

# **His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar**

## **#Chapter 201 – 250**

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#### **Chapter 201**

Chapter 0201

At the corridor's end, Amber's face was a mask of despair.

Gael had her cornered against the wall. She was a mix of tears and screams, fighting back with all she had. Gael with eyes like

fiery coals, kept puckering his lips, nearly planting them on her neck time and again.

"Amber, just give up, you're out of strength!"

Amber's energy was waning, but Gael's fervor was spiking, diving for her neck once more. His breath reeked of alcohol as he

nearly grazed her pale skin.

However, then, in a heartbeat-

"Get lost!" a deep, icy command cut through the air from behind Gael.

It was Alexander!

Before Gael could even process what was happening, his arms were seized as if in a vice. Pain erupted as he cried out, "Ah! Let

go, it hurts!"

Hurt?

Alexander's eyes were a stormy sea, his hand a blur.

Smack!

Gael's face took the full brunt of Alexander's palm, his body spinning through the air before crashing to the

ground, a gush of blood and teeth spilling from his mouth with a guttural grunt.

"Alex!" Amber, coming to her senses, panicked and gestured wildly, "That's enough, just teach him a lesson,

don't hit him again, you might kill him!"

Kill him? He was not even worth that.

Unmoved, Alexander spun and landed another kick.

Thud!

Gael's body flew like a ragdoll, his back scraping the ground as he crashed into the corridor wall and bounced

back a few meters. Blood spurted from his mouth as he lay there, shaking uncontrollably and unable to speak.

"Alex, stop! You can't hit him again!"

Amber was beside herself with fear, grabbing Alexander's arm with desperate urgency.

"If he dies, you're looking at jail time, maybe even the death penalty. This is murder!"

She rushed to Gael's side, crouched down, and checked his breathing. Her face softened slightly with relief.

Gael was still alive.

“Bastard... How dare you hit me!”  
+15 BONUS

Gael twitched on the floor for a long time before he could focus his hateful gaze on Alexander and Amber. “No one’s ever dared to touch me before! You’ll regret this if it’s the last thing I do!” Amber’s face went white as she instinctively looked at Alexander, her voice shaking. “Alex, we should...” She was cut off.

“Gael!”  
A group of old classmates burst from a nearby VIP room, finally noticing the chaos. They saw Gael on the floor and rushed over in a frenzy, faces filled with shock. The corridor was a horror scene-blood and broken teeth everywhere. What had just happened? Gael was a mess!  
The shock subsided quickly as the classmates scrambled to lift Gael from the floor. “Gael, are you okay?”  
A nervous classmate fumbled for a tissue to dab at the blood on Gael’s lips, then turned to the others with a sense of urgency. “Come on, don’t just stand there gawking-call the hospital! And get the police on the line. quick!”  
“No!”  
Gael, still strong from his regular gym sessions, had recovered enough to shoot a warning look at Alexander. We go way back, guys. Don’t drag Amber into this mess. It was Alexander who hit me, not her!”  
There was a moment of awkward silence as the classmates exchanged glances, but ultimately, they respected Gael’s wishes and put their phones away. Gael let out a silent sigh of relief. Thank goodness his classmates were not the type to stir up trouble. If they had called the police, he would be in a real bind. The hallway cameras would have caught everything, and the police would see it was he who tried to force himself on someone.

Getting punched was the least of his problems.  
“Amber!”

A few opportunistic classmates saw their chance to side with Gael and turned on Amber with reproach. What’s the deal here? Gael’s the one who footed the bill for this reunion. He even covered our karaoke, and your husband just walloped him! You owe us an explanation!”

Chapter 0202

“Yeah, make him apologize to Gaell’

+15 BONUS

In the hallway, several women helped Gael steady himself and wiped away the blood while they berated Amber and Alexander.

"We're supposed to be friends. How could you let this happen to Gael?"

"Good thing Gael's got a big heart. If he'd called the police, you'd be behind bars!"

Amber's face went through a series of changes before she finally clenched her jaw and spoke softly, "You've got it all wrong.

Gael was trying to... He tried to assault me. Alex got here just in time and hit him in the heat of the moment."

The room fell into a brief hush as every eye in the crowd of old classmates fixed on Gael.

"Ah!"

Gael dramatically exhaled, his sigh dripping with insincerity, "I'll own up to it-I've had a thing for Amber since our college days. I

just wanted to chat, to clear the air about the past, but I never imagined..."

He glanced over at Alexander, his face a mask of grief. "I never imagined that Mister Kane would lash out without asking

questions, just come at me swinging! Friends, I'm telling you, I've been wronged!"

In a synchronized wave, the classmates turned to stare at Alexander, their eyes filled with anger and even

disdain.

Brutal, crude, and completely irrational. How did Amber, the sweetheart of our college years, end up with such a hothead for a husband? It was beyond belief!

"It's not what you think everyone!"

Amber's voice was tinged with desperation as she saw the judgment in her classmates' eyes. Her cheeks flushed with urgency, and she caught sight of the security camera in the corridor. A spark of hope flickered in her eyes. "I can prove Gael's lying! I..."

Her words were cut short.

their way.

Down the hallway, two security guards had caught wind of the disturbance and were heading their brandishing rubber batons.

They scanned the group and barked, "What's the trouble here? Don't bother the other guests!"

"Which room are you from? If you're not singing, then beat it! This is Rectewald Mall, not your playground!"

Amber's face tensed, her heart racing.

Rectewald Mall was Drake's domain, the once-feared underworld king of Ol' Mare. Even though he had left his old ways behind, his legend still loomed large over Tormora.

It was no exaggeration to say that stirring up trouble in Rectewald Mall was like signing

one's own death warrant by crossing  
Drake.  
"Guys."

+15 BONUS

By then, Gael managed to stand up, though his speech hissed through broken teeth. He shot Alexander a venomous glare, then waved over the two security guards, his eyes flashing with rage. Name's Gael. The Kingsley private room is my turf! Do me a solid and fetch the manager, Mister Bacco. Tell him to come here."

The Kingsley private room?

The guards looked at each other, their hearts pounding. Whoever could afford the Kingsley private room was no small fry. They might work for Drake, but they were just guards. They knew who they could mess with and who was off-limits.

"Mister Gael Fabin."

One guard hesitated, forcing a smile. "Can I ask how you're connected to Mister Bacco? He's on shift today. swamped with work..."

"Cut the nonsense!" Gael, already fuming, lost all restraint. He jabbed a finger toward Alexander's nose and roared, "Tell Mister Bacco I got roughed up! And get him down here to sort this guy out!"

Chapter 0203

+15 BONUS

The moment Gael lost his temper, the security guards knew better than to waste another second. They whipped out their walkie-talkies urgently. "Mister Bacco, we've got trouble on the top floor. Mister Gael Fabin from the private room's been attacked, and it looks bad..."

"What are you telling me? Who's the assailant?!" The voice that crackled through the walkie-talkie was laced with anger and disbelief. "Keep them there, I'm on my way!"

The line went dead with a sharp click.

Two minutes ticked by, and the sound of determined footsteps echoed down the hallway. Hagen Bacco, the impeccably dressed duty manager of Rectewald Mall, was on the move.

Spotting Gael from afar, Hagen's blood boiled. "Mister Gael Fabin, you've been assaulted? Who dared to lay a hand on you? I'll take care of this!"

Gael did not

get a chance to reply. Alexander casually pointed to himself and said with a nonchalant tone.

That would be me."

"You? Are you insane?" Hagen's glare was lethal, his presence oozing danger. He knew exactly who Gael was. He was the rising star of Woolpackton, the Yablon

family's sole son-in-law,  
and a VIP member of Rectewald Mall.

Attacking a VIP in Rectewald Mall was a blatant disregard for Drake's authority!  
"You think I'm courting death?" Alexander eyed Hagen, a wry smile playing on his lips.  
"Fine, if that's what you

think, go ahead—try to take me down!"

"You..." Hagen's face turned red with fury. His sleeves rolled up in a flash, ready to throw a punch. However, then, his eyes caught Gael's battered state, and his raised fist hesitated, eventually falling back to his side.

He did not dare make a move.

He had heard about Gael's reputation—a gym junkie with a physique that could handle a brawl against half a dozen men. If Gael had been thrashed that badly, the guy in front of him was no weakling!

"Think you're tough, do you? Just wait!"

Hagen shot Alexander a venomous look, whipped out his walkie-talkie, and snarled into it. "This is the top floor. I want security up here, now, right now!"

The corridor was quickly filled with the thunder of boots. Over 20 security guards stormed in, each armed with a rubber baton, muscles rippling as they snapped to attention before Hagen. "Sir!"

"Right on time!"

Hagen surveyed the security guards, then turned back to Alexander with a sneer. "Kid, you're in Rectewald Mall, Mister Hardy's turf! You think

you can throw punches here? Out with it. Who are you with? I'm giving you one chance. Call your backup!"

+15 BONUS

Call for backup?

Alexander's lips curled into a slight smile, ready to reply.

"Don't bother talking to him!" Gael, not too far off, pointed at Alexander and spat out a bloody spit. "Mister Bacco, I've got the lowdown on this punk. He's no street thug, he's the Chesire family's son-in-law from Ol' Mare!"

Hagen's face twisted into a wild sneer as he looked down at Alexander. "And here I thought we had a real

player in the game. Just a guy mooching off his lady, huh? The Chesire family? New Chesire? Think I can't wipe them out by tomorrow?"

"I don't buy it."

Alexander's eyes were cool and steady. "New Chesire Group is moving into Province

Town as we speak. If you're as powerful as you say, shut down Chesire now. I'll be watching."

"Mister Bacco, let's not be hasty!"

Gael's voice oozed malice as he eyed Alexander and then Amber, who was visibly shaken. He chuckled darkly. "His wife's an old classmate of mine, Amber. Out of respect for the past, I'll leave the Chesire family. Today,

it's just Alexander who's in my sights."

"Alex!"

Amber was beside herself with fear, clutching at Alexander's arm and pleading with Hagen. "Mister Bacco, my husband didn't mean any harm!"

She gestured desperately toward the surveillance camera overhead, her expression sincere. "Please, check the security footage.

Gael was the one coming after me, and my husband only struck him in a rush to protect me...

Surveillance?

Hagen laughed cynically. "Your security footage means nothing here. In my world, I call the shots!

"You think you can stir up trouble in Rectewald Mall and live to tell the tale? You're not that lucky. However, today's your lucky day. Get on your knees and crawl under me, and maybe I'll let you off the hook."

Alexander's gaze narrowed into slits.

Hagen, with his insufferable arrogance.

He thought that was his turf? How laughable!

"If you're itching for a showdown, then let's not disappoint." Alexander said coolly to Hagen. He pulled out his phone, quickly typed a message, and hit send.

The message was to the point. [Rectewald Mall, top floor corridor. Get there then.]

The recipient was Drake.

The man who ruled Rectewald Mall and the unseen overlord of Province Town Woolpackton, Mister Drake Hardy himself.

+15 BONUS

Chapter 0204

The moment Alexander's text buzzed in, Drake sprang into action instantly.

In a flash, he was out the door, still in his pricey silk PJs, with 'Ghost Sword' Wilhelm, the unbeaten champ of Province Town, by his side. They bolted from the back of Rectewald Mall's posh estates, Drake's slippers flapping all the way.

"Mister Kane."

Riding up to the penthouse corridor, Drake spotted Alexander and beelined to him, a grin spreading wide across his face. "What a surprise, Mister Kane! Why didn't you give us a heads-up? I sure hope you'll overlook any slip-ups on our part."

Drake meant every word. Ever since Alexander laid Wilhelm flat with just one move, leaving the crowd gobsmacked, everyone got the memo: Messing with Alexander was akin to playing with fire.

“Mister Hardy’s calling him Mister Kane?!”

The whole corridor was buzzing-Hagen, Gael, a squad of security, and Amber with her old school gang, all with their jaws on the floor.

The big-shot Hardy, bending over backward for Alexander? Why?

The room was buzzing, but truth be told, most people did not really know Drake beyond the whispers of his clout in the shadows.

Hagen, the guy running the show at Rectewald Mall, and Gael, who just scraped into Woolpackton’s high society, knew the score about Drake’s murky past.

Rumor had it that Drake’s rise was not just from his own hustle. He had some serious muscle backing him up.

too.

There he was, bowing down to Alexander of all people!

Was Alexander not just the Chesire family’s trophy son-in-law, a deadbeat mooching off his wife’s cash?

“You’re too generous, Mister Hardy.”

Alexander brushed off the crowd, his gaze cool as he locked eyes with Drake. “I didn’t plan on causing a fuss

for Mister Hardy by showing up today, but...”

He paused, gesturing casually to Hagen. “You talk to him.”

What then?

Drake’s eyes narrowed, a shadow passing over his face as he turned to Hagen. “What’s with the crowd? What

went down? Did someone cross Mister Kane? Out with it!”

Hagen’s heart skipped a beat, his nerves on edge.

Climbing up to duty manager meant he had a knack for reading the room, and it hit him that Mister Kane was

not some freeloader. He was Drake’s friend.

+15 BONUS

Scratch that: Alexander was not just a friend. He was someone even Drake stepped lightly around!

“Mister Kane, please forgive me!”

In that instant, Hagen could not afford another thought. He bowed deeply to Alexander, his voice breaking with emotion. “I was

so foolish! I’ve upset Mister Kane and Miss Chesire, all because of Gael, that jerk...”

Mid-sentence, he snapped to his feet and seized Gael by the neck, his eyes wild with fury. “Gael, you’ve ruined me! I’ll make you pay!”

“No, please. ....

Ever since Drake had shown up, Gael was in over his head. Then, with Hagen’s hands squeezing his throat, his face turned a

deep purple. “I didn’t mean to...” he said shakily.

Mean to, what? To be so bold just moments ago?

Alexander watched indifferently and sternly said, “You had the gall to mess with my wife, refusing to check the security footage. If

you had the nerve to do it, why not own up to it?”

What?!

Drake, standing nearby, felt a twitch in his eye, a fierce glare settling in his gaze.

So that was it. That lowlife stirred up trouble, daring to target Mister Kane’s wife? He was digging his own grave.

“Someone get over here!”

At Drake’s side, a figure known as ‘Ghost Sword’ gestured sharply, his voice carrying the weight of years and authority. “Give him

a beating he won’t forget, stop at nothing!”

In an instant, a group of security guards, who had been on edge, sprang into action at Wilhelm’s command. Three of them

tackled Gael to the ground, while the others delivered a barrage of slaps to his face.

Slap after slap echoed.

In mere seconds, Gael’s face was a mess, his teeth on the verge of falling out as he lay on the ground, crying out in agony.

“Mister Kane, I’m sorry, I’ve really changed!”

Gael, his voice cracking with desperation, managed to lift his head and pleaded with Amber, who stood by Alexander’s side.

“Amber, we go way back! Remember our school days? Please, for old times’ sake, let me off Just this once!”

Amber’s lips were pressed into a thin line, her gaze fixed on Alexander, oblivious to Gael’s pleas. She was well aware of

Alexander’s prowess, his combat skills, his exclusivity, and the fact that he was no ordinary ex- soldier...

Yet, the reality unfolding before her was beyond anything she could have imagined. Her husband, whom many dismissed as a

loser and a moocher, was commanding respect in a way she had never seen before.

Even the big shot of Province Town bowed to him!

“Mister Bacco, Gael... The words echoed down the hallway where Amber’s former classmates stood-men

+15 BONUS

They were witnessing a scene more shocking than any TV drama. One thing became crystal clear to them: Amber’s husband

was no deadbeat. He was someone truly extraordinary.

“Mister Hardy, you must remember my father-in-law, the head of the Yablon family, the



top VIP at Rectewald Mall, your friend!"

Gael, still on the floor, was getting slapped around by the security guards, his voice raw from crying, "Please, for my father-in-law's sake, ask Mister Kane to show some mercy. Beg him to let me off! I swear I'll never step out of line again!"

Chapter 0205

Gael's father-in-law, Bram Yablon, head of the Yablon clan, became a household name. The Yablon Pharma Group's smashing entry onto the NASDAQ ballooned the family fortune to billions, catapulting them into Woolpackton's elite.

For Gael Bram was the last hope, the ace up his sleeve. Even the shadowy figures who pulled the strings in

Woolpackton's underworld heavyweights tipped their hats to Bram.

"Your father-in-law, Bram?"

Drake paused, then stepped closer to Alexander, his voice a hushed murmur, "Mister Kane, I know Bram. He's not the one to worry about-it's the muscle behind him that's chilling."

He leaned in, voice dropping to a whisper, "The pharma market's a gold mine, and the big players-the super- families-are all diving in. I can't say who's got Bram's back, but the word on the street is...they hail from the north."

The north? That got a chuckle out of Alexander.

Regulus Windsur, the north's mightiest, was his turf, where he reigned supreme-a one-man army, the legendary Lord of War, Alexander himself!

"Mister Hardy." Alexander's lips twitched into a sly grin as he eyed Drake.

"Only a sharp mind can lead Woolpackton, and a sharp mind knows the game."

"Let's see just how sharp you really are!"

The influence Bram wielded was a force not even he would dare cross. Yet, there stood Alexander, whose prowess was nothing short of breathtaking. With a mere flick of his wrist, he effortlessly took down the famed "Ghost Sword" Wilhelm, a master of the mystical energy transformation realm.

"I, Drake Hardy, was all in this time, ready to risk not only my fortune but also my life to win over Mister Kane."

Drake said.

Drake bit down hard, a determined glint in his eyes as he turned to Wilhelm at his side and commanded in a low growl, "Wilhelm,

get the Yablons on the line. Tell them they've got ten minutes to show up. Any longer, and they'll be greeted by Gael's dead body."

Wilhelm whipped out his phone and punched in the number with practiced ease.

Bram, the up-and-coming tycoon of Woolpackton, head of the Yablon clan. Roughly ten minutes passed.

“My husband, Gael?!” a shrill, hysterical scream echoed down the hallway. “Drake, have you lost your sight? On your own ground, someone had the gall to touch my husband? Who was it? I’ll have his head!” In a flash, all eyes in the hallway snapped to the source of the commotion.

+15 BONUS

Gael’s wife, Bram’s fiery daughter, Nery Yablon, stormed in. She looked like she had just stepped out of a spa, clad in a robe with mask residue on her face, flanked by an elder in green and four stern bodyguards. One look at Gael, and she was seething. Poor Gael had been dealt a rough hand.

A team of security guards had taken turns slapping him silly for a solid ten minutes. Despite his gym-honed resilience, his face was now a battered mess, swollen and bloody, beyond recognition. “Mister Hardy.”

Behind Nery stood Bram in a sharp gray suit, his face etched with lines that hinted at a life just tipping past fifty. His eyes flicked to Gael, and his expression turned stormy. “You owe me an explanation. Your people have hurt my son-in-law!”

Drake ignored Bram, his attention locked on the four bodyguards and the enigmatic elder in green standing behind the Yablon father-daughter duo. Before the Yablons had climbed the ranks, his own Ghost Sword was the undisputed champion of Province Town. However, ever since Bram’s sudden ascent, this old man had become his shadow. His true power was a mystery, but the whispers in the town’s underbelly were certain—he had reached a realm of energy transformation that was almost mythical.

“So you’re Gael’s father-in-law, Bram?” Alexander’s voice was calm, almost detached, as he held Amber’s hand and faced the Yablons. “Gael crossed my wife. I won’t bore you with the details. You have two choices.

\*First. New Chesire Group from Ol’ Mare is branching out to Woolpackton. Your Yablon Pharma Group will supply the facilities and equipment, worth no less than a billion. Do this, and Gael lives.

“Or, take Gael back without any compensation. However, all you’ll be carrying home is his body.”

Bram’s eyes flashed icily before he threw his head back and laughed. “So that’s why Mister Hardy snubbed me. You’re the puppet master!”

His eyes flickered over Alexander and Amber with a cruel smirk. “Ol’ Mare, huh? When did this backwater town spit out someone

like you? New Chesire Group... So, you're that Chesire's son-in-law, Alexander? And the woman with you has to be the big-shot GM from Chesire Corp. Amber, right? Alright, then!"

He turned to the stoic elder in green robes beside him, giving a respectful nod. "Mister Lacombe, this isn't just about the Yablon family's honor. It's about the big boss's reputation, too. I'm asking you to step in and silence

Alexander once and for all."

'Silence him once and for all' was a chilling way to say it.

He was calling for Alexander's death.

they were nothing. His The elder in green, Quon Lacombe, indifferently looked past

Drake and Wilhelm as if they gaze landed

briefly on Alexander, and he said sternly. "In all of Tormora, fewer than ten people merit my blade. Consider it an honor to die by my hand."

With those words, he stepped forward, and the air seemed to tremble.

It was like a mountain had decided to stroll through the room, his presence crashing down on everyone like an

+15 BONUS

Amber's old classmates, the security team, and the duty manager Hagen all looked terrified. Even Drake and Wilhelm blanched, stepping back involuntarily before Quon's might.

"Alex..." Amber, standing close to Alexander, felt the full weight of Quon's fearsome power. Her heart skipped at beat.

However, Alexander's hand in hers was a beacon of warmth, infusing her with courage so profound she stood.

rooted to the spot, unshaken.

"I've given you chances that you just didn't take seriously." Alexander said, turning to give Amber a reassuring look before his

eyes settled coolly on Bram and Quon. He spoke with calm authority. "Now, I can simply declare the outcome: the Yablon family

will lose everything they own. And Gael's body? Forget about taking it

back."

Chapter 0206

At Alexander's declaration, Quon and Bram were both caught off-guard.

Lose everything? Declare Gael's death? It was laughable!

"Dad, Mister Lacombe!"

On the corridor floor, Gael was a mess, beaten down by the guards. He struggled and howled in agony.

pointing at Alexander desperately. "Stop talking to him. Just kill him! I want him dead!"

His wife, Nery, screamed, "Do it, Mister Lacombe! Kill him!"

The elder in green, known as Mister Lacombe, shared a look with Bram, then sneered.

"Standing strong even

under my intense presence? Alexander, you've clearly reached the realm of energy transformation. So young. yet so capable.

Truly impressive! Alas, you're playing a dangerous game, clueless about the powers you're provoking."

He stepped closer and narrowed his eyes. He met Alexander's gaze with an intensity that could intimidate the faint-hearted.

As a formidable practitioner in energy transformation, he seamlessly integrated his spirit and vital energy. achieving a highly

focused state of spirit. With just one look from Alexander, the unspoken message was clear, inaction spoke louder than action.

The powerful gaze exuded an overwhelming intent, capable of effortlessly shattering the combat resolve of ordinary energy transformation fighters.

Alexander, on the other hand...

"Drop the act. It's just embarrassing." Alexander said, his gaze steady and unyielding.

With a voice as frigid as ice, he commanded, "Leave!"

Boom!

To the onlookers. Alexander's command was nothing more than just a word. However, for Quon, his word struck like lightning. It echoed in his mind and shattered his resolve.

The gap in their power was clear for all to see. Amber was clueless, and so were her old classmates. Even Drake and Wilhelm barely scratched the surface of understanding.

They watched in shock as Quon's face turned ghostly pale as if struck by an Invisible force. He spat out a mouthful of blood with a guttural gasp and stumbled backward, collapsing to the ground with a thud. His feet scraped against the floor, kicking in vain before his body went rigid and still.

"Mister Lacombe?!" Bram and his daughter Nery were beside themselves with fear, rushing to his side. They crouched down to check for any sign of life, only to find none.

He was dead!

