with anger. “Mister Lancaster, one must be reasonable. You can’t bully others! You kicked my grandpa just now, and now you want to coerce Mister Huff? This is Ol’

Mare, you can’t act recklessly here!”

Huh?

Jeff carefully scrutinized Amber's face for a moment, then suddenly chuckled. "I felt that you looked familiar just now. Turns out

it's you,

the number one beauty in Ol' Mare, Miss Chesire!"

"Miss Chesire, let me advise you not to stay where you don't belong! Although the New Chesire Group has some power, it's

nothing

compared to our boss. It's not even on the same level. Do I need to remind you of that?"

Amber's pretty face changed suddenly. She bit her lip tightly, not saying a word.

The New Chesire Group's Life One has just gone public and is developing impressively.

If they offend Sebastian Winfrey, the

boss of Ol' Mare Urban Construction Group, they would surely face suppression and decline!

"It appears that you are a clever person, Miss Chesire. You seem well aware of our boss' capabilities." Jeff assessed Amber's delicate figure.

A sly smile gradually crept onto Jeff's lips as he glanced at Alexander beside her. "Miss Chesire, is this the prospective husband,

Alexander, at your side?"

"Waste like him is unqualified to be Miss Chesire's husband! Our boss has long favored you, Miss Chesire. Since you want to

stand up for the orphanage, why not come back with me and have a private conversation with our boss?" He chuckled.

"Our boss has been wanting to experience the taste of the number one beauty of Ol' Mare for a long time!"

Swish! Amber's face instantly turned pale, her lips pressing even tighter.

Jeff Lancaster and Sebastian Winfrey, the boss of Ol' Mare Construction Group, were despicable. They bullied everyone without

restraint,

even humiliating her!

"Where did this dog come from? Amber, Mister Huff, let's go back to the office for tea," Alexander, who had been silent beside

Amber, finally spoke softly.

"Ladies, please take Mister Chesire back to the recuperation room first. These dogs barking here might affect his mood."

Dogs? Gary and Amber's hearts trembled, and their expressions completely changed.

Did he just call Jeff and his men dogs? What about the boss of Ol' Mare Construction Group, Sebastian?

Not even George Severn dared to provoke Sebastian Winfrey!

"Oh, I almost forgot about you, the one not afraid of death!" Jeff's gaze slowly fell on Alexander's face, and he sneered softly.

"You refuse a good position and want to be a dog? Today, I'll fulfill your wish!"

1/2

+15 BONUS

With a sudden wave of his arm, he exclaimed, "Teach him how to be a dog!*

Swish! A sturdy man immediately stepped forward, grinning at Alexander. "Kid, do you know how to write the word 'death'?" I'll

give you

three seconds. Kneel down and bark like a dog now! If you exceed three seconds, I'll show you what despair means!"

Despair? Alexander did not even bother to spare him a glance as he calmly said, "You have a lot of courage. I admire that. I've

never learned how to bark like a dog. How about you give me a demonstration?"

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GET IT

+

Chapter 0174

"You want me to bark like a dog?" The sturdy man's bewilderment was replaced by a laugh—one that sounded cold. "I gave you a

chance, dude, but you just wouldn't appreciate it! I'll let you know what's the true—"

Alexander struck as quick as lightning. He grabbed the man by the neck and flung him away.

The sturdy man flew 20 meters away, crashing into the walls of the welfare home in the distance with a loud bang before slowly

sliding down to the ground.

He twitched on the floor before cocking his head. He passed out on the spot.

"What....."

Many elderly people were basking under the sun in the courtyard, including Donovan on a stretcher. Their eyes widened in sheer

shock at the sight.

Alexander was too strong!

"Alex-.." Amber was equally baffled. She had seen Alexander fighting a few times already, but she never thought that he would

be so swift

on his feet. An ordinary person would not be able to track him!

*Fuck! How dare you touch my men!" Jeff was seething. He turned to look at the five gruff men behind him and barked, "What are you standing there for? Go! Kill him!"

The five men came to their senses and charged at Alexander, growling at him.

"Puny humans." Alexander casually waved his hand, one crisp slap each for five of them.

His unsuspecting opponents never got to graze even his hair. They merely saw a blurred figure in front of them and a slap on

their faces.

They were sent flying back with their necks turning before they slammed to the ground,

groaning and whimpering. Their mouths were bloodied just by the sheer impact.

“Impossible! The tongue-tied Jeff looked at Alexander and trembled.

His hired mercenaries were seasoned fighters that no one would dare challenge, yet they could not even go up against

Alexander! How

was he so strong and so quick? Was he even human?

“It’s your turn.” Alexander calmly walked to Jeff. He took off Jeff’s glasses from his face.

“My glasses! My glasses!” His sight rendered blurry, Jeff frantically grabbed around.

“Alexander, what are you trying to do? Give

me my

glasses!”

“As a secretary, you should know better who you can afford to offend.” Alexander threw the glasses to the ground and crushed

them with

his feet. He said calmly, “Clearly, you have no eye for these things. It’s a waste wearing glasses. Also...you probably don’t even

need your

eyes as well!”

Alexander gave Jeff a backhanded slap, sending Jeff flying. His eyeballs exploded and turned into a bloody mush.

“Ah!” Jeff wailed out loud and fell to the ground feebly. He was rendered blind.

This was the price he had to pay for insulting Amber.

“Aahh! My eyes! My eyes!” Jeff writhed as he clutched his face. He was going mad.

“You dare blind me, Kane?! My superior will

hunt you! You’re dead! You’re dead!”

Nearby, the men that were slapped away by Alexander immediately helped Jeff into the Audi A8 by the side and fled the scene

right away.

They also brought the passed-out sturdy man as well.

“Mister Kane.” Gary could not recover from his shock even as he watched the men flee.

He stood by the door of the office for a

long time before he finally came to his senses and smiled bitterly at Alexander.

“I never thought you’d be that strong. Though it was fun to beat them up, but...”

+15 BONUS

His phone suddenly vibrated. A call came in.

“Could it be...” He had a guess on what this was about. He took his phone out and looked at who was calling. He instantly

stiffened. It was him! The boss of Ol’ Mare Construction Group, Sebastian Winfrey!

+15 BONUS

Chapter 0175

Chapter 0175

At that very moment, in the Ol’ Mare Construction Group at the top-floor Chairman’s

office...

Sebastian Winfrey, a man in his fifties, was sitting in his luxurious swivel chair with his phone in his left hand. His right hand was occupied

with fondling a sultry woman at his side.

He sneered. "How dare he not answer my call? This guy must have a death wish!"

The woman in his arms chuckled. "Mister Winfrey, perhaps Gary is just scared to death at your call. Who in Ol' Mare would dare to offend

you? Jeff suffered such a huge loss at the Sunset Red Welfare Home. You have to demand justice on his behalf."

Sebastian nodded slowly. He had just received word from his men that his most trusted right-hand man, Jeff, was beaten up so badly by

Alexander that his eyes exploded. This was a humiliation to him.

Right at this moment, Sebastian's phone vibrated.

Gary's frightened voice rang out from the other end. "M-Mister Winfrey, I can explain!

This entire matter is a misunderstanding..."

A misunderstanding?

Sebastian sneered. "Gary, I got Jeff to take some men there on my behalf. I gave you three days. I even gave you one hundred and fifty thousand dollars as compensation, yet you beat up my men and even blinded Jeff! Do you want to die that badly? Shall

I prepare a coffin for you, Gary? How dare you humiliate me!"

Even in the welfare home's office, Gary could not help but shudder. Sebastian's words were cruel.

The Ol' Mare Construction Group had been established in Ol' Mare for more than a few decades. They had a huge group of men working for them. Their boss, Sebastian Winfrey, had a rather complicated background. Apparently, he had ties with Province Town.

Those in Ol' Mare, or even Tormora, whoever offended Sebastian would suffer one way or another.

"But it really is a misunderstanding, sir!" Gary was sweating profusely. "Let me explain. I-

"Enough with the nonsense!" snarled Sebastian. "Alexander has to suffer for what he did to my men. Gary, tell Alexander to bring

Amber along and apologize to me! If I don't see them within half an hour, I'll burn your welfare home and New Chesire Group to the ground!"

Sebastian hung up immediately.

"W-We're doomed!" Gary saw black. He stumbled and almost fell to the ground.

They were done for!

Even those in Province Town had to show Sebastian Winfrey some respect. Who in Ol'

Mare would dare to offend him?

Alexander had beat up his man. He had caused serious trouble this time!

“Mister Huff.”

Alexander heard their entire conversation despite the call not being in speaker mode at the time. “He wants me to apologize?

Well, it just so happens that I want to see him, too!” he said with a smile. “Amber, take your grandfather home. I’ll head to Ol’

Mare Construction Group.

”

Then, he turned and left.

“No!” Amber instinctively grabbed Alexander’s arm and said worriedly, “You can’t go!

Don’t! You don’t know what type of person

Sebastian Winfrey is. I’ve heard of him since I was young. He’s different from the other moguls! He doesn’t bat an eye when it

comes to murder!”

Alexander laughed.

He was the Lord of War! He fought his way through battlefields all around the world and was equal to the rulers of the world. How

would such a person be afraid of a lowly Sebastian Winfrey?

“Alex!” Amber looked at Alexander laughing. She knew that he would not listen to her.

She gritted her teeth. “Since you insist on

going, I... I’ll come with you.”

+15 BONUS

Gary had been hesitating for a long time. He had the briefcase that the sturdy man brought over. He finally made up his mind.

“Mister Kane, this incident started because of me. I can’t just sit and do nothing. We’ll go together! I’ll risk my life and ask

Sebastian for mercy.”

Alexander pondered for a while. Then, he sent a message to Patrick.

[Dad, Grandpa is in Sunset Red Welfare Home. Could you and Mom come and pick him up?]

After sending the message, he turned and walked over to his Porsche. He patted the car door and smiled at Amber and Gary.

“Didn’t you guys say you want to come along? Come on, then.”

+15 BONUS

Chapter 0176

Chapter 0176

About 20 minutes later, at the Ol’ Mare Construction Group’s top-floor Chairman’s office.....

The seductive woman had left. Jeff stood opposite Sebastian’s table, his eyes wrapped in bandages. He was in so much pain that he panted for air. He was fuming.

"It hurts? You're mad?" Sebastian gave a fake smile. He pulled his drawer out and retrieved an expensive cigar.

He snickered. "Don't panic. I'll make sure Alexander pays the price for hurting you."

Jeff gritted his teeth. He knelt to the ground and sobbed. "Sir, I'm no longer of any use to you with my damaged eyes—no thanks to Alexander. I just have one tiny request. If Alexander ever dares to come over, I want to choke him to death with my own hands."

Sebastian took a draw of the cigar and nodded. Then, he turned to look at the surveillance monitor by the side of his desk.

The surveillance was of the open space square right in front of the office building. A bright red Porsche stopped right in front of the square. Alexander got out of the car and looked up at the building. When Amber

and Gary got out of the car as well, he said with a smile, "Let's go."

It was half past eight in the morning, peak rush hour. The lobby was brimming with staff rushing for work. The elevators had a queue.

Alexander led Amber and Gary into the lobby. He walked over to the elevator and sneered. "Everyone, move aside."

The staff members looked at each other before staring at Alexander from head to toe. Who the hell was this man, and how dare

he cause a scene at the Ol' Mare Construction Group? Did he have a death wish?

Right at this moment, a voice rang out from the speakers.

"Alexander Kane, you're here!" Sebastian's voice rang out through the elevator speakers. He snickered maliciously. "Everybody, move aside. Let them get their asses here immediately!"

The staff in the elevator immediately moved aside, opening up a two-meter-wide pathway for Alexander, Amber, and Gary. They looked at them with delight, reveling in their misfortune.

These people must have crossed Sebastian. They might be able to take the elevator up, but who knew if they would be able to

come down from the office? Word has it that the last person who offended the big boss had both his legs snapped off.

"Alexander Kane, Amber Chesire, Gary Huff." Sebastian looked at them through the surveillance monitor. He merely swapped a

quick glance at Alexander and Gary before landing his gaze on Amber.

She had long legs, a thin waist, and a perfect face.

"She's an absolute beauty!" Sebastian fondled his crotch and smiled lecherously. He silently waited for their arrival.

Two minutes later, the doors to the office were opened from outside. Alexander strode in first, followed by Amber and Gary.

"Gary!" Sebastian, still in his chair, ignored Alexander and Amber. He sneered at Gary.

"What did I say? I told you all to come up

immediately, not take your sweet time!"

Gary shuddered in fear. He forced a smile and replied, "Mister Winfrey, I hope you look the other way. This is all a misunderstanding."

A misunderstanding?

Sebastian looked at Amber's long legs and sneered. "Miss Chesire is the perfect woman. She can stay and attend to my needs later. As for the others..."

He turned to look at Jeff and said murderously. "Jeff, Alexander was the one who made you blind, yes? How do you want to deal with this? Tell him."

Jeff's eyes were wrapped in bandages. When he heard Alexander's footsteps, he could no longer hold back.

"Even slicing his throat would be a kinder fate to him, sir!" he snarled. "I want him to kneel and bark like a dog! I want him to grovel toward me ten times and crawl under my legs!"

+15 BONUS

Chapter 0177

Chapter 0177

Gary and Amber felt their hearts sink at Jeff's words.

Jeff wanted Alexander to bark like a dog, grovel at his feet, and crawl from under him.

"Don't be afraid." Alexander did not even look at Jeff. He pointed at the couch and smiled at Amber and Gary. "Come, have a seat. Let's see

what else Mister Winfrey and Mister Lancaster are up to. We'll play along with them."

Play along?

Sebastian looked at Alexander and took a draw of cigars. He sneered. "You arrogant boy. How dare you act like you're all that? I

heard Jeff

say that you could fight?"

Sebastian clapped and barked, "Come out right now!"

A group of burly men came charging from the room next door with bats in their hands, surrounding Alexander, Amber, and Gary.

The two men standing in front of the group had a dagger on their waists, their veins protruding at their temples. They looked like they were

well-trained.

"Do you still want to be cocky now, Alexander?" Sebastian crossed his legs and snickered. "I know you can fight, so I prepared

this for you. These are all my best men. Let's see how you fair against them!"

Alexander did not even look up. His gaze was calm. "Just this? Not enough."

"Oh?" Sebastian cackled. "How gutsy of you, Alexander Kane! I like you. Alright, as long as you grovel and bark like a dog, then

crawl from under Jeff's legs, I'll be merciful and let you live!"

At that, the group of men went in closer, their bats aimed at Alexander. They were moments away from beating him up.

"Mister Winfrey!" Gary panicked. He immediately took out the compensation contract from his bag and said, "Don't be angry.

Let's talk it out! You want the welfare home, right? I'll sign it right now. I'll give you the welfare home. I'll get the old people to shift out immediately!"

He took the pen out and was about to sign the contract.

Right at this moment, Alexander chimed in, "I really don't like people who use their powers to bully others."

Alexander casually reached out and took Gary's pen. He said calmly, "You guys like to sign contracts, right? I'll sign on your behalf."

His figure suddenly blurred.

The entire office was packed with men. There was no place to move at all, yet Alexander flew speedily like lightning. His feet did not need to touch the ground at all.

In a split second, there were a dozen of his figures. He was so quick that it was indescribable.

Those men, including the two well-trained fighters, could not even see Alexander properly with their eyes. They suddenly felt a sting on their faces. When they touched it, they felt blood.

"W... What the hell?!"

Gary and Amber were bewildered. Their hearts were pounding so hard that they felt their whole body shaking.

The men only felt a stinging pain on their faces. They did not know what was happening, but Gary, Amber, and Sebastian could see.

Alexander moved with an unbelievable speed and carved on their faces with a pen. It was as if the men were apologizing for their misdemeanor. Their faces were carved with the words 'I'm sorry'.

"How do you like this signature, Mister Winfrey?"

Alexander suddenly stopped right in front of Sebastian.

He reached his left hand out and grabbed Sebastian's face by the chin. He had the pen in his right hand. He slowly smiled as if about to sentence Sebastian to death.

"Oh, don't worry, Mister Winfrey. I'll sign a final one for you!"

+15 BONUS

"No, no!" The pen slowly carved into Sebastian's face. He struggled in pain. "Alexander Kane, you're nuts! H-How dare you!

Don't you know who I am?!" he wailed. "I'm one of Drake Hardy's men! Drake Hardy of Province Town!"

Drake Hardy?

Alexander ignored him. He continued carving the words 'I'm sorry' on Sebastian's face! Alexander threw the pen aside and dusted his hands. "You mentioned Drake Hardy? Call him now, then. Get him to come over! I don't mind signing on his face, too!"

Chapter 0178

+15 BONUS

Alexander was 'open' to sign on Drake Hardy's face?

Sebastian clutched his face as blood trickled down his face. At this moment, he regretted underestimating Alexander! He never

would have imagined that the good-for-nothing son-in-law, the one who only learned how to fight for a few years, would be so vicious and so terrifyingly powerful.

His men, all 20 of them, had not even made a move when Alexander carved their faces with a pen. Even Sebastian himself was not spared!

If anything, this meant that Alexander could easily pierce all their throats with a pen, killing them all on the spot if he wanted to.

"Did you hear what I said?" Alexander looked at Sebastian and calmly said, "My patience has its limits. Call Drake Hardy and all the others who are involved, now. None of them will be spared."

Sebastian did not dare to disobey Alexander. He took his phone out shakily, though he hesitated for a while. Then, his legs

turned to jelly. He knelt in front of Alexander and sobbed, "I Forgive me. Mister Kane! I can't call Drake Hardy. Mister Hardy has

long washed his hands clean. He forbade anyone to contact him. He's retired now. We can't even get through to him!"

Oh?

Alexander raised an eyebrow before nodding. It seemed like Drake Hardy had nothing to do with the welfare home. Sebastian was just

using his name.

"Also, regarding the welfare home..." Alexander reached his hand out to Gary, who was utterly terrified. "Mister Huff, the welfare home is yours. You come and talk to him."

Gary did not dare to defy Alexander. He cautiously walked up to Sebastian and said timidly. "Mister Winfrey, what do you think about..."

Sebastian bawled out sobbing.

Alexander was right there in front of him. Would he still dare to take advantage of the Sunset Red Welfare Home? He would

never dare to

do it!

"Mister Huff, I'm sorry for making this stupid mistake! I shouldn't have tried to take over

the welfare home!"

Sebastian sobbed for a while before stopping. His tears stung his injuries on his face.

"I'll give compensation based on the

regulations. I should be giving you nine million dollars. No, twelve million dollars!" He

forcibly smiled. "Mister Huff, I'll give you

twelve million dollars! We don't have to tear down the welfare home! It's your call!"

Gary was happy with the outcome. He bowed at Alexander, his face beaming with gratitude.

He never expected that the untouchable Sebastian Winfrey would be so easily subdued by Alexander. His men and those thugs

could not do any damage to Alexander at all!

"There's something else, too." Alexander calmly looked at Sebastian. "You said that you want my wife to attend to your needs,

correct?" An explosion went off in Sebastian's head. He was so frightened that his limbs turned numb. How could he have even

entertained the thought of taking Amber to bed? He was utterly horrified!

"I'm a monster! I'm a bastard!" Sebastian wailed and fell to the ground, rolling in fear.

"Mister Alexander, Miss Chesire, I'm sorry!

I'm really sorry! Please have mercy!"

Sebastian, in his fifties, was clearly afraid of dying. He did not care about dignity anymore. He rolled on the floor bawling,

extremely

terrified of Alexander.

"S-Sir..." Jeff might be blind, but he could still hear. He could roughly guess what had happened. He was trembling. "Y...

You....."

"It's all your fault!" Sebastian wailed and pointed at Jeff. He was fuming. "How dare you offend Mister Kane! You're really wishing

for death! Everyone, take him down! Beat him to death!"

Alexander was still there. Sebastian's men did not dare to move at all. They stood timidly in the same spot, blood trickling down

their

faces.

"Amber, Mister Huff." Alexander ignored everyone else and said with a smile. "The welfare home problem has been solved. We

should

head back."

He held Amber's hand and left the office with Gary following behind. As for Jeff's life?

He was just a puny human. It was not

worth caring for.

Chapter 0179

+15 BONUS

Coming out of the Or Mare Construction Group, Gary thanked Alexander and Amber

profusely.

With Sebastian's 12-million-dollar compensation, the Sunset Red Welfare Home would no longer need to be relocated. The

lonely old people there would not need to worry about their survival, too.

Gary was so thankful that his eyes reddened.

"We should head back as well." Alexander and Amber dropped Gary off at the welfare home before heading home to Belmont

Hills.

Patrick and Susanne had picked up Donovan and brought him home. They had just put him to bed.

Patrick and Susanne were in the living room, feeling unspeakably upset.

Donovan was still healthy a few months ago, yet at this moment, he was paralyzed in bed. He could not even form a sentence.

"Dad, Mom, is Grandpa asleep?" Amber entered with Alexander. She looked at the wheelchair placed by the side and bit her lip

gently. She said softly, "We'll take good care of Grandpa. He'll recuperate for sure."

Patrick wanted to respond, but he hesitated. Then, he sighed.

His father was in this state because of that bastard, Neil. It was too bad no one knew where he and Jerome were hiding. Harry,

too. There had not been any news from him ever since he returned to Province Town.

He only hoped that Harry learned his

lesson and not come to Ol 'Mare to cause any further trouble.

"Neil and Harry are my brothers." Patrick was silent for a while before looking at Alexander pleadingly. "Alex, as long as they

don't cause any trouble, please ignore them. After all, blood is thicker than water. I..."

Alexander nodded with a smile. "Don't worry, Dad. I understand."

"Sigh..." Patrick inhaled deeply, looking extremely grateful.

He witnessed how powerful his son-in-law was. If Neil and Harry still did cause trouble, by then, even if he begged for mercy, it

might be pointless already.

"Dad, Mom. The atmosphere was a little down in the living room. Amber forced a smile.

"There is still work to do at the office.

Alex and I will head over there first. We'll have dinner together tonight."

Then, Amber pulled Alexander along and shut the door behind her.

"Amber." Alexander was driving with one hand on the steering wheel. He gently tapped on the phone on his screen. He played

some soothing music.

He said gently, "Grandpa Donovan is bedridden. Mom and Dad are upset. If you want, I could get William Abbott over once more

and treat him...."

Before he could finish his sentence, Amber's phone in her pocket vibrated. A call came in.

"Coral?" Amber was a little delighted when she saw who the caller was. Her heavy heart was lightened a little.

Coral was her Uncle Kolten's daughter. Coral was younger than Amber by six years. When the Braine family was kicked out of the family by the Chesire family, Coral was only in high school. Amber secretly helped her with her own living expenses. They were extremely close.

The last time, during their grandmother's 80th birthday, Coral was still in college and could not find the time to return, Amber missed her quite a bit.

When she received Coral's call, she immediately answered it with delight. "Coral, did you miss me? Do you need some money? I

can wire it to you now!"

Kolten's family was not doing well. Coral was in college, so their living expenses were quite high. Since New Chesire Group was growing quickly, Amber had quite a lot of cash with her. Of course, she had to help her cousin whenever she could.

"Amber, I'm already a senior. I'm about to start my internship. I can earn my own money!" Coral giggled in delight. She sounded hopeful."

+15 BONUS

I'll be interning at Cloud Atlas Group in Woolpackton! My flight is a six-thirty this evening! I'll wait for you to pick me up! See you there!"

What?

Amber was a little stunned. She looked at her phone worriedly. Woolpackton was quite a distance from Ol' Mare; it was about a two-hour drive.

Life One had just been released in the market, so there was much work to be done. She could not take the time out to pick Coral up.. "Coral." Amber thought for a while before turning to look at Alexander. She cheekily stuck her tongue out at him before

saying to the phone, "I'm quite busy. I can't pick you up. I'll get Alex to pick you up. You can get to know him better too. He'll be there!"

Then, before Coral could say anything, Amber hung up.

"Hello? Amber? Amber!" Coral yelled a few times. She puffed her cheeks in anger. She was not done talking!

Other than her, she also had a few college mates and her boyfriend with her. Although Coral never met Alexander before, she has heard of him through the other family members. He was a good-for-nothing retired veteran.

Getting Alexander to pick her up would just be embarrassing!
Chapter 0180

Chapter 0180
+15 BONUS

Around six in the evening at Woolpackton Airport, a plane from Kingstown landed. Five college students—a young handsome guy, and four pretty ladies—arrived at the arrival hall.

“Coral.” One of the girls giggled and said. “This is our first time here in Tormora. You’ll have to play a nice host! You and Yaser.

The expenses of this trip are all on your two!”

The handsome guy named Yaser Gabrick was Coral’s boyfriend. Yaser was carrying her luggage and smiling at her dotingly.

Coral stood about 1.7 meters tall. Her long hair cascaded down her shoulders. She held onto Yaser’s arm and said generously.

“Don’t worry! Although I’m from Ol’ Mare. I come to Woolpackton often. I know this place like the back of my hand! I’ll take care of everything!”

The girls giggled. “Coral, we can’t risk our safety. Your cousin’s the general manager of a huge company, right? Why don’t you

get her to arrange a few bodyguards for us? We’ll look so cool walking down the streets!”

Coral’s face instantly darkened. She harrumphed and replied, “Amber is amazing. She’s powerful and capable, but I don’t know what’s wrong with her. She married a retired veteran. She even had a daughter with him! She’s nuts!”

Yaser shook his head and smiled. “Coral, don’t say it like that. Everyone has their talents. Perhaps your cousin’s husband is great. Your cousin surely has good judgment!”

Coral pouted. “How great can he be? He’s just the head of security at New Chesire Group. He’s just a loser! Anyone could do his job!”

They had already exited the airport while they were talking.

“Coral, Coral, Coral...” Alexander was standing by the Porsche, scanning the crowd while looking at the photo on his phone. His

eyes brightened as he waved his hand enthusiastically. “Coral! Over here!”

“You’re... Alexander Kane. I mean—hi, Alex.” Coral and her college mates walked over to Alexander. She sized him up and harrumphed a little. No wonder Amber would marry him. This loser was quite handsome!

“Hi, Alex!” Although everyone knew he was a nobody, Yaser and Coral’s friends greeted him politely before looking at the Porsche next to

him.

The Porsche was a limited–edition version just released that year. It was rare to see one in Kingstown. The car was spacious.

Six people could fit inside comfortably.

“Is this Amber’s car?” Coral touched the hood of the car. She pouted. “Alex, how much do you earn per month? How many years do you

have to work to afford this car?”

He did not need to work. He could afford it whenever he wanted to.

Alexander smiled. Naturally, he showed no intention to reveal the truth. “You guys must be exhausted. I’ve arranged for a hotel.

Everyone,

get in.”

He opened the car door while talking to them, as if about to get in the car.

“No one asked you to arrange it for us! You’re just wasting Amber’s money!” Coral raised her chin and scoffed. “We’re not

children. We’ve made arrangements. We don’t need you to butt in!”

“Sure.” Alexander pondered for a while before taking a business card out of his pocket.

He handed it to Yaser and said with a

smile, “You’re Coral’s boyfriend, right? Call me if you need anything. I’ll be there right away.”

Alexander smiled at the others before driving off.

“The loser is finally gone.” Coral let out a sigh of relief. She looked at the girls and smirked. “Yo, single hoes! Do you want to go

meet cute guys? I know a good place. Let me take you there!”

Coral reached her hand out to hail a taxi and said to the driver, “To Youphoria Nightclub! Quickly!”

His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar #Chapter 181 - Read His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar Chapter 181

Chapter 0181

It was lively at Youphoria Nightclub where young men and women were on the dancefloor and dancing to loud

music.

“That felt amazing!” Coral and her friends had just danced for a while but were already sweating. They

returned to their booths by the side of the dancefloor.

The girls were very pretty, especially Coral. She looked quite a bit like Amber. She had fair-porcelain-like skin.