The energy transformation fighter, feared throughout Woolpackton for his prowess, dropped dead of a stroke

+15 BONUS

"As I said," Alexander spoke disinterestedly without even glancing at Quon's corpse.

"The Yablon family owes a debt that'll cost them everything. Gael's fate is sealed. Now, does the head of the Yablon family have any further doubts?"

Bram shuddered, crouching on the chilled ground, his head lifting slowly. His lips trembled, struggling to form words that refused to come.

His heart was in agony.

Quon's death was a mystery, his pillar of support shattered in an instant. The big-shot up north would be livid if he heard of

Quon's demise, and the Yablon family would not get off easy...

All because of that cursed Gael. Why on earth did he have to cross Alexander?!

"You might think I'm throwing my weight around," Alexander said, his grip gentle on Amber's hand as he glanced at the old

classmates quaking in the hallway. With a reassuring smile, he added, "But you're mistaken.

He gestured effortlessly. "Mister Hardy, the surveillance, please."

Drake blinked, caught off-guard, then quickly understood. "Bring up the surveillance footage, now!"

The security guards dashed off, returning in under five minutes with a flash drive and a tablet in hand. The video was quickly played.

The screen lit up, replaying the earlier confrontation in the hallway.

"Look at that!"

"It's Gael It really is him!"

"He was harassing Amber..."

The footage was damning: Gael pursuing Amber out of the lounge, his intentions clear, and then Alexander stepping in to set things right. The evidence was undeniable.

"Gael, that despicable creature!" Amber's classmates, especially the one who dabbed away Gael's blood, were seething. "He

fooled us all. He was after Amber all along. It's no wonder Mister Kane stepped in!"

"Yeah, we were just accusing Mister Kane and Amber, but Gael was putting on an act the whole time!"

"It's no surprise he didn't want us to see the security footage. He was playing games with the manager, trying to throw around

Mister Hardy's weight to push around Amber and Mister Kane..."

The other guys w

were red-faced with shame, kicking themselves for their mistake, and they quickly apologized to Alexander and Amber. "Amber,

Mister Kane, we're so sorry. We got it all wrong. Gael's a jerk who had it coming!"

"We've known each other for years, and we know what kind of person Amber is. We never should've doubted her."

A few of the girls gathered around Amber, guilt-ridden by their words and actions.

"Amber, please don't be

+15 BONUS

be getting off easy if all he got was a beating!"

Amber's lips quivered as she turned to look at Alexander, her heart swelling with

emotion.

The video told the whole story.

She had been worried that Gael's actions might ruin her friendships, but Alex had been considerate, taking her feelings into account.

"We've seen the video," Alexander said with a gentle smile to Amber, then turned to the Yablon father and daughter with a cool gaze. "Head of the Yablon family, Miss Yablon, the truth is right here. Do you have anything to say for yourselves?"

Chapter 0207

Anything else to say?

There was nothing left to say.

Bram crouched next to Quon's corpse, his face alternating between shades of pale and green as he was at a loss for words.

The scandal had erupted, and the Yablon family's rock dropped dead out of the blue. If there were a hole to crawl into, he would dive in without a second thought. The shame was too much to bear.

"Gael you scum!"

Next to Bram, his daughter, Gael's wife, Nery, stood in shock for a few seconds before she snapped. She lunged at Gael like a

woman possessed, shoving past a swarm of guards. Her nails raked across Gael's battered face as she shrieked, "You dare to fool around and drag our family through the mud?!"

"You're the death of Mister Lacombe. You've killed him with your own stupidity! Our family's pillar is gone, and now you're going to be the death of my father and me!

"I'll kill you! I swear I'll kill you!"

Her fingers dug into Gael's throat, squeezing with all the fury of a woman wronged.

"Please, don't... Don't kill me..."

Gael's body was limp as blood bubbled from his lips. Tears poured down as he gasped, "I'm wrong! I know I'm wrong! Mister

Kane, I'm less than human— I'm a monster! Please have mercy! Spare me!"

Mercy?

Alexander's face was a mask of indifference as his eyes stoically swept over Gael and the desperate Hagen beside him. In a

calm voice, he said. "I recall you once wanted me to grovel at your feet. Do you still wish for that?"

Both Gael and Hagen were struck with fear, especially Hagen. After all, he was so sure Alexander had

forgotten about it.

It hit him like a ton of bricks. He had said those words before, not realizing the kind of man Alexander was, thinking he could mock him with such a challenge!

“Mister Kane, I’ll do it, I’ll crawl!”

Gael was gasping for air with Nery’s grip tight around his throat. Not a peep could escape him.

Hagen sprawled on the floor and pleaded with Alexander, “Mister Kane, Just tell me how to do it, and I’ll crawl right under your pants!”

Crawl under his pants?

“You don’t deserve to.” Alexander, with Amber’s small hand in his, spoke evenly, “I never want to see Gael and

That one line decided Gael and Hagen’s doom.

+15 BONUS

From that moment on, they might as well have vanished from the earth, for no one would lay eyes on them again.

That was what happened when someone crossed Alexander-or rather, crossed Amber. “No!”

Gael and Hagen were scared out of their wits, suddenly finding the strength to shriek and howl “Mister Kane,

please have mercy, spare us! Father-in-law, my dear Nery, beg for me! Beg...”

Thump! Thump!

A swarm of security guards converged, whipping out their batons to brutally knock the two men unconscious. then dragged them

by the ankles down the hallway, leaving behind a gruesome smear of blood.

Left behind were only Nery, collapsed and wailing on the floor, and Bram, frozen like a statue next to Quon’s

corpse, too stunned to utter a sound.

“And as for the rest of you...”

Alexander’s eyes swept over the room, settling on Nery and Bram with a calm that was almost eerie. “Your wanted to kill me just

now, didn’t you? Too bad, you can’t.

“What’s even more of a pity is that the Yablon family’s fate is sealed. I couldn’t care less about your lives. The Yablon Pharma

Group, however, still has some value to me. You know what needs to be done.”

Bram staggered, a ghastly smile creeping across his face as despair filled his eyes.

He knew exactly what needed to be done.

The Yablon Pharma Group was no longer under the Yablon family’s control as of this moment. It was already a part of New

Cheshire Group’s empire, Amber’s empire.

New Cheshire Group was making its move into Province Town.

With Drake’s guidance, Bram dutifully signed over the company, then departed with Quon’s lifeless body and Nery, whose face

was etched with defeat.

Amber’s former classmates were beside themselves with fear, none daring to linger, all hastily excusing

themselves.

The night's events at Rectewald Mall were beyond their league, the kind of news that would send shockwaves through

Woolpackton and beyond, throughout Tormora.

New Chesire Group's expansion plans were bound to rattle some cages.

"Mister Kane."

After wrapping up their business, Drake nodded respectfully at Alexander, though he looked visibly worried. Taking on the Yablon

family could spell trouble down the line, especially with the powerhouse backing them..."

+15 BONUS

Alexander just chuckled and shook his head, clearly unfazed by the threat of any so-called bigwig.

"Mister Hardy."

Amber bit her lip before speaking up in a soft voice, "Are you and Alex...friends? I'm hoping for your support when New Chesire

Group makes its move into Woolpackton. And, well, there's also my cousin to consider."

Her cousin, the one and only Coral Braine.

It was just the other day that she and Alexander escorted Coral to Woolpackton, where she had started an internship at a global

company. If anything could make Amber anxious aside from her business ventures, it was her free-spirited little cousin.

"You're worried about Coral?" Alexander's smile was gentle and reassuring.

That girl could be a real challenge, but she was also sharp. She had picked a boyfriend, Yaser, who was a stand-up guy. Coral

had an eye for quality, it seemed.

"Nothing to worry about New Chesire Group and your cousin, Miss Chesire."

Drake was no fool. Catching the concern on Amber's lovely face, he gestured decisively, "Wilhelm, see to it that Miss Chesire's

cousin gets the VIP treatment."

Wilhelm, whose face was a permanent mask of stoicism, grunted in acknowledgment.

He whipped out his phone and fired off a flurry of texts.

In under three minutes...

"Mister Hardy."

As wou

As Wilhelm glanced at the fresh alert on his phone, a shadow of concern flickered across his face. "Miss Chesire's cousin, Coral,

didn't stay put in Woolpackton. She's headed to...Walganus Capital!"

Chapter 0208

Walganus Capital?

"Why on earth would she go to Walganus Capital? That's just asking for trouble!"

Amber, standing next to Alexander, became visibly distressed as she paced with worry.

Walganus Capital was the beating heart of Regulus Windsur, a place of paramount significance. The Chesire family, despite their



influence, had no business meddling in the affairs of Walganus Capital. If Coral ran into any sort of trouble there, they would be powerless to assist.

“Breathe, Amber.”

Alexander soothed her, gently holding her hand and smiling reassuringly. “You know how Coral is-charming and not one to stir up serious trouble. Besides...”

He pulled out his phone with a confident grin. “Let’s just call Yaser. He’s Coral’s boyfriend, so he’ll know what’s up.”

Amber’s eyes brightened with a mix of hope and anxiety. “Alex, please, find out! Coral’s been a magnet for mischief since she was little, and Walganus Capital is crawling with the high and mighty. If she rubs someone the wrong way, it can spell catastrophe!”

Catastrophe?

A wry smile played on Alexander’s lips as he swiped his phone to life and dialed Yaser.

“Brother-in-law?”

Yaser’s voice came through the phone, a bit tense, a testament to the formidable presence Alexander was known for. “Still up at this hour? What’s up?”

“Just a minor issue.”

Alexander’s voice was light. There sounded like a smile in his tone as he spoke into the phone, “I’ve just heard that Coral didn’t stay in Woolpackton. She’s headed to Walganus Capital. Did you go after her?”

There was a brief pause on the line, and Yaser sounded anxious. “Brother-in-law, I was just about to discuss

this with you. Coral slipped away to Walganus Capital, and she wouldn’t let me tag along. I wouldn’t be so concerned if it were any other company, but...she’s interning at a foreign firm that’s got a pretty shady reputation.”

Shady reputation?

Alexander’s brow furrowed, but his voice remained steady. “Take it easy, and tell me everything.”

Yaser quickly explained, “Our school’s got this deal with the company, so a lot of grads end up interning there.

Coral got in without a hitch. However...there’s been talk, you know? Older students say the boss is bad news,

preying on the young and pretty ones. It’s not exactly a secret.”

Alexander nodded slowly to himself.

+15 BONUS

It was an all-too-familiar story in the working world. Male bosses used their power to target female college students, many of whom were too new to the game to speak up or fight back. Then there were those who

fell for the allure of money, ending up in the clutches of those who only played the part of the good guy. However, Coral was not some newbie without a hint of awareness. She was savvy enough to handle herself against such sleaze.

“Yaser.”

With a comforting smile, Alexander cradled his phone and said, “Coral’s got a good head on her shoulders. You don’t have to worry about her.”

Still, Yaser’s worry was palpable, his voice tinged with urgency. “It’s not Coral I’m fretting over. It’s her boss! Rumor has it that he’s drugged his employees before-real nasty stuff. And Coral is a knockout. If he sets his sights on her...” He trailed off, the unsaid fears hanging heavy in the air.

A naive beauty could have easily fallen prey to a CEO’s machinations, a little cunning all it would have taken to lead her astray.

“Here’s what we’ll do,” Alexander mused, his voice a gentle murmur. “What’s the company’s name? I’ll help you figure this out.”

Yaser immediately answered, “It’s called Aarison Auto-Electric. I don’t know the boss’s name, just that he’s a foreigner with tight ties to a big domestic group. Something like...New Evan Energy Group.”

New Evan Energy Group?

The name Aarison Auto-Electric did not faze Alexander, but New Evan Energy piqued his interest, a subtle wave of intrigue washing over his face.

In a world where oil and gas were dwindling, new energy was the next big play. New Evan Energy stood at the forefront of that frontier, a titan of Regulus Windsur’s empire. Behind that giant? The true power lay with Walganus Capital, the mighty Duncan family-one of the nation’s elite.

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Chapter 0210

“Coral Braine...”

Spencer glanced at Coral’s resume, then placed it back on the desk in front of Trevor, chuckling. “Nothing to worry about, sir!”

He returned to his desk, opened the computer, and began organizing.

About 3 minutes later...

“What?”

In the spacious and bright open office space of the office building. Coral stared at the computer screen, surprised by the sudden

team-building notification. She was momentarily stunned before a joyful expression spread across her face.

The company hosting a welcome banquet was fantastic news!

As an intern in a new company, navigating interpersonal relationships could be challenging. Some older employees tended to

exert pressure on newcomers, and there was often competition among new hires.

The company's welcome banquet was a perfect opportunity to connect with colleagues, build relationships, and enjoy some food and fun. This was godsent!

"Coral." Not far away, a middle-aged female colleague was dressed stylishly and wearing high heels. She walked over, giggling.

"Are you going to the team-building event tonight? I heard your Alexander is coming to see you. Do you need to take leave?"

Coral stuck out her tongue playfully and laughed, "Whitney, I wouldn't dare take leave. The notice from above clearly states that

all new interns must attend. Alexander can take care of himself. He's not a child!"

"Hehe!" Whitney covered her mouth and laughed, casting a few glances at Coral's innocent face before swaying her graceful figure back to her workstation.

Alexander had just departed from the coastal area, taking a flight to Walganus Capital. Before boarding, he

sent a text message to Coral.

[Coral, the landing time of the flight is confirmed. 8:30 tonight.]

Coral glanced at her phone and quickly replied. [Got it. I'll see how it goes. If I have time, I'll definitely pick you up!]

As soon as the message was sent, a joyful shout echoed in the office, "It's the end of the shift! Coral, Jasmine, Lilly... Everyone, pack up quickly! We're having a big dinner tonight. It's our boss' treat!"

Coral swiftly gathered her belongings, saved her work files, and shut down her computer. She joined seven or eight fellow

interns, along with a dozen or so senior employees, heading out of the office.

At 8 p.m. that evening, over 30 employees of Aarison Auto-Electric walked out of a five-star hotel in Walganus

1/3

+15 BONUS

Throughout the banquet, the atmosphere was unusually lively. Coral, mindful of picking up Alexander from the airport, refrained

from drinking much during the feast. Just as she stepped out of the hotel entrance, she immediately waved and greeted her colleagues.

"Have fun, everyone. I'll take off now. Alexander's flight lands tonight, and I have to go pick him up!"

After saying this, she bowed to Trevor and Spencer, then waved to Whitney, her closest colleague. Then, she turned to leave.

'Planning to leave? Can you really leave?'

In the instant Coral turned around, Trevor narrowed his eyes slightly, silently signaling Whitney with a look.

"Coral!"

Whitney understood instantly, quickly catching up with Coral and grabbing her arm affectionately.

"It's such a joyful day today. Don't spoil everyone's mood! Let Alexander take a cab and find a hotel himself. Let's go for karaoke next! There's a new establishment not far from here, and the sound system is fantastic!"

As she spoke, Whitney turned to Trevor with a playful laugh. "Boss, tonight is a company team-building night. You can't be stingy with the expenses at the karaoke!"

"Of course! All expenses tonight will be on the company's account!"

Trevor looked at Coral's delicate figure with desire in his eyes but quickly adjusted his expression. He appeared graceful and charming.

"However, we won't go to the newly opened karaoke box. We have a fixed partnership with an entertainment venue not far from the airport. Let's have some fun and relax a bit. It won't delay Coral from picking up her guest. It's a win-win!"

Coral hesitated for a moment. "But..."

"Nope, no going back on that!" Whitney quickly hugged Coral's shoulder and waved to her colleagues. "Get in the car, we're going to have karaoke!"

Trevor, Spencer, and a large group of company employees boarded the company's dedicated vehicle.

"Well, okay." Helpless, Coral joined Whitney in the car. She took out her phone from her small shoulder bag and quickly composed a text.

"Sending a message to Alexander, huh?" Whitney sat beside Coral, giggling. "He hasn't landed yet, has he? He's still on the plane, and he won't receive your message. Don't bother sending it!"

Coral stuck out her tongue playfully, giggling. "It's okay, he'll get it once he lands."

Whitney frowned slightly, seeming like she wanted to say something more. However, Coral's fingers were fast, and the edited message had been sent.

[Alexander, the company has a team-building activity, and I don't know when it'll end. I can't pick you up. Find

a hotel yourself, and tomorrow, I'll take a day off to spend time with you!]

2/3:

+15 BONUS

After sending the message, Coral sighed in relief and began chatting and laughing with her colleagues. Meanwhile, the

company's car sped toward Jovial Celebration Karaoke along the roads of Walganus Capital.

14

## **His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar**

### **#Chapter 211 - Read His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar Chapter 211**

Chapter 0211

+15 BONUS

Time flew by quickly, and in the blink of an eye, it was already half past eight that night. The civil aviation plane from Ol' Mare smoothly landed at the Walganus International Airport.

"Should I pick up Coral since she's participating in the team-building activity?"

Alexander descended from the plane, switched off his phone's flight mode, and immediately saw Coral's text.

His brow furrowed slightly, and he quickly dialed Coral's number.

In a luxurious private room on Jovial Celebration Karaoke's top floor, the sound of singing and glasses clinking could be heard.

After arriving at the karaoke box, Whitney and Spencer took turns urging Coral to drink. Coral, whose alcohol tolerance was not great, already had a flushed face.

She answered Alexander's call with a slurred voice, "Alexander, have you landed? I'm... I'm almost drunk!"

"Coral, what are you saying? Speak clearly!" Alexander stood at the airport exit. His frown deepened, feeling that something was off.

The noise on Coral's end was too chaotic, and he could not make out what she was saying. However, one

thing was certain-she drank a lot, and he could tell that she was already drunk.

"Hello, is this Coral's brother-in-law?" Beside Coral, Whitney draped her arm over her shoulder, snatched her phone, and giggled. "Sorry, it's our company's team-building activity. Coral can't pick you up!"

After saying this, she shut down the phone and stuffed it into Coral's bag.

"Coral? Coral!" Alexander repeatedly shouted into his phone. When he heard the beep indicating that the call

had been disconnected, his expression hardened.

Something was wrong.

Yaser's concerns were not baseless. Coral was definitely in danger!

"Maxine." Alexander immediately dialed Maxine's number and said in a deep voice,

"Use the army's communication satellite to

locate Coral, now. She just turned off her phone. Lock onto her location by force."

Maxine's voice was exceptionally solemn as she said, "Lord Alexander, please wait. For a forced location, it takes at least two minutes, and I..."

"I'm giving you only one minute," interjected Alexander firmly. "No nonsense. Hurry!" Maxine's pulse surged as she decisively replied, "Understood!" About 40 seconds later...

"Report!" On the phone, Maxine's voice was serious as she quickly reported, "Miss Coral's real-time location 1/2

+15 BONUS

Click!

Alexander quickly hung up, rushed into the nearest airport-special taxi, and commanded the driver, "Sir, the place I need to go isn't far. It's at Jovial Celebration Karaoke, about seven kilometers away. I don't care how much the cost is, just get there within three minutes!"

In the driver's seat of the taxi, the driver turned to look at Alexander on the passenger side. With a strange expression, he said,

"Sir, are you joking with me? Seven kilometers in three minutes? Do you think this is a highway? The traffic conditions in Walganus Capital..."

"20000!" Alexander suddenly pulled out his phone and displayed the available balance of the payment app, his gaze sharp. "As long as you can do it, I'll give you 20000 for the fare. I mean what I say!"

The driver looked at Alexander's phone, his gaze instantly brightening.

The amount of zeros in this man's bank account was staggering...

'Good god, this gentleman isn't joking! He's loaded!'

He was not just rich. This man was a super tycoon, a magnate!

More importantly, the driver could not possibly earn 20000 in a month!

"Jovial Celebration Karaoke, right? Three minutes, right?"

The more the driver thought about it, the more excited he became. He spat fiercely on his hands, then firmly

grabbed the steering wheel, slamming the accelerator to the floor.

"Hold on tight!"

Vroom!

The taxi shot forward like an arrow released from a bowstring, continuously overtaking the dense traffic on Walganus Capital's roads. They ran red lights all the way, speeding toward Jovial Celebration Karaoke.

Chapter 0212

At Jovial Celebration Karaoke, in a luxurious private room on the top floor.

While others took turns singing. Coral was already drunk but still desperately trying to stop the wine glass in Whitney's hand.

Stammering, Coral struggled to speak. "Whit. Whitney, I really can't drink anymore. My head is spinning..."

"Just one more glass. One more drink!"

Whitney continued to persuade, glancing toward Trevor not far away and subtly giving him a meaningful look.

Trevor immediately understood, maintaining a poker face. He coughed softly next to his secretary, Spencer. Spencer nodded and discreetly reached into his pocket. He took out a packet of white powder and poured it into the cup he held, gently shaking it.

The white powder quickly dissolved in the beer, appearing indistinguishable from regular beer.

"Coral." Trevor took the beer from Spencer, stood up, and walked to Coral's side with a smile. "Since your alcohol tolerance is limited, let's not drink too much. Come, this is the last one! Coral, don't refuse, okay?"

How could Coral refuse the boss' toast?

"Well... Thank you, sir."

Coral struggled to stand up from the sofa. She gritted her teeth, took the beer glass from Trevor's hand, tilted

her head back, and drank all the beer in one go.

"How refreshing!" Trevor burst into laughter with a lascivious gleam in his eyes. He looked down at Coral's delicate figure from a superior position. "Coral has a good alcohol tolerance! Hahaha!"

Whitney glanced over and noticed that Coral had drunk the beer with the added 'ingredient'. She immediately walked over and gestured to her colleagues. "Okay, everyone! Today's team-building activity is over. You all can leave now. I'll take Coral back later!"

In the entire private room, the old employees were well aware of Trevor's character. They glanced at Coral and could not help but shake their heads, walking out one by one.

Obviously, Trevor had set his sights on Coral. This girl was in for a tough night.

"But..." A female classmate who came to intern with Coral hesitated for a moment and whispered, "Whitney.

how about I take Coral back? We share a dormitory..."

"Don't you understand English?!"

Without waiting for the female classmate to finish, Spencer abruptly stood up from the sofa and snapped, "You still want to stay here? Get out!"

The color drained from the girl's face, and she dared not defy Spencer. Along with a few other classmates, she made her way out of the room. When they reached the door, she turned slowly, casting a final glance at Coral.

At this moment, Coral could barely stand, her eyes glazed and unsteady. With a stumble, she collapsed onto

1/2

+15 BONUS

“Beautiful! Coral truly is enchanting!”

As the employees left one by one, only Spencer and Whitney remained in the private room. Both of them were, of course, in the know of this plot.

Trevor’s desire was palpable as he gazed at Coral’s delicate figure, unable to suppress his dry throat.

To win over this young girl, he organized team-building banquets and frequented karaoke boxes for singing sessions, spending a total of more than 10000 dollars.

This money could not be spent for nothing; this was the moment he would reap his reward. Coral finally succumbed.

“Whitney, close the door.”

Trevor was salivating excitedly. He waved at Whitney and then whispered to Spencer, “Spencer, go guard the door. No one is allowed in.”

Spencer sized up Coral with a smirk on his face. “You want to have some fun with her here, boss? Don’t worry, I’ll make sure to keep the door secure for you.”

With that, he quickly left the private room and stood guard at the door for Trevor.

“Boss, it was quite a task getting Coral drunk today. I’m pretty exhausted,” she reported. Whitney, swaying her seductive hips, approached Trevor with a flattering smile. “Having achieved such a great feat, shouldn’t you reward me properly?”