Her white t-shirt was soaked through with sweat, sticking onto her, showing off her great figure.

All the men around her were ogling at her!

“Damn, baby girl got that!” Nearby, a young man with a buzzcut, dressed in expensive Versace, was sizing up

Coral with a smirk. “Guys, guess how long it’ll take me to get this chick?”

The few thuggish-looking men slapped a stack of cash on the table.

“I’ll guess five minutes!”

“Less than three!”

The young man with the buzzcut snickered. He took his cocktail and walked over to Coral. He gestured chivalrously. “Miss, are you interested in a drink? I’m-”

“No, thank you!” Coral did not care who he was. She harrumphed. “I have a boyfriend. If you want other girls,

go look for someone else!”

“Oh, you’re a tough one! I like you!” The young man smirked. “You’re not going to say yes? Okay, then! I can’t be bothered to deal with you either. Either you drink this glass of cocktail, or...”

He turned his neck, raised his fingers to his mouth, and whistled. Then, he waved his hand over.

The few thugs immediately got up and looked over at him. They sneered.

“Guys.” Yaser, sitting next to Coral, furrowed his brow at the sight. He picked up his glass and said firmly, “I’m

her boyfriend. If you want to drink, I’ll drink with you guys!”

The young man with the buzzcut sneered and splashed his drink onto Yaser’s face. He smiled maliciously. “I

want to drink with her! Who the hell do you think you are? Boyfriend? So what?”

Coral’s friends were so frightened, their faces paled. They did not even dare to breathe.

Coral trembled in fury. She wiped Yaser’s face with a few pieces of tissues and snapped, “Who the hell do you

think you are? Why are you being a bully?!”

“I’ll show you who I am!” The young man with the buzzcut smashed his glass on Yaser’s face.

“Fuck off!” barked Yaser. He swerved and swung his fist which landed squarely on the young man with the buzzcut’s chest.

“Fuck you!” The young man almost fell, not expecting to be punched. He clutched his chest and gasped for air.

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+15 BONUS

The other three thugs and the young man with the buzzcut charged at Yaser.

“Coral, run!” Yaser tried fending off the four thugs. “Go! Run!”

He joined the mixed martial arts club in college. He was quite good at fighting, but alas, he was outnumbered. He kept retreating.

The patrons of Youphoria Nightclub were used to fights happening, so they merely added the noise into the chaos.

Even the staff were laughing and joking about it. They were going to wait for them to finish fighting before calculating the damages and charging them as usual, so they did not care how they fought.

“You bastard!” The four thugs had beaten Yaser to the ground. They threw punches at him while swearing.

The young man with the buzzcut yelled, “Hold him down! I’ll call more people!” He quickly ran over to the staircase and yelled upstairs. “Don’t just sit there! Come down now and beat up someone for me!”

That spelled trouble, no doubt.

Yaser felt panic rising in his chest. He was barely fending off by going up against four guys. If there were more, he would not be able to take it!

“Go! Go quickly!” He kicked and punched the three thugs, forcing them back, before rushing out of Youphoria Nightclub with the three girls. “Split up! We’ll call each other!”

He stuffed Alexander’s business card into Coral’s hand. “Coral, call Alex. Quickly!”

The girls were frightened to death. Coral was almost in tears, too. She took her phone out and was about to call Alex.

Right at this moment, a burly figure rushed out of the door and kicked Yaser to the ground. Then, he quickly snatched Coral’s phone. He sneered. “Hey, chick. Who said you could make a call?”

“Ah!” Coral screamed. She ran over to Yaser, hugging his arm while sobbing. “Yaser, are you alright?! Yaser!”

Yaser coughed and spat a mouthful of blood. He was just about to say something when he froze.

A few meters away by the entrance of Youphoria Nightclub, the young man with the buzzcut led three thugs and six other young men out. They slowly walked toward Yaser and Coral.

The young man with the buzzcut sneered maliciously, “Girl, were you trying to call for help? Who were you trying to call?”

Chapter 0182

Who was she about to call?

Coral and her friends bent next to Yaser, terrified and near tears.

Who could she call since her phone was taken from her? What was the point if she called that loser, Alexander? It would be much better to call the cops.

“Were you planning to call family or the cops?” The young man with the buzzcut looked

at Coral and sneered.” Guys, tell this chick who Woolpackton belongs to. Who am I afraid of in Woolpackton?” The group of thugs laughed. “It doesn’t matter who you call, girlie. It’s pointless! Our boss, Jason Lind, has his eyes on you already!”

Jason, the young man with the buzzcut, smiled smugly. He waved his hand. “Byron, give her the phone. She wants to call someone for help, doesn’t she? Let her. I want to see who’d dare to come and rescue them!”

The burly man, Byron, immediately went up and threw the phone at Coral. He snickered. “Well, sweetheart, our boss is asking you to make a call. Go on!”

She could not call the cops...

Coral trembled while holding her phone. She looked at Yaser, who had been constantly spitting blood out. She dialed Alexander’s phone helplessly.

“Alex... W-We’ve gotten into trouble at Youphoria Nightclub. Please help us,” Coral sobbed.

At that moment, in a dingy inn, Alexander sat up in bed. He held his phone tightly and said in a low voice,

Stay calm, Coral. I’ll be there right away!”

He immediately put on his clothes, got in the Porsche, and drove off to Youphoria Nightclub.

Coral hung up the phone and hugged Yaser tightly, sobbing. “I called Alex... He said he’ll be here soon.”

Yaser was badly injured. Blood was trickling from the corner of his mouth. He looked up at Jason and forced a smile. “Mister Lind, it was all a misunderstanding. I—”

Jason slapped Yaser’s face harshly and sneered.

“A misunderstanding? Does this slap count as a misunderstanding? I told you to let your girlfriend sleep with me for the night, or...”

He then barked, “Byron!”

Byron took a step and kicked Yaser right in the gut.

Yaser wailed. He rolled away and hit the lamp pole by the side of the street. He curled up immediately and

spat more blood out. He could not speak anymore.

“Yaser!” Coral cried and ran over to Yaser. “Yaser! Are you alright? Mister Lind, I beg you to have mercy. Stop hitting him! I’m willing to pay! My cousin-in-law is coming soon! She’ll surely pay you all! She’s rich!”

+15 BONUS

Her three friends cried as well. They stood around Coral and Yaser, not knowing what to do.

“Coral...” Yaser was barely conscious. He reached out and touched Coral’s hair and forced a smile. “I’m sorry for being useless. I couldn’t protect you. I.....”

His hand dropped to the ground. His head tilted as he lost consciousness. “He passed out? What a loser!” Jason took a few steps forward and kicked Yaser a few more times. Then, he smirked lewdly. “Byron, take the chicks back! I’ll let you all have fun once I’m done with them! We’ll all have fun!”

The haughty Byron reached out to grab Coral’s arm. Right at this moment, a car screeched loudly. At the crossroad nearby, a red Porsche came speeding forward. While the car was still moving, the door to the driver’s seat opened. A figure sprang forth with the speed of light. In just a blink of an eye, the figure landed on the floor. The moment his feet landed on the ground, a pit hole with a diameter of half a meter in the ground opened up. He sprang forth and swung his fist. Bang!

Byron’s right hand nearly grabbed Coral’s arm, but he could no longer move forward. He felt as if he had just been hit by a train. He flew backward and crashed into the walls of Youphoria Nightclub eight meters away. Then, he slid to the ground, unconscious. “A-Alex...”

Coral shuddered. She, as well as everyone else, was completely bewildered. He was way too powerful! Alexander’s skills were far beyond their imagination. He flew out from a moving Porsche, created a pit hole from where he stepped, and punched Byron away with just one punch. How strong was he? Was he even human? “Coral, move aside!” Alexander moved Coral aside and pressed his finger on Yaser’s neck to feel for a pulse. He was alarmed at his finding. Yaser was in serious danger. His heart rate was extremely slow, and he was barely breathing. His internal organs were damaged, and he suffered from internal bleeding as well. He had to go to the hospital immediately!

Chapter 0183

“Before we get some help for Yaser, though...” Alexander’s gaze darkened as he retracted his fingers slowly. He glanced at the thugs and said in a growl, “Tell me, how do you guys want to die?” Jason was a little stunned. He gritted his teeth. “Don’t think you could be cocky just

because you could fight, dude. My cousin is..."

Alexander did not even give him the chance to finish his sentence. He moved swiftly and struck.

In less than half a second, he attacked nine times.

Jason and the other eight thugs only sensed a blurry figure before flying backward.

Some crashed into the entrance of Youphoria

Nightclub. Some crashed into lamp poles nearby. Some crashed into the walls like Byron.

The nine of them were taken down even before they could sense Alexander's movements.

"Yaser has to be sent to the hospital now." Alexander ignored the thugs and lifted

Yaser. He headed quickly into the Porsche and

yelled, "Coral, girls, get in the car!"

Dumbstruck, Coral and the girls quickly ran over and squeezed into the Porsche.

Coral's heart was pounding wildly when she looked at Alexander in the driver's seat.

Was this the so-called loser, good-for-nothing retired veteran? What nonsense!

Alexander was superhuman. He was a monster! He was not human at all!

"Buckle your seatbelts, and sit tight."

Alexander slammed the gas pedal. The tires screeched loudly against the road and shot forth.

About 20 minutes later...

"Ugh... This hurts like a damn truck." Byron, by the entrance of the Youphoria Nightclub, opened his eyes and slowly crawled

over to Jason. He gasped and said, "B-Boss! Wake up!"

A few minutes later, Jason slowly opened his eyes. His body twitched in pain.

It hurt terribly. His bones felt like they were about to crack! He sat on the floor, gasping for air. He thought back about the scene that just happened and ground his teeth, fuming.

That man was way too cruel, flying out from the Porsche and punching them all off. He was so quick that no

one could see him!

"B-Boss." Byron held Jason's arm and got up with difficulty. His face paled. "That man is way too powerful! None of us are a

match for him! I think we should just call it off..."

"Call it off? Admit defeat?" Jason's eyes gleamed maliciously. He gritted his teeth. "Who in Woolpackton would

415 BONUS

me, no matter how strong that man is, he'd still have to kneel and beg for forgiveness!"

Cousin?

Byron's eyes brightened and gleamed excitedly,

That man might be strong, but Jason's cousin was the heir to the Youphoria Nightclub,

the famous Prince.

“Bro!” Jason took his phone out and dialed his cousin’s number. “Someone got to me.

He drove a Porschel He

even kicked Byron and sent him flying! We’re no match!”

The Prince was silent for a while before saying, “Where is he?”

“Well...” Taken aback, Jason then said with gritted teeth, “I’m guessing he’s most likely heading to the hospital. Byron had hurt

one of his people. Internal bleeding. They’ll surely head to the hospital!”

“Okay.” The Prince said silently. His voice was as cold and sharp as a blade. “I don’t care which hospital they have gone to; I’ll

find out where they are in less than 3 minutes. I don’t care who they are. The

consequences for offending the Lind family will only be death!”

Chapter 0184

Yaser had just been transferred from the emergency room to a normal ward in Central Woolpackton Hospital. He was breathing

stably. His face has regained quite some color.

The anesthesia had not worn off yet, so he slept soundly.

“You guys came in time.” The middle-aged doctor in charge of resuscitating Yaser came out sweating and looking worried.

“The patient has suffered a lot of internal damage and bleeding. If he had come any later, his injuries would be

much worse, and he’d be in much more danger.”

Tears welled up in Coral’s eyes. She choked up and said, “Doctor, is my boyfriend alright? When will he come

around?”

“Oh, he has a good physical state. We rescued him in time and stopped the bleeding already.” The doctor pondered for a while

and said, “If all is well, he’ll be discharged within two to three days, though he can’t do extreme sports. If he can afford it, he

could still continue staying here recuperating.”

Coral looked at Yaser, who was sound asleep. She finally let out a sigh of relief before looking at her friends

guiltily.

While Yaser fought off those thugs, they suffered some light injuries. They had put on some medicine and taken some painkillers.

They sat around Yaser’s bed, looking at each other and at Alexander.

They were on the eighth floor of the building. Alexander was standing by the window with his hands behind his back. He looked

at the square in front of the hospital with a narrowed gaze.

“A-Alex.” Coral carefully walked over to Alexander. She said softly. “Thank you for saving Yaser. I...”

A suddenly loud car honk interrupted Coral mid-speech.

Four cars came speeding over, honking all the way, disrupting the peace in the hospital.

They drove and crashed into the main gates of the hospital.

About 20 men in black, Jason, Byron, and a young man whose nose was covered in bandages, came out of the car. Some had iron bars in their hands while others had knives. They walked into the hospital with a murderous gaze.

The young man with the broken nose was the heir to the Youphoria Nightclub, the son of Woolpackton's underground boss, Tommy Lind. His nickname was The Prince.

"H-Hold right there." Two security guards were horrified to see The Prince leading a group of men over, especially when they noticed their weapons. They braced themselves and walked over. They smiled fawningly, "Guys, you're at the hospital..."

A hard and fast slap landed right on the security guard.

Jason moved his wrist and pointed at The Prince. He sneered at the security guards.

"You lapdogs. How dare you block our

way? Open your eyes and have a good look at who this person is!"

me, no matter how strong that man is, he'd still have to kneel and beg for forgiveness or Cousin?

Byron's eyes brightened and gleamed excitedly.

That man might be strong, but Jesort's cousin was the heir to the Youchora Nightclub, the famous Prince.

"Brot" Jason took his phone out and dialed his cousin's number. "Someone got to me.

He drove a Porschel He even kicked

Byron and sent him tying! We're no match!

The Prince was silent for a while before saying "Where is he?"

"Well Taken aback, Jason then said with gritted teeth, I'm guessing he's most likely heading to the hospital Byron had hurt one of

his people. Internal bleeding. They'll surely head to the foscital

"Okay, The Prince said silently. His voice was as cold and sharp as a blade. I don't care which hospital they have gone to; I find out where they are in less than 3 minutes. I don't care who they are. The consequences for offending the Lind family will only be

deatS

Chapter 0184

Yaser had just been transferred from the emergency room to a normal ward in Central Woolpackton Hospital.