Trevor chuckled. “Want a reward? Don’t worry. Whatever you want, I’ll give it to you! Hurry up and help Coral undress. You strip, too. I want to play with both of you!”

Whitney giggled and went to Coral, reaching out to undo her dress straps.

Meanwhile, Trevor could not wait for Whitney to finish undressing Coral. His eyes were already burning with excitement, and he could not hold back any longer. “Damn, she’s so beautiful... Don’t touch her, I’ll do it myself!

As he spoke, he eagerly pounced on Coral’s delicate figure.

Chapter 0213

Just as Trevor was about to pounce on Coral...

Boom! A deafening explosion echoed through the air.

+15 BONUS

Four or five meters away, the soundproof solid wood door of the luxurious private room



was blasted to pieces by an incredibly powerful force. The wood fragments, glass shards, and even the high-strength alloy door frame were all shattered into pieces, violently scattering within the room.

“What’s happening?!”

Trevor was startled, and a shiver ran through his body. He hastily pulled up his pants and turned to look at the door.

A faint figure of a man emerged from the door, shrouded by smoke and dust. This man stood outside the door, fists tightly clenched. The man’s gaze was like a sharp sword, staring fixedly at everyone inside.

“Boss!” Spencer, who was on guard at the door, was petrified where he stood. He shook in sheer terror. “He was so fast that I couldn’t even see him! He just rushed over...”

Whitney, who was next to Trevor, was visibly frightened, too. She quickly fumbled to put on her professional skirt that she had

just halfway taken off.

“Damn it!”

Enraged that Alexander ruined his plan, Trevor gritted his teeth and growled, “Who are you? This is my private room! What gives you the right to come in? Spencer, get him out!”

Spencer hesitated for a moment and instinctively reached out his right hand, attempting to grab Alexander’s arm.

“Get lost!”

Alexander’s face darkened. He reversed his hand, fiercely grabbing Spencer’s wrist and slamming him to the ground with a loud bang.

Alexander lifted Spencer off the floor and spun him like a windmill. Spencer was then slammed to the ground, unable to hold back a miserable scream.

Whitney was thoroughly terrified. Reflexively, she covered her mouth and let out a sharp scream, “Help! Someone’s hurting us!”

“Shut up!” Trevor suddenly turned, angrily rebuking Whitney. Then, he turned to look at Alexander viciously. “You pig. You think you’re good at fighting, huh? Let me tell you, I’ve trained in Sanda, practiced Judo, and-

Alexander did not give him a chance to finish. With a slight movement, his figure blurred in place, and the next moment, he appeared in front of Trevor, delivering a swift kick.

Wham!

1/2:

+15 BONUS

Trevor had not even seen Alexander's movement. His body spun in a circle and flew out, spitting out a large piece of bloody broken teeth as he harshly crashed onto the floor of the karaoke. It felt like every bone in his body was about to break.

"You're down after just one move?" Alexander snorted, not even bothering to look at Trevor. He quickly walked over to the unconscious Coral on the sofa.

Her delicate face was pink, her clothes in disarray and revealing a large expanse of snowy white skin.

Alexander ignored Coral's delicate figure. His movements, however, were incredibly precise. He neatly dressed her and checked her breathing, ensuring she was otherwise stable. He sighed in relief.

Spencer, who had just been thrown to the ground by Alexander, staggered to his feet. He gave Alexander a fierce glare and

cursed, "Kid, you dare to attack us? Just you wait!"

He limped toward the corridor, evidently wanting to get help.

"Ugh, damn it... It hurts so much..." Trevor struggled to get up. Most of his teeth were gone, and he spoke with a whistling sound, "You got guts, boy, but you'll die a very ugly death tonight. I can promise you that!"

Meanwhile, Whitney trembled in fear. She ran over to support Trevor's arm, daring to cast a few glances at Alexander's face.

Suddenly, she screamed, "Hey, I know you! I heard Coral talk about you. This must be her

brother-in-law, Alexander Kane!"

Alexander Kane?

"I don't care who you are!" With Whitney's help, Trevor finally stabilized himself, grimacing. "Tonight, both you and Coral will die, especially Coral. I'll have my way with her, even when she's breathing her last!"

Alexander paid no attention to these two insignificant beings.

He supported Coral's upper body, gently pressing on her philtrum until she slowly opened her eyes. Then, he spoke in a low voice, "Coral, they just drugged you with ill intentions. How do you want me to kill them?"

Chapter 0214

'Kill'?

Coral half-lay on the sofa, her upper body nestled in Alexander's arms as she stared at his seemingly blurry face. Her mind was in chaos.

"Wha... What are you talking about, Alexander? M-My head is spinning, and I want to sleep..."

Thus, the eyes that just opened slowly closed again. Her small head tilted slightly, and

she fainted once more.

Alexander frowned slightly. The drugs these bastards gave Coral were obviously substantial. The substances entered her digestive system, affecting her nerves and brain. It would be difficult for the drug to dissipate in a short period.

Just as Alexander was contemplating.....

“Bastard!” someone shouted from the corridor outside the private room. “What happened? Where is Mister Trevor? Who dares to cause trouble here?!”

A series of footsteps were heard. The karaoke establishment duty manager in a suit rushed to the door of the room, followed by six security guards. Spencer was also there, having informed them of the situation. Just looking at the broken door of the room was enough to ignite their fury. This went especially to Spencer, who was thrown to

the ground by Alexander and was still in pain.

He pointed at Alexander inside the room, gritting his teeth at the duty manager. “Mister Hill, this right here is

the perpetrator. He even beat Mister Trevor!”

“Yes, it’s him!” Trevor pointed at Alexander sitting on the sofa resentfully. “He kicked the door and he even

attacked me and my secretary! He also drugged the female employees of my company, trying to harm my staff!

Alexander slightly raised an eyebrow.

Was this Trevor guy actually playing the victim and distorting the truth?

Interesting.

‘Mister Trevor, are you okay?’

Mister Hill approached with a fawning expression, glancing at Trevor’s bloodied mouth and almost toothless grin. Instantly, his

face twisted in rage, and he pointed furiously at Alexander.

“Do you even know whose turf this is, boy? You must hate your life enough to dare act recklessly here!”

Alexander glanced at Mister Hill and nonchalantly spoke, “I don’t know whose turf this is, but what I do know is that you, not even aware of the facts, are threatening me. That’s not something a qualified manager should do.”

“Qualified? Qualified, my foot!” Mister Hill, wild-eyed, signaled the security behind him, shouting, “Are you all idiots? What are you standing around for? Attack! Beat him to death!”

1/2

+15 BONUS

Behind Mister Hill, the six bodyguards surged forward, each wielding a rubber baton. They aggressively pounced on Alexander.

“Get lost!” Alexander’s brow furrowed, fists and feet striking in unison. Exactly six hits-three punches and three kicks-were swift as lightning. The six security guards, unable to discern how Alexander had moved, soared through the air, crashing forcefully against the back wall of the private room. They fell limply along the wall, and with heads tilted, they immediately lost consciousness.

“You...” Mister Hill was initially surprised, then grinned menacingly. “Alright, then! You dare to resist, even assaulting our staff?!”

Alexander glanced at him indifferently as if looking at a fool. Not resisting would mean taking a beating for no reason. How foolish.

“You’ve got yourself in trouble, kid. Big trouble!”

Beside Mister Hill, Trevor gave Alexander a thumbs-up with a malicious smile. “You think being good at brawling makes you impressive? Let me tell you: Beating me is one thing, but daring to touch staff here means you won’t be leaving here alive today!”

He turned to Mister Hill. “Call Mister Duncan. Tell him about this!”

“Just you wait, Alexander Kane!” Mister Hill pointed at Alexander, cursing angrily while pulling out his phone..

About half a minute later, the call connected. The calm, deep voice of a young man came from Mister Hill’s phone. “What’s the matter? Out with it!”

“Mister Duncan!” Mister Hill showed great respect, recounting the incident with a venomous tone, “This is a minor issue, and I

wouldn’t have bothered you, but this kid is too arrogant. He dares to hit our staff!”

The voice at the other end of the line fell silent for a moment before saying in a low voice, “Understood. I’ll be there right away.”

After that, the call was abruptly disconnected.

Chapter 0215

+15 BONUS

“Mister Duncan is about to arrive, kid. You’re as good as dead!”

The call ended, and Mister Hill pocketed his phone, looking triumphantly at Alexander lounging on the sofa.” Mister Duncan is

Mister Aarison’s business partner. He’s bringing people over now, and his bodyguards will

beat the crap out of you!

“Scared, huh? Thinking of making a run for it now? Even if you escape to the ends of the earth, as long as you haven’t left the planet, Mister Duncan will hunt you down and kill you!”

A playful curve slowly lifted at the corner of Alexander’s lips.

”

The name ‘Duncan’ was common in Walganus Capital, but opening such a large karaoke establishment in the bustling area and having a partnership with Auste made it easy to deduce the identity of this ‘Mister Duncan’.

One of the top five peak families in the Wyverna, the heir of the Duncan family, the great Fitch Duncan.

“Mister Duncan has quite a reputation.” Alexander sat on the sofa, took a few sips from the beverage on the coffee table in front of him, and smiled faintly. “Mister Hill, why don’t we make a bet? In no time, you’ll regret making that call to Mister Duncan.”

Bet? Regret?

Mister Hill snapped out of his shock and cackled. “You want to bet with me, boy?! Damn it! Let me tell you: When Mister Duncan arrives, you’ll regret your arrogance! Even if you have a big shot backing you, you’re as good as dead for messing with our establishment!”

“Alright. Very well. Let’s wait and see the outcome.” Alexander, with a half-smile, set down his drink, took off his coat to cover Coral’s delicate figure, and ignored Mister Hill and Trevor. He turned and walked to the

private room window, waiting for Fitch to arrive.

About 15 minutes later, a limited edition Lamborghini, followed by six bulletproof custom-made Mercedes

S600s, came speeding from a distance and quickly stopped at the building’s entrance.

A casually dressed young man with long hair and more than 20 black-clad bodyguards got out of the Lamborghini and Mercedes, striding into the main entrance.

The impeccably trained black-clad bodyguards exuded a fierce aura, their waists slightly bulging with concealed firearms. The

young man, however, commanded an even more astonishing presence. He was clearly accustomed to a lofty position, and his demeanor exuded a pride that set him apart.

“Mister Duncan is here!”

The top floor of the building was already overcrowded with curious onlookers. Someone shouted, “Everyone

move aside. Don’t block the way! Mister Duncan is about to come upstairs!”

Rustling sounds echoed through the corridor as a large crowd of customers retreated like a tide, creating a path over two meters wide.

Even though Mister Duncan had not yet made an appearance, everyone wore expressions of awe.

1/3

+15 BONUS

This was the top floor, exclusively hosting luxurious private rooms. Those who could afford to consume here were undoubtedly not ordinary people. Some were corporate executives, others were wealthy heirs, and there were even some company bosses.

Even in Walganus Capital, they were considered upper-class individuals who heard of

Mister Duncan's reputation. He was a true top-tier wealthy young man, possessing an unparalleled influence. With just a word, he could stir up waves in Walganus Capital. The rhythmic and uniform footsteps echoed from the top floor elevator, gradually approaching the corridor. Every customer gathered along the corridor, be it the corporate white-collar workers, the wealthy heirs, or the company bosses.

All stood tense, backs pressed firmly against the wall, not daring to breathe too loudly, The legendary Mister Duncan was approaching. As one of the five major families in the Wyverna, Fitch Duncan held an exceptionally high status and an extremely noble identity. Without exaggeration, even those billionaires with fortunes in the tens of billions, who could become the richest in some third-tier cities, did not have the qualification to attract Fitch's attention.

"That troublemaker in the private room is in for a bad time today." In the corridor, a wealthy heir glanced at the private room where Alexander was located, expressing pity. "I've seen brave men, but I've never seen anyone this reckless. He dared to cause trouble in Mister Duncan's karaoke establishment. After tonight, there won't be such a person in the world."

Beside the wealthy heir stood a woman in a long dress. Unaware of Mister Duncan's identity, she asked in a low voice, full of curiosity, "Is this Mister Duncan you mentioned powerful?"

"It's not about being powerful or not."

The wealthy heir looked respectful, sincerely admiring. "He's truly...a rare kind! His background is extremely terrifying, and he's very mysterious. I've only heard about this legendary wealthy young man from my family elders. I've never seen him in person."

The woman looked shocked, her gaze shifting from the shattered door of the private room to the figure of Alexander standing next to the window. She could not help but shake her head in disbelief..

This young man who did not know the severity of the situation actually dared to provoke Mister Duncan. He was surely going to meet his end tonight!

...

The exceptionally orderly footsteps finally entered the corridor.

Fitch, wearing sunglasses with an expressionless face, led more than 20 black-clad bodyguards slowly down the corridor.

"Mister Duncan!"

Mister Hill, who had been waiting in the corridor, hurriedly bowed. He then pointed to the door of the private room, his eyes full of malice. "That kid is inside. I just told him you were coming, and he even wanted to bet

Fitch fell silent for a moment, then raised his hand and made a gentle gesture.  
“Seal the venue!”

Chapter 0216  
+15 BONUS

As soon as Fitch gave his order, over 20 black-clad bodyguards swiftly sealed off the entire corridor.

Whether it was the onlooking customers or the people inside the private rooms, as long as Fitch did not allow

it, no one could leave. This was the charisma of Mister Duncan. With his family background, no matter how

big a commotion he caused, the Duncan family could easily handle it.

“No!”

In the corridor, a few second-generation rich kids turned pale. “M-Mister Duncan, calm down! We just heard

some noise and came over to see what was happening. Why do you need to seal the entire venue? We have

nothing to do with this!”

Some timid female customers, intimidated by the indifferent black-clad bodyguards, were trembling and on

the verge of tears.

“Don’t be afraid.” Fitch’s voice was low, and a hint of cold light flashed in his eyes. “I’m letting you stay here

just to be witnesses. Open your eyes widely, and see the fate that awaits anyone who dares to provoke me!

“Daring to be unruly in my karaoke establishment? Hmph! Truly ignorant of the depths of Walganus Capital,

unaware of what true power means!”

Behind Fitch, Mister Hill could not contain his joy. He watched the back of Alexander from afar, the arrogance

in his eyes growing thicker.

‘Do you see this, boy? Mister Duncan is here! The renowned Mister Duncan in Walganus Capital is just this

domineering. You wanted to make me feel regret, didn’t you? Now that Mister Duncan is here, show some guts

and turn if you dare! You’ll die today!’

“Mister Duncan!”

At the entrance of the private room, Trevor squeezed through. They could still see the blood at the corner of his mouth. He

pointed at Alexander’s back, voice filled with resentment. “That’s him! That’s the kid!

“He not only beat me and Spencer but also drugged my employee! Mister Duncan, we’re business partners. I specially brought

my employees to spend time at your establishment today! I’ve always supported you, so you

have to help me. Today, he must die!"

Fitch's gaze darkened, and he nodded at Trevor. He then slowly walked to the broken door of the private room.

Staring fixedly at Alexander's back, he spoke slowly. "You're the troublemaker in the private room?"

Alexander stood by the window, his back to Fitch. It was hard to tell if he was smiling or not as he said, "You just said you want to kill me?"

As he spoke, he slowly turned.

His eyes were like two sharp arrows as he gazed at Fitch's face.

The moment Fitch laid eyes on Alexander's appearance, a loud buzz echoed in his mind. It was as if lightning

1/2

It was him!

+15 BONUS

Above the five major families, sitting on equal footing with Regulus Windsur of Wyverna, the master of the army that dominated the northern frontier, the current strongest Lord of War, the master of the Temple of War-

Alexander Kane!

"Sir... Sir Kane!"

With an outsider present, Fitch could not possibly reveal Alexander's true identity. What was about to be a slip

of the tongue-'Lord Alexander'-turned into a hesitant 'Sir Kane'.

Regret gnawed at his heart.

'Trevor and Mister Hill be damned. Did you two have any idea how terrifying the figure before you was? Now that you've provoked this guy, forget the Duncan family-even the heads of the five major families will have goosebumps!'

"Sir Kane... Oh, right, he does have the surname Kane! You don't have to be so polite. His name is Alexander!"

Trevor, who was standing beside Fitch, obviously had not caught on. His eyes burned with hatred as he added,

"Mister Duncan, have your bodyguards deal with him! We're business partners, and you must avenge me!"

'Avenge you by making a move against Lord Alexander? Are you tired of living?'

Fitch gritted his teeth. A thunderous and unanticipated heavy punch landed squarely on Trevor's face.

With a miserable scream, Trevor's nasal bone broke, causing him to howl in pain. "W-Why did you hit me,

Mister Duncan!? You should be hitting Alexander! You got the wrong person!"

'Wrong person? You ignorant fool, I'm hitting you!'

Fitch's anger surged as he unleashed a torrent of punches and kicks on Trevor. He also



kicked the  
dumbfounded Mister Hill to the ground and grabbed a solid wooden chair from the side,  
madly striking both of  
them.

Crash!

After a solid five minutes of beating, he finally gasped for breath, threw away the chair,  
and bowed deeply to Alexander, his face  
full of shame.

“Sir Kane, every mistake is mine. Please forgive me!”

Chapter 0217

In the corridor outside the private room, the onlookers-rich second generations, group  
executives, corporate  
white-collar workers-stared in shock at the scene unfolding within. They could not  
believe their eyes.

From the outset, Fitch launched an unexpected, violent assault on Trevor and Mister  
Hill. Their faces froze as  
they felt disoriented.

The esteemed young heir of the Duncan family, the heir to one of the Wyverna’s top five  
peak families, was

bowing to a young man in the private room, addressing him as ‘Sir Kane’ and even  
asking for forgiveness?

Just who was this young man?

“Sir Kane,” Fitch apologized with a bow. He straightened up slowly, his face wearing a  
bitter expression. “If I had known you were  
coming, I would’ve welcomed you myself! Unfortunately, this misunderstanding  
occurred. Please don’t scare me; I really don’t  
know what’s going on here!”

The commotion outside the private room was overwhelming. The rich second-  
generation folks, executives, and white-collar  
workers stared in disbelief at Fitch and Alexander, feeling as if their brains were failing  
to process the situation.

Fitch was frightened by this young man? Judging by his appearance, he clearly held  
immense respect for him. Still, was there

any young person who could command such reverence from Fitch in the entire  
Wyverna?

Heavens above. Was this young man’s status better than Fitch’s? Just who was he?

“Fitch,” Alexander spoke in a calm tone, not blaming Fitch. He pointed toward the  
wailing Trevor on the ground  
and said softly, “This foreigner drugged my relative here. Luckily, I arrived in time. If I  
had been a step slower,

the consequences would’ve been unimaginable. This is your establishment. You know  
what to do!”

Fitch’s expression changed slightly. He turned abruptly, his gaze piercing as a knife as

he glared at the fallen  
Trevor.

Trevor drugged Lord Alexander's relative? This guy had a death wish!

"Men, come!" Fitch raised his hand abruptly, his voice carrying an icy chill, "Drag him out and cripple him!"

Two black-clad bodyguards sprang into action and each grabbed his legs: One of the bodyguards lifted his right leg like a battle ax and ruthlessly kicked Trevor in the crotch.

A muffled sound echoed as blood and flesh blurred in Trevor's crotch. Already battered by Fitch just moments

ago, he convulsed violently, his body twitching a few times. He could not even muster a miserable scream as he fainted on the spot.

The two bodyguards continued to execute Fitch's orders. They dragged Trevor by the ankles, from the top floor along the stairs

to the backyard of the establishment, and threw him directly into the garbage bin. The whole process left a trail of blood on the ground, and Trevor looked as if he was barely alive.

"Mister Duncan! Mister Duncan!"

At this moment, on the floor of the private room, the manager, Patrick Hill Hill, watched the scene unfold with

+15 BONUS

"Mister Duncan, I'm damned. I was blind!

"I didn't know who this young man was. I really didn't! Because Trevor had a relationship with you, I did it to honor you. That was why this misunderstanding happened today, Mister Duncan. Please have mercy, I know I

was wrong!"

Fitch snorted. "So now you know you're wrong? Is that enough? The one you offended is not me; it's Sir Kane!"

"Sir Kane?" Patrick Hill shuddered and rushed to Alexander's side, slapping his face harshly. Crying heartbreakingly, he said,

"Mister... No, Sir Kane! I beg you to spare me. It really was a misunderstanding today. A big misunderstanding!"

"Do you still remember our bet?"

Alexander looked down at Patrick Hill and spoke softly from his elevated position, "I said you'd regret making that call to Fitch.

You sneered at it, didn't believe it at all. Now, I want to know: Do you believe it now?"

Patrick Hill let out a miserable scream, repeatedly bowing to Alexander, blood streaming down his forehead. "I believe it! I truly

believe it! I regret it, regret it to my bones!" He broke into sobs. "Sir Kane...your words are the truth. Even if you say the sun rises

from the west, I'll believe it!"

Alexander's lips curved slightly as he almost laughed.

Patrick Hill was an interesting man. He believed even if Alexander said the sun rises from the west. The attitude of admitting mistakes was quite good!

“Fitch.” Ignoring Patrick Hill, Alexander turned to Fitch, his gaze slightly softened. “He didn’t do much to my cousin, just cursed at her. It’s not a crime deserving death. See to it that he gets the appropriate levels of punishment. You handle it yourself.”

Chapter 0218

Could the death sentence be avoided?

Fitch immediately nodded and raised his hand. “Silence him, but spare his life. Take him away then!”

A black-clad bodyguard stepped forward, left hand gripping Patrick Hill’s neck, right hand delivering a fierce series of slaps to his face.

Patrick Hill was slapped until he fainted. Then, like Trevor, he was dragged to the backyard of the establishment.

“The main culprit has been dealt with. Today’s events end here.”

Alexander rose from the sofa and pointed toward the corridor. “Fitch, inform those outside that not a word about tonight should leak. I came to Walganus Capital to relax, and I don’t want to be disturbed by anyone.”

A slight tremor ran through Fitch’s heart, then he nodded vehemently.

He knew what Alexander meant.

The invincible Lord of War, Lord Alexander, came to Walganus Capital in silence. Once this news got out, it would undoubtedly trigger the sensitive nerves of many. The helmsmen of the five major families would undoubtedly rush to visit, desperately trying to strengthen their ties with Lord Alexander.

“I’ll do as you say, Sir Kane!”

Fitch Duncan hesitated for a moment, lowering his voice so that only he and Alexander could hear, “Lord Alexander, I’ve offended you greatly today. How about you stay in Walganus Capital for a few more days? Tomorrow, I’ll arrange a private banquet. You and your cousin must grace us with your presence. I’ll personally apologize to you and your esteemed cousin!”

“No need.” Alexander turned, holding the unconscious Coral in his arms, his brows slightly furrowed. “My cousin has been drugged, and the effects have not yet worn off. She won’t be comfortable tonight... No more talk.”

He walked out of the private room, carrying Coral in his arms.

In the corridor outside the private room, the rich young men and women, moguls, corporate professionals- everyone present-fell silent, their breathing barely audible. None dared to scrutinize Lord Alexander.

‘Heavens, this was a genuine heavyweight figure. Even Fitch was easily subdued by

him!

In the wake of such a remarkable figure, just a single glance could be considered a transgression, an absolute offense not to be committed.

It was not until Alexander walked away that Fitch sat in the compartment, facing the chief bodyguard with a low growl, "Send Trevor and Patrick overseas. Let them spend their lives in the mines! They dared to provoke Sir Kane? I want them to regret it for a lifetime!"

The chief bodyguard immediately bowed. "Yes!"

+15 BONUS

"Also....." Fitch squinted, extending a finger toward the collapsed Spencer and Whitney. He then ordered, "These two ants, aiding and abetting? Don't spare them either. Send them away together!"

The chief bodyguard hesitated for no moment, raising his hand with a strong swing. "Drag them away!"

Crying for their fathers and mothers, Spencer and Whitney were forcibly dragged away by several black-clad bodyguards. Their fate was sealed, destined to spend the latter half of their lives in mines of a distant land. This was the consequence of provoking Alexander.

"One last thing." After some contemplation, Fitch raised his hand to stroke his chin. "Did you remember Sir Kane's cousin's appearance?"

The chief bodyguard was momentarily stunned, quickly bowing his head. "Mister Duncan, ever since you called him 'Sir Kane', I knew something was amiss and didn't dare to lift my head. I didn't dare to look either." Fitch smiled bitterly, then rallied, "It's okay. Check the surveillance later. Make all the staff remember her face. If she comes here to spend again, regardless of the amount, it's all on the house."

The chief bodyguard nodded hurriedly, his gaze thoughtful. He cautiously asked, "Mister Duncan, the true identity of Mister Kane is..."

"Don't ask what you shouldn't!"

Fitch waved his hand, turned, and walked to the compartment window, gazing at the bustling streets below. A trace of worry gradually appeared on his face, murmuring to himself.

"That beast Trevor has harmed many girls. He uses imported drugs with potent effects. I hope that Lord Alexander's cousin will be fine..."

Chapter 0219

The imported sedative that Trevor had given to Coral was indeed potent.

+15 BONUS

Seated in the back of a taxi with Walganus Capital's license plate, Alexander held Coral's delicate body tightly.

"Sir, find any hotel. The sooner, the better!" he urged.

The driver casually agreed, glancing at the back seat through the rearview mirror, unable to suppress his secret envy.

Coral, evidently affected by the drug, struggled and twisted in Alexander's embrace. Her face flushed pink, and she recklessly showered him with kisses.

Alexander exerted force as he continuously dodged Coral's kisses. He firmly gripped her wrists, his brows furrowing tighter.

Approximately five minutes later...

"We've arrived." The driver stepped on the brakes, halting the taxi in front of a three-star hotel. He shouted,

Sir, is this okay? Three stars, and the cost..."

Alexander did not bother to say much, immediately scanning the QR code to pay the fare, swiftly rushing into

the hotel with Coral, securing a double room.

"Wishing both of you a pleasant evening!"

The receptionist, a young lady accustomed to such situations, smiled meaningfully at Alexander before

handing over the room key.

Alexander disregarded the receptionist's gaze, seized the key, then swiftly carried Coral into the hotel room. He quickly placed

her on the bed, fingers rapidly pressing on Coral's philtrum.

"It feels awful, I'm so hot..."

Coral wildly writhed on the luxurious bed, hands tearing at her own clothes, evidently losing her composure.

Alexander gripped her wrists, his expression as calm as still water.

The drug Trevor had given Coral was unexpectedly intense. He should have punched that damned scumbag

out at the karaoke box establishment. That man was despicable!

"Just hold it together for now, Coral."

Alexander thought quickly, then gritted his teeth and embraced Coral. He swiftly rushed into the bathroom,

turning on the shower in the cubicle.

Splashing sounds echoed as the cold water gushed out, instantly soaking Alexander and Coral. Alexander, with his exceptional physical condition and dressed in a casual suit, did not mind getting wet. However, Coral wore a dress that clung tightly to her body after being drenched, outlining seductive curves that were irresistibly alluring.

+15 BONUS

“Coral, are you feeling better now?” With closed eyes, Alexander kept a distance from Coral and spoke in a deep voice, “Being wet for too long can lead to a cold. If you’re feeling better, I’ll turn off the tap immediately.”

Stimulated by the cold water, Coral trembled continuously, unable to articulate complete sentences. She managed to open her eyes, glanced at Alexander’s face, and blushed slightly.

“Alex... Alexander...” Her words were muffled and unclear, and she shivered from the cold water. Unable to speak coherently,

she struggled to keep her eyes open, her face flushed with embarrassment.

She mumbled a few syllables, her vision blurred. Her head tilted slightly in Alexander’s arms, and she drifted into a deep sleep.

Alexander breathed a sigh of relief, slowly turned off the tap, grabbed a towel from the side to dry her body, and carried her back

to the bedroom. He turned on the heater and covered her with a blanket, taking precautions to prevent her from catching a cold.

Having completed these tasks, he finally relaxed and silently stood by, waiting for Coral to wake up.

The next morning...

“Ugh...” Still lying on the bed, Coral’s groan was muffled. Her delicate body twisted a few times, and her eyelashes fluttered open slowly. She looked at Alexander beside her, and her small face turned red.

“Coral, you’re awake.” Sitting beside her, Alexander reached out to check her pulse, smiling gently. “Normal body temperature,

normal heartbeat, and the effects of the drug have worn off. Don’t worry.”

‘A-Alexander...’ Coral’s face reddened even more as she struggled to recall everything that happened in the taxi. Feeling weak

all over, she could not help but speak with a soft voice, “I feel so weak, I...”

“It’s okay.” Alexander waved his hand, smiling. “Feeling weak is normal now. After having breakfast, rest for a few days, and you’ll fully recover.”

“I’m not talking about that.” Coral bit her lip, her face even redder than before.

“Alexander, the drug took effect, and I can’t remember everything... Did anything happen between us last night?”

Chapter 0220

“Nothing happened.”

+15 BONUS

Alexander shook his head slowly, then spoke earnestly, “I made that jerk Trevor Aarison, your boss, suffer for

his actions. But remember: You mustn’t continue to be wilful in the future!”

Coral’s sheepish expression eased off, and she bit her lip. “Alexander, when you say being wilful, do you

mean...”

“In any aspect!” Alexander’s face turned stern, and he emphasized, “Coral, do you know how worried Amber was when you went to Walganus Capital for an internship without telling anyone?” Coral shrunk into her cup, and a layer of mist slowly appeared in her big eyes. ‘Alexander, am I just a selfish child in your eyes?’ “Enough.” Alexander’s tone softened slightly after his stern warning. “Now, come back with me to Ol’ Mare. Let Amber arrange an internship position for you within the group, at least to ensure your safety.” Having said that, he immediately turned and walked toward the door of the guest room. Ol’ Mare.

Ever since taking over the Yablon family’s industries, New Chesire Group officially entered Province Town. With Mister Hardy publicly expressing support, all underground forces in Woolpackton kept quiet, and the group’s development proceeded unusually smoothly.

“Is what you’re saying true?”

At this moment, in the office building of New Chesire Group, Amber sat behind her desk, looking at the production manager and the old white-haired expert in front of her. She frowned slightly as she said, “Are we short of raw materials for Life One?”

The production manager shook his head with a bitter smile.

If it were the previous Chesire Group, with only the Ol’ Mare Development Zone Industrial Park, the supply of raw materials would be more than sufficient. However, with the group’s development being too rapid, workers and production workshops were easy to solve, but raw materials became the biggest problem.

“Miss Chesire.” The old expert adjusted his reading glasses on the bridge of his nose as he frowned. “The most important raw material for our group’s Life One is a medicinal herb called Tigerbite Grass, and its domestic production is very limited.

“If we are to completely resolve the raw material issue, we must establish our own medicinal herb base. Sustainable development can only be achieved through self-production and self-use.”

Amber pondered for a moment and nodded slowly. “Professor Chase, as per your suggestion, let’s invest in building the medicinal herb base.”

+15 BONUS

The growth environment for the Tigerbite Grass herb was rather demanding, and there was no suitable location throughout Tormora. Professor Chase took out a prepared plan and handed it to Amber, saying, “Miss Chesire, take a look.”

The plan not only marked several domestic regions suitable for growing Tigerbite Herb but also detailed the required cultivation area and investment amounts, covering all aspects.

“Yarrowfell, Larkspur County...” Amber looked at the marked map on the plan, and her eyes gradually brightened. “It’s decided, then. We’ll build the base in Larkspur County!”

Professor Chase and the production manager nodded and turned to open the office door.

“Amber.”

Outside the door, Alexander and Coral happened to walk to the office entrance, nodding to Professor Chase and the production manager before walking to Amber’s desk.

Alexander smiled and said, “Coral has returned, and she didn’t let you down!”

“Coral!” Amber’s face lit up with joy, standing up and quickly approaching. “What did you...”

Coral’s eyes were slightly red, letting Amber pull her hand without saying a word.

“We’ve sorted out Coral’s internship arrangement,” Alexander said, smiling as he took a step forward. “What did Mister Thomson

and Professor Chase come for just now?”

Amber released Coral and handed the plan on the desk to Alexander, explaining the matter of building the medicinal herb production base. Then, she frowned slightly. “I’m not very familiar with the situation there. Alexander, can you accompany me?”

Alexander did not hesitate at all. “Sure.”

The next day, over 800 kilometers away from Ol’ Mare, in Yarrowfell Province’s Larkspur County.

In the western suburbs of Larkspur County’s development zone, a vast area of about 200 acres lay desolate, overgrown with weeds everywhere.

At this moment, there was a middle-aged man sporting a hefty gold chain with a cigar dangling from his mouth. He sat in the back seat of a Stretch Lincoln Limousine, gazing at the distant barren land. With a sly grin, he remarked, “Maria, how do you like this piece of land?”

His secretary, Maria, swaying her willow-like waist, approached Mister Perry and giggled. “This piece of land is excellent, of course. The finances have all been worked out. If we build a high-end residential area here, we can make at least a billion in revenue. However, other construction companies in the county have their eyes on this piece of land, too.”

Mister Perry took a puff of his cigar, casually tossed it out the car window, and spat. “In this tiny place like Larkspur County, who dares to snatch land from me? I...”

He trailed off.

+15 BONUS

Behind him, a black-clad bodyguard swiftly approached, holding a mobile phone. “Mister



Perry, it's a call from the business department," he whispered. "The business department?" Mister Perry raised an eyebrow and took the phone from the bodyguard, grumbling. "Speak quickly. Let out what you have to say, and don't bother me with trivial matters all the time!" On the other end of the line, a cautiously trembling male voice spoke, "M-Mister Perry, we just received news from Ol' Mare, Tormora. The general manager of New Chesire Group, Amber, intends to build a medicinal herb base on the piece of land you're interested in. They're currently finalizing the land acquisition contract." "What the hell?" Mister Perry erupted in fury. "New Chesire Group? Who do they think they are, daring to snatch the land I, Frank Perry, have set my eyes on? Ooh, they're going to get it from me!" After angrily hanging up the phone, he waved his hand forcefully. "Follow me!" Roaring engines echoed as a convoy of six Audi A6s trailed behind Frank's Stretch Lincoln Limousine, roaring toward Larkspur County.

## **His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar**

### **#Chapter 221 - Read His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar Chapter 221**

Chapter 0221

In the town of Larkspur County, within the Land Development and Transaction Hall... Amber and Alexander sat in the VIP transaction hall. They looked at the plots marked on the map, holding signing pens in their hands. Amber smiled and said, "Mister Zircon, let's have a pleasant collaboration." After speaking, she lowered her head to sign the contract.

Lance Zircon was the director in charge of land resources in Larkspur County. As he watched Amber sign, he smiled and said,

"Miss Chesire, we're very grateful that you're willing to invest, providing strong support for the economic development of Larkspur County. We-"

An employee from the transaction hall quickly walked to Lance's side. He glanced at both Amber and Alexander, then whispered,

"Mister Zircon, Mister Perry just called. He said this piece of land is not for sale, and he's on his way!"

Mister Perry? Frank Perry?!

Lance was stunned, and the smile on his face slowly disappeared. He awkwardly took back the contract in front of Amber and said with an embarrassed smile, "I'm sorry, but a tiny issue came up. We can't give you this piece of land."

Amber was shocked. "Mister Zircon, we've already negotiated the terms. We were about to sign the contract. Why the sudden change?"

His face became even more awkward as he said, "Well, it's because..."  
"Because this land belongs to me!" an arrogant shout echoed from outside the transaction hall.

Frank, accompanied by two black-clad bodyguards, strode into the VIP transaction hall. He glanced at Amber and Alexander, then arrogantly declared, "You want to take land from me? Dream on!"  
Take the land?

Amber was stunned for a moment before reacting. Her delicate face was filled with anger and embarrassment. "Since it's a transaction, there should be an order to things. Mister Zircon, we clearly arrived first!".\*  
"What a load of crap!" interjected Frank. He sized up Amber's delicate figure, chuckled maliciously, and said, Little girl, do you want the land? Fine! As long as you accompany me for a year, I'll cover the cost of the land for you!"

Amber felt both embarrassed and annoyed, gritting her teeth tightly in frustration. "Don't be hasty, Amber." Alexander remained silent all along by her side, casting a faint glance at Frank. He spoke softly, "Mister Perry, I didn't catch what you said. How about you repeat them?"  
Frank, with a sly smirk, glanced at Alexander and sneered. "Who do you think you are? Want me to repeat it? I say, you-"

Alexander's gaze darkened as he slowly rose from his seat.

1/2:

+15 BONUS

"Alexander!" Amber's heart tightened. She reached out to grab Alexander's arm and shook her head repeatedly. She knew Alexander was skilled in combat, but this was the Land Development and Transaction Hall in Larkspur County, not the coastal area! It was best to endure when dealing with local authorities.  
"You want to fight with me? Hah!" Frank laughed haughtily and pointed at Alexander's face. "I'll just lay it on you: Whether it's literary or martial, I'll go toe-to-toe with you, no problem. In this one and a third acres in Larkspur County, I am the lord!"  
The lord?

Alexander laughed.

Who dared to claim to be a lord in front of the prestigious Lord of War? Forget this chubby guy, even heads of various countries would carefully choose their words and never dare to offend Alexander even slightly. "Alexander, don't stoop to this person's level. Let's go." Amber endured, tightly gripping Alexander's arm. "Let's discuss this and

then decide. Don't act recklessly."

Saying this, she forcibly pulled Alexander away, turning to leave the trading hall.

Frank laughed even more recklessly behind them, raising a middle finger provocatively.

"Remember me, boy. !

am the chairman of Chandler Construction Group! If you want trouble with me, I'll be waiting!"

Outside the trading hall, Alexander's steps paused slightly, a playful curve appearing at the corner of his mouth.

Chairman of Chandler Construction Group?

Alright. He remembered that already.

Today's Bonus Offer

Leaving the trading hall, Alexander drove their bright red Porsche to the temporary hotel with Amber.

That Bank Py, he's just scum!" Amber sat on the hotel room sofa, her petite body trembling with anger. "He relies on being a local

tyrant, forcefully seizing land. If it were in Ol' Mare, I would definitely confront him to the Alexander shook his head with a smile. Forget about this small piece of land in Larkspur County, even if it's a

undred plots of land, if Amber needed it, he could easily turn the entire county into a medicinal plant base.

Amber, he reached for Amber's delicate hand, smiling. "Rest here. I'll go out for a while and be back soon."

He then turned and walked out, not even waiting for Amber to respond.

Rank Perry, huh? Well, he would have one thing coming at him.

Meanwhile, at Larkspur County, in a comprehensive office building at Chandler Construction Group.

"That kid wanted to fight with me just now at the land trading hall!"

Frank proudly sat in the chair in the CEO's office with a cigar in his mouth. "I want to see how capable he is... But that Amber is

really beautiful. Sooner or later, I'll have her in bed!"

Beside him, the secretary Maria giggled. "Mister Perry, being noticed by you is her good fortune! I just

investigated and found that New Chesire Group in Ol' Mare isn't that impressive. The guy's name is Alexander, an ex-soldier, married to Amber for five years."

"He's just a freeloader!" Frank sneered. "A loser dares to show off in front of me. I-"  
Bang!

A deafening sound echoed, and the CEO's office door was kicked open from the outside. The solid wooden door shattered into pieces, and the metal door frame on the wall twisted and deformed. Even the floor trembled slightly!

"What's going on?!" Frank trembled with fear, rising from the chair like it was a

conditioned reflex. He stared at the agile figure at the door, his eyes gradually widening. "What the hell? It was you, Alexander?!" The one and only.

Walking slowly into the office through the rolling dust at the doorway, Alexander focused on Frank's face and

calmly spoke, "Weren't you waiting for me to cause trouble? Well, here I am."

"To hell with you!" Frank's face hardened as he slammed the desk.

"Get him!" he commanded.

Six burly bodyguards instantly rushed out of the adjacent office suite, all clad in black suits. Their temples

were bulging, and their arm muscles indicated that they were visibly well-trained, the presence of vital energy

+15 BONUS

"Alexander!" Frank stood behind the bodyguards, pointing menacingly at Alexander's lackey with a malicious grin. "I told you to come looking for trouble. Did you think I wasn't prepared then? Now kneel, and I'll let you leave this place alive!"

Alexander did not bother to glance at the bodyguards, appearing indifferent. "Anything else?"

"Of course!" Frank hesitated for a moment, then grinned lasciviously. "I'll disable you first, then I'll bring Amber over! She's your wife, right? I'll have fun with her right in front of you until she's lifeless!"

With a sudden fierceness, Frank's expression changed, and he bellowed, "Attack!"

The six burly bodyguards roared and almost simultaneously launched their assault, fists and kicks whistling through the air toward Alexander.

"Vital energy martial artists? Nothing special."

Alexander snorted, and his figure suddenly blurred like a fleeting shadow

He breezed past the six bodyguards, displaying an unbelievable agility. In an instant, he appeared in front of Frank.

His right hand shot out like lightning, grabbing Frank's neck and effortlessly lifting his nearly 90-kilogram obese body.

"What..." The six bodyguards wore shocked expressions, cold sweat forming on their foreheads. In that instant, they could not

even perceive Alexander's movements. It was as if he disappeared right in front of their eyes.

Such speed, such agility, such strength... It was beyond their imagination!

"Mister Perry." Alexander casually tossed Frank aside like a ragdoll, then looked down at him. "Choose your way to die," he said,

voice devoid of humanity. "I'll grant you that."

Chapter 0223

+15 BONUS

He got to choose how he would die?

Laying on the floor, Frank could feel his neck nearly broken. He turned deathly pale, and his obese body trembled uncontrollably.

His eyes revealed immense fear.

How could Alexander, the discharged soldier, be so formidable, so overpowering?

“M-Mister Perry...” A black-clad bodyguard gulped and fearfully approached Frank. His voice trembled as he said, “He’s not an ordinary discharged soldier. With just the six of us, we can’t even harm a single hair on him!”

Frank’s body shuddered, his eyeballs rolling a few times. He struggled to get up but managed to force out a faint smile. “Mister Kane, I...”

Alexander’s gaze turned cold. His figure shot forward like lightning, his right foot descending like a battle ax and solidly crashing onto Frank’s left shoulder.

Frank’s left scapula was shattered by this kick. His entire body rolled and flew backward, violently colliding with the wall of the office behind him. He bounced off and hit the ground. Every bone in his body felt like it was about to break.

“Did I tell you to stand?” He looked down at Frank, who was writhing and crying on the ground. “Answer my earlier question. How do you want to die? Choose for yourself.”

The six bodyguards were horrified and instinctively retreated. They did not even have the courage to intervene.

The man in front of them was truly too powerful. He was a devil, a prehistoric beast—a ruthless and cold-blooded god of death!

“I... I don’t want to die!”

Frank covered his left shoulder with his right hand, rolling on the ground and wailing.

Tears and snot flowed together as he cried

like a pig to be slaughtered. “Mister Kane... No! Sir Kane! I know how powerful you are.

I was wrong, and I’m so sorry! I was

blind and ignorant. I was wrong!”

Alexander’s gaze remained indifferent. “Wrong about what? Continue.”

Frank hesitated for a moment and quickly got to his knees, no longer covering his shoulder. He slapped his

own face and burst into tears. “I shouldn’t have taken the land from Amber, shouldn’t have cursed so much!

“I shouldn’t have offended Miss Chesire, harbored unrealistic fantasies, and certainly shouldn’t have offended you... I truly

realize my mistakes. I don’t want to die, I beg for your mercy!”

Mercy?

Alexander snorted. “Do you even deserve to die by my hand?”

With that, he slowly raised a finger, his gaze indifferent. “If you want to live, show some sincerity in begging for

mercy. You know what to do.”

As he said this, he slowly scanned Frank’s face, then turned and walked away.

1/2

+15 BONUS

“What to do, what to do...” Frank watched Alexander’s receding figure, trembling. Suddenly, he crawled and scrambled outside, screaming incessantly.

“Drive! Follow Sir Kane, quickly!”

Larkspur County, a mid-range hotel suite.

Amber sat on the sofa, silently checking other plots of land in Larkspur County on her phone, her brow tightly furrowed.

These plots were only average. Although they could cultivate the Tigerbite Grass Herb, the area was too small. Even if a

cultivation base were established, it would be challenging to meet the production needs of New

Cheshire Group.

Creak! The door slowly pushed open from the outside, and Alexander walked in with a smile.

Glancing at Amber’s phone screen, he smiled and said, “What’s up? Looking for land?”

“Yeah,” Amber responded bitterly. “This trip to Larkspur County is probably in vain. We can’t afford to provoke Frank Perry, and other plots of land aren’t suitable. Let’s forget it and return to Ol’ Mare, think of other solutions.”

Amber picked up her small bag wistfully and headed toward the door.

Just as she reached the doorway...

“Miss Chesire!” In the corridor outside the door, Frank was covered in injuries, his shoulders not even bandaged. As soon as he

saw Amber, he knelt and cried. “Please forgive me! I beg for your mercy... Spare my life!”

Chapter 0224

Amber looked at Frank and subconsciously stepped back.

What did he say? Spare his life?

Also, how was he so seriously injured? His left scapula was most likely crushed! His face was covered in

blood, and his forehead was bruised from him bashing his head as he bowed.

“Miss Chesire!” Frank knelt on the floor, prostrating himself. “You want that piece of land, don’t you? I’ll buy it

and give it to you, but please spare my life!” he whimpered. “I know that I’ve done wrong!”

Amber finally came to her senses minutes later. She turned and looked at Alexander, “Alex...was it you?”

Alexander smiled. “His life is in your hands. It’s up to you to decide if he lives or not.”

Amber’s heart fluttered. Her gaze gleamed gently.

It was him!

He had gone to look for Frank to deal with him. She knew that Alexander could fight, but she never expected

that Alexander could so easily take down the local boss in Larkspur County, a place where they had no

connections.

Her dearest husband always had her back and protected her. He never once disappointed her. On the contrary, he constantly surprised her!

"Mister Perry. p-please stand up." Amber could not bear to see him that way. She said gently, "It's not a serious matter; it's just corporate competition. I can understand."

She reached out to help Frank up.

"No! Don't!" Without Alexander's permission, Frank would not dare to stand up. He was so frightened that he retreated backward, still kneeling. He sobbed even harder than before. "Miss Chesire, don't help me up! I'm not worthy of your help!"

"Not only am I going to give you the land, but I'll also compensate you with seven hundred and fifty million dollars! You're planning to build a medicinal herb base, right? You could use this money to do it!"

"Ah, y-yes! I'm in the construction business. Let me take care of all the construction materials. I won't charge you a single cent! I promise that you'll have a beautiful base!"

Amber was speechless. She turned to look at Alexander before looking at Frank prostrating in front of her. She

was surprised yet moved.

She was shocked that Frank would be willing to pay such a huge price, even bearing the cost of the construction.