He was breathing stably. His face has regained quite some color.

The anesthesia had not worn off yet, so he slept soundly.

"You guys came in time." The middle-aged doctor in charge of resuscitating Yaser came out sweating and looking worried.

"The patient has suffered a lot of internal damage and bleeding. If he had come any

later, his injuries would be much worse, and he'd be in much more danger."

Tears welled up in Coral's eyes. She choked up and said, "Doctor, is my boyfriend alright? When will he come around?"

"Oh, he has a good physical state. We rescued him in time and stopped the bleeding already." The doctor pondered for a while and said, "If all is well, he'll be discharged within two to three days, though he can't do extreme sports. If he can afford it, he could still continue staying here recuperating." Coral looked at Yaser, who was sound asleep. She finally let out a sigh of relief before looking at her friends guiltily.

While Yaser fought off those thugs, they suffered some light injuries. They had put on some medicine and

taken some painkillers. They sat around Yaser's bed, looking at each other and at Alexander.

They were on the eighth floor of the building. Alexander was standing by the window with his hands behind

his back. He looked at the square in front of the hospital with a narrowed gaze.

"A-Alex." Coral carefully walked over to Alexander. She said softly, "Thank you for saving Yaser. I..."

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A hard and fast slap landed right on the security guard.

Jason moved his wrist and pointed at The Prince. He sneered at the security guards.

"You lapdogs. How dare

you block our way? Open your eyes and have a good look at who this person is!"

1/2:

+15 BONUS

The security guard who had been slapped stumbled backward. He looked at The Prince and was frightened

half to death. "Y-You're The Prince?"

The Prince expressionlessly demanded, "Since you know it's me, why are you still standing in the way? Slap yourselves."

"I'm sorry!" The security guards were almost in tears. They slapped themselves and whimpered. "Please have mercy on us. We were blind to not see you! Please. We're just security guards. We didn't mean to offend you!"

"Fuck off!" The Prince scoffed. He led Jason and the bodyguards into the building.

"The Prince! Sir!" A plump middle-aged man in a suit came running from the entrance. He sweated profusely as he apologetically smiled. "Please don't get angry. Let's talk."

The Prince stopped in his tracks and swept that man a gaze. He narrowed his eyes.

The middle-aged man was the Director of Central Woolpackton Hospital, Bob Chilcott.

As the director, Bob

was quite powerful. Not only was he skilled in medicine, but he was also highly respected. He was in his fifties

and quite famous among the upper class of society in Woolpackton. He had a close connection with many

wealthy people and even some of the underground bosses.

"Sir, please calm down." Bob wiped away his sweat and smiled apologetically.

"Whatever it is you wish, this is the hospital. It's best if you don't...."

"Don't, what?" The Prince sneered. "Doctor Chilcott, who are you to interfere with what I'm doing?"

"Don't get me wrong!" The frightened Bob immediately shook his head. "What I mean is that some of the

patients need rest. If they're shocked, they'll be in danger easily. If anything were to happen to them, this matter would blow up!

The hospital won't be able to answer to their families!"

Bob looked at The Prince's face and said cautiously, "Why don't I head up to get the people you're looking for?

Can you settle this outside?"

The Prince looked at Bob and smirked. "I'll allow this today, Doctor Chilcott. You have a patient called Yaser

Gabrick. He's with four other college girls. The man that they were with hurt my cousin at the Youphoria

Nightclub. Get him down to receive his punishment."

Bob shook off his shock and nodded fervently. "Alright, I'll go up to get them fight now!! promise I'll bring them

to you."

The Prince harrumphed, then led the bodyguards out onto the square of the hospital.

He looked up at the building and sneered.

“Are you two idiots?” Bob came out as well. He yelled to the security guards, “What are you all standing there for? Get The Prince a seat!”

The security guards who were beaten up a moment ago ran into the building and brought a metal chair out.

“Doctor Chilcott, I’ll be waiting here.” The Prince took his seat and waved his hand with a smirk. “Go upstairs and get me the man that beat up my cousin. Tell him that if he doesn’t come down, I’ll go up and get him. I don’t care who he is. He must die!”

Chapter 0185

The Prince and his bodyguards caused quite a scene. Many patients and their families were standing by the window, looking down at the square in front of the hospital.

Most of them were ordinary people. They did not know who The Prince was, but they clearly saw Bob bowing

at him. Anyone who could make the Director of the hospital so fearful was no ordinary man.

“W-We’re doomed!” Coral and the three girls were by the window, looking down at the square. They turned pale at the sight.

They did not know The Prince, but they did see Jason.

The group of muscular bodyguards and that malicious-looking young man with a bandaged nose were clearly Jason’s backup to exact revenge!

“Alex...” Coral looked at Alexander in despair. “What should we do? There are so many of them! The guy with the nose bandage looks terrifying! Even the Director didn’t dare to offend him!” Alexander smiled. “I saw.”

Was that it? They had to do something!

Coral was so panicked, she was almost in tears. Her friends were equally worried. They curled up together as

helplessness overwhelmed them.

Right at his moment, there was a knock on the door.

The door opened as Bob entered with two security guards. He apologetically looked at the unconscious Yaser

in bed, shook his head, and sighed.

He walked over to Alexander and said, “Sir, I’m really sorry. Please come with me. The Prince is too powerful.

We can’t afford to offend him.”

Before Alexander could say anything, Coral and the girls looked at Bob pleadingly.

“Doctor Chilcott, please. We

beg you..."

Bob shook his head helplessly and sighed. "If this man doesn't go down, The Prince will take his men up! I

don't have a choice!"

Alexander smiled. "Doctor Chilcott, I'll follow you down."

He then turned and headed to the door.

"Don't go!" Coral and her friends immediately stopped Alexander, frightened. Tears were already welling up in their eyes.

Alexander might know how to fight, but he was outnumbered. If he were to go down, he would be beaten to death!

"I'll call Amber!" Coral finally thought of Amber. She grabbed her phone and shakily reasoned, "A-Amber is the New Chesire

Group's general manager. She has connections. She'll deal with this!"

+15 BONUS

"Amber's busy. Don't disturb her." Alexander placed his hand on Coral's phone and said with a smile, "Trust me. I can handle this."

Then, Alexander followed Bob and the two security guards out of the room.

"Alex." Coral cried looking at Alexander leaving. Was she going to let him just go? The men down there surely

beat him to death!

"Coral, what should we do?!"

The girls were frantic. Their faces paled. "We can't let Alex just go down like that. Those men look evil! What if they kill him?"

Coral bit her lip and said nothing.

Alexander was like a superhuman at Youphoria Nightclub. He knocked down eight thugs in one move. He also made a strange

call on the car while they headed toward the hospital, which made all the traffic lights turn

green.

Could he really deal with those men?

"Everyone, look!" Just when Coral was in her thoughts, someone next door exclaimed,

"Look! That man followed Doctor Chilcott downstairs!"

Alarmed, Coral and her friends rushed over to the window to have a look.

Chapter 0186

At that moment, in the square in front of the hospital.

The Prince sat on the metal chair with his legs crossed. He had a cigar in his hand. He sharply stared at the

entrance of the hospital.

Jason and his three thugs stood nearby. They looked up at the building and everyone looking at them. He yelled at them, "What

the fuck are you looking at? Don't think I won't dare to gauge your eyes out!"

The timid patients and their families immediately drew their curtains.

Jason cackled before turning to look at The Prince. "Bro, once that guy comes out, just take him down! Let him learn the consequences of messing with us!"

The Prince took a draw of his cigar and waved calmly. "Everyone, listen to Jason. Kill the guy, but first snap off his limbs!"

All the bodyguards replied in unison, "Yes, sir!"

Then, everyone walked over to behind Jason with weapons in their hands. They glared at the entrance murderously.

Half a minute later, four figures appeared. Bob was ahead, followed by two security guards. Alexander was the last to exit, smiling calmly.

"You like to be cocky, don't you? I dare you to keep that act up!"

The moment Jason saw Alexander, his eyes instantly reddened. "Bro, that's the bastard that kicked us! Everyone, go! Kill him!"

The bodyguards charged at Alexander.

Right at this moment, The Prince, who was right behind them, stiffened. He sprang up in his chair instinctively.

"Everyone, stop!"

He glared at the smiling Alexander. His heart was about to pop out.

Him?

Not long ago, Alexander entered the Youphoria Nightclub all alone and killed Mister Posey in one move. That was enough to strike fear in the entire underground forces of Woolpackton.

The person his cousin offended was Alexander Kane!

"Why did you stop them?" Jason and the bodyguards were stunned. They turned to look at The Prince in confusion.

"Didn't we agree that we were going to take him down? I-"

"Fuck you!" The Prince went up to Jason and slapped him so hard that he fell to the ground. He said through gritted teeth,

"Bastard! Don't you know who this is? You're going to get me killed!"

+15 BONUS

Pin-drop silence.

Jason and his three thugs, plus the bodyguards, were all stunned. Bob and the security guards froze, too.

No one knew what was happening.

"The Prince." Alexander ignored everyone. He looked at The Prince and said, "What a coincidence! We meet

again! My cousin's boyfriend was beaten up by your cousin and his men. Shouldn't you give me an explanation for that?"

"I..." The Prince's face paled before turning blue. He clenched his fists tightly, not daring to say a single word.

No one in the underground world of Woolpackton was clueless as to who Alexander Kane was. He was the lone wolf that shocked the upper-class society. He killed Sean Winston and Mister Posey.

Anyone who witnessed that scene only had one thing to say about Alexander: he was the god of death.

No one could afford to offend him.

"M-Mister Kane, I... I'm sorry!" The Prince gritted his teeth. He lowered his head and knelt. "My cousin is blind

to have offended you. I hope you have mercy on him. H-He's a bastard!"

The entire hospital was in dead silence.

Jason, who was clutching his face lying on the ground, as well as his three thugs, the bodyguards, Bob, the

patients and their family, and Coral and her friends, were all utterly stunned.

"Did Alex... What just..." Coral covered her mouth, at a complete loss for words. "The guy with the bandaged nose knelt to him!"

Her friends were equally shocked. They could not comprehend the situation.

Someone among the patients and their families finally recognized The Prince. They said in horror, "Who is that young man? The

one kneeling is the heir to Youphoria Nightclub, The Prince!"

"Why is The Prince kneeling in front of that young man? What on earth is going on?"

What was going on? The Prince wanted to know as well. He regretted having shown up with such nefarious

intentions.

There were millions of people in Woolpackton, yet Jason had to offend the person who could not be offended

at all, Alexander Kane!

If it was just a small conflict, perhaps this situation could still be salvaged, but Jason had beaten up

Alexander's cousin's boyfriend so badly that he was sent to the hospital!

Jason was courting death at this point. He could not be saved.

Chapter 0187

"The Prince."

Alexander looked at the man kneeling in front of him. He closed his eyes and said, "Is this your explanation? Kneeling to me?

That simple?"

A bomb exploded in The Prince's brain. He shuddered a little and started seeing black. He was finished.

That night, he witnessed the horrors of Alexander. Even a person as strong as Mister Posey could be killed in

just one move.

Jason, that bastard!

“Jason!” The Prince stood up and grabbed Jason by the neck with his left hand. He slapped Jason furiously with his right. “What

are you waiting for? Beg Mister Kane for mercy and to spare your life!” he snarled.

“Don’t you know who he is? Even my father and I can’t disrespect him!”

Jason’s face was already swollen from the slap. Blood was trickling down the corner of his mouth. Although he still did not know

who Alexander was, he could guess that he was someone enough to take down the entire underground forces of Woolpackton!

“Mister Kane.” Gone was Jason’s arrogance as he knelt on the floor and began sobbing.

“Please have mercy on me! Please

spare my life! If I knew who you were, I would’ve never offended you! I-I was wrong! I’m sorry!

I’m so sorry!”

Sorry?

“I don’t accept your apology.” Alexander did not look at him at all. He turned and headed back inside.

Before he left, he said coldly, “No one is allowed to leave tonight. Kneel until you die!”

His words echoed in the

square.

The Prince shuddered. He looked at Alexander’s back and slowly knelt to the ground.

He did not even dare to

look up at all.

Jason, his three thugs, and the bodyguards knelt too.

Some time later...

“Wow!” Someone broke the silence and cheered, “That was amazing, dude!”

“The Prince was always cocky, no? This is the way to treat a thug! What a relief!”

“Someone needs to teach them a lesson! That young man was amazing!”

Everyone cheered.

Alexander went in the elevator and returned to Yaser’s ward.

+15 BONUS

“Mister Kane!” The moment Alexander entered, Bob entered too, followed by five nurses. He smiled

apologetically. “I’m really sorry. I didn’t know who you were, so I...”

Alexander swept him a glance and shook his head. “You didn’t know. It’s fine!”

“You’re so forgiving. I feel so guilty!” Bob said guiltily. Then, he quickly instructed the nurse, “You, transfer the

patient to the VIP ward! Give him the best care!”

In less than three minutes, Yaser was transferred to the most luxurious VIP ward, served by three beautiful nurses. One was

measuring his body temperature while the other was checking his heart rate. Another one was putting on an oxygen mask for

him. They did their tasks politely.

Even Coral and her friends had a nurse caring for their light injuries. The nurses took care of them intently. They asked about how they were doing and changed their medication every few minutes. They used the best medication for her.

“Mister Kane.” Throughout the process, Bob was also busy. He was sweating profusely as he smiled at Alexander ingratiatingly.

“Are you happy with the arrangements?”

Alexander smiled calmly. “There are too many people in the room. The air quality is a little affected.”

Bob was startled by this, but he quickly recovered. “I understand.” He immediately waved his hand and pointed at a nurse, “You, bring the oxygen concentrator here now.”

A nurse ran out. In less than a minute, two nurses brought two oxygen concentrators into the room. The room was refreshed instantly.

Alexander did not know whether to laugh or cry.

What he meant was for the nurses to leave since Yaser was done with his surgery.