She was moved because her man, Alexander Kane, completely subdued Frank.  
+15 BONUS

"Alex," Amber said gently, "it seems that Mister Perry has learned his lesson. Shall we just forgive him this once?"

Alexander smiled. "I did say that his fate is up to you."

Amber felt a warmth in her heart. She no longer hesitated and nodded at Frank. "Mister Perry, thank you for your offer. I hope you'll change in the future. At least... At least stop swearing so much."

Frank was utterly relieved. He bowed at her three times before standing up timidly. He immediately returned to his office to prepare the land and the construction materials for the medicinal herb base.

“Frank won’t dare to slack in the work of the medicinal herb base.” Alexander held Amber’s hand and got in the Porsche. He started the car and said with a smile, “Things are done here. Let’s head back to Ol’ Mare.”

Amber was just about to say when she looked a little stunned.

A call appeared on the dashboard of the Porsche. It was an unknown number.

Alexander swept it a gaze. He pondered for a while before accepting the call.

“Mister Kane!” came the rushed greeting of a middle-aged man. “I’m one of Mister Hardy’s men. Please save him! He... He’s been captured by the Ellis family!”

Chapter 0225

Drake had been captured?

Alexander raised an eyebrow. He raised the volume in the car and said, “Who took him away? Tell me!”

“The Ellis family! From the North!” The middle-aged man’s cries could be heard from the car speakers, “I only know that the two

heirs of the Ellis family seemed to be connected somehow with the Yablon family!”

Yablon family?

Alexander pondered for a while. His gaze gradually darkened.

When he stripped the Yablon family of their assets previously, he also killed the man called Quon Lacombe.

Drake had once told him that the Yablon family was just a chess piece that the Ellis family had placed in

Woolpackton. He never thought that they would strike so quickly.

“The Ellis family not only took Mister Hardy away, but they also said...”

The middle-aged man on the phone had a catch in his throat. “They said that if they don’t see you within three

days, they’ll skin Mister Hardy alive! Mister Kane, I beg you, please save Mister Hardy! Please!”

Alexander harrumphed and hung up the call.

“Alex!” Amber’s face paled a little. She shook her head fervently at Alexander. “I... I don’t know how powerful

the Ellis family is, but since they could take Drake, they must not be very kind. You...”

Alexander downed the gas pedal and headed straight for Woolpackton.

“Since they have a death wish, I’ll fulfill it for them!”

Over at Rectewald Mall in Woolpackton.

All the influential bosses of the underworld in Woolpackton were gathered in the historical manor. This

included Tommy Lind, Mark Hudson, Raine Schneider, Harry Chesire, and the others.

They all looked at the uncle-nephew duo-Grayson and Isaac Ellis-apprehensively.

Grayson was the eldest grandson of the Ellis family. He might be young, but he was already one of the most powerful figures in

the Ellis Group. His uncle, Isaac, was the second heir of the family. He was not only



Grayson's uncle but one of the few fighters in the family.

Quon Lacombe, whom Alexander killed, was one of Grayson's men.

"I see everyone's here." Grayson took a seat on a stone bench by the gazebo. He smiled coldly. "Mister Lacombe has been killed, and the Yablon family has been destroyed. You've all seen it. I'm just wondering why none of you offered to help. Are you

all looking down on the Ellis family?"

Tommy and the rest had chills running down their backs. They did not dare to say a single thing.

+15 BONUS

On the surface, Tommy might be the king of Woolpackton. As long as Drake was not around, he was the boss of the boss without any doubt.

Against Grayson, however, he did not even dare to look up!

Half a day ago, the Ellis duo came from the north. They did not even bring a bodyguard with them. In less than

three minutes, Isaac took down Drake's right-hand man, Ghost Sword.

Drake himself was no match for Isaac as well. He was apprehended alive and was locked in the underground cellar of the manor.

"Useless wench, all of you."

Grayson scanned the crowd condescendingly. "I deliberately leaked the news of Drake's capture. Alexander Kane will be here

soon! By then, I'll let all of you witness how terrifying the Ellis family is!"

Harry was in a wheelchair. He hesitated for a while before saying, "Mister Ellis, it wasn't that we didn't want to help Mister

Lacombe, but we really couldn't do anything. We're all no match for Alexander, so..."

"So you just watched Mister Lacombe get killed?"

Grayson sneered maliciously. "I've looked up at the underworld in Woolpackton. You're Harry Chesire, right? Since you're

already a cripple, you have no value anymore. So..."

Shlick!

Isaac slowly pulled his dagger out of Harry's chest. Blood instantly dyed the entire floor of the gazebo red.

Chapter 0226

+15 BONUS

The shocked Harry looked at his bleeding chest, then at his trusted right-hand man pushing his wheelchair, Tony. He opened his

mouth a few times as if he wanted to say something.

Before he could say anything, the light in his eyes dimmed. His head tilted before he passed out.

"B-Boss!" Tony hugged Harry and sobbed. "Boss, wake up! Open your eyes! Boss!"

Grayson looked at Tony mischievously and snickered. "You're one of Harry's men, Tony Coglione?"

Tony hugged the unconscious Harry and glared at Grayson. "Mister Ellis, you told us to come, and we've come. We've only

shown respect to the Ellis family. Why did you kill Harry? Why?! How dare you!"

"Haha! How dare I, you say? Of course, it's this!"

Grayson laughed arrogantly and pointed the dagger in Isaac's hand. He sneered at Tony. "You'd actually devote your life to the useless loser. How blind of you! It seems you don't need your eyes at all!"

Then, Grayson waved his hand. "Uncle Isaac!"

Isaac snickered. His dagger moved like lightning, flashing before Tony's eyes. Blood instantly splattered!

"Ah!" Tony wailed and shut his eyes, but blood was still spurting. He was still hugging Harry tightly. Even if he had been blinded, he did not let Harry go.

"Heh, what deep loyalty you have to your superior!" Grayson snickered. He looked at Tommy and the others condescendingly.

"Are any of you unhappy about this? Go on, stand up!"

Tommy and the others shuddered. They immediately said fawningly, "Mister Ellis, you must be joking. Harry was disrespectful, and Tony was stubborn. They brought it on themselves!"

"Hahaha! Nice one!"

Grayson laughed arrogantly. Then, he pointed at Tommy and smiled wickedly. "I really like the way you put it. I'm going to give all of you a chance. Kill Harry and Tony. This will be the price for your defection. Work for me in the future, and I will treat you accordingly!"

Tommy stiffened. He subconsciously exchanged glances with Mark and the others. He saw despair in all of their eyes.

They were conflicted.

They were afraid of Alexander's powers. They did not dare to offend him. However, Grayson and Isaac were clearly much more ruthless than Alexander.

"Y-Yes, sir!" Tommy hesitated for a while before coming to terms with it. He braced himself and drew a short dagger. He slowly walked over to Tony.

Although Tony was blind, he could still hear their conversation. He also heard Tommy walking toward him.

"Mister Lind..." He knew that he and Harry were going to die, but he was not frightened at all. He let blood flow

1/2:

+15 BONUS

"I'll accept dying in your hands, but before I go, a piece of advice. You can touch me, but you can't touch Harry! Remember that he has another identity to him!"

Tommy's hand holding the dagger shuddered a little. He stopped instantly. Harry's other identity? He was Patrick Chesire's brother. Patrick Chesire was Alexander's father-in-law.

"What?" Grayson raised an eyebrow. He looked at the shuddering Tommy mischievously. "What is it? Why are you so frightened by that statement? I want to know what Harry Chesire's other identity is."

Tommy slowly turned around and forced a smile. "Harry is—"

"He is my father-in-law's older brother!" A low voice suddenly rang out from the entrance of the manor nearby.

It was Alexander Kane. He slowly and calmly walked all the way to the gazebo. He looked at Harry's bleeding chest before seeing the blood on Tony's face. His gaze landed on Grayson and Isaac. "You want to see me, don't you?" he mused coldly. "Here I am."

Chapter 0227

Grayson sneered at Alexander, whose expressions were darkened.

Not long ago, he had planted pawns in the Yablon family, to prepare the Ellis family to take over Woolpackton. He never would have thought that the Grandmaster of the fighter community, Quon Lacombe, would be killed by Alexander in one move.

That meant that Alexander did not respect the Ellis family at all!

Before imprisoning Drake, Grayson had gotten Isaac to kill off all of the Yablon family. Those losers did not deserve to live.

As for Drake and Alexander, he had heard that Drake had a pretty daughter called Acela Hardy, while Alexander's wife, Amber Chesire, was the most beautiful woman in Ol' Mare.

"Do you know why I only captured Drake and didn't kill him?" Grayson stared at Alexander. He licked his lips and sneered.

"Drake is one stubborn man. He'd never tell me where his daughter is.

"You, on the other hand, Alexander Kane, have gone off somewhere with Amber. I've been looking all over Ol' Mare for you! Now that you're here, hand over Amber and Acela. I'm going to have fun with them in front of you and Drake!"

Alexander swept him a cold gaze. He had just taken a step when suddenly...

"Uncle Harry!" Right at that moment, a sad cry came from behind him near the entrance.

It was Amber.

Alexander and Amber had made their way quickly to Larkspur County even without heading home. They headed straight to

Rectewald Mall.

Alexander had told Amber to wait in the car, but she was worried. She secretly snuck up and spotted Harry in a wheelchair.

Although she had suffered at the hands of Harry in the past, that was because her eldest uncle, Neil, instigated a misunderstanding between them. In fact, Harry had left Ol' Mare when he was young. He had been in Woolpackton for many years and had never troubled Amber and her family.

Blood was thicker than water, after all.

Seeing Harry's bleeding chest and Tony's bloodied eyes, Amber was overwhelmed with grief. She got to Harry and sobbed.

"Uncle Harry, wake up! Alex, please save him! He's still breathing!"

Alexander nodded slowly.

Harry might have made his fair share of mistakes, but it was not enough for him to be sentenced to death. He was Amber's uncle, so he was his uncle as well. Even if there had been misunderstandings in the past, he had to save him.

Moreover, his father-in-law, Patrick, cared a lot about his family.

1/2:

+15 BONUS

How could he let Harry be killed?

"Uncle Harry won't die."

Alexander stepped forward and tried to feel Harry's pulse. He pulled Amber's wrist back and said, "Don't worry. His lungs may be injured, but he's not in any danger."

Amber was still worried. Tears streamed down her pitiful face.

"How gorgeous!" At that moment, Grayson's eyes were glued to Amber. He looked at her beautiful face and flawless figure. His eyes gleamed with desire.

The Ellis family had strong roots in the north. They were one of the most powerful families in the north. That was why ladies constantly flocked to Grayson. He had slept with at least a thousand women. Nonetheless, none was as beautiful as Amber.

"She's Amber Chesire? The most beautiful woman in Ol' Mare?" Grayson looked at Alexander and snickered condescendingly.

"How could such a beautiful woman be your wife? What a waste!"

He looked at Amber once more and gave her an inviting gesture. "Miss Chesire, time is precious. Since you're here, let's not waste any time. There's a mattress in the backyard. Let's get to know one another better.

"Once I get Acela Hardy, the three of us can get to know one another better. We'll let Alexander and Drake cheer us on. How about that, Miss Chesire?"

The horrified Amber subconsciously hid behind Alexander. She did not know Grayson, but she knew that this strange man must be the famous heir of the Ellis family.

“Are you done?” Alexander patted Amber’s hand assuringly. Then, he looked at Grayson. “Now that you’re

done, prepare to die!”

Chapter 0228

Grayson laughed at Alexander’s words.

“Do you think you can get me?” Grayson cackled arrogantly and raised his middle finger at Alexander. “Don’t be in such a hurry to die. I will keep my word. I promise you’ll get to see me having fun with Amber. I’ll kill you after!”

He wiggled his middle finger at Alexander maliciously. “Uncle Isaac, just leave his eyes. You don’t need to care about others! Just take away all his limbs!”

Isaac, who was next to Grayson, narrowed his gaze and lunged to attack. The dagger in his hand was like an angry lion, a roar could be heard in the air.

It was quick and brutal.

He knew Alexander was famous. He knew that Alexander’s powers might be that of a Grandmaster. He was not going to be careless and underestimate him.

His first move was his killer move.

The Apex of Grandmaster. Dead in one move! The Golden Lion!

The dagger was like a lion’s bite, violent and brutal. Isaac’s dagger was dangerously close to Alexander’s

chest.

Even Amber, who was behind Alexander, could feel the wrath of the attack. It was as if a berserk Lion was

about to maul Alexander and her!

However...

“Apex of Grandmaster? Pathetic,” Alexander calmly moved his right hand forward.

From Amber’s point of view, the attacking lion suddenly stopped mid-air!

The blade of Isaac’s dagger was caught in between Alexander’s thumb and index finger. His fingers were like an extremely

strong pair of pincers, grabbing onto Isaac’s dagger.

Isaac tried his best to push on, but his dagger would not budge. His dagger was only an arm’s length from

Alexander’s chest.

This short distance was the wall that he could never break through.

“What?” Grayson, who was sitting on the bench, sprang up in reflex. He looked at

Alexander's fingers in  
bewilderment.

His uncle was the Apex of Grandmaster. He was one of the most powerful fighters in the family, yet Alexander could so easily stop him!

From the intel that he had gotten, Alexander Kane was at most at Grandmaster level. He was not at the supreme grand martial level.

1/2:

+15 BONUS

There were only barely a few supreme grand martial fighters in the entire Wyverna!

"A-Are you at the supreme grand martial level?"

Isaac finally came to his senses. He was stunned at first, then he looked delirious. He was one of the Ellis family's protectors. He had killed many. Even facing rivals who were stronger than him, he was not afraid at all. Compared to skills, he had great battle experiences.

"Kane, a fighter's realm doesn't mean everything. Although you're in a higher realm than me, you're still too young!"

Isaac gritted his teeth, and his temples throbbed. The bones in his body cracked. He seemed to be casting some special skill.

His arms suddenly bulked up. His eyes were bloodshot.

At that moment, he looked like a real lion. He was breathing red air as if it was mixed with the blood particles in his body. The dagger in his hand was covered in a layer of red fog.

His hidden energy was being used.

Under such a state, he was much stronger than usual. He was as strong as a fighter in the supreme grand martial level!

"You're about fifty years old, aren't you? You're getting old and weak. Your hidden energy doesn't do much." Alexander looked at

the seemingly possessed Isaac and said calmly, "In the north, the Ellis family is at most a second-rate family. You know nothing, yet you pretend that you rule the world? Learn how to be a better person in your next life, but for you, you die here."

Alexander gently flicked his finger.

Isaac's blade, which was much tougher than alloy, snapped easily by Alexander in between his fingers.

Alexander flicked the blade in his fingers. It flew as quick as lightning, striking Isaac in the forehead and coming out from the back of his head like a bullet. His brain exploded.

The entire process might seem slow, but it took less than a tenth of a second.

The Apex of Grandmaster, Isaac Ellis, was killed on the spot!

## Chapter 0229

Isaac fell to the ground with a thud, yet his eyes were still red and his muscles were still bulked up. He was in

his fifties, but he was stronger than an athlete.

Such a terrifyingly powerful fighter was like a defenseless weakling in front of Alexander. Just one blink, and he was dead.

Even until his death, he still did not know how powerful Alexander was.

“Monster! Y-You’re a monster!” Grayson’s eyes widened in fear. He was trembling.

Oh, the horror!

The Ellis family had been grooming him to be the future heir of the family since he was young. He had killed his first person when

he was six. From then onward, his hands were always covered in blood, but he had never met such a horrifying enemy as

Alexander. He had never met such a terrifying opponent.

Alexander was like the personification of death from hell!

He did not take any bodyguards along with him to Woolpackton on this trip, only with his uncle. After all, he trusted in his uncle’s

powers. Isaac alone was enough to take down the entire underworld forces of Woolpackton.

In fact, he was already halfway to success. After all, Isaac defeated Ghost Sword, Drake’s Grandmaster, in just three moves.

However, he would never dream that the young Alexander would be so terrifyingly strong. He killed Quon Lacombe in one move.

At that moment, he also killed his uncle within seconds.

Even a monster was not as terrifying as Alexander!

“You were trying to bed Drake’s daughter and my wife. You wanted to cripple me too.”

At that moment, Alexander retracted his finger. He was not even looking at Isaac’s body. He looked at Grayson. “I won’t harm

any good person, but I won’t let any bad person off the hook as well! You don’t deserve to be human!”

He waved his hand at the ashen Grayson. “Cripple him and throw him into the sea.”

Alexander did not order anyone specifically to do it. However, Tommy, by the side, was so excited that he was trembling.

Who was Alexander asking to get rid of Grayson? Obviously, it would not be the shell-shocked Amber, who was standing behind

him. The credit could only fall to them.

They were downright flabbergasted by Alexander’s powers. They knew that Alexander was strong, yet they would never dream

that even the Ellis family from the north was no match for him.

Mister Kane. He was Woolpackton’s ruler.

No, scratch that. He was Tormora’s ultimate king. He was the pride of all the underworld forces, as well as the

1/2:  
+15 BONUS

“No! You can’t kill me, Alexander!” Grayson shuddered as he saw Tommy approaching him with a dagger. His voice trembled.

“My father is the head of the family, Tobias Ellis! There are two other strong fighters and a few hundred bodyguards. If you dare to touch me, the entire Ellis family will be after you!

“Alexander, I beg you to spare my life on the Ellis family’s behalf. I promise I’ll never go up against you ever! I swear!”

Then, he thought of something. He was anxiously trying to beg for his life. “Do you want money? Our family is rich! Just name your price, and I’ll-”

Grayson stopped short.

Alexander emotionlessly grabbed Grayson by the throat with one hand and flicked his other hand across Grayson’s eyes.

Grayson’s vocal cords were damaged, and he was blinded!

Without his voice, he could no longer say anything. All he saw was black. He had blinded Tony, but he never thought that retribution would strike back so quickly.

“What I said still stands.” Alexander said quietly, “Cripple him and throw him into the sea.” Tommy, Mark, and Raine bowed at Alexander and replied in unison, “Yes, sir!”

Chapter 0230

Grayson was dead.

His limbs were chopped off by Tommy and the others. They then tied his body together with Isaac’s onto a heavy lead block.

They put the bodies into a bag and threw them into the sea late at night.

The seas were international waters. It did not belong to any county. Neither would anyone try to fish things up for no reason. With this, it was as if Grayson and Isaac vanished from the world without a trace.

They would no longer disturb Woolpackton.

“Thank you, Mister Kane!” Drake had been rescued from the windowless underground cellar at the Rectewald Mall. He bowed at Alexander deeply. “I was useless. I’m no match for the Ellis family. I’m sorry to cause you

such embarrassment.”

Amber had accompanied Harry and Tony to Central Woolpackton Hospital. At that moment, it was only Alexander there.

He waved and said calmly, “It’s no big deal. You don’t have to worry about it.”

Drake and Ghost Sword looked at each other and smiled bitterly.

Not a big deal, he said?



Killing Isaac Ellis in one move, downing Grayson, and offending the Ellis family... This would be a huge deal to anyone else.

Only Alexander would not regard this at all! He was truly a brave soul!

"Mister Kane," Drake hesitated for a while before saying, "I have a favor to ask of you. My daughter, Acela, has met you before.

She hasn't been close to me because of what happened in the past, and recently..."

He sighed and said bitterly, "Back then, my wife was killed by my enemies due to the fight for territories. Acela hates me for it.

She still hasn't forgiven me to this day.

"I've already found out who the culprit was back then. Now that Wilhelm has broken through to the Grandmaster realm, he should be strong enough.

"If everything goes well and I exacted my revenge, I could at least give Acela an explanation. If I never return.

please help me take care of her."

Drake bowed one more, pleading sincerely.

Alexander was not interested in interfering with old grudges and the underworld forces.

He pondered for a while before nodding.

"I will take care of Miss Hardy. As for the others, I will not interfere."

It was not because he did not want to, but he could not be bothered. He was the great Lord of War. Small

matters like that do not concern him.

"I will never forget your kindness, Mister Kane!" Drake was relieved. He thanked Alexander profusely before instructing Ghost

Sword, "Wilhelm, hold a feast. I'm treating Mister Kane!"

"No need." Alexander waved dismissively and headed for the door.

1/2:

+15 BONUS Harry had been sent to the hospital. Amber was with them. At this point, Patrick and Susanne must have been informed of the situation. It was time to go and have a look.

At the Central Woolpackton Hospital.

"Harry..." Tears fell from Patrick's and Susanne's faces seeing Harry in bed. Patrick reached out and patted the back of Harry's hand. "Alright. It's alright. Let the past be the past. We are still brothers!"

Harry had just finished surgery. His chest was wrapped in bandages. His limbs were previously crushed by Alexander. Those bandages had been changed to new ones too.

Harry looked at Patrick and Susanne, feeling extremely guilty and embarrassed.

Neil had gotten to his head, and Harry thought that it was Patrick's family who made his father so angry that he had a heart

attack. It was only at that moment that he finally saw the truth.

It was a pity that Neil had run away with Jerome. No one knew where they were. If not, he would kill those bastards himself.

“Dad, Mom.” The door was gently pushed open. Alexander slowly walked over to Amber. He looked at the pleading in Amber’s eyes.

He was silent for a while before calling out, “Uncle Harry.”  
‘Uncle Harry’?

Grief instantly overwhelmed Harry. He was moved yet guilty at the same time. “Alex. No, Mister Kane, don’t call me Uncle Harry.

I’m not worthy! I-I’m really sorry!”

Alexander slowly shook his head.

Harry’s injuries were thanks to him, and he had gotten what he deserved. Harry was his father-in-law’s brother and his elderly.

He was naturally happy that the family could be together.

“My injuries are fine. Tony... Is Tony alright?” Harry was worried about Tony. He struggled to sit up, looking worried. “Where is

Tony’s ward? I’ll go and see him!”

“Uncle Tony is fine.” Amber looked at Alexander gratefully before saying to Harry, “The doctor said eyes were slashed. He is still

in surgery, but he’ll likely regain his vision. He just might not get used to it initially.”

Harry sighed. Tony and he were sworn brothers. Since he would be able to recover his eyesight, it would be better than being

blind.

The Ellis family uncle-nephew duo has been thrown into the sea. Revenge has been served. Tony would surely be relieved to hear about it.

“Patrick...” After a moment of silence, Harry gritted his teeth. Fury was slowly rising in his gaze. He said, “All these years, we

couldn’t be close because of that bastard, Neil! Do you know where the two lowlives are? I’ll find them and kill them!”

## **His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar**

### **#Chapter 231 - Read His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar Chapter 231**

Chapter 0231

+15 BONUS

Neil and Jerome? Those lowlives?

“How would I know where they are?” Patrick shook his head bitterly and said softly,

“Just drop it, Harry. It’s a good thing that they

ran away as well. As long as they don’t cause us any more trouble, I don’t plan on pursuing this either.”

Patrick snuck glances at Alexander while saying that. Although he did not put it explicitly, his meaning was clear.

If Neil and Jerome would cause any more trouble, his son-in-law would not be easily messed with. He would surely not let them

off the hook.

“New Chesire Group is doing so well. They must have a lot of connections to get news.” Harry was a brute, and he clearly did not get Patrick’s subtext. He gritted his teeth.

“Amber, get your company to pay attention.

We have to find Neil. I’m going to make him pay for torturing Dad and causing trouble!”

Amber hummed in response and said nothing further. She then left with her parents and Alexander.

As the car cruised along the road, Alexander pondered to himself...

Should he get Maxine to track down Neil and Jerome?

On the other side at Long Creek, at the west of Tormora.