Coral and her friends were lightly injured.

They did not need care at all.

Bob misunderstood him. What a strange man.

“M-Mister Kane, are you not happy about it?” Bob was carefully reading every tiny reaction of Alexander’s and was alarmed.

Realizing what it was, he waved at the nurses, “Out! Everyone out! The patient needs rest.”

The nurses came to their senses. They bowed at Alexander before leaving the room.

“Mister Kane.” Bob, not daring to stay for long, followed the nurses out. By the door, he bowed at Alexander and said, “We’re just outside, keeping watch. Just let us know if you need anything. We’re at your beck and call.”

Then, he closed the door shut.

The room was finally silent.

“You’re so cool, Alex!”

“He’s amazing!”

“Way too amazing!”

2/3

+15 BONUS

The three ladies leaped in joy and surrounded Alexander. They looked at him with admiration.

Coral text endamassed and guilty. She walked over to Alexander and biting her lip, said softly. “I-I’m sorry. I always called you a nobody and a good-for-nothing. I finally understand that you’re a cool guy.”

Coral tugged the hem of her shirt, blushing guiltily. Please forgive me. I thought you

were a loser, an ordinary man who simply spends money. I now know I'm wrong. You're very cool" Then, she looked at Alexander curiosity, her eyes sparking. "I remembered how all the traffic lights turned green when we were headed to this hospital. That happened after you made a call. What did you do? W-Who

Chapter 0188

"I'm a retired veteran. I have a lot of old army friends." Alexander smiled at the girls and said nothing else on the matter. He looked at Yaser in his bed and slowly waited for him to come around. The Prince, Jason, and the others were still kneeling. They did not dare to stand up without Alexander's permission. "Damn it! Bastards!" At that very moment, Tommy had just received news about what happened over at the hospital. He immediately drove over to the hospital without bringing any bodyguards along. When he got out of the car by the gates, he saw The Prince and Jason kneeling. "You idiots!" Tommy rushed over and slapped The Prince and Jason on the face. His eyes were bloodshot. He said with gritted teeth, "Do you know how much trouble you've caused?" The Prince and Jason looked at each other. They did not dare to say a single word. After Mister Posey was killed, Tommy's position as the king of the underworld position was threatened. Other forces such as the Hudson family or the Schneider family were eyeing for his position. If he did not handle this

matter well this time and provoked Alexander, his family would be dead meat! "Uncle Tommy, brother, I'm so sorry!" Jason bowed to The Prince and Tommy, his voice hoarse after crying. "I didn't know he was Alexander Kane, or I wouldn't have offended him! You guys have to think of a solution! The Lind family has to survive through this!" "How dare you still speak!" Tommy slapped Jason to the floor, and his hand was covered in Jason's blood. He exhaled deeply as if making a decision. He entered the hospital. At that moment, in the VIP ward. Coral and her friends were sitting next to Alexander, looking at Yaser. Yaser's eyes were still closed. He showed no signs of coming around. Suddenly, the door squeaked open. Tommy carefully entered. When he saw Alexander, he slapped himself twice before bowing deeply at Alexander.

“Mister Kane, I’m here to apologize.” He remained bowing. He did not dare to get up. “H-Hey, look at his hand and face...” Coral and her friends turned pale at the blood on his hand and face.

Alexander swept Tommy a gaze and calmly said, “Trying to pull the victim card, are we? It won’t work on me.

Go wash up, then we talk.”

“Understood!” Tommy went into the washroom next door and washed off the blood on his hands and face. He returned to

Alexander and bowed at him once more.

1/2

+15 BONUS

“I’m not interested in the underground forces of Woolpackton. As for your nephew, killing him will only make my hands dirty.”

Alexander continued, “I didn’t kill you the last time because you didn’t know that Amber was my wife. This time, I won’t kill you because this has nothing to do with you. But, this is the last time. If something like this happens again, I won’t mind killing the entire Lind family.”

Alexander closed his eyes. “Now, leave.”

Tommy stiffened. He did not dare to disobey Alexander. He carefully retreated before turning and closing the door behind him, sweating profusely.

“Wow!” The moment the door was shut, Coral and her friends went up to Alexander, surrounding him once

more. Their eyes seemingly twinkled at him. “Alex, you were amazing!”

One of the girls blushed excitedly. “Do you have any retired veteran friends? I don’t have a boyfriend yet.

Could you introduce one to me?”

“I’m single, too!”

The other one also giggled. “Alex, we’re all single! We want to marry retired veterans!”

Alexander looked at them and joked, “All my friends are married, but we have a lot of single security guards at New Chesire

Group. Do you want to consider them?”

“This isn’t funny!” The three girls obviously did not take Alexander too seriously. After laughing about it, they put their focus on

Yaser once more, waiting for him to come around.

Chapter 0189

Yaser was badly injured. Although the surgery spared his life, he only regained consciousness after a night.

“You’re up!” Coral and her friends were by his side for the entire night. They were overjoyed when they saw him open his eyes.

“Yaser, how are you feeling?” Coral was almost on top of Yaser, hugging him tightly.

Tears welled up in her eyes.

"I'm fine."

Though feeble, Yaser caressed Coral's hair and smiled. He then remembered something and asked, "Where's Alex? Before I passed out last night, I seemed to have seen him. Also...how did you guys escape?" At the mention of Alexander, the girls perked up. "Last night, you were in surgery and you passed out. You did see what had happened. Jason brought The Prince to the hospital to seek revenge, but Alexander subdued them..."

They recounted everything that happened the night before.

"Are you for real?" Yaser was dumbfounded in bed. "Is Alex that capable? One phone call, and everything turned green? Even

The Prince had to kneel to him? Amazing!"

At that moment, Alexander entered and smiled at Yaser. "How are you feeling?"

Yaser looked nervous. He said cautiously, "A-Alex...I'm fine."

Alexander sat next to the bed and felt for Yaser's palm for a few minutes. Then, he slowly nodded. "You usually train in mixed martial arts, so you're physically strong. You recover quickly. If you want to leave, you can get discharged right away."

"Are you for real?" Coral was delighted. "Alex, you're not lying to me, are you? Yaser can get out of bed?"

"Mh."

Alexander smiled and nodded. "Yes, but he has to be careful. He can't do extreme sports, or his will would tear open. His organs will bleed, and he'll end up in the hospital again."

"Okay!" Coral made a cheeky face at Alexander and excitedly said, "Yaser, get changed! We'll be heading back

to Ol' Mare!"

...

Coral's friends had to head to their own internship places, so they left that afternoon.

Around half past six in the evening at

Belmont Hills, Coral and Yaser returned home with Alexander to a family feast.

"You can't be reckless when you're out." After a few rounds of drinking, they heard Coral recounting the incident that happened in

Woolpackton.

Patrick was a little worried. He said seriously, "Yaser, you're Coral's boyfriend. It's good that you stood up for her, but you have to be careful too."

1/3

+15 BONUS

Amber was carrying Olivia in her arms. She smiled at Alexander. She was moved.

Thank god Alexander was around. If Alexander had not picked Coral up from the airport, Coral and Yaser would

have been in big trouble with The Prince and Jason.

Alexander had not only saved the Chesire family but also her cousin. He was their savior.

“Yaser.” Patrick was very concerned for Coral and her life. He sized up Yaser and said with a smile, “I hear from Coral that your

family is in the clothing business. Do you have any plans after you graduate?”

Yaser placed his cutlery down and said respectfully, “I’ve already decided. After I graduate, I’ll take over the family’s business.

Coral and I will marry early so my parents can have grandchildren.”

Patrick thought for a while before smiling. “Coral’s family isn’t doing too well, but don’t worry. She is Amber’s cousin and my

niece. I’ll send her off with dignity and joy. She will be good enough for you.”

Then, Patrick said to Alexander. “Alex, the house is a little small. Stay at the hotel with Yaser tonight.”

Alexander smiled and nodded.

Belmont Hills was an old apartment building. Patrick bought it second-hand with a loan after he was kicked

out of the family.

While New Chesire Group was growing quickly and its total assets had surpassed a billion, the family was still thrifty. They never

thought of staying in a mansion. They held great sentiment toward this old apartment.

“Well, Dad, Yaser and I will be going now.”

Alexander and Yaser got up after dinner was finished. They said goodbye to Patrick and the others before heading out of the living room.

On the way there, Yaser looked out of the window during a traffic stop. He then thought of something and mustered his courage.

“Alex, shall we have a drink? I...”

“I can see you have something on your mind.” Alexander swept Yaser a gaze before smiling. He took a turn at the intersection.

About ten minutes later, they arrived at a bar called Neon Midnight.

Alexander and Yaser were similar in age. When they first entered the bar, Yaser was still feeling a little uneasy. After a few

rounds, Yaser felt his nerves loosening, though at the cost of his face reddening.

“Alex, here’s to you!”

Alexander did not drink. He pressed Yaser’s glass on the table and said with a smile,

“What’s on your mind? When Dad asked you what your plans were, you mentioned marriage and were a little off.”

“I...” Yaser shook his head and sighed. “Although my family is in business, the clothing business doesn’t need a lot of capital to

start a business. Everyone online is doing electronics business now. My family finds it hard to sustain the business. They might

seem like they’re doing well on the surface, but...it’s a long story.”

Alexander nodded. In the clothing business, unless one established a brand and made

a name, they were all considered small businesses. What Patrick said clearly gave Yaser some pressure. "For the past few years, my family has been trying to expand internationally, especially in South Yarica. The

2/3

+15 BONUS

Yaser rubbed his temples and smiled bitterly. "My father has reached out to many people in South Yarica, but no one cares about him! I thought of going to South Yarica after I graduate to find deals, but I don't know where to begin."

Oh?

Alexander smiled. He pondered for a while before chuckling at Yaser. "You're Coral's boyfriend, so you'll soon be family too. Wait for a while."

He took his phone and sent a message. He picked up his glass and beamed at Yaser confidently.. "It'll take less than five minutes. I promise your wish will come true."

Chapter 0190

Wish fulfilled?

With a face pink due to the alcohol, Yaser chuckled at Alexander, thinking he was just joking. "Stop teasing me, Alex! I know you care a lot about Coral. Don't worry. Even if my family doesn't open up the market in South Yarica, we'll still have profit from business in the country. I promise Coral won't suffer at all."

Alexander merely smiled.

Three minutes later, Alexander's phone buzzed. It was a long-distance phone call.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, Your Lordship." A rather hoarse voice rang out. "My translator wasn't with

me, so it took some time to read your message. I understand what you mean. Is one billion enough? If it isn't,

we'll let all the dozen countries of armies in South Yarica have the same uniform."

One billion?

Alexander covered his phone and smiled at Yaser. "Yaser, how big is your family's business? Is one hundred and fifty million worth of business enough?"

Yaser almost spat his drink out as he stared at Alexander in bewilderment.

His family's factory production value was not that much. An order of 150 million dollars would take at least 5

years to complete!

"Are you joking, Alex?" Yaser roughly told him about his family's situation. He stuttered, "O...One hundred and fifty million? Are

you for real?"

Alexander gently waved, asking Yaser to be quiet. Then, he said with a smile on his phone, "Randy, one hundred and fifty million it is. Sign a five-year contract. Do it tonight. I'll wait for your news."

Then, he hung up.

O

"A-Alex, did you just..." Yaser looked at Alexander and finally came to his senses. "Are you really going to give my family orders

worth one hundred and fifty million dollars?" he asked shakily "Who is Randy?"

"I landed him in prison once because he was asking for it," answered Alexander casually with a smile. "Don't

worry. Just wait for the news. Randy works fast. Your phone will ring soon!"

There stood a three-story mansion in the city more than a thousand kilometers away from Ol' Mare.

The rapid ringing of a phone woke a middle-aged man in alarm.

"An international call?" The middle-aged man rubbed his eyes and furrowed his brow.

He pondered for a while before picking his phone up.

"Good evening, Mister Gabrick," a melodious young lady's voice rang out. "We're from the L'Amour Group in South Yarica. I'm the company's official interpreter. Upon the friend of your son's invitation, we're here to establish a partnership with you. In five years, we'll purchase one hundred and fifty million dollars worth of +15 BONUS

After exchanging some pleasantries, she hung up.

"South Yarica? L'Amour Group?"

The middle-aged man was Harrison Gabrick, owner of Gabrick's Garment Trading. The call left him bewildered.

He sat on the bed in a daze for a long time. He switched on his laptop and searched around for a few minutes. Upon finding what he needed, his eyes lit up.

L'Amour Group was the biggest group in South Yarica. They were extremely powerful. They would never work with any ordinary

company. They were the leading group among all the countries in South Yarica.

"Wait a second!" Harrison was stunned. What did the interpreter say on the phone a moment ago?

His son? Yaser?

"Yaser!" Harrison dialed Yaser's phone. "What the hell are you doing? A lady just called me through a long- distance call and

said she's from L'Amour Group in South Yarica. They said they want to partner with us. They

said it was your friend's doing! Is this a prank from your weird girlfriend or something?"

Back in Neon Midnight...

Yaser was stunned for quite a while. He grabbed his phone tightly and said excitedly, "Dad, are you for real? L'Amour Group wants to work with us?" "What? You didn't know?" Harrison was even more suspicious. "An interpreter representing the company told me about this. They said that your friend told them to do it. A one-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar order. I was just thinking about it. One hundred and fifty million dollars... This is exactly the limit our factory could churn out in a year. This is too much of a coincidence!

"Only both of us know about our factory's production limits. Even your mother and your brother don't know about it. Forget about this! This is a prank! You should stay out of it!" He was about to hang up when Yaser yelled, "Dad, hold up!" Yaser looked at the smiling Alexander. His heart was pounding wildly, his face flushed with excitement. "Dad, I just made a new friend. No, not a friend. He's Coral's cousin-in-law! He just called his friend and said this will be a gift to us. He called his friend and made it happen! This isn't a prank! This is real!"

His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar

#Chapter 191 - Read His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar Chapter 191

Chapter 0191
Cousin-in-law?

"Nonsense!" Harrison then said nervously. "You don't have a cousin-in-law. Think about it. Yaser. Who'd do a business deal in the middle of the night? One call, and a hundred and fifty million deal just landed on us?! don't know anyone that amazing!"

"Dad, let me explain." Yaser was so happy, he was delirious.. "It's not my cousin-in-law. It's Coral's cousin-in-law. He just made a call, asking for a hundred and fifty million dollar deal. He's a retired veteran, you see." "Enough!" Harrison looked serious. "Yaser, have I not taught you anything? Don't trust anyone blindly! The business world is a cut-throat world; there are all kinds of scams! Don't trust a single word he says! Come back home right away!"

Yaser was at a loss for words. He understood his father well. His father had always been careful. He would never believe that

there were such things as free lunch in this world.

Right at this moment, a notification popped up on the corner of Harrison's laptop.

"What?" He was stunned and he subconsciously opened the email.

It was a contract, sent by L'Amour Group. Detailed were its corporate certification, international transaction details, and

signature. Everything was in accordance with international trade. Five years, 750 million dollars worth of orders, all written clearly.

“W... What on earth is this?!” Harrison’s eyes almost bugged out of their sockets. A shiver of excitement overtook him.

or was

The real!

“Yaser! Yaser!” After a moment in a daze, Harrison was overjoyed with delirium. “Who did you say was Coral’s cousin-in-law

again? My god, L’Amour Group has just sent us the contract! Five years, seven hundred and fifty million dollars! Seven hundred and fifty million dollars! This is unbelievable! We hit the jackpot!”

Yaser smiled in relief. “Do you believe me now, Dad? Alex is amazing!”

“Yes! He is! I can see at once that the contract is the real deal!” Harrison was thrilled. He sighed. “I’ve been to South Yarica many times. Those companies wouldn’t even meet me, yet all it took was a phone call

from your cousin-in-law. Amazing! Truly amazing!”

Yaser snickered and said smugly. “What did I say? Alexander Kane is just amazing!”

“He really is.” Harrison praised. He also told Yaser to be on Alexander’s good side before hanging up the call reluctantly.

“Yaser.” Seeing Yaser putting down the phone, Alexander smiled and said seriously, “I’m not helping you; I’m helping Coral. You

have to treat her well in the future! She’s like a sister to Amber, so she’s my sister too.”

“Oh, I will.” Yaser was completely blown away by Alexander. He thumped his chest hard and said

+15 BONUS

Alexander shook his head and smiled.

He wanted to say something else when a young lady stumbled over from the dance floor. “Hubby Hubby...” She fell onto

Alexander and hugged his arm tightly, clearly intoxicated. “Hubby, hug me tightly. I’m cold...”

Chapter 0192

“Hubby?” Yaser was so dumbstruck, his glass almost fell to the floor. “Alex, I-is she “She must’ve mistaken me for someone else.” Alexander pushed the lady aside. He smiled and shook his head. “It’s normal to

see girls like this here. Don’t get any funny ideas.”

“Ah.” Yaser nodded but was still a little doubtful. After all, the lady was too pretty.

She had huge eyes, long lashes, and a tiny mouth. Not to mention her slender figure. She was as pretty as Coral. Even the other

patrons were ogling at her.

“Hubby, take me away...” The drunk lady was mumbling incoherently.

When she fell on Alexander, she could still sit right up, but at that moment, she could barely hold herself up anymore. If it were not for Alexander holding her arm, she would have fallen to the floor already.

"Alex?" Yaser looked at Alexander and asked tentatively. "What should we do now? Should we call the cops and hand her over?"

Alexander shook his head and smiled. "No need for all that trouble."

He said to the lady. "Miss, could you give me your phone or the phone number of your family? I'll contact them.

"Family, phone. The lady fumbled around herself. She suddenly trembled and said frightfully, "My bag. Who cares about the bag?

I beg you two, just take me away! Quickly!"

She tried to leave and tripped over herself.

Alexander reacted instinctively and caught her by the waist. He pulled her back to her seat before she fell

handbag

Right at this moment, a blonde young man with a dragon tattoo on his arm strutted over with a lady's handbag from the dance floor.

He sneered at the lady, "My, my. Didn't you say you were going to the ladies' room? Why are you here?"

He pointed at his tattoos and looked at Alexander and Yaser threateningly. "You two, mind your own business. I saw this chick first. Whoever touches her, I'll kill them!"

About six other tattooed young men came over from the dance floor. Some wolf-whistled, some sneered. Some even had empty beer bottles in their hands.

"Miss." Alexander ignored the tattooed young man. He helped the lady sit up and gently said, "Is that bag yours? Do you have a phone in there?"

"I... I don't know." The girl was barely conscious. She hugged Alexander's arm tightly and pleaded, "Please help me. I don't know them at all. I-"

Before she could finish her sentence, she leaned on Alexander's shoulder and fell asleep.

Alexander furrowed his brow. It was obvious that the thugs saw her alone in a bar and thought of taking

+15 BONUS

"Hey, kid!" The blonde-tattooed young man lost his patience. Chuckling lowly, he pointed at Alexander. "Hand this chick over. I'm taking her away right now! If you spoil my plans, I'll-"

Alexander, with one arm carrying the lady, struck with his right hand.

The tattooed young man could barely react when his face was smacked. He turned 360 degrees on the spot before falling to the floor and passing out.

The entire bar fell silent.

The slap was so violent and powerful!

It was not uncommon for men to pick up ladies at the bar, but even if there was conflict, they would not attack.

right away. They would talk it out. After all, they might have someone they know in common.

Just like how the tattooed young man did not immediately attack but threatened them first. This was etiquette.

“Dude! You’re being unreasonable!” The tattooed young man’s other companions charged Alexander and

Yaser, surrounding them. They had empty bottles and daggers in their hands. “Who’s your boss? Out with it.

Don’t say we didn’t give you the chance!”

Unreasonable?

Alexander ignored them. He picked the girl up and said to Yaser, “We don’t have to deal with trash. Let’s go.”

Alexander, Yaser, and the girl headed for the entrance.

There was a scurry of commotion in the bar. Some quickly paid and left, while others headed to the side to watch the scene unfold. Some of them looked excited.

“Everyone, look! That man hit the blonde dude and is taking the lady! The blonde dude’s lackeys surely won’t let them go!”

“Of course! That blonde dude is one of McDawg’s men! The two of them are going to get it!”

“Everyone, stay back! We’ll be seeing blood tonight!”

Everyone talked among themselves, but Alexander ignored them all.

The thugs behind him had blocked the door, aiming their knives and empty beer bottles at them ruthlessly.

“Dude, you thought you could just walk out of here when you’ve beaten one of our own?”

“Leave your arm as compensation!”

Chapter 0193

Leave an arm?

+15 BONUS

Alexander stopped in his tracks. He chuckled.

“Yaser, you joined the mixed martial arts club in college, yes?” He handed the lady to Yaser and looked at the

thugs, smiling. “Since you like mixed martial arts, I’ll take this chance to teach you a few moves.”

Alexander then struck.

No one in the bar could see Alexander's movements. It was also a blur to Yaser. In one short second, Alexander had struck five times.

un

The thugs could not even react in time. All they saw was a blur and they dropped to the ground.

Two of them fell to the floor. Two of them had their arms broken. The last one was flung away by Alexander and landed two meters away, passing out immediately.

It might seem like lightning speed to everyone, but Alexander deliberately slowed down his speed to show

Yaser. Otherwise, no one would be able to see anything at all.

Everyone gasped as they looked at Alexander in bewilderment. Their mouths gaped open.

How strong! If they had not seen this themselves, they would not have believed that someone had taken down

five guys in just a short second. He was not even out of breath. He was clearly not using his full power!

"Yaser, time to go." Alexander did not even look at the crowd and waved at Yaser. "Hold onto her. Don't let her fall."

"Oh, okay!" Yaser came to his senses. He helped the lady and followed Alexander out of the bar.

"I dare you to stand right there!" One of the thugs on the ground tried to fish his phone out. He yelled hysterically at Alexander,

"We're McDawg's men! If you dare to hit us, you're basically picking a fight with McDawg! I dare you to stay right there and see how he deals with you!"

McDawg?

The underground forces of Ol' Mare were under George's control entirely. All few hundred forces had been reported to Alexander. There was no McDawg.

"Is there such a person in Ol' Mare?" Alexander stopped walking and looked at the thugs. He led Yaser back to his seat and smiled. "Sure. I'll wait here. Let's see who this McDawg is."

"Alex"

Yaser hesitated a little. He knew that Alexander could fight. He could fight even a dozen people on his

own, but who knew how many men McDawg had?

What if he led a huge group of men over? Alexander would not stand a chance.

"Don't worry." Alexander smiled, assuring Yaser. He waved at the bartender. "Please make some honey water to sober up this lady."

+15 BONUS

The bartender did not even dare to come over. The other patrons were fighting to pay their bills, not daring to stay longer and get caught in the chaos.

Waiting around for McDawg was a death sentence on its own. Why was this troublemaker still staying? He could have made an escape! Was he actually going to wait for McDawg to come? He might be brave enough to wait, but they were not. If McDawg got furious, they would get hurt!

In less than three minutes, the entire bar was empty. A few glass tables had been knocked over. There were glass shards everywhere.

“S-Sir, your honey water.” A waiter brought the ordered honey water and shakily added, “Once you drink the honey water, just leave. You can’t mess with McDawg. He’s ruthless! He’ll never let you go!”

“It’s fine.” Alexander accepted the honey water and smiled. “I-“

Bang!

Someone kicked down the glass door of the pub. A man with a scar on his face led over 20 men into the bar.

He had a machete in his hand. He swept a gaze around the bar, finally landing on Alexander. He sneered.

“You’re the one who touched my men? Well, boy, how do you want to die?”

Chapter 0194

Dead?

Alexander cast a quick, dismissive glance at the thug with a knife scar on his face, known as Giano, before turning away and handing the honeyed water to Yaser Gabrick. In a hushed tone, he instructed, “Give her the

water. No need to bother with these nobodies.”

Nobodies?

Giano’s face twisted with malice before Yaser could utter a word. Brandishing his machete, he pointed it at Alexander from a distance. He licked his lips with a menacing sneer and taunted, “You think you’re tough stuff in front of me, kid? I’ll show you...”

He never finished his threat.

Next to the glass coffee table, Alexander rose smoothly, his movements suddenly swift. Everything happened in a flash as he seemingly moved lightning-quick.

Giano’s eyes bulged, but he could not muster a response. His hefty frame, easily over one hundred kilograms, was sent flying like a ragdoll struck by a freight train, crashing out the bar’s entrance with a thunderous boom.

Mid-flight, blood spurted from his mouth, and the impact sent his gang of over twenty young rascals tumbling.

howling in pain as they hit the ground.

“Not even a challenge!”

Alexander pulled back his fist and sauntered back to his seat. He casually sipped his cocktail and coolly addressed Giano, "To call you an ant would be a compliment. If you don't want to end up dead, better crawl over here now!"

Outside the bar, Giano, disoriented from the fall, struggled to his feet after several attempts, his chest feeling like it was caving in.

His gang was petrified on the spot, shivering as they gaped at Alexander. Their minds raced to comprehend what in the world just happened. Was Giano actually sent flying by that man's punch in the blink of an eye?

Giano was known for his brutal strength in underground fights, rumored to take down a bull with a single punch, yet he did not stand a chance against that man. How could anyone be that formidable?

"Um, boss..."

Outside the bar, Giano finally got his legs under him, his earlier swagger gone. He approached Alexander with his head bowed, blood still smeared at the corner of his mouth, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Boss, what... What crew are you with? I was blind to your stature. Please, have mercy. It was all just a big misunderstanding!"

+15 BONUS

Misunderstanding?

Alexander cradled his wine glass, his face an unreadable mask. "What did I tell you earlier? I said to roll over here, not to walk! Roll again, and this is your last chance."

Roll again?!

A shadow crossed Giano's face. His hands balled into fists before they slowly relaxed. He could not not roll. He knew that even if no one else did, that man was not someone to mess with.

That casual punch from the man had been too fast for him to even see. What kind of power was that? Even if he sent all his twenty-some guys at him, they would not be able to lay a finger on him! That guy was out of their league!

"I'll roll"

In full view of everyone, Giano silently went back to the bar entrance, got down on all fours, and rolled right up to Alexander's feet.

Still not daring to rise, Giano stayed down, shaking. "Sir, I've rolled back. Please, don't be mad!"

"Mad? Do you really think you're worth my anger?"

Alexander swirled his wine glass as he coolly replied. "You took a punch and still managed to roll back to talk.

I'll give you that, you've got guts.

"Ever heard of the New Chesire Group? Tomorrow, you and your gangs are going to check in there. I've already given HR a heads-up, and you guys are going to be on the security team at New Chesire Group. And forget about gang life-it's time to quit

that scene."

Huh?

Giano paused, taken aback, and glanced over at his gang. They all looked at each other, bewildered.

"Was this guy serious about us becoming security guards at New Chesire Group?

Wait...wasn't he a player in the gang world?

He's with New Chesire Group?!" they thought.

"You got a problem with that?"

Alexander watched their puzzled faces, a slight smile on his lips. He set down his wine glass, stepped forward.

and picked up the machete Giano dropped. Gripping the handle in his right hand and pinching the blade with his left thumb and forefinger, he began to apply pressure.

Creak, creak!

The machete, crafted from a tough alloy, contorted and warped in Alexander's grip. It let out a series of loud, metallic groans

until, with a resounding 'bang', it burst into a shower of metal fragments.

Everyone in the bar gasped, their eyes nearly popping out of their sockets. Even Yaser, sitting across from Alexander, stared in astonishment, his mouth going dry.

Man, that was intense!

+15 BONUS

He knew his cousin-in-law, Alexander, was a tough guy, but this? Crushing high-strength alloy like it was nothing, and he was not

even breaking a sweat! What kind of beastly strength was that?

If he got a hold of someone's bones, they would be rendered to dust in seconds. Their skulls, too!

"So, what's it gonna be? You in for a job at New Chesire Group as security guards?"