A fight was going on in the front yard of a suburban mansion. An older and younger house staff were hiding in fear in the backyard.

The older one shakily said, “Jerome, do you think it’s Alexander? How does he know where we are hiding?”

It was Neil and Jerome. They escaped Tormora and fled to Long Creek.

Neil used to hold power in Chesire Group, so he was much more farsighted than any ordinary person. They eventually managed to find a job, though not without much difficulty.

Neil had become the deputy butler for the Hart family of Long Creek. Jerome, on the other hand, became an ordinary house servant. He was always dawdling his time away instead of working.

“I don’t think it’s Alexander.” Jerome mustered the courage and ran over to the courtyard to have a look before running back. He

said softly, “Dad, it’s two old men! One of their last names is Hardy. I’m not sure about the other one.”

Hardy? It was not Alexander?

Neil felt a little relieved. He thought back about all the things he had gone through and said with gritted teeth.” We were forced to

flee all because of that pesky Alexander! If there is a chance, I’ll take back what belongs to me!”

+15 BONUS

The entire Chesire family was gone. Ol’ Mare, and even the entire Tormora only knew about New Chesire Group. No one remembered who Neil Chesire was anymore.

His wife and his newborn son were taken care of by Amber and her family. They were living a good life, but he

never let go of his ambitions. On the contrary, he became even more ambitious. He craved to control the Chesire family once more.

“Alright, it’s all clear now!” someone yelled from the courtyard. “Everyone, come out.

The culprits had been

caught. It's safe now!"

Neil and Jerome sighed in relief. They headed over to the courtyard with the other house staff members to clean the courtyard.

The courtyard was as huge as half a football pitch. About 15 bodies were strewn across the courtyard. One of the older men had a sword in his hands. He had received a dozen stabbings, laying in the pool of his blood.

The other white-haired man had a machete in his hand. He was also lying in the pool of his blood, panting heavily. His eyes gleamed with resentment. He was clearly going to die, but he still looked extremely agitated.

"This man is going to die." Neil stood among the crowd, looking at the white-haired old man. He tutted. "He must be nuts to come and cause a scene in the Hart family. He..."

His voice suddenly trembled as shock slowly registered in his system.

M-Mister Hardy!

The person who came to the Hart family to cause a scene was the famous thug of the underworld in Woolpackton, Drake Hardy?!

"This is Mister Hardy. Then, this one with the sword must be...Ghost Sword!"

Neil looked at Drake and Ghost Sword. His eyes glimmered brighter.

He suddenly yelled, "Sir, I have an important thing to announce! I know who sent these two people here.

"It's Alexander Kane from New Chesire Group in Ol' Mare!"

Chapter 0232

+15 BONUS

Alexander Kane?

The head of the family, Briscoe Hart, stood in the courtyard with an alloy club in his hand. He stood in the middle of the other fighters in the family. He looked at Neil and sneered.

Drake and Ghost Sword were his rivals in his younger days. They were there to seek revenge that day. What did that have anything to do with Alexander Kane?.

"Neil Chesire." He walked out of the crowd and looked at Neil. "Don't think that I don't know you have a long- standing grudge against Alexander Kane. You can dream of using me to exact your revenge!"

Neil shuddered in alarm.

He became the deputy butler of the Hart family with his experience as a butler in the past. He thought he could use the powers of this family to slowly find a way to exact his revenge.

He never thought that Briscoe would shatter his dreams.

"Do you think the Hart family are idiots to you?" Briscoe touched the alloy club in his hands. His tone got lower, almost a growl.

"You became the deputy butler all on your own skills. Even if you become the butler, as

long as you know your place, I won't do or say anything. But you have ulterior motives, and we can't have that!"

Then, he swung the club.

Before Neil could even beg for mercy, the club had hit his head. His head exploded, and brain matter splattered

all over. His headless body swayed a little and fell to the ground.

The great Neil Chesire of the Chesire family died just like that, and he went off with resentment.

"Dad!" Jerome sobbed and knelt on the ground. He prostrated himself at Briscoe.

"Mister Hart, please have

mercy. My dad only wants revenge. He never wanted to lie to you! Please have mercy!

Please have mercy!"

Briscoe harrumphed. He could not be bothered with useless men. "Someone, take this piece of trash out. Deal

with Neil Chesire's body the usual way!"

The families of the underworld had their own rules. A few scary-looking thugs

immediately followed orders. They knocked

Jerome out, then dragged him and Neil's headless body out of the courtyard.

"Drake Hardy." After dealing with the Chesire father-and-son duo, Briscoe kept his club and slowly walked

over to Drake. He said slowly, "Back when I killed your wife, the price I had to pay was to leave Tormora forever.

"I never thought that you'd still hold this grudge twenty years later and come to seek revenge. It's a pity you and Ghost Sword

are still no match for me. Do you regret it?"

Drake was already on the brink of death. He turned to look at Ghost Sword. His gaze gleamed sadly.

Then, he looked straight into Briscoe's eyes and enunciated, "The only regret I have is not killing you with my own hands. But

don't be too smug. Even if I die, don't you dream of ever stepping foot in Tormora. You won't

return there for the rest of your life!"

+15 BONUS

What?

Briscoe raised an eyebrow and said coldly, "You're the most powerful one in

Woolpackton. Now that you're dead, who else can

stop me? Is it one of your men? They're nothing but trash. I'll just kill anyone that stands in my way!"

Drake shook his head and smiled. He looked at Briscoe condescendingly and slowly shut his eyes.

He failed to avenge his wife. Worse still, his energy was leaving him at an alarming rate. Among the darkness, a familiar face

appeared before his eyes.

Alexander.

“Alexander, I hand my daughter over to you. You have to keep your promise and take good care of her...” Drake muttered with

the remaining strength he had. Then, his head tilted as his final breath left him.

“What did you say?” Briscoe furrowed his brow and leaned in closer to Drake. He wanted to hear if he had any last words.

Alas, Drake’s voice was too soft. He only said it once, so Briscoe got nothing from it.

“Go and look into this!” Briscoe pondered for a while before waving and ordering, “Who is the biggest boss in Woolpackton? It

can’t be Tommy Lind. He isn’t worthy enough!”

A few men left as instructed. They immediately went to find out everything about Woolpackton.

“Dad.” A young man whose face was covered in blood quickly walked over and said with a smile, “I don’t care

who is the biggest boss of Woolpackton right now. I’ve already thought of our next target!”

What?

Briscoe’s eyes brightened. He looked at his son proudly and said with a smile, “Gordon, who are you thinking

of?”

The future heir of the Hart family, Briscoe’s eldest son, Gordon, pointed at Drake’s corpse.

“Drake Hardy’s daughter, Acela Hardy.”

## Chapter 0233

The deaths of Drake and Ghost Sword did not cause any ripples in Woolpackton. He had washed his hands off

the underworld business before his passing. The Rectewald Mall had also been handed over to a professional

manager to oversee.

Tommy Lind was the boss of Woolpackton that everyone knew of.

Three days later, a middle-aged lawyer entered the safety and security department of New Chesire Group with a transfer agreement.

“Mister Kane.” He noticed the tag on Alexander that stated ‘Head of Security’. The middle-aged lawyer was a little suspicious, but

he maintained his professionalism. He smiled and said, “This is the transfer agreement for Rectewald Mall. Please have a look.”

Alexander did not look at the agreement. He was silent for a few seconds.

The moment the lawyer arrived, he knew what happened to Drake. The Rectewald Mall transfer agreement

was the assurance that he had left for his daughter, Acela.

To put it accurately, it was a thank-you gift for Alexander. He was using this to ensure that Acela’s life was

protected.

“Mister Hardy had instructed that if he doesn’t contact me within three days, I should hand this over to you, Mister Kane.”

The middle-aged lawyer placed the agreement down and shook his head a little. “I don’t understand why

Mister Hardy would do this, but from the moment I hand this over to you, you’re the new owner of Rectewald

Mall. As the legal advisor, I’m willing to continue working for you, Mister Kane.”

“Your benefits remain the same.” Alexander kept the agreement and waved. “Report yourself to the HR

department. From today onward, you’ll be part of New Chesire Group legal department. You may go.”

The middle-aged lawyer looked delighted. He bowed at Alexander before quickly heading to the HR

department.

“Amber.” Three minutes later, Alexander entered the General Manager’s office. He placed the agreement on her

desk and said gently, “Mister Hardy is dead.”

Behind her desk, Amber sprang up in reflex. She looked stunned. “Mister Hardy...” She flipped through the

agreement, looking extremely conflicted.

For New Chesire Group, attaining the Rectewald Mall was no small gain, but why would Drake do that? How

did he die?

“He is survived by his daughter, Acela.”

Alexander did not offer much explanation. He pointed at the phone on the desk. “Get the HR department to deal with this. Give

her a job. A mid-level position, even.

“We’ll keep Rectewald Mall for her. If one day, she’s willing to take over, we’ll draft another agreement and

415 BONUS

Amber pondered for a while before nodding. She asked softly, “T-Then, what type of job should we give her? Will she agree to

it?”

Alexander hummed in thought.

Although Drake did not have a good relationship with his daughter, he was dead. Even if Acela did not say it

out loud, she had long forgiven her father.

The earlier she got to work, the easier it would be to distract her. She would be able to come out of the grief

quicker as well.

“Rectewald Mall is mainly an entertainment place. We’ll place Acela in the marketing department.”

Alexander turned and headed to the window. He said emotionlessly. “People in the marketing department will always have to socialize and go on business trips. They’re usually more in touch with the entertainment side. It’ll be easier for her to take over the Rectewald Mall from there in the future.”

“Alright, then.”

Late at night, in the suburbs of Ol’ Mare.

Acela was on a swing in the courtyard of a three-storey mansion. She had a photo in her hand. Tears streamed down her face.

The photo was of her when she was young, and Drake was pushing her on the swing. They got a house staff member to take the photo for them.

The photo was still there, but her father had passed away. He even arranged everything for her in her life.

For the past 20 years, he had always loved her.

“Mister Hardy... Dad!” At that moment, she hugged the photo and sobbed.

At the same time, a van was parked about 300 meters away from the mansion.

A cigarette butt flew out of the window.

“Gordon.” In the passenger seat, the young man who had just flicked the cigarette butt turned to look back at Gordon and snickered. “We’ve looked into it. Acela Hardy is here. Drake had hidden her in plain sight, so he

didn’t arrange a bodyguard for her.”

Gordon was smoking a cigar. He finished smoking the cigar before slowly getting out of the van. He waved his hand.

“Let’s go get her!”

Chapter 0234

\$15 BONUS

The night dragged on into the late hours.

Acela, crying in the mansion’s courtyard, slowly regained her composure. She held the photo in her hand and tiredly headed back to the living room.

Right at this moment, two figures climbed over the wall and landed on the ground silently. They looked at Acela’s pretty figure and snickered.

“It’s late, Miss Hardy. Why don’t we head to bed together?”

Acela’s mind buzzed. She stopped in her tracks, stunned.

Ever since she was sent abroad, she went by a different name, Angelica Anne. Few people, if not none, knew that she was Drake Hardy’s daughter.



'What are you talking about? I'm sorry, but you have the wrong person!' Acela remained calm. She turned to look at Gordon and

his men.

She pouted. "My last name isn't Hardy. It's Anne! Are you trying to woo me? I'm not interested! Also, you're

trespassing private property! No lady would like that! Hmph!"

Gordon smiled and raised his thumbs at her. "I have to give it to you. You put on a great act, Miss Hardy. I

almost bought it, but..."

His gaze turned cold. He said icily, "Miss Hardy, do you think I'd come and get you if I didn't have the correct source? If you know

any better, you'll come home with me.

"You're so pretty. I don't mind having you as my kept woman. You're still young. I can play with you for a few

good years.

"If you insist on doing things the hard way, you can go to hell to be with your father!"

Acela was alarmed. Her act did not work. They knew who she was! They knew she was Drake Hardy's

daughter!

"You killed my father!" At that point, she no longer needed to hide things from them anymore. She glared at Gordon and said

through gritted teeth, "You want me to come with you? Dream on! I dare you to kill me right

now! I'd rather die than go with you!"

Gordon laughed. "I finally found you with much difficulty. Why should I let you die so easily?"

Then, he ordered, "Monkey! Enough nonsense with her! Take her down!"

The subordinate called Monkey went up to Acela and snickered at her. "My apologies, Miss Hardy!"

His right hand reached out to grab her when...

Swoosh!

An object cut through the air sharply with lightning speed and hit Monkey's wrist.

142

Crack!

+15 BONUS

"Ah!" Monkey clutched his right arm and wailed in pain. He was so frightened that he retreated. He sobbed and yelled at Gordon.

"Gordon, someone's there! My wrist is broken! It's broken!"

Gordon looked alarmed. He quickly scanned his surroundings. He did not notice anyone. "Who is there sneaking around in the

dark? I dare you to come out and fight me in person!"

Slow footsteps rang out.

Alexander calmly walked to the edge of the balcony on the top floor and leaped, landing on the ground gracefully.

He looked at Acela and nodded at her before looking at Gordon. "Breaking into a stranger's home in the middle of the night and harassing them... Who is the sneaky one here?"

"I never wanted to interfere in Mister Hardy's death, but if you dare to touch a single hair of Acela, you'll have to die today!"

Chapter 0235

Gordon was not at all afraid of Alexander's sudden appearance. On the contrary, he smirked.

This was the person that Drake left to protect Acela? Him?

He might have had a good aim at throwing a pebble from 15 meters away and broke Monkey's wrist, but that was all he could do.

Gordon was the heir to the Hart family. He had been in blood baths and battles since young. He was highly skilled, not the type that wrestlers do in boxing rings. He was skilled at killing.

It was no exaggeration to say that other than his father, who was the Apex of Grandmaster of energy transformation, the other older envoys could not even defeat Gordon.

"I'll take Acela away today." Gordon sized up Alexander slowly before smiling. "Drake is dead. Why do you still need to be so stupidly loyal?"

He raised three fingers out at Alexander and said arrogantly, "As long as you're willing to work for the Hart family, I can promise

you that as the heir of the Hart family, we'll pay you three times what Drake has paid you!

Alexander raised an eyebrow. He could not help but shake his head and smile.

Three times the pay? It seemed Gordon mistakenly thought he was Drake's subordinate placed to protect

Acela. He even wanted to buy him off.

What an absurd mistake!

"It's interesting how you want to buy me off." Alexander looked at Gordon and smiled.

"It's a pity. I stand by what I said. I have no

interest in Mister Hardy's grudges. Take your men and leave right away. I'll look the other way.

"Give it up. Don't even disturb Miss Hardy again. If not, I promise you that you won't be like the consequence of that!"

Gordon's gaze darkened.

Alexander was too cocky for his own good!

"Since you wouldn't listen to me, don't blame me for being cruel!" Gordon glared at

Alexander and drew out something from his waist.

An alloy club sprang forth. It had a dragon motif carved onto the club. This was a weapon passed down through the generations

in his family. It was a legendary weapon among the fighters called the Dragon Club. 20 years ago, Briscoe used this club to fight with Drake and occupied half of the underground forces in Woolpackton.

It was a pity that back then, Drake had Ghost Sword. After a few rounds, Briscoe was defeated. He killed Drake's wife out of

resentment and left with his men, fleeing to Long Creek. He stayed low and lived in recluse,

1/2 :

+15 BONUS

Two days ago, Drake and Ghost Sword went to look for the Hart family. Briscoe and Gordon joined forces and managed to kill them both.

"This club was once covered with Drake Hardy's and Ghost Sword's blood."

Gordon's club looked terrifying. He said arrogantly, "You still have a chance to reconsider. You either submit to the Hart family or die!"

At the same time, he shook the club. Energy reverberated from the club. A deafening crack rang out from the club!

"M-Mister Kane..." Acela paled. She subconsciously tugged on Alexander's sleeves and shuddered.

Although she was Drake's daughter, she had never been in a fight before. She had never experienced this sort of situation either. Just the air that Gordon carried himself with was enough to terrify her.

The overbearing energy from a fighter was not something an ordinary girl like her could bear.

"Miss Hardy, don't worry." Alexander turned to smile at her. Then, he turned back to look at Gordon.

"I gave you a chance, but you missed it. Since you don't want to live, just die!"

Chapter 0236

Gordon paused when Alexander proclaimed he would die. Then, he smiled widely. His eyes gleamed viciously.

As a fighter with acute senses, he could sense that Alexander was not any ordinary young man.

Even then, what did it matter? Killing a person who could fight was much more thrilling than killing a normal person.

"You ignorant fool! Since you turned down the Hart family's generous offer, you can go

to hell to be with Drake!

Gordon shook his club and barked. Then, he struck and rushed forward to Alexander like the wind.

The club wound forward. Energy in the shape of a dragon appeared mid-air. Even before attacking Alexander,

it looked terrifying enough. The energy it contained was huge and violent.

“Dying is not scary. What is scary is your idiocy.”

Alexander had no reaction to the terrifying club. He grabbed the club with his right hand gently and said, “I

guess you should learn your lesson. Be a better man in your next life.”

Alexander easily blocked Gordon’s attack with one hand. Gordon kept trying to exert more force, but he could not move at all.

The disparity in power was too big.

The Dragon Club, the pride of the Hart family, did no damage to Alexander!

“I-Impossible!” At that moment, Gordon was pale as a sheet. He looked at the club in his hand and

stammered, “How did you do it? H-How powerful are you?! My club.....”

He could not finish his sentence.

Alexander gripped onto the club and stared at the stunned Gordon. He shook his head slowly. “It’s a pity that

you only feel regret now. It’s too late!”

At that, he exerted force slowly.

A hair-raising eerie sound rang out. The club was crushed and distorted in Alexander’s hand. In the end, it

broke off into two halves.

Gordon was so speechless, he completely froze. His lips quivered as he struggled to find his words.

Extreme fear washed over him.

Alexander’s powers were beyond his imagination. Not even a supreme grand martial could crush the club with

one hand.

Who on earth was this young man? Why would Acela have such a powerful person with her?

“G-Gordon!” Monkey turned pale, petrified by Alexander’s powers.

1/2

+15 BONUS

He tugged Gordon’s arm with his left arm and shakily said, “W-We should go. We’ll go and let your father know. Let him deal with this.”

“I...” Gordon gritted his teeth but did not dare to attack anymore. He glared at Alexander and said coldly, “I admit defeat! We’ll

see each other again!”

Then, he turned, about to leave with Monkey.

“Oh, you want to leave?” Alexander threw the club aside. He looked at Gordon and Monkey’s back and smiled, shaking his head.

“Do you think you can just come and go as you wish? You seemed to have forgotten what I said. I said you’ve already missed your chance. You’re going to die today!”

Chapter 0237

Die?

At that moment, Gordon and Monkey were already by the entrance. They were just about to step out when they stopped in their tracks.

Gordon turned and glared at Alexander with bloodshot eyes. “You want to kill me? How absurd! Don’t think that just because you’re strong you can be cocky!. The Hart family is far more powerful than you can imagine!

“Do you know the Ellis family from the north? The head of the family, Tobias Ellis, is a good friend of my father’s!

“Their family’s most powerful envoy, Yered Wafer, is my god-grandfather! If you dare to lay a finger on me, my father and god-grandfather will skin you alive!”

The Ellis family?

Alexander laughed.

He had just killed Grayson and Isaac Ellis two days ago. He never thought that the Hart family and the Ellis family were so close.

The Ellis family were ruthless people, yet they would still care about the Hart family. Alexander was the Lord of War, the most powerful one in his time. Why would he care anything about the Ellis

family or the Hart family?

“I’m sure you know Grayson and Isaac Ellis, don’t you?” Alexander smiled and slowly raised his right hand. ”

They just died not long ago. I’m sure they’re still on their way to hell. You can go and be with them.”

His gaze turned cold, and he struck.

He was as swift as lightning. Gordon only saw a blur but the next moment, Alexander was already clutching him by the throat.

His throat hurt as Alexander squeezed tightly. He was turning unconscious quickly.

His eyes widened, and his lips quivered. Up till that point, he still could not believe that Alexander would dare to kill him.

He came to his senses with the remaining consciousness that he had. The heir of the

Ellis family, Grayson,  
and his uncle, Isaac, died in Alexander's hands?  
"Y-You..." The life in Gordon's eyes was slowly dimming. He heard cracking sounds  
from his throat and  
croaked feebly with his last breath, "You're lying! You w-won't dare to kill me."

Snap!

He fell to the ground. His limbs twitched. He was no longer breathing.

"I. Is he dead?" Monkey was scared witless. He immediately pounced on Gordon's body  
and wailed, "Gordon?"

1/2

+15 BONUS

He looked up at Alexander and yelled hysterically, "How dare you kill him! Don't you  
know—"

Alexander did not even give him a chance to continue. He picked him up by the neck  
and threw him out of the  
mansion.

"You're a tiny ant! Not worth my time! Tell the Hart family and the Ellis family that Ol'  
Mare does not welcome  
them. They're not to mess with Miss Hardy as well. If they step foot in Ol' Mare, they will  
be killed!"

Then, Alexander threw Monkey over to the van, landing right next to the door. He  
suffered a terrible fall. Multiple bones of his  
broke.

"G-Gordon..." Monkey struggled to get up but got in the van nonetheless. He started the  
engine and turned back to look at the  
mansion. "Dare you leave a name? You killed Gordon, and the Hart family will not let  
this  
go!"

Alexander kicked Gordon's body to the side of the van and said calmly, "You want to  
know my name? You don't have the right.

Take the body, and beat it."

Monkey placed Gordon's body in the back of the van resentfully. Then, he drove away.  
He drove about 15 meters away when he looked back and yelled hysterically, "I don't  
care who you are! The Ellis and Hart family  
will seek revenge! No matter how powerful you are, they'll chop you into pieces!"

Chapter 0238

+15 BONUS

Monkey left with Gordon's body, leaving Alex and the pale Acela in the mansion's  
courtyard.

"M-Mister Kane..." Acela grabbed Alexander's arm tightly and sobbed. "I'm sorry. I  
caused you trouble. The Hart family and Ellis  
family will surely come for my neck!"

Alexander calmly took her hand off his arm. He gently said, "You're not safe here. If you

don't mind, you can crash at the New Chesire Group staff dorm for a while. I'll arrange everything for you. Also, I'm very sorry about

Mister Hardy. My deepest condolences."

Acela was slightly disappointed the moment Alexander took her hand off his arm.

Nonetheless, she bit her lip

and nodded. "Mister Kane, I'll stay wherever you put me at. I-I'll listen to you!"

Alexander said nothing more. He maintained his distance with Acela and took her back to New Chesire Group.

That midnight in the Hart Mansion.

"Gordon!" Briscoe looked at his son's cold corpse. He looked at his broken neck and mouth covered in blood.

His gaze wallowed in sorrow as he wept, "Who did this? Who killed my son?! How could you have survived, Monkey?!"

Monkey was covered in bandages. He knelt on the floor and cried. "That should've been me, sir! Our... Our

opponent was a young man, and he looked like he was in his mid-twenties. He..."

Monkey recounted everything that happened that night. He sobbed. "That person also said that Gordon will accompany Grayson

and Isaac to hell! He'd even dare to kill the Ellis family!"

What?

A name suddenly appeared in Briscoe's mind.

Alexander Kane.

For the past few days, the Hart family had infiltrated the underworld of Woolpackton, collecting all sorts of information. The name

that kept appearing the most was the good-for-nothing son-in-law of New Chesire Group, the retired veteran called Alexander

Kane.