Alexander flicked the useless piece of metal from his fingers, shook off his hands with a nonchalant air, and towered over Giano

with a cool gaze. "You could say no, of course. However, I'm not known for being gentle with the disobedient."

"No, please, no!"

Giano was a wreck, bowing frantically to Alexander, his voice quivering. "Boss, I'll fall in line, I swear it. Tomorrow, I'll get the gangs to sign up as security guards for New Chesire Group!"

“Smart move,” Alexander said, cutting the chatter. He nodded toward the inebriated girl. “Your guy snatched her purse. Where is it?”

With a rustle, the gang scrambled, combing through the bar’s chaos to retrieve a small white purse. One of them, hands shaking, offered it up to Alexander. “Boss, got the purse right here!” Taking the purse without a glance at Giano’s gang, Alexander motioned to Yaser. “Let’s help the lady and get out of here.”

Chapter 0195

After exiting the bar, Alexander zipped away in his Porsche. Within minutes, they were checking into the sleek Lifestyle Hotel.

“Brother-in-law,” Yaser said, steadying the young woman. He fished a phone from her purse, unlocked it with her fingerprint, and scrolled through the contacts before handing it over with a rueful grin. “Check this out.” Alexander eyed the phone screen, his expression flickering with surprise.

The contacts were a roll call of whimsical monikers-Pikatchoo. Ultraman, Fairy... They looked like buddies.

from a chat room, not a single traditional name in sight.

“Kids these days, huh?”

Alexander shook his head with a smile, pulled out his phone from his pocket, took a frontal photo of the girl, and edited a multimedia message before sending it off.

[To: Maxine Griffith]

The message was brief and to the point. [Find out who this person is, get her family’s contact info, and do it now!]

In just under three minutes, Alexander’s phone buzzed with a response from Maxine, the Duke of War. [Her name is Acela

Hardy, 22 years old. Her dad’s Drake Hardy, also known as Mister Hardy. Used to run things in Woolpackton’s shadows. His personal cell is...]

“She’s Mister Hardy’s daughter?”

Alexander eyed the text, then looked over at the young woman still groggy from her night out. After a moment’s thought, he dialed the number Maxine dug up, using Acela’s phone to reach out to Drake.

At the Tormora Festival, right in the bustling heart of Woolpackton, stood the Rectewald Mall-the biggest entertainment complex around.

The massive structure soared 140 stories high, dominating the city’s skyline. It sprawled across an area the size of twenty-plus football fields, and behind the main edifice lay an old-fashioned manor where Drake

enjoyed his retirement, focusing on personal well-being.

In the manor’s garden, beneath a pavillon shaded by verdant foliage, a man in a sharp

suit pushed a wheelchair. Three middle-aged men stood by his side, heads bowed in deference, all wearing expressions of deep respect as they faced the elderly Drake.

The once-revered boss of Province Town, a silver-haired man in his early sixties, lounged in the bamboo-shaded pavilion, a serene smile on his face. Across from him, a thin elder in a simple blue robe shared in the easy conversation, both savoring their tea with evident pleasure, oblivious to the five men waiting outside.

“Mister Hardy, the night has grown deep. It’s time for your rest.”

+15 BONUS

Time slipped by until the slender elder, Wilhelm tidled the tea set and-with a gentle smile-gestured toward the men below.

“Should I send them away? They’ve been on their feet for more than three hours.

They’ve had a long wait.”

With a warm smile, Drake whispered, “Invite them over. I’m curious to hear what they have to say.”

With a nod, Wilhelm approached the pavilion and addressed the five heavyweights of Woolpackton’s shadowy corners with a dismissive grunt. “Mister Hardy will see you now. Speak only what’s necessary, and keep silent

on all else. Cross Mister Hardy, and it’ll be the last thing you do.”

The men locked eyes, a shared fear evident in their gaze.

They were Mark, head of the Hudson family, Raine, the Schneider family’s second in command, Tommy, the reigning kingpin of

Woolpackton’s underworld, Harry, bound to his wheelchair, and Tony, his steadfast pusher

Together, they could turn Province Town’s underworld upside down, but in Drake’s presence, they were as meek as church mice.

“Mister Hardy.”

Side by side, they approached the man who had left their world a decade ago.

Tommy, the de facto leader, stepped forward with a respectful bow. “Boss, you’ve been out of the game for ten years. We wouldn’t normally intrude, but...”

He paused for a moment, stealing a glance at Wilhelm beside him. Seeing no sign of anger, he dared to

continue, “Lately, over at Ol’ Mare...”

He laid out the whole saga. The shake-up of Ol’ Mare’s shadowy ranks, New Chesire Group’s rise to power, and their rough dealings with Alexander. He left no stone unturned.

“Alexander?”

Drake, cradling a glass of water, mulled over the name before dismissing the matter

with a flick of his wrist.
Got it. You can go now.”

The five men looked at each other, reluctant to move. Harry, gripping the arms of his wheelchair, bit down hard, his face twisted with bitterness. “Mister Hardy, you might’ve stepped back, but everyone knows you’re still the boss of Province Town! That jerk Alexander, my brother Patrick’s son-in-law, has been strutting around Province Town like he owns the place, showing no respect for you...”

Before Harry could finish, Wilhelm’s face turned to ice. With a swift, unseen move, a sword flashed out, its tip stopping just shy of Harry’s throat.

“I told you: say only what needs to be said. Not one word more,” Wilhelm’s voice cut through the air, as chilling and sharp as his sword. “Utter one more peep, and your head will roll.”

Silence enveloped the estate.

+15 BONUS

That old man, Wilhelm, known as Ghost Sword, was Drake’s top titan with a grim tally of lives taken that was well into the double digits.

Every member in the branches of the underworld knew to fear the Ghost Sword. Even before Drake hung up his spurs, the Ghost Sword was a legend, a master of his vital energy with personal prowess that was enough to intimidate the entire branch.

“Wilhelm, don’t spook them,” Drake said, his voice calm as he gestured for Ghost Sword to back off. He then looked over at

Harry and the crew with a soft but firm tone. “I’ve stepped out of the game, but I won’t let an outsider throw their weight around in Province Town. He goes by Alexander, doesn’t he? Wilhelm, why don’t you pay him a visit and...handle it.”

He was cut off mid-sentence.

Right then, Drake’s phone buzzed like crazy in his pocket, a sure sign someone was trying to reach him.

“Huh?!”

He fished out an old flip phone, its plastic case worn from years of use, and his eyes sparked to life when he saw the name on the screen.

It was his daughter, Acela!

Chapter 0196

Drake stared at the call from Acela, not picking up right away, lost in thought.

His bond with ‘Acela’ was tangled and tough.

Back in his heyday, he had carved out a name for himself in Woolpackton, eventually

rising to the top of the underworld's heavyweight division. After years of spilling blood and making enemies, he had too many scores to settle.

His wife was murdered by his adversaries 20 years ago. He sent his only daughter overseas with a web of fake IDs, all to keep her safe from the life she led.

In Province Town, only Ghost Sword, close as a brother, knew the truth about Acela. It was a bitter pill to swallow, but as his daughter grew up, she came to despise everything about him. She

saw Drake as the worst kind of criminal, and she even blamed him for her mother's death. Then, Drake and

Acela were practically strangers, their father-daughter bond all but broken.

"Why on earth is Acela calling me out of the blue?"

Drake cradled his phone, lost in thought for a moment before he exhaled and picked up the call.

In Ol' Mare, just a stone's throw from Belmont Hills, at Lifestyle Hotel, Alexander was holding Acela's phone, a dial tone

humming in his ear. A slight smirk played on his lips as he whispered, "Is this Mister Hardy from

Woolpackton?"

The question hit Drake like a thunderclap in the quiet of his bamboo garden. His voice turned frigid. "You have Acela's phone?"

Who are you, and what's your connection to her?"

"We just met by chance."

Alexander calmly added, "I was out at a bar tonight, unwinding with some friends, and I ran into your daughter. She's had a bit too much to drink, but she's okay. If you're not too busy, Mister Hardy, maybe you could come

get her. The address is..."

He rattled off the hotel's location, then added with a hint of a smile, "Oh, and by the way, the name's Alexander.

Alexander?!"

Drake paused for a split second, his gaze flicking to Harry and the others nearby. He scrunched his brow. brought the phone

close, and spoke with a gravity that matched his words, "They say the young are often the bravest, Alex. I've heard your name's been on everyone's lips lately.

"Your buddies were hanging around, and I had a hunch you'd be keen to catch up with them."

Friends?

In the lounge of the Lifestyle Hotel, Alexander mulled it over briefly before flashing a subdued smile. "Sure!"

He glanced at Yaser and said with a grin, "Yaser, kick back and relax here. I'll get Miss

Hardy home safely.”

+15 BONUS

Leaving Yaser behind, he helped the still-groggy Acela out of the hotel, hopped into his cherry-red Porsche. and tore off toward

Woolpackton.

Two hours ticked by, and the clock struck one in the morning.

“Take the lady back to her room!”

In the bamboo grove behind Rectewald Mall, maids escorted Acela to her bedroom.

Drake, seated on a stone bench among the bamboo, beckoned Alexander with a soft command, “Sit.”

As he spoke, Wilhelm, known as Ghost Sword strode from behind Alexander to Drake’s side, murmuring.” Mister Hardy, you can breathe easy. Miss Acela is unharmed.”

Drake’s face relaxed, his eyes softening. “Thanks for bringing my girl home, Alex. Come on, have a seat.”

However, Alexander remained on his feet. He stood before the pavilion and eyed Harry.

Tommy, and the others at the fringe of

the bamboo. With a slight arch of his brow, he said, “Mister Hardy, are these the ‘friends’ you mentioned? Sorry, they don’t pique my interest.”

With that, he spun on his heel and strode away, not bothering with pleasantries.

“How dare you!”

The air around ‘Ghost Sword’ grew tense as he shifted his stance, a subtle dance of feet that belied the swiftness of his

approach. In a heartbeat, he was before Alexander, his sword gleaming like a serpent of steel pressed against Alexander’s chest.

“Not a bad piece of steel” Alexander remarked, locking eyes with his opponent, his face betraying no fear.” Here’s your one chance-put the sword away, or it’ll be the end of you.”

Hm?

A short distance away, Drake’s eyes sparkled with intrigue. Harry, Tommy, Mark, Raine, and the others watched excitedly.

Alexander was actually challenging the Ghost Sword, a man whose power was a deep, dark ocean, and whose skills were a mystery even to the underworld heavyweights.

They all remembered the whispers.

10 years ago, Ghost Sword had mastered his vital energy, his foot poised to cross into the stage of energy transformation. Who

could doubt that by then, he had not achieved that energy transformation realm?

In the fighters community, street fighters were seen as tough individuals, a step above the average person, but were not

considered true fighters. In numerous urban fighters academies, the skills of junior learners are frequently labeled as external

energy.

The term 'external energy', commonly referred to as the Resilient Body Technique, involves rigorous conditioning through prolonged physical training. That process would enhance the body's resilience to strikes, fortifying its ability to withstand impact and boosting overall explosive power. Once that stage was mastered, learners progressed to the Inner Energy Technique realm.

+15 BONUS

Just like those seniors in the park, moving gracefully through their Supreme Balance Arts routines, they have actually begun to tap into a primal vital energy within themselves. It was subtle, that energy, and mostly just boosts their health, giving them a leg up on the average Joe in terms of physical wellness.

The learners from the local fighters academies took that energy and pushed it further. With the right talent, they could have hit a major milestone by fifty-perfecting that vital energy. If they pushed just a bit more, merging that energy with their physical vigor, they became something fierce: masters of energy transformation.

In Regulus Windsur, those energy transformation masters were a rare breed. They had another name that was known far and wide these days.

Grandmasters.

Those who have scaled the heights of the energy transformation realm earned the right to be called

Grandmasters.

"Ten years back, I stepped away from the fight game-for my daughter's safety and because Wilhelm needed to shut the world out, focusing on indoor self-practice."

In the bamboo grove nearby, Drake perched on a stone bench, eyeing Alexander from afar. "Wilhelm's ten-year retreat paid off.

He's a Grandmaster now. Alex, I heard that you're pretty tough. You're not thinking of crossing

a Grandmaster, are you?"

Grandmaster?

Alexander shot Drake a cool look, then turned away, addressing the Ghost Sword in a low voice.

"I told you once, sheathe your sword, or it's curtains for you!"

Chapter 0197

Grandmasters-a nation's pride and joy.

The Regulus Windsur boasted five mighty armies, including the Northern Wyverna Army with its legendary One Hundred and

Eight War Generals", each being a grandmaster in their own right. They were a force to be

reckoned with.

In all of Regulus Windsur, there were no more than a thousand grandmasters. It took millions, sometimes tens of millions of ordinary people, to produce just one of those rare grandmasters.

“You’re quite full of yourself.”

Wilhelm’s grip tightened on his sword, his eyes locked on Alexander with a chill of indifference. “You’re like a young bull, unafraid of tigers, not knowing the danger. I’ve ended many brash youths like you.”

He glanced over at Harry and the others dismissively. “You all wanted Alexander dead, didn’t you? However, he just saved Miss

Acela and is in Mister Hardy’s good graces. I won’t bite the hand that feeds.”

With that, he turned back to Alexander, his voice as austere as steel. “Your recent stunts in Province Town

crossed the line with Mister Hardy. You’ve challenged me, and while I might spare your life, you won’t escape punishment.”

As his words hung in the air, the Ghost Sword’s eyes flashed with deadly intent. His sword quivered and

lashed out, unleashing four swift strikes aimed at crippling Alexander’s limbs.

“Think grandmasters are unbeatable?”

Alexander’s expression remained calm, his voice steady as he reached out with his right hand.

Finger Shadows Slash.

His index finger shot forward like a streak of lightning, surpassing any definition of speed. Though he moved after ‘Ghost Sword’

Wilhelm, he struck first, his finger grazing the man’s chest with incredible swiftness before

snapping back.

A dull thud echoed.

The gaunt figure of Wilhelm seemed to implode as if a balloon had burst within him, unleashing a fierce blast of energy. He

staggered back uncontrollably as a gush of blood spurted from his lips.