"Sir." A white-haired envoy greeted Briscoe and said, "From the news that we had gotten. Both Mr. Grayson Ellis and Isaac Ellis

had indeed headed to Woolpackton. They were no longer to be heard from. If what Monkey said is true, that they were killed by

that young man, then..."

The envoy trailed off, but Briscoe understood. If all the leads were pointing to one person, then the person truly controlling the

underworld of Woolpackton, and perhaps the whole of Tormora, was Alexander.

"Gordon's death mustn't be in vain. We have to avenge him, as well as those two from the Ellis family!"

Briscoe bent down and hugged his son's body tightly. His eyes gleamed angrily.

After a moment, he took his phone out of his pocket. He found a contact that he had not contacted for a long

+15 BONUS

He hesitated for some time before dialing. He sounded extremely respectful when the call was answered.”

Tobias.”

In a historical-looking mansion in Neoraven County, Tobias Ellis was in his silk pajamas, resting in his room. He was pressing an old-fashioned outdated phone with a plastic protective cover onto his ears.

He sounded icy. “Briscoe? Why are you calling me so late at night? What is it?”

Briscoe said politely, “Please forgive me for disturbing you so late at night, but this is a huge matter. I have to report to you immediately.”

Briscoe told Tobias about how he suspected Grayson and Isaac were murdered. His pupils were constricted when he heard what Briscoe said, and his right hand gripped tighter out of reflex. The protective cover of his phone cracked.

“Don’t be mad, Tobias!” Briscoe shuddered. He apologized profusely, “I just received the news too. I can’t be sure about the truth. I only know that Grayson and Isaac can’t be contacted. They seemed...to have been killed. And Alexander Kane is very likely the murderer.”

Tobias swiftly ended the call and barked, “Someone, anyone!”

In less than ten seconds, a man in black quickly entered the bedroom. “Yes, sir!”

Tobias was heaving so heavily that he had to force his words out through gritted teeth.

“Look into the matter! I

can’t get in touch with Grayson and Isaac for the past few days. Find out who Alexander Kane is and why he’s killed Grayson and Isaac! I want answers!”

Alexander Kane? Kane?

The man in black was a little stunned. He replied hesitantly, “Sir, if I may be so bold... If it was anybody else, I wouldn’t have thought of this, but since his last name is Kane, could he be from...the Kane family in the north?”

Chapter 0239

The Kane family from the north?

Tobias was dumbstruck when he heard about this family.

He trembled. The rage in his eyes burned brightly before dying down. Then it burned again.

He was holding back. He was apprehensive.

He would not have had second guesses had it been any other force, but this was the Kane family..

Out of the many families in the entire north, four families were so powerful that no one dared to mess with them. They were

called the Four Giants, and the Kane family was one of them.

“Anyone who could kill Grayson and Isaac is definitely not weak.”



The man in black said softly, "No one is that powerful in the underworld of Tormora. This is why I guess that it might be the Kane family..."

Tobias closed his eyes. The muscles on his face twitched. If it was the Kane family, then there was room for discussion.

In the north, countless forces were always trying to take down one of the Four Giants. The Kane family was the weakest among the four, which meant they were always the first target.

Six years ago, there was once internal conflict among the Kane family. No one knew what truly happened.

They only knew that after the internal conflict, the Kane family, who were once the strongest among the Four Giants, became the weakest.

However, they were still powerful. Anyone who dared to mess with them had to be prepared to accept their wrath.

"Investigate the matter!"

After a long moment of silence, Tobias slowly opened his eyes and said, "Use all the forces we have. I don't care what you do.

Get to the bottom of this! Remember, the others are not important. The most important key is to find out if Alexander Kane is related in any way to the Kane family in the north!"

The man in black bowed at Tobias. "Yes, sir!"

Time flew by, and three days had passed since Gordon's death.

Outside the study room in a secluded mansion up north, a man with an oddly raspy voice said, "Sir, the house

staff has informed us that the Ellis family is trying to find out news about Alexander.

"Please advise us on the matter. Should we get rid of the Ellis family to solve the problem for Alexander?"

The study was silent for a long time.

+15 BONUS

The middle-aged man in the study room was sitting on an expensive throne. He looked at the painting on the wall. He was engrossed in distant memories.

After a long time, he casually waved and said, "Okay. You may leave."

Outside the door, the raspy-voiced man did not leave. He merely said once more, "Sir, he-

"He's not of our concern anymore." The middle-aged man closed his eyes. He sounded heartless. "From the moment he was

kicked out of the family, he is no longer part of the Kane family. Release the news that Alexander Kane has nothing to do with the

Kane family. Do you hear me?"

The raspy-voice man got up and looked at the shut door. A moment later, he turned and left.

The middle-aged man exhaled when he heard footsteps leaving. He looked at the painting once more. It was an oil painting. The lady in the painting looked quite like Alexander.

"That rebellious brat..." The middle-aged man muttered to himself with a complicated gaze. He sighed, and the room fell silent once more.

## Chapter 0240

The news that Alexander Kane of Ol' Mare in Tormora had nothing to do with the Kane family in the north spread like wildfire all over the north.

"Hahaha! That's good to hear." Tobias, having heard the news, was pleased. His expression turned malicious. "Since he isn't part of the Kane family, we don't have to be afraid of him. Mister Wafer!"

Oddly heavy footsteps approached him.

Mister Water was the Ellis family's strongest envoy and was also Gordon's god-grandfather. He was the Apex of Grandmaster, Yered Wafer.

"Sir." Yered walked over to Tobias, but he did not bow. His gaze gleamed with hostility.

"I'm prepared. Just say the word, and I will get you Alexander Kane's head!"

Tobias narrowed his eyes and slowly shook his head.

Killing someone was easy. Tobias wanted more than just to kill Alexander.

"Mister Wafer, challenge Alexander to a fight using your name," Tobias said with a suppressed tone. His eyes gleamed coldly. "Of course, this won't be a fair fight. I will arrange for everything and make sure he dies terribly!"

"Furthermore, I'll invite all of the underworld forces in Tormora to watch. Not only do I want Alexander to die, but I also want him to feel despair before he dies."

Yered was silent for a few seconds. "What if he doesn't accept the challenge..."

"He will!" Tobias snickered maliciously. "I've looked into it. He's devoted to the General Manager of the New Chesire Group,

Amber Chesire. As long as we capture Amber, he will be in my control!"

Yered nodded at Tobias. "A fine plan, indeed!"

Things were in movement up in the north. A thousand kilometers away in Ol' Mare, it was peaceful.

As the underworld forces were united, the economy in Tormora bloomed, and New Chesire Group kept growing. The online sales platform of Life One was fully up and running. Not only were they selling in the country, but they were also expanding

internationally.

As for the construction going on at Larkspur County, under Frank Perry's supervision and rush job, the entire base was built within a week. They were also quickly recruiting planters. Everything went according to plan.

A Mercedes-Benz S600 with an Ol' Mare car number plate sped on the highway. Acela was sitting in the passenger seat in front. She turned to look at Amber seated behind and said, "Miss Chesire, you're so close with Mister Kane. Why don't you take him along to Larkspur County this time?" Amber smiled.

Ever since Acela had been ambushed, they had changed her position at the New Chesire Group. After

1/2:

+15 BONUS

Amber secretly took Acela along to Larkspur County. She hoped to prove her capabilities to Alexander. She wanted to impress him.

"We women have to be independent and strong. We can't just rely on men." Amber thought back about the things that happened. She said with a smile, "Acela, having an amazing husband is a blessing, but we can't just laze around as well. The more amazing the men are, the more we have to prove our own value. Do you understand?"

Acela blushed. She bit her lip.

...

She mused to herself, 'Mister Kane will you look at me fondly if I perform well at work? But Miss Chesire will fire me if she finds out, won't she?'

Bam!

A sudden loud crash interrupted Acela's thought.

The car shook violently. Smoke was coming out from the hood, blocking their view. A low sneer rang out from the side of the

road. "Hehe! Miss Chesire, I've been waiting for you a long time!"

It was Tobias.

Two envoys in gray shirts walked over to the car door and smashed the bullet-proof glass with ease. They looked at the flustered Amber and smirked.

"W-Who are you all!" Amber forced herself to remain calm. She secretly took her phone out of her bag, trying to stall time. "How

much money do you want? As long as you promise we are safe, I—"

Before she could finish her sentence, Tobias waved his hand, and an envoy immediately went forward and pulled Amber out of

the car. He sliced his hand down behind her neck, knocking her out immediately!

\*Kidnapping? This is too easy!" Tobias sneered. He looked at Acela in the front

passenger seat and snickered. "Don't worry. Tell Alexander Kane that as long as he obeys me, Miss Chesire will be alright. Also, get him to remember my name. Tobias Ellis of the Ellis family!"

## **His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar**

### **#Chapter 241 - Read His Lordship Alexander Kane by Useless Caesar Chapter 241**

Chapter 0241

At that moment, in the New Chesire Group building in Ol' Mare, Alexander looked at the incoming call on his

phone. He answered with a smile, "Acela?"

"Alexander!" The Mercedes-Benz S600 stopped by the side of the road. Acela looked anxious. She could not even be bothered

with formalities as she quickly said, "Something bad has happened. Miss Chesire was taken

away! The person told me to tell you that his name is Tobias Ellis!"

Tobias Ellis?

Alexander's gaze darkened.

The Ellis family was a great family in the north. How would they play such dirty tricks, coming after a defenseless lady?

"Alexander!" Acela wept. "Tobias also said that you have to obey him, or he'll hurt Miss Chesire. Alexander,

What should we do right now? You have to save her!"

Alexander clenched his fists. He said softly, "Don't worry. I-"

"Sir!" Before Alexander could finish his sentence, a man rushed over to the entrance of the safety and security

department. He had clearly run a long way. He was gasping for air. "M-Mister Kane, look!"

It was George Severn.

A letter of challenge was handed to Alexander. "Boss....everyone in Tormora knows about this now. The Ellis family is sending their strongest envoy, Yered Wafer, to a fair challenge."

Alexander furrowed his brow. He hung up the call with Acela and quickly looked through the challenge letter.

The content was simple.

[Alexander Kane. I, Yered Wafer, challenge you to a duel! Tomorrow, 8 p.m., at Ol' Mare East Port. We fight till death!]

Alexander tore the letter into pieces. His eyes gleamed coldly.

This explained why they took Amber-for a duel.

He did not care who they were. They must be sick of living!

"Sir!" George knew Alexander's true identity, but he was still worried. He said nervously

“I know the situation of the East Port quite well. The first phase of construction has just finished. They are in the second phase right now. It’s quite a complicated terrain. What if they’ve stationed men for ambushes?”

Ambushes?

Alexander sneered. He took his phone out and sent a message in front of George. [Maxine, assemble the personal guards. Wait for my cue. Tomorrow at 8 p.m., we strike!]

+15 BONUS

George was in awe. The Lord of War was going to strike. The Ellis family and Yered Wafer’s days were

numbered!

The next evening at the Ol’ Mare East Port.

As one of the cities by the sea in Tormora, Ol’ Mare had built three ports. The East Port was the fourth one. The first phase of construction was completed. It could already berth 100000-ton class cargo ships, which was of great significance to economic development.

Tobias stood on top of a 40-meter-tall loader with his hands behind his back. He scanned around the entire port with a smirk.

He had made preparations for the fight that night. He had invited all of the famous underworld bosses of Tormora to come and watch.

However, other than him and Briscoe Hart, no one else came. That was because they did not dare to do so.

If they were to agree to Tobias’ invitation, that meant that they were standing up against Alexander.

Alexander was already the legitimate king of the underworld in Tormora. These people did not dare go against him or slight him at all.

“Fools!” Tobias jumped off the loader and looked at a buzz-cut young man by the side. He snickered. “We’ll first get Mister Wafer to get rid of Alexander. Then, I’ll make all the losers in Tormora know that declining my invitation tonight was the stupidest thing they’ve ever done in this life!”

The buzz-cut young man replied, “Yes, Dad!”

Tobias nodded. His eldest son, Grayson had been killed by Alexander. This buzz-cut young man was the future hope of the Ellis family-his second son, Orion Ellis.

“It’s almost time.”

Tobias patted Orion’s shoulder and looked at his custom-made gold watch. He waved his hand. “Stand by!”

Behind them, about 30 men in black got into position. Some hid quickly among the

complex terrain. Most of them had weapons in their hands. Machete, daggers, and swords.

On the other side, two snipers quickly climbed up to the 40-meter-tall loader. They aimed their snipers at the entrance of the port.

"We're all geared up now. Once Alexander arrives, he won't get away, even if he is skilled."

Tobias' eyes gleamed murderously. He turned to look at Briscoe and chuckled.

"Briscoe, is everything with Amber arranged?"

"Don't worry," Briscoe said. He had a murderous gaze. "I've already arranged everything. Once Alexander is dead, I'll get my men to set sail overseas. We'll sell that b\*tch to a club abroad! She'll never be able to return!"

Chapter 0242

+15 BONUS

"Sell her abroad? Great idea!"

Tobias raised an eyebrow and snickered viciously, "Those b\*stards abroad know their way with women. Once Amber falls into their hands... Hehe!"

Then, he turned to look at Yered confidently. Victory was theirs.

Their plan was to let Yered and Alexander fight it out, then kill Alexander in front of the underworld of Tormora.

Since those idiots of Tormora were unappreciative, things were much simpler. As long as Alexander arrived, they did not need etiquette or rules. They could just kill him on the spot!

"Dad!" Orion's eyes brightened as he pointed at the entrance. "Here they come! Alexander was here?"

Five kilometers away, on the flat and straight road, a pair of car headlights was quickly approaching them. The red Porsche was

speeding in the wind. It came right over to them and skidded to a halt.

"We're here, sir." George got out of the car and quickly walked over to the passenger seat. He opened the door and gestured politely, "After you."

Alexander got out of the car and scanned his surroundings. His gaze landed on Tobias. He headed toward them indifferently as

George followed him from behind.

Tobias applauded and bawled. "You brought a useless person to a duel, Alexander? How bold of you!"

Then, he said coldly, "You killed my son and my brother. I'll avenge them! You want to rescue Amber, right? Hahahaha! You can dream on!"

Alexander remained calm and ignored everyone else, even Briscoe or Orion. "Hand over Amber, and I'll spare your corpses."

Otherwise, I'll get her myself and ensure you'll have nothing to be buried. Tobias' shock was replaced by a loud laughter. He had planned everything to go up against Alexander. He had Amber kidnapped before he sent the challenge invitation to Alexander. He set up the entire port. There were seven envoys from the Ellis family and the Hart family, as well as elite men and two snipers.

How could such a huge group not take down Alexander Kane?  
"Well, Alexander, I don't know whether I should praise you for your confidence or call you delusional!" Tobias pointed at Briscoe and the seven envoys behind him. Then, he pointed at Yered and said arrogantly, "Including Mister Wafer, there are ten strong fighters here. These are all the cream of the crop of the Ellis and Hart family!"  
"How powerful do you think you are? Your life is in my hands! If I want you to die, don't you dare think of living!"  
Alexander lowered his gaze. He could not care about the so-called ten-strong fighters. They were far too weak!

+15 BONUS

He was the Lord of War, and these people were mere ants to him. Even facing the Ten Lords of Wars of Serandsi back then, he still killed them all!

"Since you're almost at your death, I don't mind telling you the truth." Tobias looked at Alexander, whom he assumed was fearing for his life. His haughty grin widened. "You want to rescue Amber? Fat chance! I've already gotten Briscoe to send her abroad. We'll sell her to the slums. Let those brutes have fun with her!"  
"How's that? Are you angry? This is the price you have to pay for killing my son and my brother!"

Price.

"I'll let you know what the real price to pay is!" Alexander's gaze suddenly brightened. He scanned their faces and bellowed in the night.

"I, Alexander Kane, sentence all of you to death! No mercy will be given!"  
Today's Bonus Offer

Chapter 0243

Upon saying that, Alexander struck.

With a harsh stomp, the ground exploded and he sprang forth like an arrow. An explosion rang out in the air.

No one could imagine his speed. He was instantly in front of Tobias!

"Haha!" Tobias was clearly prepared. The moment Alexander struck, he backed away in reaction. "I knew you'd get angry. You want to kill me? You're still too young for that! Hahahaha!"

From the intel he got, he knew that Alexander was not weak. He did not plan to face

Alexander head-on.

However, his retreat was still too slow.

Or more accurately, Alexander was too fast.

At the same time that Tobias was retreating, his first step landed on the ground. He sprang forth once more. The ground beneath his feet exploded as well.

Alexander's already blurry figure was almost like a phantom. His right fist struck like lightning and landed squarely on Tobias' chest.

Tobias the Grandmaster, who had been practicing energy transformation for many years, was knocked squarely in the chest. His

ribcage was crushed, and his organs were damaged.

He groaned out of pain and spat a mouthful of blood and pieces of his internal organs. Briscoe, Orion, Yered, and the other envoys intended to rescue him, but the sight that greeted them...

Tobias flew away with just one punch.

He spat so much blood in mid-air. When he landed on the ground, he skidded backward at least 20 meters away.

"Y-You..." After coming to a stop, his entire body twitched. He struggled to stand up when he suddenly stiffened.

He was dead in just one move. One single punch.

He had already retreated, but he still could not avoid Alexander's fist. He might not look injured on the surface, but his internal organs were all crushed.

He died on the spot while trying to get up.

"Dad!"

"Tobias!"

"Mister Ellis!"

Tobias' allies rushed over to him, trying to see if he was breathing. Their faces had lost all their colors.

He was dead.

+15 BONUS

What was once a man standing proudly before his enemy was rendered dead in just mere seconds.

How could Alexander be so quick and powerful? How terrifying were his powers to kill a Grandmaster?!

"Die, Alexander!" Orion hugged his father's dead body hysterically.

He pointed at Alexander and yelled, "Everyone, shoot him!"

All around Alexander, the guards in position raised their guns and aimed at Alexander.

The two snipers in hiding also aimed their snipers at him from the 40-meter-tall loader. The red dot was right on Alexander's forehead.

"Snipers?" Alexander touched the red dot on his forehead and said softly, "Is this all



you've got? Why don't you try shooting at me?"

"No!" Orion was gritting his teeth so hard, he was about to crush them.

His eyes reddened. "You're impressively capable, aren't you, Alexander? You can stop bullets? Let me tell you, I won't let you die so easily! I'm going to capture you and skin you alive as a sacrifice to my father!"

Alexander slowly shook his head.

The moment Amber was captured, they already sealed their fates.

His wife was his biggest trigger point. Whoever touched her would die.

"I don't care if it was the Ellis family or the Hart family." He looked at Orion and said emotionlessly, "I don't

care how many people you've got hidden. I don't care how many snipers you have.

You've missed the most

important point.

"None of you ever realized who you're going up against!"

At that, Alexander raised his hands and clapped.

Two almost imperceptible sounds rang out at the same time.

From very far and high away, a bullet traveled at a speed the naked eye could barely see. It accurately hit the

Ellis family's snipers in the head. Their heads exploded.

"W-What was that?!" Orion shuddered. He subconsciously looked up at the sky and froze.

A helicopter!

Up in the skies, six Eagle Wing fighter jets with zero gravity engines pierced through the night sky.

approaching them quickly.

The guard who took down the snipers stood by the cabin door, holding his gun. He stood straight and saluted at the ground.

Although they could not hear him, they could see his mouth moving. They seemed to be saying.

"All Hail Your Lordship!"

Other than the Eagle Wing fighter jets, there were a lot of different types of vehicles as well. Transport vehicles,

2/3:

entrance.

All of the guards yelled in unison, "All Hail Your Lordship!"

"All Hail Your Lordship!"

Their yells echoed through the entire port, piercing through the night skies.

Chapter 0244

"Temple Lord Kane..."

At the harbor, Orion held Tobias' lifeless body, his gaze frozen as warplanes and armored vehicles closed in fast. Even the

simplest mind could piece together Alexander's true identity. He was no doubt the Lord of War, the Temple Lord himself. In the heart of Regulus Windsur, military factions and shadowy powers abounded with names like 'Ghostfire Hall', 'Crimson Hall', 'God King Hall', and 'Pantheon Hall'. However, only one dared to deploy a regular army so openly, only one dared to flaunt the title 'Temple Lord' without a second thought. That was the legendary Lord of War, the Temple Lord, the awe-inspiring leader of the Northern Wyverna Frontier Corps, Alexander.

"So, the Lord of War, the Temple Lord...is called Alexander..."

It was not just Orion Ellis. Briscoe Hart, Yered Wafer, and the other attendants were all utterly shocked by the revelation.

They were not nobodies; they were prominent figures up north. However, they had only heard whispers of the ' Lord of War, the Temple Lord', never knowing his real name, let alone that he was Mister Kane. They finally knew.

Maybe, just maybe, they wished they did not.

Temple Lord Kane's wife had been taken, and they had nearly succeeded in assassinating Temple Lord Kane himself, earning

his fierce wrath.

"Temple Lord Kane, Alexander. Alexander..."

Hunkered down, Orion's face was a canvas of fear and madness as though petrified one moment and on the verge of a wild decision the next. His hand crept to his waist, and with a thunderous bellow, he declared, "If I'm going to die anyway, Alexander, I'm taking you with me!"

He whipped out a gleaming silver-white gun from his belt, his finger slamming down on the trigger.

The gun spat fire.

He was a man with nothing to lose. Fully aware that this was his end, he was ready to sacrifice it all to take down Alexander.

It was a stealthy ambush. The bullet, ablaze with a fiery tail, hurtled straight for Alexander's forehead.

"Temple Lord!"

"Sir!"

"Watch out!"

+15 BONUS

In that instant, the Temple Lord's personal guards and George-who was just a breath away-felt their hearts racing. Even Briscoe with his attendants panicked.

Orion was dangerously close to Alexander.

His silver-white gun was the latest issue for Umbracia's military, the M11SF, with a

range of 150 meters and a bullet that could fly at over 400 meters per second.

At that velocity, the moment Orion fired, it would take less than a blink for the bullet to pierce Alexander's skull. No matter how strong one might be, evasion was simply not an option.

However, Alexander did not even flinch.

At Youphoria Nightclub, he once dodged bullets with the grace of a dancer. However, he simply reached out his right hand and caught the speeding bullet as if it were a fly.

Click! Alexander caught the bullet mid-air, despite it being too quick for the eye to catch. His palm churned with an inner power, effortlessly diffusing the bullet's deadly force before he tossed it aside, addressing Orion with a calm detachment. "Sorry to say, but your regular small-caliber guns don't do the trick on me."

Boom!

Orion's face went pale as he stared at the discarded bullet, a grim smile of utter despair creeping across his lips.

Bullets had no effect on him!

Was this the fearsome might of the War Temple's Lord? The Ellis family's defeat was no fluke after all.

"No one is to speak of my identity."

Alexander turned away from Orion, dismissing him and the others with a wave of his hand as if he were swatting at a bothersome fly. "Personal Guards, on my order, clean this mess, seal off any leaks, and make it snappy-ten minutes, tops."

The guards, their faces alight with zeal, gazed at the godly figure of Alexander and chorused, "By the Temple Lord's command.

All hail the mighty Lord!"

Alexander had not specified what to do with Orion and his crew, but his soldiers knew the drill all too well.

Crossing the Temple Lord was a death wish.

"Just one thing left to do."

Alexander cut to the chase, marching up to Briscoe with an icy tone. "If you're not keen on a world of pain, talk -where did your boat take Amber?

"You can keep quiet, but I'll find out what I need to know either way. The only difference is that if you come clean now, your end will be somewhat bearable. If I have to dig up the dirt myself, you're in for a world of pain. "Trust me, the War Temple's got ways of making you beg for death."