His power had been undone with a mere flick of a finger.

The energy transformation Wilhelm mastered, a blend of his body’s innate life force and the vital energy he had honed over fifty

grueling years, was effortlessly undone by Alexander’s casual flick.

“No way!”

Drake, Harry, and Tommy’s eyes went wide in shock, especially Harry. He clutched his wheelchair tightly, and

he almost stood up.

Alexander was renowned as a prodigy among fighters, yet he was barely in his twenties—a mere soldier who

+15 BONUS

To defeat a grandmaster with a single move? Unthinkable!

“Small-minded fools, it’s laughable,” Alexander said, his voice stolid as he pulled back his finger. His gaze

swept indifferently over the stunned faces of Drake and the others. "Let me make one thing clear to all of you.

"I spare you not because you deserve life, but because you're not even worth the effort of killing. If you're so

eager to meet your end, I won't hesitate to oblige.

"New Chesire Group's operations will soon extend into Province Town. Cross me, and you make an enemy of me. And I won't be nearly as polite as I was today in dealing with my enemies!"

With those final words, Alexander turned on his heel and walked away with purpose.

"Alexander..."

It was not until Alexander vanished from sight that Harry and his companions looked utterly defeated, their bodies shaking with

barely contained tremors.

Drake remained standing where he was, his complexion cycling through shades of pale and flushed. He

eventually eased himself onto a stone bench, one resolute thought anchoring his mind.

New Chesire Group and the Chesire family...were forces to be reckoned with.

In the city of Ol' Mare.

Coral's internship in Woolpackton meant she could only spend a brief two days in Ol' Mare.

Amber and Alexander escorted her and Yaser to Woolpackton, shared a lingering goodbye, then made their way back to Ol' Mare.

The past few days had seen 'One Life' take the market by storm, its health benefits for the middle-aged and elderly earning widespread acclaim. In under a week, it seized a massive share of the market, with the product in such high demand that it was

flying off the shelves, raking in an eye-watering profit.

A conservative estimate put the daily net earnings at over 300000 dollars, a veritable gold rush.

"Alex."

On the drive back to Ol' Mare, Amber, seated next to Alexander, peeked at a new text message. She then

passed her phone to him excitedly. "Take a look."

Hmm?

Alexander, hands steady on the wheel, spared a quick glance at Amber's phone screen and could not help but smile.

It was an invitation.

A message from Amber's college friend, announcing a seven-year graduation reunion, beckoning her to join.

+15 BONUS

"It's been seven years! I bet everyone's settled down by now."

Amber put away her phone wistfully before turning to Alexander with a warm, inviting smile. "There's a class reunion in Woolpackton tomorrow, and I have to go back. I'd really like you to come with me. Would you?" she asked softly. Alexander's smile was light and easy. "Sure!"

Chapter 0198

The next morning at 10 a.m., Woolpackton's Grand Gareth Hotel was bustling on its top-floor banquet hall.

It was not Ol' Mare's fanciest spot-just a four-star hotel-but with the year-end holidays still in full swing. snagging any room was a win. The holidays were the reason Amber's classmates could finally squeeze in a reunion.

Amber's college crew was about forty, mostly hitched by then.

Despite the festive break, some were tied up with work and could not make it. Thus, there they were. less than

thirty alumni mingling with their spouses, kids left at home, gathered around four tables. "Amber!"

As she and Alexander stepped into the room, the guys' faces lit up.

The belle of Ol' Mare, unrivaled even here in Woolpackton, was every guy's dream girl back in the day. Strolling

through campus, she was a sight to behold.

Seven years on, and she had not lost a bit of her charm. The youthful blush was replaced by a touch of sophistication, but she was still the goddess from their dreams.

"Sorry I'm

late. Work at the company's been crazy," she apologized with a graceful smile.

Amber looped her arm through Alexander's, greeting her old high school friends with a bright smile. "It's been years, but you all haven't changed a bit!"

Her classmates returned her smile joyfully. A few of the guys even teased her, "Amber, some of us are still on the market! We

came to this reunion hoping for a shot with you, but you've gone and tied the knot! Guess we're

out of luck now!"

A blush crept across Amber's cheeks, and she was about to reply when a voice cut through the chatter.

"What? Amber's married?"

The voice, filled with surprise and disbelief, echoed from the entrance of the hall

It was Gael Fabin, an old classmate of Amber's.

He was the picture of luxury, clad in a tailor-made Versace suit, a Lawrence platinum watch that screamed opulence on his wrist,

Saint Bonio crocodile leather shoes on his feet, and a Montblanc belt with a dragon

motif. His tie was fastened with a diamond clip that glittered under the lights. His ensemble screamed a net worth of millions of dollars.

“Gael!”

“Gael!”

“Come on, folks, show some respect. It’s Mister Gael Fabin...”

+15 BONUS

As Gael made his entrance, the crowd of old friends lit up, each one eager to welcome the man of the hour.

Out of everyone there, Gael had made it big. Rumor had it he had married into corporate royalty—the daughter of a CEO and his status skyrocketed. He became a high-powered general manager with clout to spare.

That reunion was all thanks to Gael, who footed the bill for the whole gathering.

“Amber, you got married and didn’t even drop me a line?” Gael walked up to Amber, ignoring Alexander completely. He reached out, his eyes locked on hers with an intensity that was almost palpable. “Amber, it’s been too long.”

Amber greeted Gael with a warm smile instead of a handshake. “I tied the knot the second year out of school, and my little girl’s already five. Somehow, the news never made it to the old gang.”

“Been hitched that long?”

Gael blinked in surprise before turning to give Alexander a once-over, his gaze traveling from head to toe before he let out a knowing chuckle. “The Chesire family’s got a bit of clout in Ol’ Mare, Amber, but your hubby’s style... Well, let’s just say it’s unique.” He smirked at Alexander’s casual getup.

Style?

Alexander arched an eyebrow. He chose a snug casual ensemble and a pair of breezy sneakers from a local

shop—easygoing and affordable, with the whole outfit costing a modest sum.

Next to Gael’s luxury threads, Alexander’s choice was modest, to say the least.

“Alex isn’t one for the flashy stuff,” Amber replied, unfazed by the Jab. Her smile did not waver as she added,

He’s the head of security for our company. We wouldn’t be where we are without him. Everyone at work absolutely adores him.”

Warmth spread through Alexander’s chest.

All his efforts for Amber had not gone unnoticed. She might not talk about it much, but she clearly cherished it

all.

“Head of security? For the Chesire business? That’s not just living off your success, is it?” Gael’s laughter was loud, his comment

tossed out carelessly before he waved it off. “Don’t mind me. Amber. Just pulling your leg.

ha!”

Amber's smile dimmed just a touch, but she held back any sharp retorts for the sake of old times.

"Amber," Alexander said, casting a brief glance at Gael and the sea of strangers. He offered her a soft smile.

This place is filled with annoyances. I'll be in the car when you're ready."

He finished speaking, leaned in, and kissed her softly on the cheek before turning to stride out of the banquet hall.

"Annoyances..."

Gael's face turned to stone, and he was on the brink of exploding with anger. However, as he watched Alexander leave, his eyes

darted slyly toward Amber's graceful figure, and his look turned predatory.

Alex was gone!

Good riddance!

'I'll make sure Amber drinks herself under the table tonight, oh yes.' A thought crossed Gael's mind.

Chapter 0199

Alexander slipped away unnoticed, and Amber's old classmates were too wrapped up in their revelry to care. They were toasting and laughing, lost in the joy of the reunion. Gael, in particular, was laying it on thick with Amber, egging her on to drink.

"I've had enough." Amber protested.

The clock was inching toward eight, and the party was winding down. Amber's cheeks were flushed with a rosy glow from the

wine as she gently refused Gael. "Alex is waiting for me downstairs. It's about time we all

called it a night."

With that, she made to leave.

"Come on, we don't see each other that often. What's the rush?" Gael protested.

He darted from the table and blocked Amber's path, his eyes smoldering as he swept over her. "Amber, the

night's not over. I've got us a spot at Rectewald Mall for some karaoke. I snagged a VIP room-the sound

system's top-notch!"

"Rectewald Mall?"

The classmates' ears perked up, and they swarmed closer, buzzing with excitement.

"For real, Gael? You got

us a private room at Rectewald Mall?"

Gael's laugh was smug as he soaked in their amazement.

Truth be told, Gael did not have the clout to book a swanky private room at Rectewald Mall on his own.

However, his father-in-law was the big shot of the Yablon family in Woolpackton, who had just taken his company public,

catapulting it to worth in the 1.5 billion. Thanks to that, Gael had just barely managed to

rub

elbows with the city's business elite.

Tonight's karaoke setup was all thanks to his father-in-law's influence.

"Rectewald Mall was Mister Hardy's pride and joy."

Gael flashed a triumphant thumbs-up, his grin wide with pride. "For our class reunion, I pulled some strings with the manager on

duty. We've got the biggest VIP room waiting for us!"

Turning to Amber, he puffed his chest confidently. "And Amber, I'm not just blowing smoke. If the Chesire family ever wants to

branch out to Province Town, one call from me, and Rectewald Mall will back you up all the way!"

Amber paused, her mind racing. New Chesire Group's roadmap had them expanding from Woolpackton to the entire province, and eventually nationwide. A partnership with Rectewald Mall could be a game-changer.

"I knew you'd see it my way!"

Gael's eyes lingered on Amber's face for a moment longer than necessary, then he turned to the rest of the group, his

excitement palpable. "Alright, everyone, let's move out to Rectewald Mall!"

+15 BONUS

With a flurry of activity, the group scattered. Some hailed cabs, others jumped into their cars, and a few adventurous souls

zipped off on electric scooters, all converging on Rectewald Mall.

At the top of Rectewald Mall, the Kingsley private room awaited.

The private room was set with an array of fresh fruits and a colorful selection of drinks, all courtesy of Rectewald Mall. They had

even brought in six charming college girls to act as hostesses, greeting everyone with a bow at the door.

"Let's not just sit around-time for some music!"

Gael, with a drink in hand, was rallying the old gang to sing. He shot a quick, mocking glance at Alexander and Amber, a smirk

hidden in his gaze.

He had not planned on Alexander joining them, but Amber hopped into the Porsche waiting outside the hotel. clearly not keen on leaving Alexander behind.

At Rectewald Mall, Alexander naturally found his seat next to Amber.

'So, you think I'm out of options with your hubby here? We'll see about that." Gael chuckled darkly to himself. then rose and

approached Amber with a gesture of invitation. "Amber, it's pretty loud here. Your Chesire family's looking to branch out to

Province Town, right? Let's step outside for a chat."

Amber paused, then turned to Alexander. "Should I go and have a word with Gael?" she whispered.

Alexander gave Gael a brief, indifferent look, then turned back to Amber. "Sure, go ahead," he replied gently. Just be careful, and

if anything comes up, just call.”

With a soft acknowledgment, Amber stood and made her way out of the room. Gael’s eyes followed her, alight with a fervent intensity, as he quickly followed in her footsteps.

Chapter 0200

In the hallway outside the VIP room, Gael called out, “Amber!”

Gael raced toward Amber, his face flushed with heat and his eyes blazing with unmasked desire. “It’s just us now, so let’s cut to the chase.

“Do you dream of the Chesire family making it big in Province Town? It’s a cutthroat place, and your family doesn’t stand a chance on its own. I can lend a hand, but let’s be real—nothing in life is free.”

His eyes wer

were practically drooling as he edged closer to Amber. “Come on, you’re a married woman, not some untouched maiden. What’s one night with me going to cost you?”

The moment the words left his mouth, he could not hold back and threw himself at her.

“Gael!”

Amber jumped back, her face turning a furious shade of steel. “Out of respect for our past as classmates. show some dignity. My husband’s just in the next room, and he possesses incredible skills in fighting!”

Incredible skills in fighting?

Gael, missing his mark, moved in closer, his eyes burning hotter. “What’s he trained in? Pillow talk? He’s no match for me! I hit the gym every day. I’ve charmed at least eight trainers, and I promise you’ll be more than happy with my moves in bed!”

“Disgusting!”

Amber was livid, her chest rising and falling with anger. “Gael, I thought you genuinely wanted to help me break into Province

Town, but this was your game? You’re so twisted and low, I can’t believe I ever misread you!”

With that, she wanted nothing more to do with that monster and turned to head for the private room.

“Think you can just walk away?!”

Gael was rooted to the spot, his gaze locked onto Amber’s waist. The alcohol started fueling his obsession, his eyes bloodshot with desire. “You have no idea how long I’ve been into you since our college days. I have my chance now, and I’m not leaving without making you mine.”

No sooner had the words left his mouth than he lunged at her from behind, arms outstretched, and pulled her into a crushing embrace,

*Back off!”

Amber was ready for him, spinning around with her hands shoving hard against his chest, her voice laced with panic and fury.

“Gael, back off now, or Alex will come after you!”

“You think Alex can stop me? Ha!” Gael’s laugh was cruel, his eyes wild. “That ex-soldier? I’ve been hitting the gym. I could take him down with my eyes closed!”

He pushed her against the wall with brute force, his lips seeking her neck in a rough kiss.

+15 BONUS

“No, please, no!”

Amber’s slight frame was no match for Gael’s strength. Tears spilled over as she screamed for help, her voice reaching out to the distant private room.

“Alex, save me!”

The private room was alive with song and laughter. Amber’s former classmates were in high spirits, drinking, joking, and singing their hearts out. The mood was electric.

Alexander was all smiles, beer in hand, watching the playful scene, occasionally chuckling to himself, thoroughly enjoying the night.

“Alex, save me...”

The music was thunderous, but above it all, Alexander’s keen ears picked up Amber’s desperate plea.

“Is Amber in trouble?!”

In that split second, Alexander’s expression hardened. The beer bottle in his hand was forgotten as his legs coiled and sprung, launching him over the coffee table with a swift whoosh and out the door.

Crash!

The solid wood door of the private room splintered under his force as he charged down the corridor, drawn by the distant cries.