Chapter 0245

+15 BONUS

Briscoe's face turned ghostly pale as he faced Alexander, his will to fight completely shattered,

The War Temple Lord.....

That title, that rank, loomed over him like an insurmountable peak, shaking him to his core.

Forget Briscoe. Not even 10 or 100 like him could have made a ripple in front of the formidable War Temple

Lord.

"Miss Chesire is..." Briscoe started, his voice laced with despair so profound that it seemed to carve into his soul.

"My men took her out to sea on a fishing boat headed for Umbracia. They're planning to sell her off at the black market. If my

guess is right, she's already hit international waters by now..."

International waters.

Alexander remained stoic, cutting Briscoe off with a swift palm strike.

Briscoe, the Grandmaster of the fighter community, possessing peak energy transformation strength, was slapped in the head.

Without a hint of resistance crossing his mind, he collapsed on the spot and died.

"From this day forward, the northern Ellis family, the Tormora Hart family, are history!"

With those final words, Alexander turned on his heel and marched to the nearest Eagle Wing jet. A commanding gesture from

him and the engines roared to life.

The jet took off.

He was off to Umbracia, to save Amber.

...

The night was as dark as ink.

Beneath a sky glittering with stars, a 20-meter fishing boat cut swiftly through the open sea. Waves frothed at its sides as it left

the East Sea behind, venturing into the lawless embrace of international waters.

"Hey, Eagle!"

On the deck, a young man with shifty eyes and a cigarette perched on his lip glanced back at the cabin with a sinister grin.

"We're off to Umbracia, and we're going to be at sea for over a week. Got nothing better to do, so why not have a little fun with that woman? Let's enjoy ourselves, eh?"

Eagle, a muscular man with sun-darkened skin, laughed low in his throat. "You talking about Amber? The hotshot from New

Cheshire Group, Ol' Mare's finest? I've had my eye on her for ages."

"What's stopping us? Let's go!"

With a low, menacing chuckle, the two men made their way to the lower cabin.

+15 BONUS

Meanwhile, below deck...

Amber was sprawled on the floor, her mouth sealed with layers of tape, her body bound by coarse rope. Her

pale, pretty face bore the marks of a brutal slap.

She bit down hard and tried to sit up, her hands working the rope against a wooden crate. The fibers were

fraying, the knots loosening.

“What’s this?”

The two men entered, their eyes raking over Amber’s form before one sneered. They moved closer, eyeing the frayed rope.

“Thought you could run? Don’t you know where you are? We’re on international waters!

Even if you break free, where could you

possibly go? Stupid girl.”

Amber trembled, and her eyes filled with tears.

The fishing boat was deep in international waters, drifting further from Ol’ Mare with every passing moment.

“Think you can escape now that we’re here? Not a chance!”

The creep leered at Amber’s flawless figure, his wicked grin growing wider. “Time to savor Ol’ Mare’s finest beauty! Miss Chesire,

you’d better play nice. My boys and I aren’t known for our chivalry! Hahah!”

As he taunted, his buddy Eagle peeled off his tank top, flexing his bulging muscles, his gaze burning into Amber with an

indescribable intensity.

Amber fought back with all her might. Tears cascaded down her cheeks, her cries muffled by the duct tape over her mouth, her

face the very picture of despair.

The more she squirmed, the more the creep got a kick out of it, reaching out to grope her.

However, just as his grimy hand was about to make contact...

“Trouble!” A panicked shortcut through the air on the fishing boat’s deck, the voice quaking with fear. “Viper, Eagle, get over here!

Grab your weapons, quick!”

“Someone coming! It’s... It’s a fighter jet!”

Chapter 0246

A fighter jet?!

Down in the bowels of the ship, the thug known as Viper was struck with terror. His eyes locked onto Amber with a chilling gleam

in his gaze.

He had not expected Miss Chesire to be so formidable. To think they sent a fighter jet to rescue her!

“Think you can whisk away our prize? In your dreams!”

He buckled his belt and yanked Amber to her feet. With Eagle by his side, they dragged her up to the deck, shouting to the

others, “Arm up, boys! Don’t be scared, we’ve got ourselves a bargaining chip!”

The whole boat erupted into chaos as every last crook. Cooks, laborers, and sailors

rushed to the deck, ready for a showdown.

Over 20 men, all loyal to Briscoe, charged onto the deck in a frenzied rush, brandishing guns and machetes.

They were the epitome of outlaws.

Under Briscoe, they committed acts of murder, arson, smuggling, kidnapping, and trafficking—each one a pirate who laughed in the face of death.

“Temple Lord!”

Under the shroud of night, a sleek fighter jet circled the fishing boat. A security officer peered down worriedly. ”

They’ve got Miss Chesire as a hostage. We can’t just barge in!”

Alexander’s gaze intensified. He stood at the jet’s hatch, his eyes locked on the boat below, on Amber, and on

those armed to the teeth. A fierce resolve to end that flickered in his eyes.

They made a big mistake in thinking they could use Amber as a pawn.

“Alex...” On the boat’s deck, Amber’s face was ghostly white as she looked up at the jet, her tears cascading down like a string of pearls snapping.

She could not make out Alexander from that distance, but she knew without a doubt that her husband, the man who never failed her, was up there.

“Amber...”

Their eyes connected despite the distance. Without a second thought, Alexander jumped from the jet, hundreds of meters up in the sky.

He was a human meteor, hurtling down with a visible aura of energy and rings of air blasting from his feet to break his fall.

It was a sight to behold.

The mighty Lord of War, the Temple Lord, had returned after six years to show the world his power once more!

+15 BONUS

“What in the world is that?!”

Shock painted the faces of the twenty-odd pirates on the ship’s deck as they stared at the figure plummeting from the heavens, their minds struggling to comprehend the sight.

Could that even be a human, diving straight from a plane?

Even with the ocean’s embrace to soften the fall, a leap from such dizzying heights would surely end in a body shattered and organs ruptured on impact.

“Alex!”

Amber’s cries were muffled by the tape over her mouth, tears streaming down her face. She could not make out the figure

clearly, but her heart knew-it had to be Alexander!

The wind screamed past.

The sea breeze battered Alexander as he fell from the sky, hundreds of meters up, the sea rushing up to meet him. Just before the crash, his feet slammed down hard.

A thunderous 'boom' echoed as an immense force exploded beneath Alexander's feet, his touch on the water's surface as

fleeting as a ghost, sending a ring-shaped wave sprawling out for meters.

He was playing with physics, turning a deadly plummet into a graceful dance. Then he was off, sprinting across the sea's

surface, waves erupting with each step as he charged toward Amber's fishing boat.

"The Temple Lord is a force of nature!"

"The Temple Lord stands alone at the top!"

Above, the soldiers on the jet roared their praises, their voices filled with adrenaline.

That was the essence of power, the mark of a true titan.

That was the might of the War Temple's Lord, a legend that echoed across the world, unrivaled and supreme.

"Alex... Alex!"

Amber stood on the fishing boat's deck, her gaze locked on the distant figure skimming across the ocean's surface. The face she

knew so well belonged to the man who meant everything to her, and her heart raced with a mix of fear and elation.

It was Alexander, her Alexander, racing to her rescue!

Chapter 0247

+15 BONUS

The sea stretched out endlessly, and Alexander was an unstoppable force of nature.

With each step, his feet unleashed a fury that sent waves rippling out in fierce circles.

He leaned into his

sprint, his body angled forward at a sharp tilt, slicing through the air as he bore down on the fishing boat with

impossible speed.

His velocity was the stuff of legends, his power explosive, defying the limits of what mere mortals could understand. Not even the

so-called Grandmasters of the fighter's community, those peak titans with energy transformation, could hope to match him.

The thugs on the boat, who had taken Amber hostage, watched in horror as Alexander approached, a god

among men. Sweat beaded on their foreheads, their faces a canvas of fear.

Who was that man? How could he run atop the waves, his speed defying belief? Was he even human?

"Stay back, or I swear I'll do it!"

It was the thug they called Viper who snapped to action first. He yanked out a gleaming dagger and pressed it to Amber's throat,

his voice a snarl of desperation. "Come any closer, and I'll slit her throat!"

He turned to his cohorts and shrieked, "What are you waiting for?! Shoot him! Fill him with holes! Don't let him

get on this boat!"

The other bandits were paralyzed with fear, their weapons trembling in their hands. None could bring themselves to pull the trigger.

The target was still too far out of reach. The guns they clutched were shady acquisitions from the black market with limited killing power and an effective range of just three to four hundred meters. To them, Alexander was nothing more than a speck in the

distance, at least a kilometer away from their fishing boat.

They had to hold their fire until he was within range.

"One kilometer, eight hundred meters, five hundred meters..."

Viper's eyes were glued to Alexander as he strode across the sea, his throat working nervously, swallowing hard. Then, with a

sudden bellow, he commanded, "He's in range! Fire!"

In that instant, the thugs unleashed a barrage, the alloy bullets streaking from their barrels, wrapped in a blood-red aura, sparking fiercely as they hurtled toward Alexander.

"Small arms? This is nothing compared to the storm of steel on a battlefield!"

Alexander, with the sea as his footstool, watched the fiery streaks slice through the night, his expression unaltered. He surged

forward a few more steps before launching himself into the air with a mighty leap.

Like a dragon erupting from the depths, the sea exploded beneath him, sending up a massive wave over three meters high. His

silhouette soared over the hail of incoming fire, untouched.

Dodging bullets as if it were as natural as breathing.

1/2

+15 BONUS

"No, this can't be!"

Stunned, the bandits on the deck watched their guns shake in their hands.

Had the man walking on water really just evaded their bullets with such ease?

The moment he jumped, the sea churned into a towering splash, propelling him over twenty meters into the air.

Could a human even do that? No way could Briscoe, the mighty head of the Hart family and a renowned

master among fighters, leap that high or react that swiftly!

"We're close enough!"

Right then, Alexander raced over the waves, quickly bearing down on the fishing boat, getting nearer and nearer.

His gaze was fixed solely on Amber.

With a swift motion, he leaped again.

His feet barely touched the water's surface as he propelled himself forward, his knees



bent, channeling a burst of energy like a dragon taking flight. He twisted and turned through the air, then stretched out his body gracefully, landing on the fishing boat's deck as lightly as a bird of prey with its wings unfurled.

He was on board!

"Stay back!"

The thugs on the deck were petrified, and one of them-Viper-held an alloy dagger to Amber's soft neck, his voice filled with panic. "Take one more step, and I'll cut her throat. Kill us, and all you'll have is her dead body!"

Chapter 0248

Anyone else might have been helpless against Viper's threat. Not even the most skilled commandos could have saved Amber without a scratch from those thugs.

However, Alexander was no ordinary guy.

He was the commander of the Alex Legion, the undefeated and most powerful Lord of War-Lord of War Temple.

"Briscoe is dead."

He emotionlessly stared down at Viper and the gang as they frantically reloaded their guns. "I'm not telling you this to make you surrender. I'm telling you because, just like Briscoe, your fate is sealed-you're all going down!"

The moment the last word hung in the air, Alexander seized the split second of shock on the bandits' faces to launch his attack.

With a thunderous stomp, his right foot unleashed a torrent of power onto the fishing boat's deck.

The deck, built of tough alloy, ripped apart like tissue paper under Alexander's might, cracks racing out like a spiderweb, reaching right under Viper's feet.

"You dare..."

Viper, caught by surprise, tried to sidestep the spreading fissures, his body wobbling for just an instant.

However, that instant was all it took-his fate was sealed.

Whoosh!

In the blink of an eye, as Viper faltered, Alexander blurred into motion, closing the gap with terrifying speed. He lunged forward,

his right hand shooting out to snatch and grab.

The gleaming dagger in Viper's grasp was effortlessly taken by Alexander, who swiftly reversed the blade and slashed across

Viper's throat.

"Ack! Ugh..."

Viper's retreat turned into a stagger, his body locking up.

His hands shot up instinctively, clutching at the gushing wound on his neck, but it was no use.

Blood erupted like a fountain. Within seconds, his eyes widened, and he collapsed with a heavy thud, his body giving a few final twitches before falling silent.

“He killed Viper!”

“Guys, shoot! Take him down!”

The remaining bandits, more than twenty of them, had their guns loaded and aimed at Alexander, Enraged,

1/2

+15 BONUS

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"He killed Viper!"

"Guys, shoot! Take him down!"

The remaining bandits, more than twenty of them, had their guns loaded and aimed at Alexander, Enraged,

Alas, they were just too slow.

+15 BONUS

In the moment of crisis, Alexander wasted no time. He pulled Amber, who was shaking with fear, to safety behind him. His body

dropped low, spinning on the heel of his left foot, his right leg lashing out like a whip.

It was a devastating sweep, a gust of wind that scattered leaves in its wake.

A shockwave of force erupted from Alexander's leg, hitting the bandits square in the chest like the swing of a giant bell's clapper.

Over twenty bandits shook violently, their bones crushed, blood spilling from their lips.

They did not even have a chance to fire

their guns. Each and every one of them was dead before they hit the ground, the deck awash in a sea of red.

The first body hit the deck with a thump. Then another, and another.

Over twenty in total dropped dead before Alexander and Amber without so much as a final twitch.

Silence fell over the fishing boat. The only sound was the engine's low growl, a stark contrast to the stillness that then enveloped

the scene of carnage, a testament to the man's formidable power.

He, Alexander, had saved his beloved once more.

"All clear now."

He did not even look at the fallen as he gently removed the tape from Amber's mouth, then tenderly stroked her hair, his smile

reassuring. "Don't worry, I've got you."

Just three words, but to Amber, they were a lifeline, a warmth that filled her with tears of relief. Her body quivered with the

knowledge that she was finally safe.

Her husband, her protector, Alexander, miraculously saved her from the clutches of cold-blooded murderers in

what seemed like an impossible feat.

Was that the same man she married? He was incredibly strong and truly remarkable!

"Alex..."

Overwhelmed, she did not know how to put her feelings into words. Tears she had been

fighting back  
streamed down her face as she lunged into Alexander's arms, sobbing uncontrollably.  
"I'm sorry, I've caused  
you trouble again!"  
Alexander wrapped his arms around her, his eyes soft with adoration.  
The Ellis and Hart families had long schemed to kidnap Amber for leverage, and despite  
being on guard, it was  
nearly impossible to prevent. Amber, his dear wife, had endured so much already.  
"It's all over here. My brothers-in-arms will handle the rest."  
He gently caressed Amber's hair, then tenderly lifted her chin, his voice a soothing  
whisper.  
"Now, let's head home."

#### Chapter 0249

Dawn broke over Ol' Mare, casting a soft glow on the quiet Belmont Hills neighborhood  
where the Chesire family lived.

\*Amber, Alex, are you serious?!" In the Chesire's living room, Susanne, who had just  
dropped little Olivia off at preschool,  
listened in horror to Amber's harrowing tale of her abduction. Her face went as white as  
a sheet.

"They didn't hurt you, did they? Oh, my poor baby!" She wept uncontrollably.

"I'm fine, all thanks to Alex."

Patrick, a cigarette dangling from his fingers, tried to steady his shaky voice. "Amber,  
you've got to be more careful from now on.

We need to beef up security. If it hadn't been for Alex... Well...

Amber glanced at Alexander, biting her lip, her face awash with guilt.

After her last frightening experience, she had been vigilant about her safety. She  
blamed her own stubborn

streak for not telling Alex and sneaking off with Acela to Lackspur County.

If only she had notified Alex, maybe none of that would have happened. The Ellis family,  
the Hart family...

Those people were the worst!

"Alex."

After taking a long drag on his cigarette, Patrick finally spoke up. "You're out of the  
service, right? Was that jet last night your old  
squad? They went above and beyond for us. You have to show them some gratitude."

"Absolutely!"

Susanne, tears still in her eyes, nodded vigorously. "Even after you've left the military,  
they didn't hesitate to lend a hand. We

owe them big time. We should take them out to dinner, maybe pick out some nice gifts!"

Amber nervously bit her lip, her voice barely above a whisper. "Alex, back on the boat, I  
thought I heard your fellow soldiers

shouting something. They were shouting something about a Temple Lord. Is that...?"

"It's Lord of War, Temple Lord," Alexander corrected with a smile. "Only the Temple

Lord can order the legion's war machines into action. I racked up quite a few commendations in my time, so the Temple Lord made an exception, sending them for the rescue."

Without missing a beat, he shifted gears, his tone turning serious. "Amber, we're stepping up your security detail starting now. I'm putting Ray in charge. He'll have a team of top-notch guards on you round the clock." Amber murmured in agreement.

Ray was George's right-hand man, tough as they come, and the head honcho of New Chesire Group's security force. He answered only to Alexander and George himself.

With Ray on the job, unless they ran into a martial arts master like someone from the Ellis family, Amber was in safe hands.

"The Ellis family... They're that powerful family from up north, aren't they?" said Patrick, trying to recall what he

1/2:

+15 BONUS

Chesire products could push into the northern market?"

He continued, a new thought dawning on him, "And you know, I've been thinking.

Amber's got the home market under control,

and everything's ticking along nicely. I'm considering a trip overseas to scout out the scene. Our 'One Life' product is a hit here, and it's bound to catch on abroad too."

Amber had not laid out any plans for expanding up north, but Alexander gently broke the silence. "I'm open to exploring

overseas, and dipping our toes in the northern market doesn't sound bad to me."

"That settles it, then!"

Patrick, whose legs had troubled him for years but were then healed, was itching to travel. He booked an international flight on

the spot and reminded Amber with emphasis, "Our Chesire family is thriving, but don't you forget where we came from!"

"We're in the middle of expanding the factory, right? Let's make a trip back and maybe set up a new plant there as a thank-you to our people back home."

Amber nodded. "Sure."

After waving goodbye to Patrick at Ol' Mare International Airport, Amber wasted no time. She hopped into the passenger seat of a cherry-red Porsche and called an old family friend.

"Uncle, it's Amber."

A voice, weathered with age but laced with excitement, came through the phone.

"Amber, my dear! I was just about to reach out

to you. Can you spare some time? There's trouble back in the village, and I thought, with your family doing so well in the city,

maybe you could lend a hand?"

Trouble back home? A flicker of concern crossed Amber's face. The Chesire family was a big deal in Ol' Mare, so much so that even the influential clans in Woolpackton from Province Town had to pay them mind.

However, right then, her focus was supposed to be on the raw material base in Lackspur County. Personal visits back home were rare, and a phone call was usually all she could manage.

"I'll make the trip."

Alexander steered the car with a casual flick of his wrist, glancing over at Amber with a reassuring smile. "We'll figure out what's going on once we get there. Just stay safe, and I'll be back before you know it." Amber's eyes softened, her trust in him unwavering. "Okay!"

#### Chapter 0250

That afternoon, at four o'clock, some 200 kilometers from the hustle of Ol' Mare, lay Amber's old stomping grounds-the Chesire family farm.

It was a slice of rural life, tucked away in the boonies with craggy mountains for neighbors and a village that time forgot. The Chesires were the local success story, the one family who had made good in the city, and the village's pride and joy.

"Alex's here!"

"Let's roll out the red carpet, folks-Alex's the Chesire family's pride and joy!"

"Wait, he married into the family? So he's the one being kept? What's he gonna do about the mess we're in..."

The villagers were all abuzz at the Chesire crossroads, even before Alexander pulled up.

Then, with a flash of red, his Porsche sliced through the country quietly, easing to a stop before the curious onlookers.

"Which one of you is Mister Kashton Chesire?"

Alexander stepped out, all charm and smiles. "So, what's the word? No need to rush. Just lay it on me."

Amber's uncle, or Kashton as he was known, was the head honcho around these parts. He pushed through the

crowd, his face lined with concern. "You must be Alex. Our village..."

Over the past few months, a mysterious wave of sickness had swept through the village. Those who sought

medical attention at the county hospital were met with a startling discovery: they all suffered from stomach

ailments linked to poor dietary hygiene, ranging from mild ulcers to early-stage stomach

cancer. Fear gripped the entire village.

“We’ve scraped together some cash to get the county’s environmental experts to check things out, and they assured us our water’s clean,” Kashton explained, his face etched with worry as he let out a heavy sigh. “We were hoping that maybe Patrick, who’s made it big in the city, could hook us up with some legit experts. If this keeps up... Well, it’s just bad news.”

Alexander’s brow creased in thought.

Mass sickness such as this usually pointed to an environmental cause. The Chesire family’s land was nestled in the mountains, with pristine scenery and top-notch water quality. The soil was rich, and the villagers lived

off the land, rarely needing outside food.

What, then, was happening?

“Mister Kashton Chesire,” Alexander said, his voice low and steady. “Think back for me. Before everyone started getting sick, did anything unusual happen? Like any small earthquakes, landslides, mudslides, or plants dying off?”

“Oh!” Kashton’s eyes widened as if struck by a sudden realization, and he began nodding vigorously. “Yes,

+15 BONUS

crops started dying. However.....”

He trailed off, uncertainty clouding his face. “The factory folks claimed their purifiers would prevent any environmental damage, and a lot of our own are employed there.”

A pharmaceutical factory?

A spark of insight flickered in Alexander’s gaze. Without wasting another moment, he said, “Everyone, head

home and stay tuned. I’m going to check out that factory.”

With those words, he turned to leave.

“Alex, hold up a sec!”

Kashton gestured emphatically, turning to a young man with a buzz cut by his side.

“Meet my son, Asher. You

don’t know your way around, so he’ll guide you there!”

Alexander had no objections. With the earnest Asher Chesire riding shotgun, he revved up the cherry-red

Porsche and sped off toward Abason Mountain.

The journey took them about five or six miles north of the Chesire estate, right to the base of Abason Mountain.

“We’re here, Alex!”

Asher pointed out the window at a sleek industrial park up ahead, his voice tinged with a hint of innocence. That’s the pharma

plant. Rumor has it the owner's a northerner, goes by Jackman."

The Jackmans from the north?

Alexander's face remained unreadable. He parked the Porsche by the curb and strode with Asher toward the park's entrance.

"What's your business here?!"

Two guards spotted them from afar and charged over, batons at their waists. "Got an appointment? This factory's off-limits to outsiders!"

Asher offered a sheepish grin, shaking his head quickly. "We're just looking around outside. We won't..."

"We're here to conduct an inspection."

Alexander cut him off with a wave of his hand, his tone composed and detached. "I have reason to believe the villagers' sickness is tied to your waste disposal. If you're on the level, you've got nothing to fear. So open up!"

An inspection?

The guards exchanged wary glances, then sneered at Alexander. "Who do you think you are, demanding an inspection? Don't test my patience, kid. Beat it!"

With that, they strutted off toward their post.

+15 BONUS

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+15 BONUS

"You won't open the gate?"

Alexander's eyes narrowed, and he reached out, his hand closing around the metal of the retractable gate. Slowly, he began to apply pressure.

The gate groaned under the strain, its high-strength alloy contorting in Alexander's grip, the sound of metal on metal sending shivers down the spine.

"W-What the..."

The two guards, who had not even made it to their station yet, were rooted to the spot, eyes wide with shock.

A single hand bending a gatepost, fingers like iron? Was that guy even human?

"Mister Jencks!" One guard's voice shook as he grabbed the walkie-talkie, his voice shaking as he spoke, "We've got trouble at

the front gate. Someone's wrecked the retractable gate with their bare hands. The guy's strength is off the charts!"

A deep voice responded from the walkie-talkie authoritatively, "Causing a scene at Jackman's

Pharmaceuticals? He can just wait!"